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HORATIO N JOY

WORKS

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

COMPLETE

8

ABBOTSFORD

IN 10 VOLS.

EDINBURGH: PRINTED BY
W. H. LAURIE, FOR THE AUTHOR.

JUL 12 1910

THE

COMPLETE WORKS

HORATIO N JOY

OF

SIR WALTER SCOTT;

WITH

A BIOGRAPHY,

AND HIS LAST

ADDITIONS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

VOL. III.

PHILADELPHIA:
CAREY & HART.
1847.

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LIFE OF JOHN DRYDEN.

ADVERTISEMENT.

After the lapse of more than a century since the author's death, the Works of Dryden are now, for the first time, presented to the public in a complete and uniform edition. In collecting the pieces of one of our most eminent English classics,—one who may claim at least the third place in that honoured list, and who has given proofs of greater versatility of talent than either Shakespeare or Milton, though justly placed inferior to them in their peculiar provinces,—the Editor did not feel himself entitled to reject any part of his writings; even of those which reflect little honour on the age, by whose taste they were dictated. Had a selection been permitted, he would have excluded several of the Comedies, and some part of the Translations: but this is a liberty which has not lately been indulged to editors of classical poetry. Literary history is an important step in that of man himself; and the unseductive coarseness of Dryden is rather a beacon than a temptation.

In commencing this task, the Editor had hopes of friendly assistance, which might have rendered his toil more easy, and the result more accurate. Deprived of this by a concurrence of unlucky circumstances, he has both to dread the imperfection of his labours, and the consequence of perhaps an over-zeal to render his edition complete. In the first respect, although he has many thanks to return for information readily afforded, it has sometimes been received after the irrevocable operations of the printer had taken place. On the second point, he may have been too lavish in historical notes, and entered too deeply into the secret history of the persons and times to which Dryden's satirical poems refer. But he has endeavoured to avail himself of all information, as soon as communicated, whether corrective or corroborative of his prior opinions; and the wish, not only to render intelligible, blanks, allusions, and feigned names, but to present, if possible, the very spirit and political character of Dryden's contemporaries, must be the excuse for intruding a few pages of political history and personal anecdote; which, after all, they, whose memory does not require such refreshment, may easily dispense with reading. In this last part of his task, the Editor has been greatly assisted by free access to a valuable collection of the fugitive pieces of the reigns of Charles II., James II., William III., and Queen Anne. This curious collection was made by Narcissus Luttrell, Esq., under whose name the Editor usually quotes it. The industrious collector seems to have bought every poetical tract, of whatever merit, which was hawked through the streets in his time, marking carefully the price and date of the purchase. His collection contains the earliest editions of many of our most excellent poems, bound up, according to the order of time, with the lowest trash of Grub-Street. It was dispersed on Mr. Luttrell's death; but a number of the volumes, referring chiefly to the latter part of Charles the Second's reign, have fortunately become the property of Mr. James Bindley of Somerset-Place, who, with the utmost urbanity, permitted the Editor the unlimited use of these and other literary curiosities in his valuable library.—It is so much a matter of course with every adventurer in the field of antiquities, to acknowledge the liberality and kindness of Mr. Richard Heber, that the public would probably be surprised had his extensive literary treasures escaped contribution on this occasion, particularly as it contains several additional volumes of the Luttrell collection. To both gentlemen the Editor has to offer his public thanks; nor will he be tempted to dilate further on the liberality of the one, and the tried friendship of the other. It is possible, that these researches may, by their very nature, have, in some degree, warped the Editor's taste, and induced him to consider that as curious which was only scarce, and to reprint quotations, from the adversaries or contemporaries of Dryden, of a length more than sufficient to satisfy the reader of their unworthiness. But, as the painter places a human figure, to afford the means of computing the elevation of the principal object in his landscape, it seemed that the giant-height of Dryden, above the poets of his day, might be best ascertained by extracts from those, who judged themselves, and were sometimes deemed by others, his equals, or his superiors. For the same reason, there are thrown into the Appendix a few indifferent verses to the poet's memory; which, while they show how much his loss was felt, point out, at the same time the impossibility of supplying it.

In the Biographical Memoir, it would have been hard to exact, that the Editor should rival the criticism of Johnson, or produce facts which had escaped the accuracy of Malone. While, however, he has availed himself of the labours of both, particularly of the latter, whose industry has removed the cloud which so long hung over the events of Dryden's life, he has endeavoured to take a different and more enlarged view of the subject than that which his predecessors have presented. The general critical view of Dryden's works being sketched by Johnson with unequalled felicity, and the incidents of his life accurately discussed and ascertained by Malone, something seemed to remain for him who should consider these literary productions in their succession, as actuated by, and operating upon, the taste of an age, where they had so predominant influence; and who might, at the same time, connect the life of Dryden with the history of his publications, without losing sight of the fate and character of the individual. How far this end has been attained, is not for the Editor to guess, especially when, as usual at the close of a work, he finds he is possessed of double the information he had when he commenced it. The kindness of Mr. Octavius Gilchrist, who undertook a journey to Northamptonshire to examine the present state of Rushton, where Dryden often lived, and of Mr. Finlay of Glasgow, who favoured the Editor with the use of some original editions, fall here to be gratefully acknowledged.

In collecting the poetry of Dryden some hymns translated from the service of the Catholic church were recovered, by the favour of Captain Mac Donogh of the Inverness Militia.* As the first edition of the work was then printed off, they were inserted in the life of the author; but in the present impression they are transferred to their proper place, vol. xi. p. 192.† To the Letters of Dryden, published in Mr. Malone's edition of his prose works, the Editor has been enabled to add one article by the favour of Mrs. White, of Bownanhall, Glocestershire. Those preserved at Knowles were examined at the request of a noble friend, and the contents appeared unfit for publication. Dryden's translations of Fresnoy's Art of Painting, and of the Life of Xavier, are inserted without abridgment, for reason's which are elsewhere alleged. From the version of Maimbourg's "History of the League," there is an extract given, which may be advantageously read along with the Duke of Guise, and the Vindication of that play. The prefaces and dedications are, of course, prefixed to the pieces to which they belong; but those who mean to study them with reference to theatrical

* By the hands of Mrs. Jackson, who has honoured me with a note, stating, that they are mentioned in Butler's "Tour through Italy;" that after Butler's death, the translations passed into the hands of the celebrated Dr. Alban, whence they were transferred to those of the present possessor.

† London edition.

criticism, will do well to follow the order recommended by Mr. Malone.*

Several pieces published in Derrick's edition of Dryden's poetry, being obviously spurious, are here published separately from his authentic poetry, and with a suitable note of suspicion prefixed to each. They might indeed have been altogether discarded without diminishing the value of the work. Some account might be here given of the various editions of Dryden's poems, but notices of this kind have been liberally scattered through the Life and preliminary matter.

Upon the whole, it is hoped, that, as the following is the first complete edition of the works of Dryden, it will be found, in accuracy of text and copiousness of illustration, not altogether unworthy of the time, labour, and expense which have been ungrudgingly bestowed upon an object, so important to English literature.

Several inaccuracies, which had crept into the former edition of this work, are corrected in the present, and the whole has been revised with care.

SECTION I.

Preliminary Remarks on the Poetry of England, before the Civil Wars—The life of Dryden, from his birth to the Restoration—His early Poems, including the "Annus Mirabilis."

THE Life of Dryden may be said to comprehend a history of the literature of England, and its changes, during nearly half a century. While his great contemporary, Milton, was in silence and secrecy, laying the foundation of that immortal fame, which no poet has so highly deserved, Dryden's labours were ever in the eye of the public; and he maintained, from the time of the Restoration till his death, in 1700, a decided and acknowledged superiority over all the poets of his age. As he wrote from necessity, he was obliged to pay a certain deference to the public opinion; for he, whose bread depends upon the success of his volume, is compelled to study popularity: but, on the other hand, his better judgment was often directed to improve that of his readers; so that he alternately influenced and stooped to the national taste of the day. If, therefore, we would know the gradual changes which took place in our poetry during the above period, we have only to consult the writings of an author, who produced yearly some new performance, allowed to be most excellent in the particular style which was fashionable for the time. It is the object of this memoir to connect, with the account of Dryden's life and publications, such a general view of the literature of the time, as may enable the reader to estimate how far the age was indebted to the poet, and how far the poet was influenced by the taste and manners of the age. A few preliminary remarks on the literature of the earlier part of the seventeenth century will form a necessary introduction to this Biographical Memoir.

When James I. ascended the throne of England, he came to rule a court and people, as much distinguished for literature as for commerce and arms. Shakespeare was in the zenith of his reputation, and England possessed other poets inferior to Shakespeare alone; or, indeed, the higher order of whose plays may claim to be ranked above the inferior dramas ascribed to him. Among these we may reckon Massinger, who approached to Shakespeare in dignity; Beaumont and Fletcher, who surpassed him in drawing female characters, and those of polite and courtly life; and Jonson, who attempted to supply by depth of learning, and laboured accuracy of character, the want of that flow of imagination, which nature had denied to him. Others, who flourished in the reign of James and his son, though little known to the general readers of the present age, even by name, had a just claim to be distinguished from the common herd of authors. Ford, Webster, Marston, Brome, Shirley, even Chapman and Decker, added lustre to the stage for which they wrote.

* Which is, the Essay of Dramatic Poesy, the Defence of that Essay, the Preface to the Mock Astrologer, the Essay on Heroic Plays, the Defence of the Epilogue to the Second Part of the Conquest of Granada, the Grounds of Criticism in Tragedy, and the Answer to Rymer.

The drama, it is true, was the branch of poetry most successfully cultivated; for it afforded the most ready appeal to the public taste. The number of theatres then open in all parts of the city, secured to the adventurous poet the means of having his performance represented upon one stage or other; and he was neither tired nor disgusted by the difficulties, and disagreeable observances, which must now be necessarily undergone by every candidate for dramatic laurels.† But, although during the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and James I., the stage seems to have afforded the principal employment of the poets, there wanted not many who cultivated, with success, the other departments of Parnassus. It is only necessary to name Spenser, whose magic tale continues to interest us, in despite of the languor of a continued allegory; Drayton, who, though less known, possesses perhaps equal powers of poetry; Beaumont the elder, whose poem on Bosworth Field carries us back to the days of the Plantagenets; Fairfax, the translator of Tasso, the melody of whose numbers became the model of Waller; besides many others, who ornamented this era of British literature.

Notwithstanding the splendour of these great names, it must be confessed, that one common fault in a greater or less degree, pervaded the most admired poetry of Queen Elizabeth's age. This was the fatal propensity to *false wit*; to substitute, namely, strange and unexpected connexions of sound, or of idea, for real humour, and even for the effusions of the stronger passions. It seems likely that this fashion arose at court, a sphere in which its denizens never think they move with due lustre, until they have adopted a form of expression, as well as a system of manners, different from that which is proper to mankind at large. In Elizabeth's reign, the court language was for some time formed on the plan of one Lillie, a pedantic courtier, who wrote a book, entitled "Euphues and his England, or the Anatomy of Wit;" which quality he makes to consist in the indulgence of every monstrous and overstrained conceit, that can be engendered by a strong memory and a heated brain, applied to the absurd purpose of hatching unnatural conceits.‡ It appears that this fantastical person had a considerable share in determining the false taste of his age, which soon became so general, that the tares which sprung from it are to be found even among the choicest of the wheat. Shakespeare himself affords us too many instances of this fashionable heresy in wit; and he who could create new worlds out of his own imagination, descended to low, and often ill-timed puns and quibbles. This was not an evil to be cured by the accession of our Scottish James, whose qualifications as a punster were at least equal to his boasted *king craft*.§ The false taste, which had been gaining ground even in the reign of Elizabeth, now overflowed the whole kingdom with the impetuosity of a land-flood. These outrages upon language were committed without regard to time and place. They were held good arguments at the bar, though Bacon sat on the woolsack; and eloquence

† I do not pretend to enter into the question of the effect of the drama upon morals. If this shall be found prejudicial, two theatres are too many. But, in the present woeful decline of theatrical exhibition, we may be permitted to remember that the gardener who wishes to have a rare diversity of a common flower, sows whole beds with the species: and that the monopoly granted to two huge theatres must necessarily diminish, in a complicated ratio, both the number of play writers, and the chance of any thing very excellent being brought forward.

‡ Our deserved idolatry of Shakespeare and Milton was equalled by that paid to this pedantic coxcomb in his own time. He is called, in the title page of his play, (for, besides "Euphues," he wrote what he styled "Court Comedies,") "the only rare poet of that time; the witty, comical, facetiously quick, and unparalleled John Lillie." Moreover, his editor, Mr. Blount assures us, "that he sat at Apollo's table; that Apollo gave him a wreath of his own bays without matching; and that the lyre he played on had no broken strings." Besides which, we are informed, "Our nation are in his debt for a new English, which he taught them; 'Euphues and his England' began first that language. All our ladies were then his scholars; and that beauty in court who could not *parle Euphuism*, was as little regarded, as she which now there speaks not French." The Satire in Cynthia's Revels is directed by Ben Jonson against this false and pedantic taste.

§ So that learned and sapient monarch was pleased to call his skill in politics.

irresistible by the most hardened sinner, when King or Corbet were in the pulpit.* Where grave and learned professions set the example, the poets, it will readily be believed, ran headlong into an error, for which they could plead such respectable example. The affectation "of the word" and "of the letter," for alliteration was almost as fashionable as punning, seemed, in some degree, to bring back English composition to the barbarous rules of the ancient Anglo-Saxons, the merit of whose poems consisted, not in the ideas, but in the quaint arrangement of the words, and the regular recurrence of some favourite sound or letter.

This peculiar taste for twisting and playing upon words, instead of applying them to their natural and proper use, was combined with the similar extravagance of those whom Dr. Johnson has entitled metaphysical poets. This class of authors used the same violence towards images and ideas which had formerly been applied to words; in truth, the two styles were often combined, and, even when separate, had a kindred alliance with each other. It is the business of the punster to discover and yoke together two words, which, while they have some resemblance in sound, the more exact the better, convey a totally different signification. The metaphysical poet, on the other hand, piqued himself in discovering hidden resemblances between ideas apparently the most dissimilar, and in combining, by some violent and compelled association, illustrations and allusions utterly foreign from each other. Thus did the metaphysical poet resemble the quibbler, exercising precisely the same tyranny over ideas, which the latter practised upon sounds only.

Jonson gave an early example of metaphysical poetry; indeed, it was the natural resource of a mind amply stored with learning, gifted with a tenacious memory and the power of constant labour, but to which was denied that vivid perception of what is naturally beautiful, and that happiness of expression, which at once conveys to the reader the idea of the poet. These latter qualities unite in many passages of Shakespeare, of which the reader at once acknowledges the beauty, the justice, and the simplicity. But such Jonson was unequal to produce; and he substituted the strange, forced, and most unnatural, though ingenious analogies, which were afterwards copied by Donne and Cowley.† In reading Shakespeare, we often meet passages so congenial to our nature and feelings, that, beautiful as they are, we can hardly help wondering they did not occur to ourselves; in studying Jonson, we have often to marvel how his conceptions could have occurred to any human being. The one is like an ancient statue, the beauty of which, springing from the exactness of proportion, does not always strike at first sight, but rises upon us as we bestow time in considering it; the other is the representation of a monster, which is at first only surprising, and ludicrous or disgusting ever after. When the taste for simplicity, however, is once destroyed, it is long ere a nation recovers it; and the metaphysical poets seem to have retained possession of the public favour from the reign of James I. till the beginning of the civil wars silenced the muses. The universities were perhaps to blame during this period of usurpation; for which it may be admitted in excuse that the metaphysical poetry could only be practised by men whose minds were deeply stored with learning, and who could boldly draw upon a large fund of acquired knowledge for supplying the expenditure of far-fetched and extravagant images, which their compositions required. The book of nature is before all men; but when her limits are to be overstepped, the acquirement of adventitious knowledge becomes of paramount necessity; and it was but natural that Cambridge and Oxford should prize a style of poetry, to which depth of learning was absolutely indispensable.

I have stated, that the metaphysical poetry was fashionable during the early part of Charles the First's reign. It is true, that Milton descended to upbraid that unfortunate prince, that the chosen companion of his private hours was one *William Shakespeare, a player*; but Charles admitted less sacred poets to share his partiality. Ben Jonson supplied his court with masques, and his pageants with verses; and, notwithstanding an ill-natured story, shared no inconsiderable portion of his bounty.‡ Donne, a leader among the metaphysical poets, with whom King James had punned and quibbled in person,§ shared in a remarkable degree, the good graces of Charles I., who may therefore be supposed no enemy to his vein of poetry, although neither his sincere piety nor his sacred office restrained him from fantastic indulgence in extravagant conceit, even upon the most solemn themes which can be selected for poetry.‖ Cowley, who, with the learning and acuteness of Donne, possessed the more poetical qualities of a fertile imagination, and frequent happiness of expression, and who claims the highest place of all who ever plied the unprofitable trade combining dissimilar and repugnant ideas, was not indeed known to the king during his prosperity; but his talents recommended him at the military court of Oxford, and the most ingenious poet of the metaphysical class enjoyed the applause of Charles before he shared the exile of his consort Henrietta. Cleveland also was honoured with the early notice of Charles;¶ one of the most distinguished metaphysical bards, who afterwards exerted his talents of wit and satire upon the royal side, and strained his imagination for extravagant invective against the Scottish army, who sold their king, and the parliament leaders, who bought him. All these, and others unnecessary to mention, were read and respected at court; being esteemed by their contemporaries, and doubtless believing themselves, the wonder of their own, and the pattern of succeeding ages; and, however much they might differ from each other in parts and genius, they sought the same road to poetical fame, by starting the most unnatural images which their imaginations could conceive, or by hunting more common allusions through the most minute and circumstantial particulars and ramifications.

Yet, though during the age of Charles I. the metaphysical poets enjoyed the larger proportion of public applause, authors were not wanting who sought other modes of distinguishing themselves. Milton, who must not be named in the same paragraph

* "Witness a sermon preached at St. Mary's, before the university of Oxford. It is true the preacher was a layman, and harangued in a gold chain, and girt with a sword, as high sheriff of the county; but his eloquence was highly applauded by the learned body whom he addressed, although it would have startled a modern audience, at least as much as the dress of the orator. 'Arrivisa,' said he, 'at the Mount of St. Mary's, in the stony stage where I now stand, I have brought you some fine biscuits, baked in the oven of charity, carefully conserved for the chickens of the church, the sparrows of the spirit, and the sweet swallows of salvation.'—Which way of preaching," says Anthony Wood, the reporter of the homily, "was then mostly in fashion, and commended by the generality of scholars."—*Athenæ Oxon.* vol. i. p. 183.

† Look at Ben Jonson's "Ode to the Memory of Sir Lucius Cary and Sir H. Morison," and at most of his Pindarics and Lyrical Pieces. But Ben, when he pleased, could assume the garb of classic simplicity; witness many of his lesser poems.

‡ In Jonson's last illness, Charles is said to have sent him ten pieces. "He sends me so miserable a donation," said the expiring satirist, "because I am poor, and live in an alley; go back and tell him, his soul lives in an alley." Whatever be the truth of this tradition, we know, from an epigram by Jonson, that the king at one time gave him a hundred pounds; no trifling gift for a poor bard, even in the present day.

§ "About a year after his return out of Germany, Dr. Carey was made Bishop of Exeter; and by his removal the deanery of St. Paul's being vacant, the king sent to Dr. Donne, and appointed him to attend him at dinner the next day. When his majesty was sate down, before he had eat any meat, he said, after his pleasant manner, 'Dr. Donne, I have invited you to dinner; and though you sit not down with me, yet I will carve to you of a dish that I know you love well: for knowing you love London, I do therefore make you Dean of Paul's; and when I have dined, then do you take your beloved dish home to your study; say grace there to yourself, and much good may it do you.'"—WALLER's *Life of Donne.*

‖ See his "Verses to Mr. George Herbert, sent him with one of my seals of the anchor and Christ. A sheaf of snakes used heretofore to be my seal, which is the crest of our poor family." Upon the subject of this change of device he thus quibbles:

Adopted in God's family, and so
My old coat lost, into new arms I go;
The cross my seal, in baptism spread below,
Does by that form into an anchor grow:
Crosses grow anchors; bear as thou shouldest do
Thy cross, and that cross grows an anchor too, &c.

¶ See his Life, prefixed to his Poems, 12mo. 1677.

with others, although he had not yet meditated the supreme work which was to carry his name to immortality, disdained, even in his lesser compositions the preposterous conceits and learned absurdities, by which his contemporaries acquired distinction. Some of his slighter academic profusions are, indeed, tinged with the prevailing taste of his age, or, perhaps were written in ridicule of it; but no circumstance in his life is more remarkable, than that "Comus," the "Monody on Lycidas," the "Allegro and Penseroso" and the "Hymn to the Nativity," are unpolluted by the metaphysical jargon and affected language which the age esteemed indispensable to poetry. This refusal to bend to an evil so prevailing, and which held out so many temptations to a youth of learning and genius, can only be ascribed to the natural chastity of Milton's taste, improved by an earnest and eager study of the purest models of antiquity.

But besides Milton, who stood aloof and alone, there was a race of lesser poets, who endeavoured to glean the refuse of the applause reaped by Donne, Cowley, and their followers, by adopting ornaments which the latter had neglected, perhaps, because they could be attained without much labour or abstruse learning. The metaphysical poets, in their slip-shod pindarics, had totally despised, not only smoothness and elegance, but the common rhythm of versification. Many and long passages may be read without perceiving the least difference between them and barbarous, jingling, ill-regulated prose; and in appearance, though the lines be divided into unequal lengths, the eye and ear acknowledge little difference between them and the inscription on a tomb-stone. In a word, not only harmony of numbers, but numbers themselves, were altogether neglected; or, if an author so far respected ancient practice as to make lines which could be scanned like verse, he had done his part, and was perfectly indifferent, although they sounded like prose.* But as melody will be always acceptable to the ear, some poets chose this neglected road to fame, and gained a portion of public favour, by attending to the laws of harmony, which their rivals had discarded. Waller and Denham were the first who thus distinguished themselves; but, as Johnson happily remarks, what was acquired by Denham, was inherited by Waller. Something there was in the situation of both these authors, which led them to depart from what was then the beaten path of composition. They were men of rank, wealth, and fashion, and had experienced all the interruptions to deep study, with which such elevated station is naturally attended. It was in vain for Waller, a wit, a courtier, and a politician; or for Denham, who was only distinguished at the university as a dreaming, dissipated gambler, to attempt to rival the metaphysical subtleties of Donne and Cowley, who had spent serious and sequestered lives in acquiring the knowledge and learning which they squandered in their poetry. Necessity, therefore, and perhaps a dawning of more simple taste, impelled these courtly poets to seek another, and more natural mode of pleasing. The melody of verse was a province unoccupied, and Waller, forming his system upon the modulation of Fairfax, and other poets of the maiden reign, exhibited in his very first poem† striking marks of attention to the suavity of numbers. Denham, in his dedication to Charles II., informs us, that the indulgence of his poetical vein had drawn the notice, although accompanied with the gentle censure, of Charles I., when, in 1647, he obtained access to his person by the intercession of Hugh Peters. Suckling, whom Dryden has termed "a sprightly wit, and a courtly writer," may be added to the list of smooth and easy poets of the period, and had the same motives as Denham and Waller for attaching himself to that style of composition. He was allowed to have the peculiar art of making whatever he did become him; and it cannot be doubted, that his light and airy style of ballads and sonnets had many admirers. Upon the whole, this class of poets, although they hardly divided the popular favour with the others, were also noticed and applauded. Thus the poets of the earlier part of the seventeenth century may be divided into one class, who sacrificed both sense and sound to the exercise of extravagant, though ingenious, associations of imagery; and a second, who, aiming to distinguish themselves by melody of versification, were satisfied with light and trivial subjects, and too often contented with attaining smoothness of measure, neglected the more essential qualities of poetry.

The intervention of the civil wars greatly interrupted the study of poetry. The national attention was called to other objects, and those who, in the former peaceful reigns, would have perhaps distinguished themselves as poets and dramatists, were now struggling for fame in the field, or declaiming for power in the senate. The manners of the prevailing party, their fanatical detestation of every thing like elegant or literary amusement, their affected horror at stage representations, which at once silenced the theatres, and their contempt for profane learning, which degraded the universities, all operated, during the civil wars and succeeding usurpation, to check the pursuits of the poet, by withdrawing that public approbation, which is the best, and often the sole reward of his labour. There was, at this time, a sort of interregnum in the public taste, as well as in its government. The same poets were no doubt alive who had distinguished themselves at the court of Charles; but Cowley and Denham were exiled with their sovereign; Waller was awed into silence, by the rigour of the puritanic spirit; and even the muse of Milton was scared from him by the clamour of religious and political controversy, and only returned, like a sincere friend, to cheer the adversity of one who had neglected her during his career of worldly importance.

During this period, the most unfavourable to literature which had occurred for at least two centuries, Dryden, the subject of this memoir, was gradually and silently imbibing those stores of learning, and cultivating that fancy, which was to do so much to further the reformation of taste and poetry. It is now time to state his descent and parentage.

The name of Dryden is local, and probably originated in the north of England, where, as well as in the neighbouring counties of Scotland, it frequently occurs, though it is not now borne by any person of distinction in these parts. David Driden, or Dryden, married the daughter of William Nicholson of Staff-hill, in the county of Cumberland, and was the great-great-grandfather of our poet. John Dryden, eldest son of David, settled in Northamptonshire, where he acquired the estate of Canons-Ashby, by marriage with Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Sir John Cope of that county. Wood says, that John Dryden was by profession a schoolmaster, and honoured with the friendship of the great Erasmus, who stood godfather to one of his sons.‡ He appears, from some passages in his will, to have entertained the puritanical principles, which, we shall presently find, descended to his family.§ Erasmus Driden, his eldest son, succeeded to the estate of Canons-Ashby, was high-sheriff of Northamptonshire in the fortieth year of Queen Elizabeth, and was created a knight baronet in the seventeenth of King James I. Sir Erasmus married Frances, second daughter and co-heiress of William Wilkes

* It is pleasing to see the natural good taste of honest old Isaac Walton struggling against that of his age. He introduces the beautiful lines,

"Come live with me, and be my love,"

as "that smooth song made by Kit Marlow, now at least fifty years ago."—"The milk-maid's mother," he adds, "sung an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days. They were old fashioned poetry, but choicely good. I think much better than *the strong lines* that are in fashion in this critical age."—*The Complete Angler*, Edit. vi. p. 65.

† "A Poem on the Danger Charles I., being Prince, escaped in the Road at St. Andero."

‡ *Fasti Oxon.* vol. i. p. 113. Considering John Dryden's marriage with the heiress of a man of knightly rank, it seems unlikely that he followed the profession of a schoolmaster. But Wood could hardly be mistaken in the second circumstance, some of the family having gloried in it in his bearing.

§ See *Collins' Baronetage*, vol. ii. The testator bequeaths his soul to his Creator, with this singular expression of confidence, "the Holy Ghost assuring my spirit, that I am the elect of God."

of Hodnell, in Warwickshire, by whom he had three sons, first, Sir John Driden, his successor in the title and estate of Canons-Ashby; second, William Driden of Farndon, in Northamptonshire; third, Erasmus Driden of Tichmarsh, in the same county. The last of these was the father of the poet.

Erasmus Driden married Mary, the daughter of the Reverend Henry Pickering, younger son of Sir Gilbert Pickering, a person who, though in considerable favour with James I., was a zealous puritan, and so noted for opposition to the Catholics, that the conspirators in the Gunpowder Treason, his own brother-in-law being one of the number,* had resolved upon his individual murder, as an episode to the main plot, determining, at the same time, so to conduct it, as to throw the suspicion of the destruction of the Parliament upon the puritans.† These principles, we shall soon see, became hereditary in the family of Pickering. Mr. Malone's industry has collected little concerning our author's maternal grandfather, excepting, that he was born in 1584; named minister of Oldwinkle, All-Saints, in 1647; and died in 1657. From the time when he obtained this preferment, it is highly probable, that he had been recommended to it by the puritanical tenets which he doubtless held, in common with the rest of his family.

Of the poet's father, Erasmus, we know even less than of his other relations. He acted as a justice of peace during the usurpation, and was the father of no less than fourteen children; four sons, and ten daughters. The sons were John, Erasmus, Henry, and James; the daughters, Agnes, Lucy, Mary, Martha, Elizabeth, Hester, Hannah, Abigail, Frances. Such anecdotes concerning them as my predecessors have recovered, may be found in the note.‡

* Robert Keies, executed 31st January, 1606, of whom Fuller, in his Church History, tells the following anecdote:—"A few days before the fatal blow should have been given, Keies being at Tichmarsh, in Northamptonshire, at his brother-in-law's house, Mr Gilbert Pickering, a Protestant, he suddenly whipped out his sword, and in merriment, made many offers therewith at the heads, necks, and sides, of several gentlemen and ladies then in his company. It was then taken for a mere frolic, and so passed accordingly; but afterwards, when the treason was discovered, such as remembered his gestures, thought he practised what he intended to do when the plot should take effect; that is, to hack and hew, kill and destroy, all eminent persons of a different religion from himself."—*Caulfield's History of the Gunpowder Plot.*

† The following curious story is told to that effect, in Caulfield's History of the Gunpowder Plot, p. 67:—

"There was a Mr. Pickering, of Tichmarsh-Grove, in Northamptonshire, who was in great esteem with King James. This Mr. Pickering had a horse of special note for swiftness, on which he used to hunt with the king. A little before the blow was to be given, Mr. Keies, one of the conspirators, and brother-in-law to Mr. Pickering, borrowed this horse of him, and conveyed him to London upon a bloody design, which was thus contrived:—Fawkes, upon the day of the fatal blow was appointed to retire himself into St. George's Fields, where this horse was to attend him, to further his escape (as they made him believe,) as soon as the Parliament should be blown up. It was likewise contrived, that Mr. Pickering, who was noted for a Puritan, should that morning be murdered in his bed, and secretly conveyed away; and also that Fawkes, as soon as he came into George's Fields, should be there murdered, and so mangled, that he could not be known; upon which, it was to be spread abroad, that the Puritans had blown up the Parliament-house; and the better to make the world believe it, there was Mr. Pickering with his choice horse ready to escape, but that stirred up some, who seeing the heinousness of the fact, and him ready to escape, in detestation of so horrible a deed, fell upon him, and hewed him to pieces; and to make it more clear, there was his horse, known to be of special speed and swiftness, ready to carry him away; and upon this rumour a massacre should have gone through the whole land upon the Puritans.

"When the contrivance of this plot was discovered by some of the conspirators, and Fawkes, who was now a prisoner in the tower, made acquainted with it, whereas before he was made to believe by his companions, that he should be bountifully rewarded for that his good service to the Catholic cause, now perceiving, that, on the contrary, his death had been contrived by them, he thereupon freely confessed all that he knew concerning that horrid conspiracy, which before all the torments of the rack could not force him to do.

"The truth of this was attested by Mr. William Perkins, who had it from Mr. Clement Cotton, to whom Mr. Pickering gave the above relation."

‡ Erasmus, the poet's immediate younger brother, was in trade, and resided in King-street, Westminster. He succeeded to the family title and estate upon the death of Sir John Dryden, and died at the seat of Canons-Ashby, 3d November, 1713, leaving one daughter and five grandsons. Henry, the poet's third brother, went to Jamaica, and died there, leaving a son Richard. James, the fourth of the sons, was a tobacconist in London, and died there, leaving two daughters. Of the daughters, Mr. Malone, after Oldys, says, that Agnes married Sylvester Emelyn of Stanford, Gent.; that Rose married —— Laughton of Calworth, D.D., in the county of Huntington; that Lucy became the wife of Stephen Umwel of London, merchant; and Martha of —— Bletso of Northampton. Another of the daughters was married to one Shermadine, a bookseller in Little Britain; and Frances, the youngest, to Joseph Sandwell, a tobacconist in Newgate street. This last died, 10th October 1739, at the advanced age of ninety. She had survived the poet about thirty years. Of the remaining four sisters no notices occur.

Jonas Dryden, the subject of this memoir, was born at the parsonage house of Oldwinkle, All-Saints, on or about the 9th day of August, 1631. The village then belonged to the family of Exeter, as we are informed by the poet himself, in the postscript to his Virgil. That his family were Puritans, may readily be admitted; but that they were Anabaptists, although confidently asserted by some of our author's political or poetical antagonists, appears altogether improbable. Notwithstanding, therefore, the sarcasm of the Duke of Buckingham, the register of Oldwinkle, All-Saints parish, had it been in existence, would probably have been found to contain the record of our poet's baptism.‖

Dryden seems to have received the rudiments of his education at Tichmarsh,§ and was admitted a king's scholar at Westminster, under the tuition of the celebrated Dr. Bushby, for whom he ever afterwards entertained the most sincere veneration. One of his letters to his old master is addressed, "Honoured Sir," and couched in terms of respect, and even humility, fully sufficient for the occasion. Another written by Dryden, when his feelings were considerably irritated, by a supposed injustice done to his son, is nevertheless qualified by great personal deference to his old preceptor. It may be readily supposed, that such a scholar, under so able a teacher, must have made rapid progress in classical learning. The bent of the juvenile poet, even at this early period, distinguished itself. He translated the third satire of Persius, as a Thursday night's task, and executed many other exercises of the same nature, in English verse, none of which are now in existence.¶ During the last year of his residence at Westminster, the death of Henry, Lord Hastings, a young nobleman of great learning, and much beloved, called forth no less than ninety-eight elegies, one of which was written by our poet, then about eighteen years old. They were published in 1650, under the title of "*Lachrymæ Musarum.*"

Dryden, having obtained a Westminster scholarship, was admitted to Trinity College, Cambridge, on the 11th May, 1650, his tutor being the Reverend John Templar, M.A., a man of some learning, who wrote a Latin Treatise in confutation of Hobbes, and a few theological tracts and single sermons. While at college, our author's conduct seems not to have been uniformly regular. He was subjected to slight punishment for contumacy to the vice-master,** and seems, according to the statement of an obscure libeller, to have been engaged in some public and notorious dispute with a nobleman's son,

‖ "And though no wit can royal blood infuse,
No more than melt a mother to a muse,
Yet much a certain poet undertook,
That men and manners deals in without book;
And might not move to Gospel truth belong,
Than he (*if christened*) does by name of John."
Poetical Reflections, &c. See vol. IX. p. 272.

Another opponent of our author calls him
"A bristled Baptist led, and then thy strain
Immaculate was free from sinful stain."
The Laureat, vol. X. p. 105.

§ Upon a monument, erected by Elizabeth Creed to the poet's memory, in the church at Tichmarsh, are these words: "We boast that he was bred and had his first learning here."

¶ "I remember (says Dryden, in a postscript to the argument of the third satire of Persius,) I translated this satire when I was a King's scholar at Westminster school, for Thursday night's exercise: and believe, that it, and many other of my exercises of this nature in English verse, are still in the hands of my learned master, the Rev. Dr. Bushby."

** The following order is quoted, by Mr. Malone, from the Conclusion-book in the archives of Trinity College, p. 221.

"July 12, 1652. Agreed, then, That Dryden be put out of Commons, for a fortnight at least; and that he goe not out of the college, during the time aforesaid, excepting to sermons, without express leave from the master, or vice-master; and that, at the end of the fortnight, he read a confession of his crime in the hall, at dinner-time, at the three - - - - fellowes table.

"His crime was, his disobedience to the vice-master, and his contumacy in taking his punishment inflicted by him."

probably on account of the indulgence of his turn for satire.* He took, however, the degree of Bachelor, in January 1653–4, but neither became Master of Arts,† nor a fellow of the university, and certainly never retained for it much of that veneration usually paid by an English scholar to his Alma Mater. He often celebrates Oxford, but only mentions Cambridge as the contrast of the sister university in point of taste and learning:

> "Oxford to him a dearer name shall be
> Than his own mother university:
> Thebes did his green unknowing youth engage,
> He chooses Athens in his riper age."‡

A preference so uncommon, in one who had studied at Cambridge, probably originated in those slight disgraces; or perhaps in some other cause of disgust, which we may now search for in vain.

In June 1654, the death of his father, Erasmus Dryden, proved a temporary interruption to our author's studies. He left the university, on this occasion, to take possession of his inheritance, consisting of two-thirds of a small estate near Blakesley, in Northamptonshire, worth, in all, about sixty pounds a year. The other third part of this small property was bequeathed to his mother during her life, and the property reverted to the poet after her death, in 1676. With this little patrimony our author returned to Cambridge, where he continued until the middle of the year 1657.

Although Dryden's residence at the university was prolonged to the unusual space of nearly seven years, we do not find, that he distinguished himself, during that time, by any poetical profusions, excepting a few lines prefixed to a work, entitled, "Sion and Parnassus; or Epigrams on several Texts of the Old and New Testaments," published in 1650, by John Hoddesden.‖ Mr. Malone conjectures, that our poet would have contributed to the academic collection of verses, entitled, "Olivia Pacis," and published in 1654, on the peace between England and Holland, had not his father's death interfered at that period. It is probable, we lose but little by the disappearance of any occasional verses which may have been produced by Dryden at this time. The elegy on Lord Hastings, the lines prefixed to "Sion and Parnassus," and some complimentary stanzas which occur in a letter to his cousin Honor Driden, would have been enough to assure us, even without his own testimony, that Cowley was the darling of his youth; and that he imitated his points of wit, and quirks of epigram, with a similar contempt for the propriety of their application. From these poems, we learn enough to be grateful, that Dryden was born at a later period in his century; for had not the road to fame been altered in consequence of the Restoration, his extensive information and acute ingenuity would probably have betrayed the author of the "Ode to St. Cecilia," and the father of English poetical harmony, into rivalling the metaphysical pindarics of Donne and Cowley. The verses, to which we allude, display their subtlety of thought, their puerile extravagance of conceit, and that structure of verse, which, as the poet himself says of Holyday's translations, has nothing of verse in it, except the worst part of it—the rhyme, and that far from being unexceptionable. The following lines, in which the poet describes the death of Lord Hastings by the small-pox, will be probably admitted as a justification of this censure:

> "Was there no milder way but the small-pox,
> The very filthiness of Pandora's box?
> So many spots, like naves on Venus' soil,
> One jewel set off with so many a foil;
> Blisters with pride swell'd, which through' a flesh did sprout,
> Like rose-buds stuck i' the lily-skin about.
> Each little pimple had a tear in it,
> To wail the faults its rising did commit,
> Which, rebel like, with its own lord at strife,
> Thus made an insurrection 'gainst his life.
> Or were these gems sent to adorn his skin,
> The cabinet of a richer soul within?
> No comet need foretel his change drew on,
> Whose corpse might seem a constellation."

This is exactly in the tone of Bishop Corbett's invective against the same disease:

> "Oh thou deform'd unwoman-like disease,
> Thou plough'st up flesh and blood, and there sow'st pease;
> And leav'st such prints on beauty that dost come,
> As clouted shoon do on a floor of loam.
> Thou that of faces honey-combs dost make,
> And of two breasts two cullenders, forsake
> Thy deadly trade; now thou art rich, give o'er,
> And let our curses call thee forth no more."§

After leaving the university, our author entered the world, supported by friends, from whose character, principles, and situation, it might have been prophesied, with probability, that his success in life, and his literary reputation, would have been exactly the reverse of what they actually proved. Sir Gilbert Pickering was cousin-german to the poet, and also to his mother; thus standing related to Dryden in a double connexion.¶ This gentleman was a staunch puritan, and having set out as a reformer, ended by being a regicide, and an abettor of the tyranny of Cromwell. He was one of the judges of the unfortunate Charles; and though he did not sit in that bloody court upon the last and fatal day, yet he seems to have concurred in the most violent measures of the unconscientious men who did so. He had been one of the parliamentary counsellors of state, and hesitated not to be numbered among the godly and discreet persons who assisted Cromwell as a privy council. Moreover, he was lord chamberlain of the Protector's court, and received the honour of his mock peerage.

The patronage of such a person was more likely to have elevated Dryden to the temporal greatness and wealth acquired by the sequestrators and committeemen of that oppressive time, than to have aided him in attaining the summits of Parnassus. For, according to the slight records which Mr. Malone has recovered concerning Sir Gilbert Pickering's character, it would seem, that, to the hard, precise, fanatical contempt of every illumination, save the inward light, which he derived from his sect, he added the properties of a fiery temper, and a rude and savage address.** In what capacity

* Shadwell, in the Medal of John Bayes,
> "At Cambridge first your scurrilous vein began,
> Where saucily you traduced a nobleman;
> Who for that crime rebuked you on the head,
> And you had been expell'd, had you not fled."

† He received this degree by dispensation from the Archbishop of Canterbury.

‡ Prologue to the University of Oxford, vol. X. p. 385.

‖ Jonathan Dryden, elected a scholar from Westminster into Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1656, of which he became fellow in 1662, was author of some verses in the Cambridge Collections in 1661, on the death of the Duke of Gloucester, and the marriage of the Princess of Orange; and in 1662, on the marriage of Charles II., which have been imputed to our author. An order, quoted by Mr. Malone, for abatement of the commencement-money, paid at taking the Bachelor's degree, on account of poverty, applies to Jonathan not to John Dryden.—MALONE, vol. I. p. 17. note.

§ Elegy on Lady Haddington, in Corbett's poems, p. 121. Gilchrist's edition.

¶ Sir John Pickering, father of Sir Gilbert, married Susan, the sister of Erasmus Dryden, the poet's father. But Mary Pickering, the poet's mother, was niece to Sir John Pickering: and thus her son Sir Gilbert was *her* cousin-german also.

** In one lampoon, he is called "fiery Pickering." Walker, in his "Sufferings of the Clergy," prints Jeremiah Steeven's account of the Northamptonshire committee of sequestration, in which the character of Pickering, one of the members of that oppressive body, is thus drawn:—"Sir G—— P—— had an uncle, whose ears were cropt for a libel on Archbishop Whitgift: was first a presbyterian, then an independent, then a Brownist, and afterwards an anabaptist. He was a most furious, fiery, implacable man: was the principal agent in casting out most of the learned clergy; a great oppressor of the country; got a good manor for his booty of the E. of R., and a considerable purse of gold by a plunder at Lynn in Norfolk." He is thus characterized by an angry limb of the commonwealth, whose republican spirit was incensed by Cromwell creating a peerage:—"Sir Gilbert Pickering, knight of the old stamp, and of considerable revenue in Northamptonshire; one of the Long Parliament, and a great stickler in the change of the government from kingly to that of a commonwealth; helped to make those laws of treason against kingship; has also changed with all changes that have been since. He was one of the Little Parliament, and helped to break it, as also of all the parliaments since; is one of the Protector's council, (his salary L.1000 *per annum*, besides other places,) and as if he had been pinned to this sleeve, was never to seek; is become high steward of Westminster; and being so finical, spruce, and like an old courtier, is made lord-chamberlain of the Protector's household or court; so that he may well be counted fit and worthy to be taken out of the House to have a negative voice in the other House, though he helped to destroy it in the king and lords. There are more besides him, that make themselves transgressors by building again the things which they once destroyed." Quoted by Mr. Malone from a rare pamphlet in his collection, entitled, "A Second Narrative of the late Parliament, 1658."

Dryden lived with his kinsmen, or to what line of life circumstances seemed to destine the future poet, we are left at liberty to conjecture. Shadwell, the virulent antagonist of our author, has called him Sir Gilbert Pickering's clerk; and it is indeed highly probable, that he was employed as his amanuensis, or secretary:

> "The next step of advancement you began
> Was being clerk to Noll's lord chamberlain,
> A sequestrator and committee-man."
> *The Medal of John Bayes.*

But I cannot, with Mr. Malone, interpret the same passage, by supposing the third line of the triplet to apply to Dryden. Had he been actually a member of a committee of sequestration, that circumstance would never have remained in the dubious obscurity of Shadwell's poetry; it would have been as often echoed and re-echoed, as every other incident of the poet's life, which was capable of bearing an unfavourable interpretation. I incline therefore to believe, that the terms *sequestrator* and *committee-man* apply not to the poet, but to his patron Sir Gilbert, to whom their propriety cannot be doubted.

Sir Gilbert Pickering was not our author's only relation at the court of Cromwell. The chief of his family, Sir John Driden, elder brother of the poet's father, was also a flaming and bigoted puritan,* through whose gifts and merits his nephew might reasonably hope to attain preferment. In a youth, entering life under the protection of such relations, who could have anticipated the future dramatist and poet laureate, much less the advocate and martyr of prerogative and of the Stuart family, the convert and confessor of the Roman Catholic faith? In his after career, his early connexions with the puritans, and the principles of his kinsmen during the Civil Wars and usurpation, were often made subjects of reproach, to which he never seems to have deigned an answer.†

The death of Cromwell was the first theme of our poet's muse. Averse as the puritans were to any poetry, save that of Hopkins, of Withers, or of Wisdom, they may be reasonably supposed to have had some sympathy with Dryden's sorrow upon the death of Oliver, even although it vented itself in the profane and unprofitable shape of an elegy. But we have no means of estimating its reception with the public, if, in truth, the public long interested themselves about the memory of Cromwell, while his relations and dependants presented to them the more animated and interesting spectacle of a struggle for his usurped power. Richard perhaps, and the immediate friends of the deceased Protector, with such of Dryden's relations as were attached to his memory, may have thought, like the tinker in the Taming of the Shrew, that this same elegy was "marvellous good matter," but it did not probably attract much general attention. The first edition, in 1659, is extremely rare: it was reprinted, however along with those of Sprat and Waller, in the course of the same year. After the Restoration this piece fell into a state of oblivion, from which it may be believed that the author, who had seen a new light in politics, was by no means solicitous to recall it. His political antagonist did not, however, fail to awaken its memory, when Dryden became a decided advocate for the royal prerogative, and the hereditary right of the Stuarts. During the controversies of Charles the Second's reign, in which Dryden took so decided a share, his eulogy on Cromwell was often objected to him, as a proof of inconsistence and apostacy. One passage, which plainly applies to the civil wars in general, was wrested to signify an explicit approbation of the murder of Charles I.;‡ and the whole piece was reprinted by an incensed antagonist, under the title of "An Elegy on the Usurper, O. C., by the author of Absalom and Achitophel, published (it is ironically added) to show the loyalty and integrity of the poet,"—an odd piece of vengeance, which has perhaps never been paralleled, except in the single case of "Love in a Hollow Tree."‖ The motives of the Duchess of Marlborough, in reprinting Lord Grimestone's memorable dramatic essay, did not here apply. The elegy on Cromwell, although doubtless sufficiently faulty, contained symptoms of a regenerating taste; and, politically considered, although a panegyric on a usurper, the topics of praise are selected with attention to truth, and are, generally speaking, such as Cromwell's worst enemies could not have denied to him. Neither had Dryden made the errors, or misfortunes, of the royal family, and their followers, the subject of censure or of contrast. With respect to them, it was hardly possible that a eulogy on such a theme could have less offence in it. This was perhaps, a fortunate circumstance for Dryden at the Restoration; and it must be noticed to his honour, that as he spared the exiled monarch in his panegyric on the usurper, so, after the Restoration, in his numerous writings on the side of royalty, there is no instance of his recalling his former praise of Cromwell.

After the frequent and rapid changes which the government of England underwent from the death of Cromwell, in the spring of 1660, Charles II. was restored to the throne of his ancestors. It may be easily imagined, that this event, a subject in itself highly fit for poetry, and which promised the revival of poetical pursuits, was hailed with universal acclamation, by all whose turn for verse had been suppressed and stifled during the long reign of fanaticism. The Restoration led the way to the revival of letters, as well as that of legal government. With Charles, as Dryden has expressed it,

> The officious muses came along,
> A gay, harmonious quire, like angels ever young.

It was not, however, to be expected, that an alteration of the taste which had prevailed in the days of Charles I., was to be the immediate consequence of the new order of things. The muse awoke, like the sleeping beauty of the fairy tale, in the same antiquated and absurd vestments in which she had fallen asleep twenty years before; or if the reader will pardon another simile, the poets were like those who, after a long mourning, resume for a time their ordinary dresses, of which the fashion has in the mean time passed away. Other causes contributed to a temporary revival of the metaphysical poetry. Almost all its professors, attached to the house of Stuart, had been martyrs, or confessors at least, in its cause. Cowley, their leader, was yet alive, and returned to claim the late reward of his loyalty and his sufferings. Cleveland had died a victim to the contempt, rather than the persecution, of the republicans;§ but this most ardent of cavalier poets was

* Like Sir Gilbert Pickering, he was a member of the Northamptonshire committee of Sequestration, and his deeds are thus commemorated in Walker's "Sufferings of the Clergy:"—"Sir J——n D——n was never noted for ability or discretion; was a puritan by tenure, his house, (Canons-Ashby) being an ancient college, where he possessed the church, and abused most part of it to profane uses: the chancel he turned to a barn; the body of it to a corn-chamber and store-house, reserving one side aisle of it for the public service of prayers, &c. He was noted for weakness and simplicity, and never put on any business of moment, but was very furious against the clergy."

† In a satire called "The Protestant Poets," our author is thus contrasted with Sir Roger L'Estrange. In levelling his reproaches, the satirist was not probably very solicitous about genealogical accuracy; as, in the eighth line, I conceive Sir John Dryden to be alluded to, although he is termed our poet's grandfather, when he was in fact his uncle. Sir Erasmus Dryden was indeed a fanatic, and so was Henry Pickering, Dryden's paternal and maternal grandfathers; but neither were men of mark or eminence:

> "But though he spares no waste of words or conscience,
> He wants the Tory turn of thorough nonsense,
> That thoughtless air, that makes light Hodge so jolly;—
> Void of all weight, *he* wantons in his folly.
> Not so forced BAYES, whom sharp remorse attends,
> While his heart loathe the cause his tongue defends;
> Hourly he acts, hourly repents the sin,
> And is all over *grandfather* within:
> By day that ill-laid spirit checks,—o'nights
> Old Pickering's ghost, a dreadful spectre, frights.
> Returns of spleen his slacken'd speed remit,
> And cramp his loose careers with intervals of wit:
> While, without stop at sense, or ebb of spite,
> Breaking all bars, bounding o'er wrong and right,
> Contented Roger gallops out of sight."

‡ See Vol. IX. p. 16.

‖ This piece was called in, and destroyed by the noble author; but Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, when opposing Lord Grimestone at an election, maliciously printed and dispersed a large impression of his smothered performance, with a frontispiece representing an elephant dancing on the slack rope.

§ He was one of the garrison of Newark, which held out so long

succeeded by Wild, whose "*Ber Borealis*," a poem on Monk's march from Scotland, formed upon Cleveland's model, obtained extensive popularity among the citizens of London.* Dryden's good sense and natural taste perceived the obvious defects of these, the very coarsest of metaphysical poets; insomuch, that, in his "Essay on Dramatic Poetry," he calls wresting and torturing one word into another, a catachresis, or Cleveландism, and charges Wild with being in poetry what the French call *un mauvais buffon*.

Sprat, and a host of inferior imitators, marched for a time in the footsteps of Cowley; delighted, probably, to discover in Pindaric writing, as it was called, a species of poetry which required neither sound nor sense, provided only there was a sufficient stock of florid and extravagant thoughts, expressed in harsh and bombastic language.

But this style of poetry, although it was for a time revived, and indeed continued to be occasionally employed even to the end of the eighteenth century, had too slight foundation in truth and nature to maintain the exclusive pre-eminence, which it had been exalted to during the reigns of the two first monarchs of the Stuart race. As Rochester profanely expressed it, Cowley's poetry was not of God, and therefore could not stand. An approaching change of public taste was hastened by the manners of the restored monarch and his courtiers. That pedantry which had dictated the excessive admiration of metaphysical conceits, was not the characteristic of the court of Charles II., as it had been of those of his grandfather and father. Lively and witty by nature, with all the acquired habits of an adventurer, whose wanderings, military and political, left him time neither for profound reflection, nor for deep study, the restored monarch's literary taste, which was by no means contemptible, was directed towards a lighter and more pleasing style of poetry than the harsh and scholastic productions of Donne and Cowley. The admirers, therefore, of this old school were confined to the ancient cavaliers, and the old courtiers of Charles I.; persons unlikely to lead the fashion in the court of a gay monarch, filled with such men as Buckingham, Rochester, Etherege, Sedley, and Mulgrave, whose time and habits confined their own essays to occasional verses, and satirical effusions, in which they often ridiculed the heights of poetry they were incapable of attaining. With such men the class of poets, which before the civil war held but a secondary rank, began to rise in estimation. Waller, Suckling, and Denham, began to assert a pre-eminence over Cowley and Donne; the ladies, whose influence in the court of James and Charles I. was hardly felt, and who were then obliged to be contented with such pedantic worship as is contained in the "Mistress" of Cowley, and the "Epithilamian" of Donne, began now, when their voices were listened to, and their taste consulted, to determine that their poetical lovers should address them in strains more musical, if not more intelligible. What is most acceptable to the fair sex will always sway the mode of a gay court; and the character of a smooth and easy sonneteer was soon considered as an indispensable requisite to a man of wit and fashion, terms which were then usually synonymous.

To those who still retained a partiality for that exercise of the fancy and memory, afforded by the metaphysical poetry, the style of satire, then prevalent, afforded opportunities of applying it. The same depth of learning, the same extravagant ingenuity in combining the most remote images, and in driving casual associations to the verge of absurdity, almost all the remarkable features which characterized the poetry of Cowley, may be successfully traced in the satire of Hudibras. The sublime itself borders closely on the ludicrous; but the bombast and extravagant cannot be divided from it. The turn of thought, and the peculiar kind of mental exertion, corresponds in both styles of writing; and although Butler pursued the ludicrous, and Cowley aimed at the surprising, the leading features of their poetry only differ like those of the same face convulsed with laughter, or arrested in astonishment. The district of metaphysical poetry was thus invaded by the satirists, who sought weapons there to avenge the misfortunes and oppression which they had so lately sustained from the Puritans; and as it is difficult in a laughing age to render serious what has been once applied to ludicrous purposes, Butler and his imitators retained quiet possession of the style which they had usurped from the grave bards of the earlier age.

A single poet, Sir William Davenant, made a meritorious, though a misguided and unsuccessful effort, to rescue poetry from becoming the mere handmaid of pleasure, or the partizan of political or personal disputes, and to restore her to her natural rank in society, as an auxiliary of religion, policy, law, and virtue. His heroic poem of "Gondibert" has, no doubt, great imperfections; but it intimates every where a mind above those laborious triflers, who called that poetry which was only verse; and very often exhibits a majestic, dignified, and manly simplicity, equally superior to the metaphysical school, by the doctrines of which Davenant was occasionally misled. Yet, if that author too frequently imitated their quaint affectation of uncommon sentiment and associations, he had at least the merit of coaching them in stately and harmonious verse; a quality of poetry totally neglected by the followers of Cowley. I mention Davenant here, and separate from the other poets, who were distinguished about the time of the Restoration, because I think that Dryden, to whom we are about to return, was, at that period, an admirer and imitator of "Gondibert," as we are certain that he was a personal and intimate friend of the author.

With the return of the king, the fall of Dryden's political patrons was necessarily involved. Sir Gilbert Pickering, having been one of Charles's judges, was too happy to escape into obscurity, under an absolute disqualification for holding any office, political, civil or ecclesiastical. The influence of Sir John Dryden was ended at the same time; and thus both these relations, under whose protection Dryden entered life, and by whose influence he was probably to have been aided in some path to wealth or eminence, became at once incapable of assisting him; and even connexion with them was rendered, by the change of times, disgraceful, if not dangerous. Yet it may be doubted whether Dryden felt this evil in its full extent. Sterne has said of a character, that a blessing which closed his mouth or a misfortune which opened it with a good grace,

for Charles I., and has left a curious specimen of the wit of the time in his controversy with a parliamentary officer, whose servant had robbed him, and taken refuge in Newark. The following is the beginning of his answer to a demand that the fugitive should be surrendered:

"Sirrah, Beloved,

"Is it so then, that our brother and fellow-labourer in the Gospel is start aside? then this may serve for a use of instruction, not to trust in man, nor in the son of man. Did not Demas leave Paul? did not Onesimus run from his master Philemon? besides, this should teach us to employ our talent, and not lay it up in a napkin. Had it been done among the cavaliers, it had been just; then the Israelite had spoiled the Egyptian; but for Simeon to plunder Levi, that! that! You see, sir, what use I make of the doctrine you sent me; and indeed since you change style so far as to nibble at wit, you must pardon me, if, to quit scores, I pretend a little to the gift of preaching," &c. Such was the wit of Cleveland. After the complete subjugation of the royalists, he was apprehended, having in his possession a bundle of poems and satirical songs against the republicans. He appeared before the commonwealth general with the dignified air of one who is prepared to suffer for his principles. He was disappointed; for the military judge, after a contemptuous glance at the papers, exclaimed to Cleveland's accusers, "Is this all ye have against him? Go, let the poor knave sell his ballads!" Such an acquittal was more severe than any punishment. The conscious virtue of the loyalist would have borne the latter; but the pride of the poet could not sustain his contemptuous dismissal; and Cleveland is said to have broken his heart in consequence.—*Biographia Britannica* voce *Cleveland*.

* "He is the very Withers of the city," says Dryden of Wild; "They have bought more editions of his works than would serve to lay under all their pies at the lord mayor's Christmas. When his famous poem first came out in the year 1660, I have seen them reading it in the midst of Change time; nay, so vehement they were at it, that they lost their bargain by the candles' ends; but what will you say, if he has been received amongst great persons? I can assure you he is this day the envy of one who is lord in the art of quibbling, and who does not take it well, that any man should intrude so far into his province." Vol. XV. p. 386.

were nearly equal to him; nay, that sometimes the misfortune was the more acceptable of the two. It is possible, by a parity of reasoning, that Dryden may have felt himself rather relieved from, than deprived of, his fanatical patrons, under whose guidance he could never hope to have indulged in that career of literary pursuit, which the new order of things presented to the ambition of the youthful poet; at least, he lost no time in useless lamentation, but now, in his thirtieth year, proceeded to exert that poetical talent, which had heretofore been repressed by his own situation, and that of the country.

Dryden, left to his own exertions, hastened to testify his joyful acquiescence in the restoration of monarchy, by publishing "*Astræa Redux*," a poem which was probably distinguished among the innumerable congratulations poured forth upon the occasion; and he added to those which hailed the coronation, in 1661, the verses entitled, "A Panegyric to his Sacred Majesty." These pieces testify, that the author had already made some progress in harmonizing his versification. But they also contain many of those points of wit, and turns of epigram, which he condemned in his more advanced judgment. The same description applies, in a yet stronger degree, to the verses addressed to Lord Chancellor Hyde, (Lord Clarendon) on the new-year's day of 1662, in which Dryden has more closely imitated the metaphysical poetry than in any poem, except the juvenile elegy on Lord Hastings. I cannot but think, that the poet consulted the taste of his patron, rather than his own, in adopting this peculiar sty'e. Clarendon was educated in the court of Charles I., and Dryden may have thought it necessary, in addressing him, to imitate the strong "verses," which were then admired.

According to the fashion of the times, such copies of occasional verses were rewarded by a gratuity from the person to whom they were addressed; and poets had not yet learned to think this mode of receiving assistance incompatible with the feelings of dignity or delicacy. Indeed, in the common transactions of that age, one sees something resembling the eastern custom of accompanying with a present, and not always a splendid one, the usual forms of intercourse and civility. Thus we find the wealthy corporation of Hull, backing a polite address to the Duke of Monmouth, their governor, with a present of *six bread pieces*; and his grace deemed it a point of civility to press the acceptance of the same gratuity upon the member of parliament for the city, by whom it was delivered to him.* We may therefore believe, that Dryden received some compliment from the king and chancellor; and I am afraid the same premises authorise us to conclude that it was but trifling. Meantime, our author having no settled means of support, except his small landed property, and having now no assistance to expect from his more wealthy kinsmen, to whom, probably, neither his literary pursuits, nor his commencing them by a panegyric on the Restoration, were very agreeable, and whom he had also offended by a slight change in spelling his name,† seems to have been reduced to narrow and uncomfortable circumstances. Without believing, in its full extent, the exaggerated accounts given by Brown and Shadwell,‡ we may discover from their reproaches, that, at the commencement of his literary career, Dryden was connected, and probably lodged, with Herringman the bookseller, in the New Exchange, for whom he wrote prefaces, and other occasional pieces. But having, as Mr. Malone has observed, a patrimony, though a small one, of his own, it seems impossible that our author was ever in that state of mean and abject dependance, which the malice of his enemies afterwards pretended. The same malice misrepresented, or greatly exaggerated, the nature of Dryden's obligations to Sir Robert Howard, with whom he became acquainted, probably about the time of the Restoration, whose influence was exerted in his favour, and whose good offices the poet returned by literary assistance.

Sir Robert Howard was a younger son of Thomas Earl of Berkeley, and, like all his family, had distinguished himself as a royalist, particularly at the battle of Cropley Bridge. He had recently suffered a long imprisonment in Windsor Castle, during the usurpation. His rank and merits made him, after the Restoration, a patron of some consequence; and upon his publishing a collection of verses, very soon after that period, Dryden prefixed an address "to his honoured friend," on "his excellent poems." Sir Robert Howard understood the value of Dryden's attachment, introduced him into his family, and probably aided in procuring his productions that degree of attention from the higher world, for want of which the most valuable efforts of genius have often sunk into unmerited obscurity. Such, in short, were his exertions in favour of Dryden, that, though we cannot believe he was indebted to Howard, for those necessaries of life which he had the means to procure for himself, the poet found ground to acknowledge, that his patron had not only been "careful of his fortune, which was the effect of his nobleness, but solicitous of his reputation, which was that of his kindness."

Thus patronized, our author seems to have advanced in reputation, as he became more generally known to the learned and ingenious of his time. Yet we have but few traces of the labour, by which he doubtless attained, and secured, his place in society. A short Satire on the Dutch, written to animate the people of England against them, appeared in 1662. It is somewhat in the hard style of invective, which Cleveland applied to the Scottish nation; yet Dryden thought it worth while to weave the same verses into the prologue and epilogue of the tragedy of "Amboyna," a piece written in 1673, with the same kind intentions towards the States-General.

Science, as well as poetry, began to revive after the iron dominion of military fanaticism was ended; and Dryden, who through life was attached to experimental philosophy, speedily associated himself with those who took interest in its progress. He was chosen a member of the newly instituted Royal Society, 26th November, 1662; an honour which cemented his connection with the most learned men of the time, and is an evidence of the respect in which he was already held. Most of these, and the discoveries by which they had distinguished themselves, Dryden took occasion to celebrate in his "Epistle to Dr. Walter Charleton," a learned physician, upon his treatise of Stonehenge. Gilbert, Boyle, Harvey, and Ent, are mentioned with enthusiastic applause, as treading in the path pointed out by Bacon, who first broke the fetters of Aristotle, and taught the world to derive knowledge from experiment. In these elegant verses, the author divests himself of all the flippant extravagance of point and quibble, in which, complying with his age, he had hitherto indulged, though of late in a limited degree.

While thus united in friendly communion with men of kindred and congenial spirits, Dryden seems

* "The Duke of Monmouth returned on Saturday from New-Market. To-day I waited on him, and first presented him with your letter, which he read all over very attentively; and then commanded to assure you, that he would, upon all occasions, be ready to give you the marks of his affection, and assist you in any affairs you should recommend to him. I then delivered to his hands, bread pieces, telling him, that I was deputed to blush among himself for the meanness of the present, &c.; but he took no all, and said he thanked you for it, and accepted it as a token of your kindness. He had, before I came in, as I was told, received wherewithal to do with the gold; and but that I by all means pressed the offer, or I had been in danger of being reimbursed, sir, &c."—*Andrew Marvell's Works*, vol. I. p. 210. *Letter to the Mayor of Hull.*

† Thus Dryden to Dryden.

‡ Shadwell makes Dryden say, that after some years spent at Westminster, he came to London. "At first I struggled with a great deal of perseverance, took up with a lodging which had a window no bigger than a pocket looking-glass, dined at a three-penny ordinary, enough to starve a vacation tailor, kept little company, wore cloth no finer than drugget, and drank wine as seldom as a Rechabite, or the grand seignior's confessor." The old gentleman, who corresponded with the "Gentleman's Magazine," and remembered Dryden before the rise of his fortunes, mentions his suit of plain drugget, being, by the bye, the same garb in which he himself has clothed Flecknoe, who "coarsely clad in Norwich drugget came."

to have been sensible of the necessity of applying his literary talents to some line, in which he might derive a steadier and more certain recompense, than by writing occasional verses to the great, or doing literary drudgery for the bookseller. His own genius would probably have directed him to the ambitious labours of an epic poem; but for this the age afforded little encouragement. "Gondibert," the style of which Dryden certainly both admired and copied, became a martyr to the raillery of the critics; and to fill up the measure of shame, the "Paradise Lost" fell still-born from the press. This last instance of bad taste had not, it is true, yet taken place; but the men who were guilty of it, were then living under Dryden's observation, and their manners and habits could not fail to teach him, to anticipate the little encouragement they were likely to afford to the loftier labours of poetry. One only line remained, in which poetical talents might exert themselves, with some chance of procuring their possessor's reward, or at least maintenance, and this was dramatic composition. To this Dryden sedulously applied himself, with various success, for many years. But before proceeding to trace the history of his dramatic career, I proceed to notice such pieces of his poetry, as exhibit marks of his earlier style of composition.

The victory gained by the Duke of York over the Dutch fleet, on the 3d of June 1665, and his duchess's subsequent journey into the north, furnished Dryden with the subject of a few occasional verses; in which the style of Waller, (who came forth with a poem on the same subject,) is successfully imitated. In addressing her grace, the poet suppresses all the horrors of the battle, and turns her eyes upon the splendour of a victory, for which the kingdom was indebted to her husband's valour, and her "chaste vows." In these verses, not the least vestige of metaphysical wit can be traced; and they were accordingly censured, as wanting height of fancy, and dignity of words. This criticism Dryden refuted, by alleging, that he had succeeded in what he did attempt, in the softness of expression and smoothness of the measure, (the appropriate ornaments of an address to a lady,) and that he was accused of that only thing which he could well defend. It seems, however, very possible, that these remarks impelled him to undertake a task, in which vigour of fancy and expression might, with propriety, be exercised. Accordingly, his next poem was of greater length and importance. This is a historical account of the events of the year 1666, under the title of "*Annus Mirabilis*," to which distinction the incidents which had occurred in that space gave it some title. The poem being in the elegiac stanza, Dryden relapsed into an imitation of "Gondibert," from which he had departed ever since the "Elegy on Cromwell." From this it appears, that the author's admiration of Davenant had not decreased. Indeed, he, long afterwards, bore testimony to that author's quick and piercing imagination; which at once produced thoughts remote, new, and surprising, such as could not easily enter into any other fancy.* Dryden at least equalled Davenant in his quality; and certainly excelled him in the powers of composition, which are to embody the conceptions of the imagination; and in the extent of acquired knowledge, by which they were to be enforced and illustrated. In his preface, he has vindicated the choice of his stanza, by a reference to the opinion of Davenant,† which he sanctions by affirming, that he had always, himself, thought quatrains, or stanzas of verse in alternate rhyme, more noble, and of greater dignity, both for sound and number, than any other verse in use among us.‡ By this attention to sound and rhythm, he improved upon the school of metaphysical poets, which disclaimed attention to either; but in the thought and expression itself, the style of Davenant more nearly resembled Cowley's than that of Denham and Waller. The same ardour for what Dryden calls "wit-writing," the same unceasing exercise of the memory, in search of wonderful thoughts and allusions, and the same contempt for the subject, except as the medium of displaying the author's learning and ingenuity, marks the style of Davenant, though in a less degree than that of the metaphysical poets, and though chequered with many examples of a simpler and chaster character. Some part of this deviation was, perhaps, owing to the nature of the stanza; for the structure of the quatrain prohibited the bard, who used it, from rambling into those digressive similes, which, in the pindaric strophe, might be pursued through endless ramifications. If the former started an extravagant thought, or a quaint image, he was compelled to bring it to a point within his four-lined stanza. The snake was thus scotched, though not killed; and conciseness being rendered indispensable, a great step was gained towards concentration of thought, which is necessary to the simple and to the sublime. The manner of Davenant, therefore, though short lived, and ungraced by public applause, was an advance towards true taste, from the unnatural and frantic indulgence of unrestrained fancy; and, did it claim no other merit, it possesses that of having been twice sanctioned by the practice of Dryden, upon occasions of uncommon solemnity.

The "*Annus Mirabilis*" evinces a considerable portion of labour and attention; the lines and versification are highly polished, and the expression was probably carefully corrected. Dryden, as Johnson remarks, already exercised the superiority of his genius, by recommending his own performance as written upon the plan of Virgil; and as no unsuccessful effort at producing those well wrought images and descriptions, which create admiration, the proper object of heroic poetry. The "*Annus Mirabilis*" may indeed be regarded as one of Dryden's most elaborate pieces; although it is not written in his later, better and most peculiar style of poetry.

The poem first appeared in octavo, in 1667, and was afterwards frequently reprinted in quarto. It was dedicated to the Metropolis of Great Britain, as represented by the lord mayor and magistrates. A letter to sir Robert Howard was prefixed to the poem, in which the author explains the purpose of the work, and the difficulties which presented themselves in the execution. And in this epistle, as a contrast between the smooth and easy style of writing which was proper in addressing a lady, and the exalted style of heroic, or at least historical poetry, he introduces the verses to the Duchess of York, already mentioned.

The "*Annus Mirabilis*" being the last poetical work of any importance produced by our author, until "Absalom and Achitophel," the reader may here pause, and consider, in the progressive improvement of Dryden, the gradual renovation of public taste. The irregular pindaric ode was now abandoned to Arwaker, Behn, Durfey, and a few inferior authors; who, either from its tempting facility of execution, or from an affected admiration of old times and fashions, still pestered the public with imitations of Cowley. The rough measure of Donne, (if it had any pretension to be called a measure,) was no longer tolerated, and it was expected, even of those who wrote satires, lampoons, and occasional verses, that their rhymes should be rhymes, both to the ear and eye; and that they should neither adore their mistresses nor abuse their neighbours, in lines which differed only from prose in the fashion of printing. Thus the measure used by Rochester, Buckingham, Sheffield, Sedley, and other satirists, if not polished or harmonized, approaches more nearly to modern verse, than that of Hall or Donne. In the "Elegy on Cromwell," and the "*Annus Mirabilis*," Dryden followed Davenant, who abridged, if he did not explode, the quaintnesses of his predecessors. In "*Astræa Redux*," and his occasional verses, to Dr. Charleton, the Duchess of

* Vol. III. p. 101.

† Davenant alleges the advantages of a respite and pause between every stanza, which should be so constructed as to comprehend a period; and adds, "nor doth alternate rhyme, by any loftiness of cadence, make the sound less heroic, but rather adapt it to a plain and stately composing of music; and the brevity of the stanza renders it less subtle to the composer, and more easy to the singer, which, in *stile recitativo*, when the story is long, is chiefly requisite." *Preface to Gondibert.*

‡ Vol. IX. p. 95.

York, and others, the poet proposed a separate and simpler model, more dignified than that of Suckling or Waller; more harmonious in measure, and chaste in expression, than those of Cowley and Crashaw. Much, there doubtless remained, of ancient subtlety and ingenious quibbling; but when Dryden declares that he proposes Virgil, in preference to Ovid, to be his model in the "*Annus Mirabilis*," it sufficiently implies, that the main defect of the poetry of the last age had been discovered, and was in the way of being amended by gradual, and almost imperceptible degrees.

In establishing, or refining, the latter style of writing, in couplet verse, our author found great assistance from his dramatic practice; to trace the commencement of which, is the purpose of the next section.

SECTION II.

Revival of the Drama at the Restoration—Heroic Plays—Comedies of Intrigue—Commencement of Dryden's Dramatic Career—The Wild Gallant—Rival Ladies—Indian Queen and Emperor—Dryden's Marriage—Essay on Dramatic Poetry, and subsequent Controversy with Sir Robert Howard—The Maiden Queen—The Tempest—Sir Martin Mar-all—The Mock Astrologer—The Royal Martyr—The Two parts of the Conquest of Granada—Dryden's situation at this Period.

It would appear, that Dryden, at the period of the Restoration, renounced all views of making his way in life, except by exertion of the literary talents with which he was so eminently endowed. His becoming a writer of plays was a necessary consequence; for the theatres, newly opened after so long silence, were resorted to with all the ardour inspired by novelty; and dramatic composition was the only line which promised something like an adequate reward to the professors of literature. In our sketch of the taste of the seventeenth century, previous to the Restoration, this topic was intentionally postponed.

In the time of James I., and of his successor, the theatre retained, in some degree, the splendour with which the excellent writers of the virgin reign had adorned it. It is true, that authors of the latter period fell far below those gigantic poets, who flourished in the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries; but what the stage had lost in dramatic composition, was, in some degree, supplied by the increasing splendour of decoration, and the favour of the court. A private theatre, called the Cockpit, was maintained at Whitehall, in which plays were performed before the court; and the king's company of actors often received command to attend the royal progresses.* Masques, a species of representation calculated exclusively for the recreation of the great, in whose halls they were exhibited, were a usual entertainment of Charles and his consort. The machinery and decorations were often superintended by Inigo Jones, and the poetry composed by Ben Jonson the laureate. Even Milton deigned to contribute one of his most fascinating poems to the service of the drama; and, notwithstanding the severity of his puritanic tenets, "Comus" could only have been composed by one who felt the full enchantment of the theatre. But all this splendour vanished at the approach of civil war. The stage and court were almost as closely united in their fate as royalty and episcopacy, had the same enemies, the same defenders, and shared the same overwhelming ruin. "No throne no theatre," seemed as just a dogma as the famous "No king no bishop." The puritans indeed commenced their attack against royalty in this very quarter; and, while they impugned the political exertions of prerogative, they assailed the private character of the monarch and his consort, for the encouragement given to the profane stage, that rock of offence, and stumbling block to the godly. Accordingly, the superiority of the republicans was no sooner decisive, than the theatres were closed, and the dramatic poets silenced. No department of poetry was accounted lawful; but the drama being altogether unhallowed and abominable, its professors were persecuted, while others escaped with censure from the pulpit, and contempt from the rulers. The miserable shifts to which the surviving actors were reduced during the commonwealth, have been often detailed. At times they were connived at by the caprice or indolence of their persecutors; but, in general, as soon as they had acquired any slender stock of properties, they were beaten, imprisoned, and stripped, at the pleasure of the soldiery.

The Restoration naturally brought with it a revived taste for those elegant amusements, which, during the usurpation, had been condemned as heathenish, or punished, as appertaining especially to the favourers of royalty. To frequent them, therefore, became a badge of loyalty, and a virtual disavowal of those puritanic tenets, which all now agreed in condemning. The taste of the restored monarch also was decidedly in favour of the drama. At the foreign courts, which it had been his lot to visit, the theatre was the chief entertainment; and as amusement was always his principal pursuit, it cannot be doubted that he often sought it there. The interest, therefore, which the monarch took in the restoration of the stage, was direct and personal. Had it not been for this circumstance, it seems probable that the general audience, for a time at least, would have demanded a revival of those pieces which had been most successful before the civil wars; and that Shakespeare, Massinger, and Fletcher, would have resumed their acknowledged superiority upon the English stage. But as the theatres were re-established and cherished by the immediate influence of the sovereign, and of the court which returned with him from exile, a taste, formed during their residence abroad, dictated the nature of entertainments which were to be presented to them. It is worthy of remark, that Charles took the models of the two grand departments of the drama from two different countries.

France afforded a pattern of those tragedies which continued in fashion for twenty years after the Restoration, and which were called Rhyming or Heroic Plays. In that country, however, contrary to the general manners of the people, a sort of stately and precise ceremonial early took possession of the theatre. The French dramatist was under the necessity of considering less the situation of the persons of the drama, than that of the performers, who were to represent it before a monarch and his court. It was not, therefore, sufficient for the author to consider how human beings would naturally express themselves in the predicament of the scene; he had the more embarrasing task of so modifying their expressions of passion and feeling, that they might not exceed the decorum necessary in the august presence of the *Grand Monarque*. A more effectual mode of freezing the dialogue of the drama could hardly have been devised, than by introducing into the theatre the etiquette of the drawing-room. That etiquette also, during the reign of Louis XIV., was of a kind peculiarly forced and unnatural. The romances of Calprenede and Scuderi, those ponderous and unmerciful folios, now consigned to utter oblivion, were in that reign not only universally read and admired, but supposed to furnish the most perfect models of gallantry and heroism; although, in the words of an elegant female author, these celebrated writings are justly described as containing only "unnatural representations of the passions, false sentiments, false precepts, false wit, false honour, false modesty, with a strange heap of improbable, unnatural incidents, mixed up with true history, and fastened upon some of the great names of antiquity."† Yet upon the model of such works was framed the court manners of the reign of Louis, and in imitation of them, the French tragedy, in which every king was by prescriptive right a hero, every female a goddess, every tyrant a fire-breathing chimera, and every soldier an irresistible Amadis; in which, when perfected, we find lofty senti-

* Malone's "History of the Stage."

† *Haud inexperta loquitur.* "I have," she continues, "(and yet I am still alive,) drudged through Le Grand Cyrus, in twelve huge volumes; Cleopatra, in eight or ten; Polexander, Ibrahim, Clelie, and some others, whose names, as well as all the rest of them, I have forgotten." *Letter of Mrs. Chapone to Mrs. Carter.*

ments, splendid imagery, eloquent expression, sound morality, every thing but the language of human passion and human character. In the hands of Corneille, and still more in those of Racine, much of the absurdity of the original model was cleared away, and much that was valuable substituted in its stead; but the plan being fundamentally wrong, the high talents of those authors unfortunately only tended to reconcile their countrymen to a style of writing, which must otherwise have fallen into contempt. Such as it was, it rose into high favour at the court of Louis XIV., and was by Charles introduced upon the English stage. "The favour which heroic plays have lately found upon our theatres," says our author himself, "have been wholly derived to them from the countenance and approbation they have received at court."*

The French comedy, although Moliere was in the zenith of his reputation, appears not to have possessed equal charms for the English monarch. The same restraint of decorum, which prevented the expression of natural passion in tragedy, prohibited all indelicate license in comedy. Charles, probably, was secretly pleased with a system, which cramped the effusions of a tragic muse and forbade, as indecorous, those bursts of rapturous enthusiasm, which might sometimes contain matter unpleasing to a royal ear.† But the merry monarch saw no good reason why the muse of comedy should be compelled to "dwell in decencies for ever," and did not feel at all degraded when enjoying a gross pleasantry, or profane witticism, in company with the mixed mass of a popular audience. The stage, therefore, resumed more than its original license under his auspices. Most of our early plays, being written in a coarse age, and designed for the amusement of a promiscuous and vulgar audience, were dishonoured by scenes of coarse and naked indelicacy. The positive enactments of James, and the grave manners of his son, in some degree repressed this disgraceful scurrility; and, in the common course of events, the English stage would have been gradually delivered from this reproach, by the increasing influence of decency and taste.‡ But Charles II., during his exile, had lived upon a footing of equality with his banished nobles, and partaken freely and promiscuously in the pleasure and frolics by which they had endeavoured to sweeten adversity. To such a court the amusements of the drama would have appeared insipid, unless seasoned with the libertine spirit which governed their lives, and which was encouraged by the example of the monarch. Thus it is acutely argued by Dennis, in reply to Collier, that the depravity of the theatre, when revived, was owing to that very suppression, which had prevented its gradual reformation. And just so a muddy stream, if allowed its free course will gradually purify itself; but, if dammed up for a season, and let loose at once, its first torrent cannot fail to be impregnated with every impurity. The license of a rude age was thus revived by a corrupted one; and even those plays which were translated from the French and Spanish, were carefully seasoned with as much indelicacy and double entendre, as was necessary to fit them for the ear of the wittiest and most profligate of monarchs.

Another remarkable feature in the comedies which succeeded the Restoration, is the structure of their plot, which was not like that of the tragedies formed upon the Parisian model. The English audience had not patience for the regular comedy of their neighbours, depending upon delicate turns of expression, and nicer delineation of character. The Spanish comedy, with its bustle, machinery, disguise, and complicated intrigue, was much more agreeable to their taste. This preference did not arise entirely from what the French term the phlegm of our national character, which cannot be affected but by powerful stimulants. It is indeed certain, that an Englishman expects his eye, as well as his ear, to be diverted by theatrical exhibition; but the thirst of novelty was another and separate reason, which affected the style of the revived drama. The number of new plays represented every season was incredible; and the authors were compelled to have recourse to that mode of composition which was most easily executed. Laboured accuracy of expression, and fine traits of character, joined to an arrangement of action, which should be at once pleasing, interesting, and probable, requires serious study, deep reflection, and long and repeated correction and revision. But these were not to be expected from a play-wright, by whom three dramas were to be produced in one season; and in their place were substituted adventures, surprises, rencounters, mistakes, disguises, and escapes, all easily accomplished, by the intervention of sliding panels, closets, veils, masques, large cloaks, and dark lanterns. If the dramatist was at a loss for employing these convenient implements, the fifteen hundred plays of Lope de Vega were at hand for his instruction; presenting that rapid succession of events, and those sudden changes in the situation of the personages, which, according to the noble biographer of the Spanish dramatist, are the charms by which he interests us so forcibly in his plots.‖ These Spanish plays had already been resorted to by the authors of the earlier part of the century. But under the auspices of Charles II., who must often have witnessed the originals while abroad, and in some instances by his express command, translations were executed of the best and most lively Spanish comedies.§

The favourite comedies, therefore, after the Restoration, were such as depended rather upon the intricacy, than the probability of the plot; rather upon the vivacity and liveliness, than on the natural expression of the dialogue; and, finally, rather upon extravagant and grotesque conception of character than upon its being pointedly delineated and accurately supported throughout the representation. These particulars, in which the comedies of Charles the Second's reign differ from the example set by Shakspeare, Massinger, and Beaumont and Fletcher, seem to have been derived from the Spanish model. But the taste of the age was too cultivated to follow the stage of Madrid, in introducing, or to speak more accurately, in reviving, the character of the *gracioso*, or clown, upon that of London.¶ Something of foreign manners may be traced in the

* Dedication to the "Indian Emperor," Vol. III. p. 259.

† In this particular, a watch was kept over the stage. The "Maid's Tragedy," which turns upon the seduction of Evadne by a licentious and profligate king, was prohibited during the reign of Charles II., as admitting certain unfavourable applications. The moral was not consolatory—

"——— on lustful kings,
Unpolicied for sudden deaths from heaven are sent."

See Gibber's *Apology*, p. 189. Waller, in compliment to the court, wrote a fifth act, in which that admired drama is terminated less tragically.

‡ It was a part of the duty of the master of the revels to read over, and correct the improprieties of such plays as were to be brought forward. Several instances occur, in Sir Henry Herbert's Office-book, of the exercise of his authority in this point.—See Malone's *History of the Stage*.

‖ Lord Holland's "Life of Lope de Vega," p. 198.

§ The "Wild Gallant," which Charles commanded to be performed before him more than once, was of the class of Spanish comedies. The "Maiden Queen," which the witty monarch honoured with the title of *his play*, is in the same division. Sir Samuel Tuke's "Adventures of Five Hours," and Crowne's "Sir Courtly Nice," were both translated from the Spanish by the king's express recommendation.

¶ The *gracioso*, or buffoon, according to Lord Holland, held an intermediate character between a spectator and a character in the play; interrupting with his remarks, at one time, the pendantance, of which he forms an essential, but very defective part, another. His part was, I presume, partly written, partly extemporaneous. Something of the kind was certainly known upon our stage. Wilson and Tarleton, in their capacity of clowns, ventured freely into a contest of wit with the spectators, which was not at all held inconsistent with their having a share in the performance. Nor was tragedy exempted from their interference. Hall, after telling us of a tragic representation, informs us,

"Now learn such frightful shewes of fortunes fall,
And bloudy tyrant's rage, should chance appall
The dead-struck audience, midst the silent rest
Domea leaping in a self-misforged feast,
And laughes, and grins, and frames his mimick face,
And jostles straight into the prince's place.
Thunderith the theatre echo all aloud
With gladsome noyse of that applauding croud.
A goodly hoch-poch, when vile rascalines
Are matcht with monarchs and with mighty kings."

license assumed by valets and domestics, in the English comedy; a freedom which at no time made a part of our national manners, though something like it may still be traced upon the continent. These seem to be the leading characteristics of the comedies of Charles the Second's reign; in which the rules of the ancients were totally disregarded. It were to be wished that the authors could have been exculpated from a heavier charge,—that of assisting to corrupt the nation, by nourishing and fomenting their evil passions, as well as by indulging and pandering to their vices.

The theatres, after the Restoration, were limited to two in number; a restriction perhaps necessary, as the exclusive patent expresses it, in regard of the extraordinary licentiousness then used in dramatic representation; but for which no very good reason can be shown, when they are at least harmless, if not laudable places of amusement. One of these privileged theatres was placed under the direction of Sir William D'Avenant, whose sufferings in the royal cause merited a provision, and whose taste and talents had been directed towards the drama, even during its proscription. He is said to have introduced moveable scenes upon the English stage; and, without entering into the dispute of how closely this is to be interpreted, we are certain that he added much to its splendour and decoration. His set of performers, which contained the famous Betterton, and others of great merit, was called the Duke's Company. The other licensed theatre was placed under the direction of Thomas Killigrew, much famed by tradition for his colloquial wit, but the merit of whose good things evaporated as soon as he attempted to interweave them with comedy. His performers formed what was entitled the King's Company. With this last theatre Dryden particularly connected himself, by a contract to be hereafter mentioned. None of his earlier plays were acted by the Duke's Company, unless those in which he had received assistance from others, whom he might think as well entitled as himself to prescribe the place of representation.

Such was the state of the English drama when Dryden became a candidate for theatrical laurels. So early as the year of the Restoration, he had meditated a tragedy upon the fate of the Duke of Guise; but this, he has informed us, was suppressed by the advice of some friends, who told him, that it was an excellent subject, but not so artificially managed as to render it fit for the stage. It were to be wished these scenes had been preserved, since it may be that the very want of artifice, alleged by the critics of the day, would have recommended them to our more simple taste. We might at least have learned from them, whether Dryden, in his first essay, leaned to the heroic, or to the ancient English tragedy. But the scene of Guise's return to Paris, is the only part of the original sketch which Dryden thought fit to interweave with the play, as acted in 1682; and as that scene is rendered literally from Davila, upon the principle that, in so remarkable an action, the poet was not at liberty to change the words actually used by the persons interested, we only learn from it, that the piece was composed in blank verse, not rhyme.

In the course of the year 1661-2, our author composed the "Wild Gallant," which was acted about February 1662-3, without success. The beautiful Countess of Castlemaine, afterwards Duchess of Cleveland, extended her protection to the unfortunate performance, and received the incense of the author; who boasts,

> "Posterity will judge by my success,
> I had the Grecian poet's happiness,
> Who, waiving plots, found out a better way,—
> Some god descended, and preserved the play."

It was probably by the influence of this royal favourite, that the "Wild Gallant" was more than once performed before Charles, by his own command. But the author, his piece, and his poetical compliment, were hardly treated in a Session of the Poets, which appeared about 1670. Nor did Sir Robert Howard, his associate, escape without his share of ridicule:

> "Sir Robert Howard, call'd for over and over,
> At length sent in Teague with a packet of news,
> Wherein the sad knight, to his grief, did discover
> How Dryden had lately robb'd him of his Muse.
>
> "Each man in the court was pleased with the theft,
> Which made the whole family swear and rant,
> Desiring, their Robin in the lurch being left,
> The thief might be punish'd for his 'Wild Gallant.'
>
> "Dryden, who ope would have thought had more wit,
> The censure of every man did disdain,
> Pleading some pitiful rhimes he had writ
> In praise of the Countess of Castlemaine."

The play itself contained too many of those prize fights of wit, as Buckingham called them, in which the plot stood absolutely still, while two of the characters were showing the audience their dexterity at repartee. This error furnishes matter for a lively scene in the "Rehearsal."

The "Rival Ladies," acted in 1663, and published in the year following, was our author's next dramatic essay. It is a tragi-comedy; and the tragic scenes are executed in rhyme, a style which Dryden anxiously defends, in a dedication addressed to the Earl of Orrery, who had himself written several heroic plays. He cites, against blank verse, the universal practice of the most polished and civilized nations, the Spanish, the Italian, and the French; enumerates its advantages in restraining the luxuriance of the poet's imagination, and compelling him to labour long upon his clearest and richest thoughts; but he qualifies his general assertion by affirming, that heroic verse ought only to be applied to heroic situations and personages; and shows to most advantage in the scenes of argumentation, on which the doing or forbearing some considerable action should depend. Accordingly, in the "Rival Ladies," those scenes of the play which approach to comedy, (for it contains none properly comic,) are written in blank verse. The dedication contains two remarkable errors: the author mistakes the title of "Ferrex and Porrex," a play written by Sackville Lord Buckhurst, and Norton; and he ascribes to Shakespeare the first introduction of blank verse. The "Rival Ladies" seems to have been well received, and was probably of some advantage to the author.

In 1663-4, we find Dryden assisting Sir Robert Howard, who must be termed his friend, if not his patron, in the composition of a rhyming play, called the "Indian Queen." The versification of this piece, which is far more harmonious than that generally used by Howard, shows evidently, that our author had assiduously corrected the whole play, though it may be difficult to say how much of it was written by him. Clifford afterwards upbraided Dryden with having copied his Almanzor from the character of Montezuma;* and it must be allowed, there is a striking resemblance between these two outrageous heroes, who carry conquest to any side they choose, and are restrained by no human consideration, excepting the tears or commands of their mistress. But whatever share Dryden had in this piece, Sir Robert Howard retained possession of the title-page without acknowledgment, and Dryden nowhere gives himself the trouble of reclaiming his property, except in a sketch of the connection between the "Indian Queen" and "Indian Emperor," where he simply states, that he wrote a part of the former. The "Indian Queen" was acted with very great applause, to which, doubtless, the scenery and dresses contributed not a little. Moreover, it presented battles and sacrifices on the stage, aerial demons singing in the air, and the god of dreams ascending through a trap; the least of which has often saved a worse tragedy. Evelyn, who wit-

[1] His extemporal comic part seems to have been held essential to dramatic representation, in most countries in Europe, during the infancy of the art. A personification of the same kind is still retained in the lower kinds of popular exhibitions; and the clowns in the shows of tumbling and horsemanship, with my much-respected friend Mr. Punch, in a puppet-show, bear a pretty close resemblance to the *gracioso* of the Spaniards, the *arlequino* of the Italians, and the clown of the ancient English drama.—See Malone's *History of the Stage*.

* Notes on Mr. Dryden's Poems, 1687.

passed this exhibition, has recorded, that the scenes were the richest ever seen in England, or perhaps elsewhere, upon a public stage.*

The "Indian Queen" having been thus successful, Dryden was encouraged to engraft upon it another drama, entitled the "Indian Emperor." It is seldom that the continuation of a concluded tale is acceptable to the public. The present case was an exception, perhaps because the connection between the "Indian Emperor" and its predecessor was neither close nor necessary. Indeed, the whole persons of the "Indian Queen" are disposed of by the bowl and dagger, at the conclusion of that tragedy, excepting Montezuma, who, with a second set of characters, the sons and daughters of those deceased in the first part, occupies the stage in the second play. The author might, therefore, have safely left the audience to discover the plot of the "Indian Emperor," without embarrassing them with that of the "Indian Queen." But to prevent mistakes, and principally, I should think, to explain the appearance of three ghosts, the only persons, (if they can be termed such,) who have any connection with the former drama, Dryden took the precaution to print and disperse an argument of the play, in order as the "Rehearsal" intimated, to insinuate into the audience some conception of his plot. The "Indian Emperor" was probably the first of Dryden's performances which drew upon him, in an eminent degree, the attention of the public. It was dedicated to Anne, Duchess of Monmouth, whom long afterwards our author styled his first and best patroness.† This lady, in the bloom of youth and wit, and married to a nobleman, no less the darling of his father than of the nation, had it in her power effectually to serve Dryden, and doubtless exerted her influence in procuring him that rank in public opinion, which is seldom early attained without the sanction of those who lead the fashion in literature. The Duchess of Monmouth probably liked, in the "Indian Emperor," not only the beauty of the numbers, and the frequently exquisite turn of the description, but also the introduction of incantations and apparitions, of which romantic style of writing she was a professed admirer. The "Indian Emperor" had the most ample success; and from the time of its representation, till the day of his death, our author, though often rudely assailed, maintained the very pinnacle of poetical superiority, against all his contemporaries.

The dreadful fire of London, in 1666, put a temporary stop to theatrical exhibitions, which were not permitted till the following Christmas. We may take this opportunity to review the effect which the rise of Dryden's reputation had upon his private fortune and habits of life.

While our author was the literary assistant of Sir Robert Howard, and the hired labourer of Herringman, the bookseller, we may readily presume, that his pretensions and mode of living were necessarily adapted to that mode of life, into which he had descended by the unpopularity of his puritanical connections. Even for some time after his connection with the theatre, we learn, from a contemporary, that his dress was plain at least, if not mean, and his pleasures moderate, though not inelegant.‡ But as his reputation advanced, he naturally glided into more expensive habits, and began to avail himself of the license, as well as to partake of the pleasures of the time. We learn, from a poem of his enemy Milbourne, that Dryden's person was advantageous; and that, in the younger part of his life, he was distinguished by the emulous favour of the fair sex.‖ And although it would not be edifying, were it possible, to trace instances of his success in gallantry, we may barely notice his intrigue with Mrs. Reeves, a beautiful actress, who performed in many of his plays. This amour was probably terminated before the fair lady's retreat to a cloister, which seems to have taken place before the representation of Otway's "Don Carlos," in 1676.§ Their connection is alluded to in the "Rehearsal," which was acted in 1671. Bayes, talking of Amarillis, actually represented by Mrs. Reeves, says, "Aye, 'tis a pretty little rogue: she's my mistress: I knew her face would set off armour extremely; and to tell you true, I writ that part only for her." There follows an obscure allusion to some gallantry of our author in another quarter. But Dryden's amours were interrupted, if not terminated, in 1665, by his marriage.

Our author's friendship with Sir Robert Howard, and his increasing reputation, had introduced him to the family of the Earl of Berkshire, father to his friend. In the course of this intimacy, the poet gained the affections of Lady Elizabeth Howard, the earl's eldest daughter, whom he soon afterwards married. The lampoons, by which Dryden's private character was assailed in all points, allege, that this marriage was formed under circumstances dishonourable to the lady. But of this there is no evidence; while the malignity of the reporters is evident and undisguised. We may, however, believe, that the match was not altogether agreeable to the noble family of Berkshire. Dryden, it is true, might in point of descent, be admitted to form pretensions to Lady Elizabeth Howard; but his family, though honourable, was in a kind of disgrace, from the part which Sir Gilbert Pickering and Sir John Dryden had taken in the civil wars; while the Berkshire family were remarkable for their attachment to the royal cause. Besides, many of the poet's relations were engaged in trade; and the alliance of his brothers-in-law, the tobacconist and stationer, if it was then formed, could not sound dignified in the ears of a Howard. Add to this a very important consideration, Dryden had no chance of sharing the wealth of his principal relations, which might otherwise have been received as an atonement for the guilty confiscations by which it was procured. He had quarrelled with them, or they with him; his present possession was a narrow independence and his prospects were founded upon literary success, always precarious, and then connected with circumstances of personal abasement, which rendered it almost disreputable. A noble family might be allowed to regret, that one of their members was chiefly to rely for the maintenance of her husband, her family, and herself, upon the fees of dedications and occasional pieces of poetry, and the uncertain profits of the theatre.

Yet, as Dryden's manners were amiable, his reputation high, and his moral character unexceptionable, the Earl of Berkshire was probably soon reconciled to the match; and Dryden seems to have resided with his father-in-law for some time, since it from the earl's seat of Charlton, in Wiltshire, that he dates the introduction to the "*Annus Mirabilis*," published in the end of 1667.

So honourable a connection might have been expected to have advanced our author's prospects in a degree beyond what he experienced; but his father-in-law was poor, considering his rank, and had a large family, so that the portion of Lady Elizabeth was inconsiderable. Nor was her want of fortune supplied by patronage, or family influence. Dryden's preferment, as poet laureate, was due to, and probably obtained by, his literary character; nor did he ever receive any boon suitable to his rank, as son-in-law to an earl. But, what was worst of all, the parties did not find mutual happiness in the engagement they had formed. It is difficult for a woman of a violent temper and weak intellects, as such the lady seems to have been, to endure the apparently causeless fluctuation of spirits incident

* Evelyn's Memoirs, 5th February 1664.

† Preface to "King Arthur," Vol. VIII. p. 120.

‡ "I remember," says a correspondent of the 'Gentleman's Magazine, for 1745,' "plain John Dryden, before he paid his court with success to the great, in one uniform clothing of Norwich drugget. I have eat tarts with him and Madame Reeve at the Mulberry garden, when our author advanced to a sword and a Chadreux wig."—Page 99.

‖ He describes him as,

"Still smooth, as when, adorn'd with youthful pride,
For thy dear sake the blushing virgins died,
When the kind gods of wit and love combined,
And with large gifts thy yielding soul refined."—Vol. VIII. p. 5.

§ The epilogue has these lines:

"But now if by my suit you'll not be won,
You know what your unkindness oft has done,—
I'll e'en forsake the playhouse, and turn nun."

to one doomed to labour incessantly in the feverish exercise of the imagination. Unintentional neglect, and the inevitable relaxation, or rather sinking of spirit, which follows violent mental exertion, are easily misconstrued into capricious rudeness, or intentional offence; and life is embittered by mutual accusation, not the less intolerable because reciprocally just. The wife of one who is to gain his livelihood by poetry, or by any labour, (if any there be,) equally exhausting, must either have taste enough to relish her husband's performances, or good nature sufficient to pardon his infirmities. It was Dryden's misfortune, that Lady Elizabeth had neither the one nor the other; and I dismiss the disagreeable subject by observing, that on no one occasion, when a sarcasm against matrimony could be introduced, has our author failed to season it with such bitterness, as spoke an inward consciousness of domestic misery.

During the period when the theatres were closed, Dryden seems to have written and published the "*Annus Mirabilis*," of which we spoke at the close of the last section. But he was also then labouring upon his "Essay of Dramatic Poesy." It was a singular trait in the character of our author, that by whatever motive he was directed in his choice of a subject, and his manner of treating it, he was, upon all occasions, alike anxious to persuade the public, that both the one and the other were the object of his free choice, founded upon the most rational grounds of preference. He had, therefore, no sooner seriously bent his thoughts to the stage, and distinguished himself as a composer of heroic plays, than he wrote his "Essay of Dramatic Poesy," in which he assumes, that the drama was the highest department of poetry; and endeavours to prove, that rhyming or heroic tragedies are the most legitimate offspring of the drama.

The subject is agitated in a dialogue between Lord Buckhurst, Sir Charles Sedley, Sir Robert Howard, and the author himself, under the feigned names of Eugenius, Lisideius, Crites, and Neander. This celebrated essay was first published in the end of 1667, or beginning of 1668. The author revised it with an unusual degree of care, and published it anew in 1684, with a dedication to Lord Buckhurst.

In the introduction of the dialogue, our author artfully solicits the attention of the public to the improved versification, in which he himself so completely excelled all his contemporaries; and contrasts the rugged lines and barbarous conceits of Cleveland with the more modern style of composition, where the thoughts were moulded into easy and significant words, superfluities of expression retrenched, and the rhyme rendered so properly a part of the verse, that it was led and guided by the sense, which was formerly sacrificed in attaining it. This point being previously settled, a dispute occurs, concerning the alleged superiority of the ancient classic models of dramatic composition. This is resolutely denied by all the speakers, excepting Crites; the regulation of the unities is condemned, as often leading to greater absurdities than those they were designed to obviate; and the classic authors are censured for the cold and trite subjects of their comedies, the bloody and horrible topics of many of their tragedies, and their deficiency in painting the passion of love. From all this, it is justly gathered, that the moderns, though with less regularity, possess a greater scope for invention, and have discovered, as it were, a new perfection in writing. This debated point being abandoned by Crites, or (Howard,) the partizan of the ancients, a comparison between the French and English drama is next introduced. Sedley, the celebrated wit and courtier, pleads the cause of the French, an opinion which perhaps was not singular among the favourites of Charles II. But the rest of the speakers unite in condemning the extolled simplicity of the French plots, as actual barrenness, compared to the variety and copiousness of the English stage; and their authors' limiting the attention of the audience and interest of the piece to a single principal personage, is censured as poverty of imagination, when opposed to the diversification of characters, exhibited in the *dramatis personæ* of the English poets. Shakespeare and Jonson are then brought forward, and contrasted with the French dramatists, and with each other. The former is extolled, as the man of all modern, and perhaps ancient poets, who had the largest and most comprehensive soul, and intuitive knowledge of human nature; and the latter, as the most learned and judicious writer which any theatre ever had. But to Shakespeare, Dryden objects, that his comic sometimes degenerates into *clenches*, and his serious into bombast; to Jonson, the sullen and saturnine character of his genius, his borrowing from the ancients, and the insipidity of his latter plays. The examen leads to the discussion of a point, in which Dryden had differed with Sir Robert Howard. This was the use of rhyme in tragedy. Our author had, it will be remembered, maintained the superiority of rhyming plays, in the introduction to the "Rival Ladies." Sir Robert Howard, the catalogue of whose virtues did not include that of forbearance, made a direct answer to the arguments used in the introduction;* and while he studiously extolled the plays of Lord Orrery, as affording an exception to his general sentence against rhyming plays, he does not extend the compliment to Dryden, whose defence of rhyme was expressly dedicated to that noble author. Dryden, not much pleased, perhaps, at being left undistinguished in the general censure passed upon rhyming plays by his friend and ally, retaliates in the essay, by placing in the mouth of Crites, the arguments urged by Sir Robert Howard, and replying to them in the person of Neander. To the charge, that rhyme is unnatural, in consequence of the inverted arrangement of the words necessary to produce it, he replies, that, duly ordered, it may be natural in itself, and therefore not unnatural in a play; and that, if the objection be further insisted upon, it is equally conclusive against blank verse, or measure without rhyme. To the objection founded on the formal and uniform recurrence of the measure, he alleges the facility of varying it, by throwing the cadence upon different parts of the line, by breaking it into hemistiches, or by running the sense into another line, so as to make art and order appear as loose and free as nature.† Dryden even contends, that, for variety's sake, the pindaric measure might be admitted, of which Davenant set an example in the "Siege of Rhodes." But this license, which was probably borrowed from the Spanish stage, has never succeeded elsewhere, except in operas. Finally, it is urged, that rhyme, the most noble verse, is alone fit for tragedies, the most noble species of composition; that, far from injuring a scene, in which quick repartee is necessary, it is the last perfection of wit to put it into numbers; and that, even where a trivial and common expression is placed, from necessity, in the mouth of an important character, it receives, from the melody of versification, a dignity befitting the person that is to pronounce it. With this keen and animated defence of a mode of composition, in which he felt his own excellence, Dryden concludes the "Essay of Dramatic Poesy."

The publication of this criticism, the first that contained an express attempt to regulate dramatic writing, drew general attention, and gave some offence. Sir Robert Howard felt noways flattered at being made, through the whole dialogue, the champion of unsuccessful opinions; and a partiality to the depreciated blank verse seems to have been hereditary in his family.‡ He therefore hasted to

* See the passage, vol. XV. p. 360, note.

† Sandford, a most judicious actor, is said by Cibber, cautiously to have observed this rule, in order to avoid surfeiting the audience by the continual recurrence of rhyme.

‡ The honourable Edward Howard, Sir Robert's brother, expresses himself, in the preface to the "Usurper," a play published in 1668, "not insensible to the disadvantage it may receive, passing into the world upon the naked feet of verse, with other works that have their measures adorned with the trappings of rhyme, which, however they have succeeded in wit or design, is still thought music, as the heroic tone now goes; but whether so natural to a play, that should most nearly imitate, in some cases, our familiar converse, the judicious may easily determine."

assert his own opinion against that of Dryden, in the preface to one of his plays, called the "Duke of Lerma," published in the middle of the year 1668. It is difficult for two friends to preserve their temper in a dispute of this nature; and there may be reason to believe, that some dislike to the alliance of Dryden, as a brother-in-law, mingled with the poetical jealousy of Sir Robert Howard. The preface to the "Duke of Lerma" is written in the tone of a man of quality and importance, who is conscious of stooping beneath his own dignity, and neglecting his graver avocations, by engaging in a literary dispute. Dryden was not likely, of many men, to brook this tone of affected superiority. He retorted upon Sir Robert Howard very severely, in a tract, entitled, the "Defence of the Essay on Dramatic Poesy," which he prefixed to the second edition of the "Indian Emperor," published in 1678. In this piece, the author mentions his antagonist as master of more than twenty legions of arts and sciences, in ironical allusion to Sir Robert's coxcomical affectation of universal knowledge, which had already exposed him to the satire of Shadwell.* He is also described in reference to some foolish appearance in the House of Commons, as having maintained a contradiction *in terminis*, in the face of three hundred persons. Neither does Dryden neglect to hold up to ridicule the slips in Latin and English grammar, which marked the offensive preface to the "Duke of Lerma." And although he concludes, that he honoured his adversary's parts and man as much as any person living, and had so many particular obligations to him, that he should be very ungrateful not to acknowledge them to the world, yet the personal and contemptuous severity of the whole piece must have cut to the heart so proud a man as Sir Robert Howard. This quarrel between the baronet and the poet, who was suspected of having crutched-up many of his lame performances, furnished food for lampoon and amusement to the indolent wits of the day. But the breach between the brothers-in-law, though wide, proved fortunately, not irreconcilable; and towards the end of Dryden's literary career, we find him again upon terms of friendship with the person by whom he had been befriended at its commencement.† Edward Howard, who, it appears, had entered as warmly as his brother into the contest with Dryden about rhyming tragedies, also seems to have been reconciled to our poet; at least he pronounced a panegyric on his translation of Virgil before it left the press, in a passage which is also curious, from the author ranking in the same line "the two elaborate poems of Blackmore and Milton."‡ In testimony of total amnesty, the "Defence of the Essay" was cancelled; and it must be rare indeed to meet with an original edition of it, since Mr. Malone had never seen one.‖

Dryden's fame, as an author, was doubtless exalted by the "Essay of Dramatic Poesy;" which showed, that he could not only write plays, but defend them when written. His circumstances rendered it necessary, that he should take the full advantage of his reputation to meet the increasing expense of a wife and family; and it was probably shortly after the essay appeared, that our author entered into his memorable contract with the King's Company of players. The precise terms of this agreement have been settled by Mr. Malone from unquestionable evidence, after being the subject of much doubt and uncertainty. It is now certain, that, confiding in the fertility of his genius, and the readiness of his pen, Dryden undertook to write for the King's house no less than three plays in the course of the year. In consideration of this engagement, he was admitted to hold one share and a quarter in the profits of the theatre, which was stated by the managers to have produced him three or four hundred pounds *communibus annis*. Either, however, the players became sensible, that, by urging their pensioner to continued drudgery, they in fact lessened the value of his labour, or Dryden felt himself unequal to perform the task he had undertaken; for the average number of plays which he produced, was only about half that which had been contracted for. The company, though not without grudging, paid the poet the stipulated share of profit; and the curious document, recovered by Mr. Malone, not only establishes the terms of the bargain, but that the players, although they complained of the laziness of their intended author, were jealous of their rights to his works, and anxious to retain possession of him, and of them.§ It would have been well for Dryden's reputation, and perhaps not less productive to the company, had the number of his plays been still further abridged; for, while we admire the facility that could produce five or six plays in three years, we lament to find it so often exerted to the sacrifice of the more essential qualities of originality and correctness.

Dryden had, however, made his bargain, and was

* Who drew Sir Robert in the character of Sir Positive Atall, in the "Sullen Lovers;" a foolish knight, that pretends to understand every thing in the world, and will suffer no man to understand any thing in his company; so foolishly positive, that he will never be convinced of an error, though never so gross. This character is supported with great humour.

† In a letter from Dryden to Tonson, dated 29th May, 1698, in which he reckons upon Sir Robert Howard's assistance in a pecuniary transaction.

‡ "I am informed Mr. Dryden is now translating of Virgil; and although I must own it is a fault to forestall or anticipate the praise of a man in his labours, yet, big with the greatness of the work, and the vast capacity of the author, I cannot here forbear saying, that Mr. Dryden, in the translating of Virgil, will, of a certain, make Maro speak better than ever Maro thought. Besides those already mentioned, there are other ingredients and essential parts of poetry, necessary for the forming of a truly great and happy genius, viz., a free air and spirit, a vigorous and well governed thought, which are, as it were, the soul which inform and animate the whole mass and body of verse. But these are such divine excellencies as are peculiar only to the brave and the wise. The first chief in verse, who trode in this sweet and delightful path of the Muses, was the renowned Earl of Roscommon, a great worthy, as well as a great wit; and who is, in all respects, resembled by another great lord of this present age, viz., my Lord Corte, a person, whom all people must allow to be an accomplished gentleman, a great general, and a fine poet.

"The two elaborate poems of Blackmore and Milton, the which, for the dignity of them, may very well be looked upon as the two grand examplars of poetry, do either of them exceed, and are more to be valued, than all the poets, both of the Romans and the Greeks put together. There are two other incomparable pieces of poetry, viz., Mr. Dryden's 'Absalom and Achitophel,' and the satire of a known and celebrated wit, (*Mr. Charles Montague*,) to my Lord of Dorset, the best judge in poetry, as well as the best wit; the tutelar women o' the stage, and on whose breath all the Muses have their dependence."—*Poem to an Essay on Pastoral, and Elegy on Queen Mary, by the Honourable Edward Howard*, 21*st January*, 1695.

‖ That now before me is prefixed to the second edition of the "Indian Emperor," 1686.

§ It seems to have been a memorial addressed to the Lord Chamberlain for the time, and was long in the possession of the Killigrew family. It was communicated by the learned Mr. Reed to Mr. Malone, and runs as follows:—

"Whereas, upon Mr. Dryden's binding himself to write *three plays* a-yeare, he, the said Mr. Dryden, was admitted, and continued as a sharer, in the King's Playhouse for diverse years, and received for his share and a quarter, three or four hundred pounds, *communibus annis*; but though he received the moneys, we received not the playes, not one in a yeare. After which, the House being burnt, the Company, in building another, contracted great debts, so that the shares fell much short of what they were formerly. Thereupon, Mr. Dryden complaining to the Company of his want of profitt, the Company was so kind to him, that they not only did not presse him for the playes which he so engaged to write for them, and for which he was paid beforehand, but they did also, at his earnest request, give him a third day for his last new play, called "All for Love;" and at the receipt of the money of the said third day, he acknowledged it as a gift, and a particular kindnesse of the Company. Yet, notwithstanding this kind proceeding, Mr. Dryden has now, jointly with Mr. Lee, (who was in pension with us to the last day of our playing, and shall continue,) written a play, called 'Œdipus,' and given it to the Duke's Company, contrary to his said agreement, his promise, and all gratitude, to the great prejudice and almost undoing of the Company, they being the only poets remaining to us. Mr. Crowne, being under the like agreement with the Duke's House, writ a play, called the 'Destruction of Jerusalem,' and being forced, by their refusall of it, to bring it to us, the said Company compelled us, after the studying of it, and a vast expence in scenes and clothes, to buy off their clayme, by paying all the pension he had received from them, amounting to one hundred and twelve pounds paid by the King's Company, besides neere forty pounds he, the said Mr. Crowne, paid out of his own pocket.

"These things considered, if, notwithstanding Mr. Dryden's said agreement, promise, and moneys, freely given him for his last new play, and the many titles we have to his writings, this play be judged away from us, we must submit.

(Signed) "CHARLES KILLIGREW.
CHARLES HART.
RICH. BURT.
CARDELL GOODMAN.
MIC. MOHUN."

compelled to fulfil it the best he might. As his last tragic piece, the "Indian Emperor," had been eminently successful, he was next to show the public, that his talents were not limited to the buskin; and accordingly, late in 1667, was represented the "Maiden Queen," a tragi-comedy, in which, although there is a comic plot separate from the tragic design, our author boasts to have retained all that regularity and symmetry of parts which the dramatic laws require. The tragic scenes of the "Maiden Queen" were deservedly censured, as falling beneath the "Indian Emperor." They have neither the stately march of the heroic dialogue, nor, what we would be more pleased to have found in them, the truth of passion, and natural colouring, which characterized the old English drama. But the credit of the piece was redeemed by the comic part, which is a more light and airy representation of the fashionable and licentious manners of the time than Dryden could afterwards exhibit, excepting in "Marriage a-la-Mode." The king, whose judgment on this subject was unquestionable, graced the "Maiden Queen" with the title of *his play;* and Dryden insinuates that it would have been dedicated to him, had he had confidence to follow the practice of the French poets in like cases. At least, he avoided the solecism of inscribing the king's own play to a subject; and, instead of a dedication, we have a preface, in which the sovereign's favourable opinion of the piece is studiously insisted upon. Neither was the praise of *Charles* conferred without critical consideration; for he justly censured the concluding scene, in which Celadon and Florimel treat of their marriage in very light terms in presence of the queen, who stands by an idle spectator. This insult to Melpomene, and preference of her comic sister, our author acknowledges to be a fault, but seemingly only in deference to the royal opinion; for he instantly adds, that, in his own judgment, the scene was necessary to make the piece go off smartly, and was, in the estimation of good judges, the most diverting of the whole comedy.

Encouraged by the success of the "Maiden Queen," Dryden proceeded to revive the "Wild Gallant;" and, in deference to his reputation, it seems now to have been more favourably received than at its first representation.

The "Maiden Queen," was followed by the "Tempest," an alteration of Shakespeare's play of the same name, in which Dryden assisted Sir William D'Avenant. It seems probable that Dryden furnished the language, and D'Avenant the plan of the new characters introduced. They do but little honour to his invention, although Dryden has highly extolled it in his preface. The idea of a counterpart to Shakespeare's plot, by introducing a man who had never seen a woman, as a contrast to a woman who had never seen a man, and by furnishing Caliban with a sister monster, seems hardly worthy of the delight with which Dryden says he filled up the characters so sketched. In mixing his *mots*, Dryden did not omit that peculiar colouring, in which his age delighted. Miranda's simplicity is converted into indelicacy, and Dorinda talks the language of prostitution before she has ever seen a man. But the play seems to have succeeded to the utmost wish of the authors. It was brought out in the Duke's house, of which D'Avenant was manager, with all the splendour of scenic decoration, of which he was inventor. The opening scene is described as being particularly splendid, and the performance of the spirits, "with mops and mows," excited general applause. D'Avenant died before the publication of this piece, and his memory is celebrated in the preface.

Our author's next play, if it could be properly called his, was "Sir Martin Mar-all." This was originally a translation of "*L'Etourdi*" of Moliere, executed by the Duke of Newcastle, famous for his loyalty, and his skill in horsemanship. Dryden availed himself of the noble translator's permission to improve and bring "Sir Martin Mar-all" forward for his own benefit. It was attended with the most complete success, being played four times at court, and above thirty times at the theatre in Lincoln's-Inn Fields; a run chiefly attributed to the excellent performance of Nokes, who represented Sir Martin.* The "Tempest" and "Sir Martin Mar-all" were both acted by the Duke's Company, probably because Dryden was in the one assisted by Sir William D'Avenant the manager, and because the other was entered in the name of the Duke of Newcastle. Of these two plays, "Sir Martin Mar-all" was printed anonymously, in 1668. It did not appear with Dryden's name until 1697. The "Tempest," though acted before "Sir Martin Mar-all," was not printed until 1669–70. They are in the present, as in former editions, arranged according to the date of publication, which gives the precedence to "Sir Martin Mar-all," though last acted.

The "Evening's Love, or the Mock Astrologer," was Dryden's next composition. It is an imitation of "*Le Feint Astrologue*," of Corneille, which is founded upon Calderon's "*El Astrologo Fingido*." Several of the scenes are closely imitated from Moliere's "*Depit Amoureux*." Having that lively bustle, intricacy of plot, and surprising situation, which the taste of the time required, and being enlivened by the characters of Wildblood and Jacinta, the "Mock Astrologer" seems to have met a favourable reception in 1668, when it first appeared. It was printed in the same, or in the following year, and inscribed to the Duke of Newcastle, to whom Dryden had been indebted for the sketch of "Sir Martin Mar-all." It would seem, that this gallant and chivalrous peer was then a protector of Dryden, though he afterwards seems more especially to have patronized his enemy Shadwell; upon whose *northern* dedications, inscribed to the duke and his lady, our author is particularly severe. In the preface to the "Evening's Love," Dryden anxiously justifies himself from the charge of encouraging libertinism, by crowning his rake and coquette with success. But after he has arrayed all the authority of the ancient and modern poets, and has pleaded that these licentious characters are only made happy after being reclaimed in the last scene, we may be permitted to think, that more proper heroes may be selected than those, who, to merit the reward assigned them, must announce a violent and sudden change from the character they have sustained during five acts; and the attempt to shroud himself under authority of others, is seldom resorted to by Dryden when a cause is otherwise tenable. The excellent Evelyn, who mentions seeing this play under the inaccurate title of the "Evening's Love," adds, "A foolish plot, and very profane; it affected me to see how much the stage was degenerated and polluted by the licentious times."† In this preface also he justified himself from the charge of plagiarism, by showing that the mere story is the least part either of the labour of the poet, or of the

* Cibber, with his usual vivacity, thus describes the comic powers of Nokes, in this admired character; and many of the traits remind us strongly of our own excellent Liston:

"In the ludicrous distresses, which, by the laws of comedy, folly is often involved in, he sunk into such a mixture of piteous pusillanimity, and a consternation so ruefully ludicrous and inconsolable, that when he had shook you to a fatigue of laughter, it became a moot point, whether you ought not to have pity'd him. When he debated any matter by himself, he would shut up his mouth, with a dumb, studious powt, and roll his full eye into such a vacant amazement, such palpable ignorance of what to think of it, that his silent perplexity, (which would sometimes hold him several minutes,) gave your imagination as full content, as the most absurd thing he could say upon it. In the character of Sir Martin Mar-all, who is always committing blunders, to the prejudice of his own interest, when he had brought himself to a dilemma in his affairs, by vainly proceeding upon his own head, and was afterwards afraid to look his governing servant and counsellor in the face; what a copious and distressful harangue have I seen him make with his looks, (while the house has been in one continued roar for several minutes,) before he could prevail with his courage to speak a word to him! Then might you have, at once, read in his face vexation—that his own measures, which he had piqued himself upon, had failed; envy of his servant's wit; distress—to retrieve the occasion he had lost; shame—to confess his folly; and yet a sullen desire to be reconciled, and better advised for the future! What tragedy ever showed us such a tumult of passions rising, at once, in one bosom! or what buskin hero, standing under the load of them, could have more effectually moved his spectators by the most pathetic speech, than poor miserable Nokes did, by this silent eloquence, and piteous plight of his features?"—Cibber's *Apology*, p. 86.

† Evelyn's Memoirs, 12th June, 1668.

graces of the poem; quoting against his critics the expression of the king, who had said, he wished those who charged Dryden with theft, would always steal him plays like Dryden's.

The "Royal Martyr," was acted in 1668-9, and printed in 1670. It is in every respect, a proper heroic tragedy, and had a large share of the applause with which those pieces were then received. It abounds in bombast, but is not deficient in specimens of the sublime and of the tender. The preface is distinguished by that tone of superiority, which Dryden often assumed over the critics of the time. Their general observations he cuts short, by observing, that those who make them produce nothing of their own, or only what is more ridiculous than any thing they reprehend. Special objections are refuted, by an appeal to classical authority. Thus the couplet,

> "And he, who servilely creeps after sense,
> Is safe, but ne'er will reach an excellence,"

is justified from the "*serpit humi tutus*" of Horace; and, by a still more forced derivation, the line,

> "And follow fate, which does too fast pursue,"

is said to be borrowed from Virgil,

> "*Eludit gyro interior sequiturque sequentem.*"

And he concludes by exulting, that, though he might have written nonsense, none of his critics had been so happy as to discover it. These indications of superiority, being thought to savour of vanity, had their share in exciting the storm of malevolent criticism, of which Dryden afterwards so heavily complained. "Tyrannic Love" is dedicated to the Duke of Monmouth; but it would seem the compliment was principally designed to his duchess. The duke, whom Dryden was afterwards to celebrate in very different strains, is however compared to an Achilles, or Rinaldo, who wanted only a Homer, or Tasso, to give him the fame due to him.

It was in this period of prosperity, of general reputation, of confidence in his genius, and perhaps of presumption, (if that word can be applied to Dryden,) that he produced those two very singular plays, the First and Second Parts of the "Conquest of Granada." In these models of the pure heroic drama, the ruling sentiments of love and honour are carried to the most passionate extravagance. And, to maintain the legitimacy of this style of composition, our author, ever ready to vindicate with his pen to be right, that which his timid critics murmured at as wrong, threw the gauntlet down before the admirers of the ancient English school, in the epilogue to the "Second Part of the Conquest of Granada," and in the defence of that epilogue. That these plays might be introduced to the public with a solemnity corresponding in all respects to models of the rhyming tragedy, they were inscribed to the Duke of York, and prefaced by an "Essay upon Heroic Plays." They were performed in 1669-70, and received with unbounded applause. Before we consider the effect which they, and similar productions, produced on the public, together with the progress and decay of the taste for heroic dramas, we may first notice the effect which the ascendency of our author's reputation had produced upon his situation and fortunes.

Whether we judge of the rank which Dryden held in society by the splendour of his titled and powerful friends, or by his connections among men of genius, we must consider him as occupying, at this time, as high a station, in the very foremost circle, as literary reputation could gain for its owner. Independent of the notice with which he was honoured by Charles himself, the poet numbered among his friends most of the distinguished nobility. The great Duke of Ormond had already begun that connection, which subsisted between Dryden and three generations of the house of Butler; Thomas Lord Clifford, one of the Cabal ministry, was uniform in patronizing the poet, and appears to have been active in introducing him to the king's favour; the Duke of Newcastle, as we have seen, loved him sufficiently to present him with a play for the stage; the witty Earl of Dorset, then Lord Buckhurst, and Sir Charles Sedley, admired, in that loose age, for the peculiar elegance of his loose poetry, were his intimate associates, as is evident from the turn of the "Essay of Dramatic Poesy," where they are speakers; Wilmot Earl of Rochester (soon to act a very different part,) was then anxious to vindicate Dryden's writings, to mediate for him with those who distributed the royal favour, and was thus careful, not only of his reputation, but his fortune.* In short, the first author of what was then held the first style of poetry, was sought for by all among the great and gay who wished to maintain some character for literary taste; a description which included all of the court of Charles whom nature had not positively incapacitated from such pretension. It was then Dryden enjoyed those genial nights, described in the dedication of the "Assignation," when discourse was neither too serious nor too light, but always pleasant, and for the most part instructive; the raillery neither too sharp upon the present, nor too censorious upon the absent; and the cups such only as raised the conversation of the night, without disturbing the business of the morrow.† He had not yet experienced the disadvantages attendant on such society, or learned how soon literary eminence becomes the object of detraction, of envy, of injury, even from those who can best feel its merit, if they are discouraged by dissipated habits from emulating its flight, or hardened by perverted feeling against loving its possessors.

But, besides the society of these men of wit and pleasure, Dryden enjoyed the affection and esteem of the ingenious Cowley, who wasted his brilliant talents in the unprofitable paths of metaphysical poetry; of Waller and of Denham, who had done so much for English versification; of D'Avenant, as subtle as Cowley, and more harmonious than Denham, who with a happier model, would probably have excelled both. Dryden was also known to Milton, though it may be doubted whether they justly appreciated the talents of each other. Of all the men of genius at this period whose claims to immortality our age has admitted, Butler alone seems to have been the adversary of our author's reputation.

While Dryden was thus generally known and admired, the advancement of his fortune bore no equal progress to the splendour of his literary fame. Something was, however, done to assist it. The office of royal historiographer had become vacant in 1666, by the decease of James Howell, and in 1668 the death of D'Avenant opened the situation of poet laureate. These two offices, with a salary of 200*l.* paid quarterly, and the celebrated annual butt of canary, were conferred upon Dryden, 18th August 1670. The grant bore a retrospect to the term after D'Avenant's demise, and is declared to be to "John Dryden, Master of Arts, in consideration of his many acceptable services theretofore done to his present Majesty, and from an observation of his learning and eminent abilities, and his great skill and elegant style, both in verse and prose."‡ Thus was our author placed at the head of the literary class of his countrymen, so far as that high station could be conferred by the favour of the monarch.

If we compute Dryden's share in the theatre at 300*l.* annually, which is lower than it was rated by the actors in their petition;‖ if we make, at the same time, some allowance for those presents which authors of that time received upon presenting dedications, or occasional pieces of poetry; if we recollect that Dryden had a small landed property, and that his wife, Lady Elizabeth, had probably some fortune, or allowance, however trifling, from her family, I think we will fall considerably under the mark in computing the poet's income, during this period of prosperity, at 600*l.* or 700*l.* annually; a sum more adequate to procure all the comforts, and many of

* Vol. IV. p. 239. † Vol. IV. p. 261.

‡ Pat. 22 Car. II. p. 6. n. 6. Malone, I. p. 88.

‖ Their account was probably exaggerated. Upon a similar occasion, the master of the revels stated the value of his winter and summer benefit plays, at 50*l.* each: although, in reality, they did not, upon an average, produce him 3*l.* See Malone's *Historical Account of the Stage.*

the luxuries of life, than thrice the amount at present. We must at the same time recollect, that though Dryden is no where censured for extravagance, poets are seldom capable of minute economy, and that Lady Elizabeth was by education, and perhaps by nature, unfitted for supplying her husband's deficiencies. These halcyon days, too, were but of short duration. The burning of the theatre, in 1670, greatly injured the poet's income from that quarter; his pension, like other appointments of the household establishment of Charles II., was very irregularly paid; and thus, if his income was competent in amount, the payment was precarious and uncertain.

Leaving Dryden for the present, in the situation which we have described, and which he occupied during the most fortunate period of his life, the next section may open with an account of the public taste at this time, and of the revolution in it which shortly took place.

SECTION III.

Heroic Plays—The Rehearsal—Marriage A-la-Mode—The Assignation—Controversy with Clifford—with Leigh—with Ravenscroft—Massacre of Amboyna—State of Innocence.

The rage for imitating the French stage, joined to the successful efforts of our author, had now carried the heroic or rhyming tragedy to its highest pitch of popularity. The principal requisites of such a drama are summed up by Dryden in the two first lines of the "*Orlando Furioso*,"

> "*Le Donne, i cavalier, l'arme, gli amori*
> *Le cortesie, l'audaci imprese.*"

The story thus partaking of the nature of a romance of chivalry, the whole interest of the play necessarily turned upon love and honour, those supreme idols of the days of knight-errantry. The love introduced was not of that ordinary sort, which exists between persons of common mould; it was the love of Amadis and Oriana, of Oroondates and Statira; that love which required a sacrifice of every wish, hope, and feeling, unconnected with itself, and which was expressed in the language of prayer and of adoration. It was that love which was neither to be chilled by absence, nor wasted by time, nor quenched by infidelity. No caprice in the object beloved entitled her slave to emancipate himself from her fetters; no command, however unreasonable, was to be disobeyed; if required by the fair mistress of his affections, the hero was not only to sacrifice his interest, but his friend, his honour, his word, his country, even the gratification of his love itself, to maintain the character of a submissive and faithful adorer. Much of this mystery is summed up in the following speech of Almahide to Almanzor, and his answer; from which it appears, that a lover of the true heroic vein never thought himself so happy, as when he had an opportunity of thus showing the purity and disinterestedness of his passion. Almanzor is commanded by his mistress to stay to assist his rival, the king, her husband. The lover very naturally asks,

> "*Almanz.* What recompense attends me, if I stay?
> *Almah.* You know I am from recompense debarr'd,
> But I will grant your merit a reward;
> Your flame's too noble to deserve a cheat,
> And I too plain to practice a deceit.
> I so return of love can ever make,
> But what I ask is for my husband's sake;
> *He*, I confess, has been ungrateful too.
> But he and I are ruin'd if you go:
> Your virtue to the hardest proof I bring;—
> Unbribed, preserve a mistress and a king.
> *Almanz.* I'll stop at nothing that appears so brave;
> I'll do't, and now I no reward will have.
> You've given my honour such an ample field,
> That I may die, but that shall never yield."

The king, however, not perhaps understanding this nice point of honour, grows jealous, and wishes to dismiss the disinterested ally, whom his spouse's beauty had enlisted in his service. But this did not depend upon him; for Almanzor exclaims,

> "*Almanz.* I wonnot go; I'll not be forced away:
> I came not for thy sake; nor do I stay.
> It was the queen who for my aid did send;
> And 'tis I only can the queen defend;
> I, for her sake, thy sceptre will maintain;
> And thou, by me, in spite of thee, shalt reign."

The most applauded scenes in these plays turned upon nice discussions of metaphysical passion, such as in the days of yore were wont to be agitated in the courts and parliaments of love. Some puzzling dilemma, or metaphysical abstraction, is argued between the personages on the stage, whose dialogue, instead of presenting a scene of natural passion, exhibits a sort of pleading, or combat of logic, in which each endeavours to defend his own opinion, by catching up the idea expressed by the former speaker, and returning him his illustration, or simile, at the rebound; and where the lover hopes every thing from his ingenuity, and trusts nothing to his passion. Thus, in the following scene, between Almanzor and Almahide, the solicitations of the lover, and the denials of the queen, are expressed in the very carte and tierce of poetical argumentation:

> "*Almah.* My light will sure discover those who talk.—
> Who dares to interrupt my private walk?
> *Almanz.* He, who dares love, and for that love must die,
> And, knowing this, dares yet love on, am I.
> *Almah.* That love which you can hope, and I can pay,
> May be received and given in open day:
> My praise and my esteem you had before;
> And you have bound yourself to ask no more.
> *Almanz.* Yes, I have bound myself; but will you take
> The forfeit of that bond, which force did make?
> *Almah.* You know you are from recompense debarr'd;
> But purest love can live without reward.
> *Almanz.* Pure love had need be to itself a feast;
> For, like pure elements, 'twill nourish least.
> *Almah.* It therefore yields the only pure content:
> For it, like angels, needs no nourishment.
> To eat and drink can no perfection be;
> All appetite implies necessity.
> *Almanz.* 'Twere well, if I could like a spirit live;
> But, do not angels food to mortals give?
> What if some demon should my death foreshow,
> Or bid me change, and to the Christians go;
> Will you not think I merit some reward,
> When I my love above my life regard?
> *Almah.* In such a case your change must be allow'd;
> I would myself dispense with what you vow'd.
> *Almanz.* Were I to die that hour when I possess,
> This minute shall begin my happiness.
> *Almah.* The thoughts of death your passion would remove;
> Death is a cold encouragement to love.
> *Almanz.* No; from my joys I to my death would run,
> And think the business of my life well done:
> But I should walk a discontented ghost,
> If flesh and blood were to no purpose lost."

This kind of Amabæan dialogue was early ridiculed by the ingenious author of "Hudibras."* It partakes more of the Spanish than of the French tragedy, although it does not demand that the parody shall be so very strict, as to re-echo noun for noun, or verb for verb, which Lord Holland gives us as a law of the age of Lope de Vega.† The English heroic poet did enough if he displayed sufficient point in the dialogue, and alertness in adopting and retorting the image presented by the preceding speech; though, if he could twist the speaker's own words into an answer to his argument, it seems to have been held the more ingenious mode of confutation.

While the hero of a rhyming tragedy was thus unboundedly submissive in love, and dexterous in applying the metaphysical logic of amorous jurisprudence, it was essential to his character that he

* In "Repartees between Cat and Puss at a caterwauling, in the modern heroic way:"

> "*Cat.* Forbear, foul ravisher, this rude address;
> Canst thou at once both injure and caress?
> *Puss.* Thou hast bewitch'd me with thy powerful charms,
> And I, by drawing blood, would cure my harms.
> *C.* He that does love would set his heart a tilt,
> Ere one drop of his lady's should be spilt.
> *P.* Your wounds are but without, and mine within:
> You wound my heart, and I but prick your skin;
> And while your eyes pierce deeper than my claws,
> You blame the effect of which you are the cause.
> *C.* How could my guiltless eyes your heart invade,
> Had it not first been by your own betray'd?
> Hence 'tis, my greatest crime has only been
> (Not in mine eyes, but yours) in being seen.
> *P.* I hurt to love, but do not love to hurt.
> *C.* That's worse than making cruelty a sport.
> *P.* Pain is the foil of pleasure and delight,
> That sets it off to a more noble height.
> *C.* He buys his pleasure at a rate too vain,
> That takes it up beforehand of his pain.
> *P.* Pain is more dear than pleasure when 'tis past
> *C.* But grows intolerable if it last," &c.

† Life of Lope de Vega, p. 208.

should possess all the irresistible courage and fortune of a *preux chevalier*. Numbers, however unequal, must to be as chaff before the whirlwind of his valour; and nothing was to be so impossible, that, at the command of his mistress, he could not with ease achieve. When, in the various changes of fortune, which such tragedies demand, he quarrelled with those whom he had before assisted to conquer,

> "Then to the vanquish'd part his fate he led,
> The vanquish'd triumph'd, and the victor fled."

The language of such a personage, unless when engaged in argumentative dialogue with his mistress, was, in all respects, as magnificent and inflated as might beseem his irresistible prowess. Witness the famous speech of Almanzor:

> "*Almanz.* To live!
> If from thy hands alone my death can be,
> I am immortal, and a god to thee.
> If I would kill thee now, thy fate's so low,
> That I must stoop ere I can give the blow;
> But mine is fix'd so far above thy crown,
> That all thy men,
> Piled on thy back, can never pull it down:
> But, at my ease, thy destiny I send,
> By ceasing, from this hour, to be thy friend.
> Like heaven, I need but only to stand still,
> And, not concurring to thy life, I kill.
> Thou canst no title to my duty bring;
> I'm not thy subject, and my soul's thy king.
> Farewell. When I am gone,
> There's not a star of thine dare stay with thee:
> I'll whistle thy tame fortune after me;
> And whirl fate with me wheresoe'er I fly,
> As winds drive storms before them in the sky."

It was expected by the audience, that the pomp of scenery, and bustle of action, in which such tremendous heroes were engaged, should in some degree correspond with their lofty sentiments and super-human valour. Hence, solemn feasts, processions, and battles by sea and land, filled the theatre. Hence, also, the sudden and violent changes of fortune, by which the hero and his antagonists are agitated through the whole piece. Fortune has been often compared to the sea; but in a heroic play, her course resembled an absolute Bay of Biscay, or Race of Portland, disturbed by a hundred contending currents and eddies, and never continuing a moment in one steady flow.

That no engine of romantic surprise might be wanting, Dryden contends, that the dramatist, as he is not confined to the probable in character, so he is not limited by the bounds of nature in the action, but may let himself loose to visionary objects, and to the representation of such things as, not depending upon sense, leave free exercise for the imagination. Indeed, if ghosts, magicians, and demons, might with propriety claim a place any where, it must be in plays which, throughout, disclaim the common rules of nature, both in the incidents narrated, and the agents interested.*

Lastly, the action of the heroic drama was to be laid, not merely in the higher, but in the very highest walk of life. No one could with decorum aspire to share the sublimities which it annexed to character, except those made of the "porcelain clay of the earth," dukes, princes, kings, and kaisars. The matters agitated must be of moment, proportioned to their characters and elevated station, the fate of cities and the fall of kingdoms.

That the language, as well as actions and character of the *dramatis personæ*, might be raised above the vulgar, their sentiments were delivered in rhyme, the richest and most ornate kind of verse, and the furthest removed from ordinary colloquial diction. Dryden has himself assigned the following reasons:—"The plot, the characters, the wit, the passions, the descriptions, are all exalted above the level of common converse, as high as the imagination of the poet can carry them, with proportion to verisimility. Tragedy, we know, is wont to image to us the minds and fortunes of noble persons, and to pourtray these exactly; heroic rhyme is nearest nature, as being the noblest kind of modern verse.

> '*Indignatur enim privatis, ac prope socco*
> *Dignis, carminibus, narrari cœnas Thyestæ*'—

says Horace: and in another place,

> '*Effutire leves indigna tragœdia versus.*'—

Blank verse is acknowledged to be too low for a poem, nay more, for a paper of verses; but if too low for an ordinary sonnet, how much more for tragedy, which is by Aristotle, in the dispute betwixt the epic poesy and the dramatic, for many reasons he there alleges, ranked above it."

When we consider these various essentials of a rhyming play, we may perhaps, without impropriety, define it to be a metrical romance of chivalry in form of a drama. The hero is a perfect knight-errant, invincible in battle, and devoted to his dulcinea by a love, subtle, metaphysical, and abstracted from all the usual qualities of the instinctive passion; his adventures diversified by splendid descriptions of bull-feasts, battles, and tournaments; his fortune undergoing the strangest, most causeless, and most unexpected varieties; his history chequered by the marvellous interference of ghosts, spectres, and hell itself; his actions effecting the change of empires, and his co-agents being all lords, and dukes, and noble princes, in order that their rank might, in some slight degree, correspond to the native exaltation of the champion's character.

The reader may smile at this description, and feel some surprise how compositions, involving such gross absurdities, were tolerated by an audience, having pretence to taste and civilization. But something may be said for the heroic drama.

Although the manners were preposterous, and the changes of fortune rapid and improbable, yet the former often attained a sublime, though forced elevation of sentiment; and the latter, by rapidity of transition and of contrast, served in no slight degree to interest as well as to surprise the audience. If the spectators were occasionally stunned with bombast, or hurried and confused by the accumulation of action and intrigue, they escaped the languor of a creeping dialogue, and the tedium of a barren plot, of which the termination is descried full three acts before it can be attained. Besides, if these dramas were sometimes extravagant, beautiful passages often occurred to atone for these sallies of fury. In others, ingenuity makes some amends for the absence of natural feeling, and the reader's fancy is pleased at the expense of his taste. In representation, the beauty of the verse, assisted by the enunciation of such actors as Betterton and Mohun, gilded over the defects of the sense, and afforded a separate gratification. The splendour of scenery also, in which these plays claimed a peculiar excellence, afforded a different but certain road to popular favour; and thus this drama, with all its faults, was very far from wanting the usual requisites for success. But another reason for its general popularity may be sought in a certain correspondence with the manners of the time.

Although in Charles the Second's reign the age of chivalry was totally at an end, yet the sentiments, which had ceased to be motives of action, were not so obsolete as to sound totally strange to the public ear. The French romances of the lower class, such as "Cassandra," "Cleopatra," &c., were the favourite pastime of the ladies, and retained all the extravagancies of chivalrous sentiment, with a double portion of tedious form and mataphysical subtlety. There were occasionally individuals romantic enough to manage their correspondence and amours on this exploded system. The admired Mrs. Philips carried on an extensive correspondence with ingenious persons of both sexes, in which she called herself *Orinda*, and her husband, Mr. Wogan, by the title of *Antenor*. Shadwell, an acute observer of nature, in one of his comedies, describes a formal coxcomb of this class, who courts his mistress out of the "Grand Cyrus," and rejoices in

* Dryden was severely censured by the critics for his supernatural persons, and ironically described as the "man, nature seemed to make choice of to enlarge the poet's empire, and to complete those discoveries others had begun to shadow. That Shakespeare and Fletcher, (as some think,) erected the pillars of poetry, is a gross error; this Zany of Columbus has discovered a poetical world of greater extent than the natural, peopled with Atlantick colonies of notionall creatures, astrall spirits, ghosts, and idols, more various than ever the Indians worshipt, and horses more lawless than their savages."—*Censure of the Rota.*

an opportunity of shewing that his passion could subsist in despite of her scorn.* It is probable he had met with such an original in the course of his observation. The *Precieuses* of Moliere, who affected a strange mixture of the romantic heroine and modern fine lady, belong to the same class of oddities, and had their prototypes under the observation of the satirist. But even those who were above such foppery had been early taught to read and admire the conceits of Donne, and the metaphysical love-poems of Cowley. They could not object to the quaint and argumentative dialogues which we have described; for the course of their studies had formed their taste upon a model equally artificial and fantastic: and thus, what between real excellence, and false brilliancy, the age had been accustomed not only to admit, but to admire heroic plays.

Perhaps even these favourable circumstances, of taste and opportunity, would hardly have elevated the rhyming drama so high in the public opinion, had it been supported by less powers than those of Dryden, or even by equal talents less happily adapted to that style of composition. His versification flowed so easily, as to lessen the bad effects of rhyme in dialogue; and, at the same time, abounded with such splendid and sonorous passages, as, in the mouth of a Betterton, awed into silence even those critics, who could distinguish that the turnid and unnatural was sometimes substituted for the heroic and sublime. The felicity of his language, the richness of his illustrations, and the depth of his reflections, often supplied what the scene wanted in natural passion; and, while enjoying the beauty of his declamation, it was only on cool reflection, that the hearer discovered it had passed upon him for the expression of genuine feeling. Even then, the pleasure which he actually received from the representation, was accepted as an apology for the more legitimate delight, which the rules of criticism entitled him to have expected. To these considerations, the high rank and consequent influence, which Dryden already held in the fashionable and literary circles of the time, must unquestionably be added. Nor did he fail to avail himself of his access to the great, whose applause was often cheaply secured by a perusal of the piece, previous to its being presented to the public; and thus it afterwards came forth with all the support of a party, eminent for rank and literature, already prepossessed in its favour.†

For all these reasons, the heroic drama appears to have gradually risen in reputation, from the return of Charles till about the year 1670-1, when Dryden's "Conquest of Granada" was received with such enthusiastic applause. The reputation of the poet himself kept pace with that of his favourite style of composition; and though posterity has judged more correctly, it may be questioned, whether "Tyrannic Love" and the "Conquest of Granada" did not place Dryden higher in public esteem, in 1670, than his "Virgil" and "Fables," in 1700. He was, however, now to experience the inconveniences of elevation, and to sustain an attack upon the style of writing which he had vindicated and practised, as well as to repel the efforts of rivals, who boasted of outstripping him in the very road to distinction, which he had himself pointed out. The Duke of Buckingham attacked the system of rhyming plays from the foundation; Leigh, Clifford, and other scribblers, wrote criticisms upon those of our author in particular; and Elkanah Settle was able to form a faction heretical enough to maintain, that he could write such compositions better than Dryden.

The witty farce of the "Rehearsal" is said to have been meditated by its authors, (for it was the work of several hands,) so early as a year or two after the Restoration, when Sir William Davenant's operas and tragedies were the favourite exhibitions. The ostensible author was the witty George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, whose dissipation was marked with shades of the darkest profligacy. He lived an unprincipled statesman, a fickle projector, a wavering friend, a steady enemy; and died a bankrupt, an outcast, and a proverb. The duke was unequal to that masculine satire, which depends for edge and vigour upon the conception and expression of the author.‡ But he appears to have possessed considerable powers of discerning what was ludicrous; and enough of subordinate humour to achieve an imitation of colloquial peculiarities, or a parody upon remarkable passages of poetry,—talents differing as widely from real wit, as mimicry does from true comic action. Besides, Buckingham, as a man of fashion and a courtier, was master of the *persiflage*, or jargon of the day, so essentially useful as the medium of conveying light humour. He early distinguished himself as an opponent of the rhyming plays. Those of the Howards, of Davenant, and others, the first which appeared after the Reformation, experienced his opposition. At the representation of the "United Kingdoms," by the Honourable Edward Howard, a brother of Sir Robert, the duke's active share in damning the piece was so far resented by the author and his friends, that he narrowly escaped sanguinary proofs of their displeasure.‖ This specimen of irritation did not prevent his meditating an attack upon the whole body of modern dramatists; in which he had the assistance of several wits, who either respected the ancient drama, or condemned the modern style, or were willing to make common cause with a duke against a poet-laureate. These were, the witty author of "Hudibras," who, while himself starving, amused his misery by ridiculing his contemporaries; Sprat, afterwards Bishop of Rochester, then Buckingham's chaplain; and Martin Clifford, afterwards Master of the Chapter-House, the author of a very scurrilous criticism upon some of Dryden's plays, to be mentioned hereafter. By the joint efforts of this coalition, the "Rehearsal" was produced; a lively piece, which continues to please, although the plays which it parodies are no longer read or acted, and although the zest of the personal satire which it contains has evaporated in the lapse of time. This attack on the reigning taste was long threatened ere it was made; and the precise quarter to be assailed was varied more than once. Prior says, that Buckingham suspended his attack till he was certain that the Earl of Dorset would not "rehearse on him again." The principal character was termed, in the original sketch, Bilboa, a name expressing a traveller and soldier, under which Sir Robert Howard, or Sir William Davenant, was designated. The author of the "Key to the Rehearsal" affirms, that Sir Robert was the person meant; but Mr. Malone is of opinion, that Davenant is clearly

* His mistress having fallen in love with a disguised barber, a successful rival exclaims,—

"*Sir Hum.* Nay, for my part, madam, if you must love a disguised barber, and take him for a valiant count, make much of him; I shall desist: there are more ladies, heaven be thanked.

"*Trim.* Yes, sir, there are more ladies; but if any man affirms that my fair Dorinda has an equal, I thus fling down my glove, and do demand the combat for her honour. This is a nice point of honour I have hit."—*Bury fair.*

† The author of the "Friendly Vindication of Mr. Dryden from the Censure of the Rota," (Cambridge, 1673,) mentions "his humble and supplicant addresses to men and ladies of honour, to whom he protested the most of his plays to be read, and so passing through their families, to comply with their censures before-hand; sufficiently, ingeniously, that had he ventured his wits upon the hazardous of Fortune, (like other poets, who depended more upon the merits of their pens,) he had been more severely entangled in his own lines long ago."—Page 7.

‡ Of this want of talent, the reader may find sufficient proof in the extracts from his grace's reflections upon "Absalom and Achitophel."—See Vol. IX. p. 273.

‖ See "Key to the Rehearsal." "Our most noble author, to manifest his just indignation and hatred of this fulsome new way of writing, used his utmost interest and endeavours to stifle it at its first appearance on the stage, by engaging all his friends to explode and run down these plays; especially the 'United Kingdoms,' which had like to have brought his life into danger.

"The author of it being nobly born, of an ancient and numerous family, had many of his relations and friends in the cockpit during the acting of it. Some of them perceiving his grace to head a party, who were very active in damning the play, by hissing and laughing immoderately at the strange conduct thereof, there were persons laid wait for him as he came out; but there being a great tumult and uproar in the house and the passages near it, he escaped; but he was threatened hard. However, the business was composed in a short time, though by what means I have not been informed." The trade of criticism was not uniformly safe in those days. In the Preface to the "Reformation," a beau is only directed to venture to abuse a new play, *if he knows the author is no fighter.*

pointed out by the brown paper patch, introduced in ridicule of that which Davenant really wore upon his nose. Yet, as this circumstance was retained when the character was assigned to Dryden, the poet of the "Rehearsal" may be considered as in some degree a knight of the shire, representing all the authors of the day, and uniting in his person their several absurd peculiarities. The first sketch of the "Rehearsal" was written about 1664, but the representation was prevented by the theatres being shut upon the plague and fire of London. When they were again opened, the plays of the Howards, of Stapleton, &c., had fallen into contempt by their own demerit, and were no longer a well-known or worthy object of ridicule. Perhaps also, there was a difficulty in bringing the piece forward, while, of the persons against whom its satire was chiefly directed, Davenant was manager of the one theatre, and Dryden a sharer in the other. The death of Davenant probably removed this difficulty: and the success of Dryden in the heroic drama; the boldness with which he stood forth, not only as a practiser, but as the champion of that peculiar style; a certain provoking tone of superiority in his critical essays, which, even when flowing from conscious merit, is not easily tolerated by contemporaries; and perhaps his situation as poet-laureate, a post which has been always considered as a fair butt for the shafts of ridicule,—induced Buckingham to resume the plan of his satire, and to place Dryden in the situation designed originally for Davenant or Howard. That the public might be at no loss to assign the character of Bayes to the laureate, his peculiarities of language were strictly copied. Lacy the actor was instructed by Buckingham himself how to mimic his voice and manner; and, in performing the part, he wore a dress exactly resembling Dryden's usual habit. With these ill-natured precautions, the "Rehearsal" was, in 1671, brought forward for the first time by the King's Company. As, besides the reputation of Dryden, that of many inferior poets, but greater men, was assailed by the duke's satire, it would appear that the play met a stormy reception on the first night of representation. The friends of the Earl of Orrery, of Sir Robert Howard and his brothers, and other men of rank, who had produced heroic plays, were loud and furious in their opposition. But, as usually happens, the party who laughed, got the advantage over that which was angry, and finally drew the audience to their side. When once received, the success of the "Rehearsal" was unbounded. The very popularity of the plays ridiculed aided the effect of the satire, since every body had in their recollection the originals of the passages parodied. Besides the attraction of personal severity upon living and distinguished literary characters, and the broad humour of the burlesque, the part of Bayes had a claim to superior praise, as drawn with admirable attention to the foibles of the poetic tribe. His greedy appetite for applause; his testy repulse of censure or criticism; his inordinate and overwhelming vanity, not unmixed with a vein of flattery to those whom he hopes will gratify him by returning it in kind; finally, that extreme, anxious, and fidgeting attention to the minute parts of what even in whole is scarce worthy of any,—are, I fear, but too appropriate qualities of the "*genus vatum*."

Almost all Dryden's plays, including those on which he set the highest value, and which he had produced, with confidence, as models of their kind, were parodied in the "Rehearsal." He alone contributed more to the farce than all the other poets together. His favourite style of comic dialogue, which he had declared to consist rather in a quick sharpness of dialogue than in delineations of humour,* is paraphrased in the scene between Tom Thimble and Prince Prettyman; the lyrics of his astral spirits are cruelly burlesqued in the song of the two lawful Kings of Brentford, as they descend to repossess their throne; above all, Almanzor, his favourite hero, is parodied in the magnanimous Drawcansir; and, to conclude, the whole scope of heroic plays, with their combats, feasts, processions, sudden changes of fortune, embarrassments of chivalrous love and honour, splendid verse and unnatural rants, are so held up to ridicule, as usually to fix the resemblance upon some one of his own dramas. The "Wild Gallant," the "Maiden Queen," and "Tyrannic Love," all furnish parodies, as do both parts of the "Conquest of Granada," which had been frequently acted before the representation of the "Rehearsal," though not printed till after. What seems more strange, the play of "Marriage A-la-Mode" is also alluded to, although it was neither acted nor printed till 1673, a year after the appearance of the "Rehearsal." But there being no parody of any particular passage, although the plot and conduct of the piece are certainly ridiculed, it seems probable, that, as Dryden often showed his plays in manuscript to those whom he accounted his patrons, the plan of "Marriage A-la-Mode" may have transpired in the circles which Buckingham frequented, who may thus have made it the subject of satire by anticipation.†

It is easy to conceive what Dryden must have felt at beholding his labours, and even his person, held up to public derision, on the theatre where he had so often triumphed. But he was too prudent to show outward signs of resentment; and in conversation allowed, that the farce had a great many good things in it, though so severe against himself. "Yet I cannot help saying," he added, in a well-judged tone of contempt, "that Smith and Johnson are two of the coolest and most insignificant fellows I ever met with upon the stage."‡ Many years afterwards he assigned nearly the same reason to the public for not replying to the satire.‖ But though he veiled his resentment under this mark of indifference at the time, he afterwards avowed, that the exquisite character of Zimri in "Absalom and Achitophel," was laboured with so much felicitous skill as a requital in kind to the author of the "Rehearsal."§

The ridicule cast upon heroic plays by the "Rehearsal," did not prevent their being still exhibited. They contained many passages of splendid poetry, which continued to delight the audience after they had laughed at Buckingham's parody. But the charm began to dissolve; and from the time of that representation, they seem gradually, but perceptibly, to have declined in favour. Accordingly, Dryden did not trust to his powers of numbers in his next play, but produced the "Marriage A-la-Mode," a tragi-comedy, or rather a tragedy and comedy, the plots and scenes of which are intermingled, for they have no natural connection with each other. The stage-intrigue bears evident marks of hurry and in-

* Preface to "An Evening's Love."—Vol. III. p. 226.

† Mr. Malone inclines to think, there is no allusion to "Marriage A-la-Mode" in the "Rehearsal." But surely the whimsical distress of Prince Prettyman, "sometimes a fisher's son, sometimes a prince," is precisely that of Leonidas, who is first introduced as the son of a shepherd; secondly, discovered to be the son of an unlawful king, called Polydamus; thirdly, proved ancy to be the son of the shepherd; and, finally, proved to be the son of neither of them, but of the lawful king, Theogenes. Besides the author of the "Key to the Rehearsal," points out a parallel between the revolution of state in the farce, and that by which Leonidas, after being carried off to execution, on a sudden snatches a sword from one of the guards, proclaims himself rightful king, and, without more ceremony, deposes the powerful and jealous usurper, who had sentenced him to death.

‡ Spence's "Anecdotes," quoted by Mr. Malone, vol. I. p. 10

‖ "I answered not the 'Rehearsal,' because I knew the author sat to himself when he drew the picture, and was the very Bayes of his own farce; because also I knew, that my betters were more concerned than I was in that satire; and, lastly, because Mr. Smith and Mr. Johnson, the main pillars of it, were two such languishing gentlemen in their conversation, that I could liken them to nothing but to their own relations, those noble characters of men of wit and pleasure about the town."—*Dedication to Juvenal*, vol. XIII. p. 10.

§ The pains which Dryden bestowed on the character of Zimri and the esteem in which he held it, is evident from his quoting it as the master-piece of his own satire. "The character of Zimri in my 'Absalom,' is, in my opinion, worth the whole poem; it is not bloody, but it is ridiculous enough; and he, for whom it was intended, was too witty to resent it as an injury. If I had raised, I might have suffered for it justly; but I managed my own work more happily, perhaps more dexterously. I avoided the mention of great crimes, and applied myself to the representing of blind sides and little extravagancies; to which, the wittier a man is, he is generally the more obnoxious. It succeeded as I wished; the jest went round, and he was laughed at in his turn, who began the frolick."

attention; and it is at least possible, that Dryden originally intended it for the subject of a proper heroic play, but, startled at the effect of Buckingham's satire, hastily added to it some comic scenes, either lying by him, or composed on purpose. The higher, or tragic plot, is, not only grossly inartificial and improbable, but its incidents are so perplexed and obscure, that it would have required much more action to detail them intelligibly. Even the language has an abridged appearance, and favours the idea, that the tragic intrigue was to have been extended into a proper heroic play, instead of occupying a spare corner in a comedy. But to make amends, the comic scenes are executed with spirit, and in a style resembling those in the "Maiden Queen."* They contained much witty and fashionable raillery; and the character of Melantha is pronounced by Cibber, to exhibit the most complete system of female foppery that could possibly be crowded into the tortured form of a fine lady. It was admirably acted by Mrs. Monfort, afterwards Mrs. Verbruggen. The piece thus supported was eminently successful; a fortunate circumstance for the King's Company, who were then in distressful circumstances. Their house in Drury-Lane had been destroyed by fire, after which disaster they were compelled to occupy the old theatre in Lincoln's-Inn Fields, lately deserted by the rival company, for a splendid one in Dorset Gardens. From a prologue, which our author furnished, to be spoken at the opening of this house of refuge, it would seem, that even the scenes and properties of the actors had been furnished by the contributions of the nobility.† Perhaps their present reduced situation was an additional reason with Dryden for turning his attention to comedy, which required less splendour of exhibition and decoration than the heroic plays.

"Marriage A-la-Mode" was inscribed to Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, in strains of adulation not very honourable to the dedicator. But as he expresses his gratitude for Rochester's care, not only of his reputation, but of his fortune; for his solicitude to overcome the fatal modesty of poets, which leads them to prefer want to importunity; and, finally, for the good effects of his mediation in all his concerns at court; it may be supposed some recent benefit, perhaps an active share in procuring the appointment of poet-laureate, had warmed the heart of the author towards the patron. The dedication was well received, and the compliment handsomely acknowledged, as we learn by a letter from Dryden to Rochester, where he says, that the shame of being so much overpaid for an ill dedication, made him almost repent of his address. But he had shortly afterwards rather more substantial reasons for regretting his choice of a patron.

The same cause for abstaining from tragic composition still remaining in force, Dryden, in 1672, brought forward a comedy, called "The Assignation, or Love in a Nunnery." The plot was after the Spanish model. The author seems to have apprehended, and experienced, some opposition, on account of his second name; and although he deprecates, in the epilogue, the idea of its being a party play, or written to gratify the puritans with satire at the expense of the catholics;‡ yet he complains, in the dedication, of the number of its enemies, who came prepared to damn it on account of the title. The Duke of York, having just made public profession of the Roman faith, any reflections upon it were doubtless watched with a jealous eye. But, though guiltless in this respect, the "Assignation" had worse faults. The plot is but indifferently conducted, and was neither enlivened with gay dialogue, nor with striking character: the play, accordingly, proved unsuccessful in the representation. Yet although upon reading the "Assignation," we cannot greatly wonder at this failure, still, considering the plays which succeeded about the same time, we may be disposed to admit that the weight of a party was thrown into the scale against its reception. Buckingham, who shortly afterwards published a revised edition of the "Rehearsal," failed not to ridicule the absurd and coarse trick, by which the enamoured prince prevents his father from discovering the domino of his mistress, which had been left in his apartment.‖ And Dryden's rivals and enemies, now a numerous body, hailed, with malicious glee, an event, which seemed to fortell the decay of his popularity.

The "Assignation" was published in 1673, and inscribed, by Dryden, to his much honoured friend Sir Charles Sedley. There are some acrimonious passages in this dedication, referring to the controversies in which the author had been engaged; and, obscure as these have become, it is the biographer's duty to detail and illustrate them.

It cannot be supposed, that the authors of the time saw with indifference Dryden's rapid success, and the measures which he had taken, by his critical essays, to guide the public attention, and to fix it upon himself and the heroic plays, in which he felt his full superiority. But no writer of the time could hope to be listened to by the public, if he entered a claim of personal competition against a poet so celebrated. The defence of the ancient poets afforded a less presumptuous and more favourable pretext for taking the field, and for assailing Dryden's writings, and avenging the slight notice he had accorded to his contemporaries, under the colour of defending the ancients against his criticism. The "Essay of Dramatic Poesy" afforded a pretence for commencing this sort of warfare. In that piece, Dryden had pointed out the faults of Shakespeare, Jonson, and Fletcher, with less ceremony than the height of their established reputation appeared to demand from a young author. But the precedence which he undauntedly claimed for the heroic drama, and, more generally, the superiority of the plays of Dryden's own age, whether tragic or comic, over those of the earlier part of the seventeenth century, was asserted, and not only distinctly, but irreverently, in the epilogue to the "Conquest of Granada:"

"They, who have best succeeded on the stage,
Have still conform'd their genius to their age.
Thus Jonson did mechanic humour show,
When men were dull, and conversation low.
Then comedy was faultless, but 'twas coarse;
Cobb's tankard was a jest, and Otter's horse.
And, as their comedy, their love was mean
Except, by chance, in some one labour'd scene,
Which must atone for an ill-written play,
They rose, but at their height could seldom stay.
Fame then was cheap, and the first comer sped;
And they have kept it since, by being dead.
But, were they now to write, when critics weigh
Each line, and every word throughout a play,
None of them, no, not Jonson in his height,
Could pass, without allowing grains for weight.
Think it not envy, that these truths are told;
Our poet's not malicious, though he's bold.

* In one of Cibber's moods of alteration, he combined the comic scenes of these two plays into a comedy entitled, "The Comical Lovers."

† "You are changed too, and your pretence to see
Is but a nobler name for charity;
Your own provisions furnish out our feasts,
While you, the founders, make yourselves the guests."
Vol. X. p. 319.

‡ "Some have expected, from our bills to-day,
To find a satire in our poet's play.
The zealous route from Coleman-street did run,
To see the story of the Friar and Nun;
Or tales, yet more ridiculous to hear,
Vouch'd by their vicar of ten pounds a-year,—
Of Nuns, who did against temptation pray,
And discipline laid on the pleasant way:
Or that, to please the malice of the town,
Our poet should in some close cell have shown
Some sister, playing at content alone:
This they did hope; the other side did fear;
And both, you see, alike are cozen'd here."

‖ "*Bayes.* I remember once, in a play of mine, I set off a scene, i'gad, beyond expectation, only with a petticoat and the belly-ache.
Smith. Pray, how was that, sir?
Bayes. Why, sir, I contrived a petticoat to be brought in upon a chair, (nobody know how,) into a prince's chamber, whose father was not to see it, that came in by chance.
Johns. God's-my-life, that was a notable contrivance indeed!
Smith. Ay, but, Mr. Bayes, how could you contrive the belly-ache?
Bayes. The easiest way i'the world, i'gad: I'll tell you how; I made the prince sit down upon the petticoat, no more than so, and pretended to his father that he had just then got the belly-ache; whereupon his father went out to call a physician, and his man ran away with the petticoat."—*Rehearsal*

"'Tis not to blame them, that their faults are shown,
But, by their errors, to excuse his own.
If love and honour now are higher raised,
'Tis not the poet, but the age is praised.
Wit's now arrived to a more high degree;
Our native language more refined and free.
Our ladies and our men now speak more wit
In conversation, than those poets writ.
Then, one of these is, consequently, true;
That what this poet writes comes short of you,
And imitates you ill, (which most he fears,)
Or else his writing is not worse than theirs.
Yet, though you judge, (as sure the critics will,)
That some before him writ with greater skill,
In this one praise he has their fame surpast,
To please an age more gallant than the last."

The daring doctrine laid down in these obnoxious lines, our author ventured to maintain, in what he has termed a "Defence of the Epilogue, or an Essay on the Dramatic Poetry of the last age." It is subjoined to the "Conquest of Granada;" and, as that play was not printed till after the "Rehearsal," it serves to show how little Dryden's opinions were altered, or his tone lowered, by the success of that witty satire. It was necessary, he says, either not to print the bold epilogue, which we have quoted, or to show that he could defend it. He censures decidedly the antiquated language, irregular plots, and anachronisms of Shakespeare and Fletcher; but his main strength seems directed against Jonson. From his works he selects several instances of harsh, inelegant, and even inaccurate diction. In describing manners, he claims for the modern writers a decided superiority over the poets of the earlier age, when there was less gallantry, and when the authors were not admitted to the best society. The manners of their low, or Dutch school of comedy, in which Jonson led the way, by his "Bartholomew Fair," and similar pieces, are noticed and censured, as unfit for a polished audience. The characters in what may be termed genteel comedy are reviewed, and restricted to the Truewit of Jonson's "Silent Woman," the Mercutio of Shakespeare, and Fletcher's Don John in the "Chances." Even this last celebrated character, he observes, is better carried on in the modern alteration of the play, than in Fletcher's original; a singular instance of Dryden's liberality of criticism, since the alteration of the "Chances" was made by that very Duke of Buckingham, from whom he had just received a bitter and personal offence. Dryden proceeds to contend, that the living poets, from the example of a gallant king and sprightly court, have learned, in their comedies, a tone of light discourse and raillery, in which the solidity of English sense is blended with the air and gaiety of their French neighbours; in short, that those who call Jonson's the golden age of poetry, have only this reason, that the audience were then content with acorns, because they knew not the use of bread. In all this criticism there was much undeniable truth; but sufficient weight was not given to the excellencies of the old school, while their faults were ostentatiously and invidiously enumerated. It would seem that Dryden, perhaps from the rigour of a puritanical education, had not studied the ancient dramatic models in his youth, and had only begun to read them with attention when it was his object rather to depreciate than to emulate them. But the time came when he did due homage to their genius.

Meanwhile, this avowed preference of his own period excited the resentment of the older critics, who had looked up to the era of Shakespeare as the golden age of poetry; and no less that of the playwrights of his own standing, who pretended to discover, that Dryden designed to establish less the reputation of his age, than of himself individually, upon the ruined fame of the ancient poets. They complained, that, as the wild bull in the Vivaramba of Granada,

——"monarch-like he ranged the listed field,
And some he trampled down, and some he kill'd."

Many, therefore, advancing under pretence of vindicating the fame of the ancients, gratified their spleen by attacking that of Dryden, and strove less to combat his criticisms, than to criticise his productions. We shall have too frequent occasion to observe, that there was, during the reign of Charles II., a semi-barbarous virulence of controversy, even upon abstract points of literature, which would be now thought injudicious and unfair, even by the newspaper advocates of contending factions. A critic of that time never deemed he had so effectually refuted the reasoning of his adversary, as when he had said something disrespectful of his talents, person, or moral character. Thus, literary contest was embittered by personal hatred, and truth was so far from being the object of the combatants, that even victory was tasteless unless obtained by the disgrace and degradation of the antagonist. This reflection may serve to introduce a short detail of the abusive controversies in which it was Dryden's lot to be engaged.

One of those, who most fiercely attacked our author's system and opinions, was Matthew Clifford, already mentioned as engaged in the "Rehearsal." At what precise time he began his "Notes upon Dryden's Poems, in Four Letters," or how they were originally published, is uncertain. The last of the letters is dated from the Charter-House, 1st July 1672, and is signed with his name: probably the others were written shortly before. The only edition now known was printed along with some "Reflections on the Hind and Panther, by another Hand," (Tom Brown,) in 1687. If these letters were not actually printed in 1672, they were probably successively made public by transcripts handed about in the coffee-houses, which was then the usual mode of circulating lampoons and pieces of satire. Although Clifford was esteemed a man of wit and a scholar, his style is rude, coarse, and ungentlemanlike, and the criticism is chiefly verbal. In the note the reader may peruse an ample specimen of the kind of wit, or rather banter, employed by this facetious person.* The letters were written successively, at different periods; for Clifford, in the last, complains, that he cannot extort an answer; and therefore seems to conceive, that his arguments are unanswerable.

There were several other pamphlets, and fugitive pieces, published against Dryden at the same time.

* "To begin with your character of Almanzor, which you avow to have taken from the Achilles in Homer; pray hear what Famianus Strada says of such talkers as Mr. Dryden: *Ridere soleo, cum video homines ab Homeri virtutibus strenue declinantes, si quid vero irrepsit vitii, id avide arripiunt.* But I might have spared this quotation, and you your avowing; for this character might as well have been borrowed from some of the stalls in Bedlam, or any of your own hair brained coxombs, which you call heroes, and persons of honour. I remember just such another fuming Achilles in Shakespeare, one Ancient Pistol, whom he avows to be a man of so fiery a temper, and so impatient of an injury, even from Sir John Falstaff, his captain and a knight, that he not only disobeyed his commands about carrying a letter to Mrs. Page, but returned him an answer as full of contumely, and in as opprobrious terms, as he could imagine:

'Let vultures gripe thy guts, for gourd and Fullam holds,
And high and low beguiles the rich and poor.
Tester I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk,' &c.

"Let's see e'er an Abencerrago fly a higher pitch. Take him at another turn, quarrelling with corporal Nym, an old Zegri: The difference arose about mine hostess Quickly, (for I would not give a rush for a man unless he be particular in matters of this moment;) they both aimed at her body, but Abencerrago Pistol defies his rival in these words:

'Fetch from the powdering-tub of infamy
That lazar-kite of Cressid's kind,
Doll Tearsheet, she by name, and her espouse: I have and I will hold
The quondam Quickly for the only she.
And *pauca.*'

"There's enough. Does not this quotation sound as well as I?

"But the four sons of Ammon, the three bold Beachams, the four London Prentices, Tamerlain, the Scythian Shepherd, Mulasses, Amurath, and Bajazet, or any raging Turkat the Red-bull and Fortune, might as well have been urged by you as a pattern of your Almanzor, as the Achilles in Homer; but then our laureat had not passed for so learned a man as he desires his unlearned admirers should esteem him.

"But I am strangely mistaken, if I have not seen this very Almanzor of your's in some disguise about this town, and passing under another name. Prithee tell me true, was not this huff-cap once the Indian Emperor, and, at another time, did he not call himself Maximine? Was not Lyndaraxa once called Almeria, I mean under Montezuma, the Indian Emperor? I protest and vow they are either the same, or so alike, that I can't for my heart distinguish one from the other. You are, therefore, a strange unconscionable thief, that art not content to steal from others, but do'st rob thy poor wretched self too."

One of them, entitled "The Censure of the Rota, on Mr. Dryden's Conquest of Granada," was printed at Oxford in 1673. This was followed by a similar piece, entitled "A Description of the Academy of Athenian Virtuosi, with a Discourse held there in Vindication of Mr. Dryden's Conquest of Granada against the Author of the Censure of the Rota." And a third, called "A Friendly Vindication of Mr. Dryden from the Author of the Censure of the Rota," was printed at Cambridge. All these appeared previous to the publication of the "Assignation." The first, as Wood informs us, was written by Richard Leigh, educated at Queen's College, Oxford, where he entered in 1665, and was probably resident when this piece was there published. He was afterwards a player in the Duke's Company, but must be carefully distinguished from the celebrated comedian of the same name. It seems likely that he wrote also the second tract, which is a continuation of the first. Both are in a frothy, flippant style of raillery, of which the reader will find a specimen in the note.* The Cambridge Vindication seems to have been written by a different hand, though in the same taste. It is singular in bringing a charge against our author, which has been urged by no other antagonist; for he is there upbraided with exhibiting in his comedies the persons and follies of living characters.†

The friends and admirers of Dryden did not see with indifference these attacks upon his reputation; for he congratulates‡ himself upon having found defenders, even among strangers, alluding probably to a tract by Mr. Charles Blount, entitled, "Mr. Dryden Vindicated, in answer to the Friendly Vindication of Mr. Dryden, with Reflections on the Rota." This piece is written with all the honest enthusiasm of youth in defence of that genius, which has excited its admiration. In his address to Sedley, Dryden notices these attacks upon him with a supreme degree of contempt.‖ In other respects, the dedication is drawn with the easy indifference of one accustomed to the best society, towards the authority of those who presumed to judge of modern manners, without having access to see those of the higher circles. The picture which it draws of the elegance of the convivial parties of the wits in that gay time, has been quoted a few pages higher.

I know not if it be here worth while to mention a petty warfare between Dryden and Edward Ravenscroft,§ an unworthy scribbler, who wrote plays, or rather altered those of Shakespeare, and imitated those of Moliere. This person, whether from a feud which naturally subsisted between the two rival theatres, or from envy and dislike to Dryden personally, chose in the prologue to the "Citizen turned Gentleman," acted at the Duke's house in 1672, to level some sneers at the heroic drama, which affected particularly the "Conquest of Granada," then acting with great applause.¶ Ravenscroft's play, which is a bald translation from the "*Bourgeois Gentilhomme*" of Moliere, was successful, chiefly owing to the burlesque procession of Turks employed to dub the Citizen a *Mamamouchi*, or Paladin. Dryden, with more indignation than the occasion warranted, retorted, in the prologue to the "Assignation," by the following attack on Ravenscroft's jargon and buffoonery:

> "You must have Mamamouchi, such a fop
> As would appear a monster in a shop;
> He'll fill your pit and boxes to the brim,
> Where, ramm'd in crowds, you see yourselves in him.
> Sure there's some spell, our poet never knew,
> In *Hullibabilah de*, and *Chu, chu, chu;*
> But *Marabahah sahem* most did touch you;
> That is, Oh how we love the Mamamouchi!
> Grimace and habit sent you pleased away;
> You damn'd the poet, and cried up the play."*

About this time, too, the actresses in the King's theatre, to vary the amusements of the house, represented "Marriage A-la-Mode" in men's dresses. The prologue and epilogue were furnished by Dryden; and in the latter, mentioning the projected union of the theatres,—

> ——"all the women most devoutly swear,
> Each would be rather a poor actress here,
> Than to be made a Mamamouchi there."

Ravenscroft, thus satirized, did not fail to exult in the bad success of the "Assignation," and celebrated his triumph in some lines of a prologue to the "Careless Lovers," which was acted in the vacation succeeding the ill fate of Dryden's play. They are thrown into the note, that the reader may judge how very unworthy this scribbler was of the slightest notice from the pen of Dryden.** And with this *Te Deum*, on the part of Ravenscroft, ended a petty controversy, which gives him his only title to be named in the life of an English classic.

* "Amongst several other late exercises of the Athenian virtuosi in the Coffee-academy, instituted by Apollo for the advancement of Gazette Philosophy, Mercury's Diurnalli, &c., this day was wholly taken up in the examination of the 'Conquest of Granada.' A gentleman, on the reading of the first part, and then in the description of the bull-baiting, said, that Almanzor's playing at the bull was according to the standard of the Greek heroes, who, as Mr Dryden hath learnedly observed, (Essay of Dramatic Poesy,) were great beef-eaters. And why might not Almanzor as well as Ajax, or Don Quixote, worry mutton, or take a bull by the throat, since the author had elsewhere explained himself, by telling us the heroes were more noble beasts of prey, in his epistle to his 'Conquest of Granada,' distinguishing them into wild and tame; and in his play we have Almanzor shaking his chains, and frighting his keeper, broke loose, and tearing those who would reclaim his rage. To this he added, that his bulls excelled other heroes, as far as his own heroes surpassed his gods; that the champion bull was divested of flesh and blood, and made immortal by the poet, and bellowed after death; that the fantastic bull seemed fiercer than the true, and the dead bellowings in verse were louder than the living; concluding with a wish, that Mr. Dryden had the good luck to have varied that old verse quoted in his Dramatic Essay:

> "*Aspa Ursumque, et Pugiles media inter carmina poscunt*"
> *Taurus, et Pugiles prima inter carmina posco;*

and prefixed it to the front of his play, instead of

> ——"*Major rerum mihi nascitur ordo,*
> *Majus opus moveo.*"

Censure of the Rota, p. 1.

† "But, however, if he were taken for no good comic poet, or satirist, he had found a way of much easier license, (though more unmarkable in the sense of some,) which was, not only to libel men's persons, but to represent them on the stage too. That to this purpose he made his observations of men, their words and actions, with so little disguise, that many beheld themselves acted by their half-crowns; yet, after all, were unwilling to believe, that it was not both good comedy, and no less good manners."—*Friendly Vindication of Mr. Drydan*, p. 8.

‡ Dedication to the "Assignation."

‖ Dryden either confines himself to two pamphlets, or, more probably, speaks of the three as written by only two authors. Leigh the Pungoso, the "contemptible pedant," and the Sir Fastidious Brisk of Oxford. The Cambridge author, who imitated his style, was Pungoso of the Dedication:—"As for the errors they pretend to find in me, I could easily show them that the greatest part of them are beauties; and for the rest, I could criminate upon the objects of our nation, if I could resolve to accuse another of Bavius, whom at the same time I admire for greater excellencies. But I have neither concernment enough upon me to write anything in my own defence, neither will I gratify the ambition of those envious scribblers, who desire nothing more than to be confuted. I have not wanted friends, even amongst strangers, who have defended me more strongly than my contemptible pedant could attack me; for the other, he is only like Pungoso in the play, who follows the fashion at a distance, and adores the Fastidious Brisk of Oxford. You can bear me witness, that I have not consideration enough for either of them to be angry: let Bavius and Bavius admire each other; I wish to be hated by them and their fellows, by the same reason for which I desire to be loved by you."—*Dedication to the Assignation*, vol. IV. p. 354.

§ A student of law in the Temple, and author of that notable alteration of "Titus Andronicus," mentioned in the commentaries on Shakespeare. Besides the "Citizen turned Gentleman," he wrote the "Careless Lovers," "Scaramouch, a Philosopher," the "Wrangling Lovers," "Edgar and Alfreda," the "English Lawyer," the "London Cuckholds," distinguished by Cibber as the grossest play that ever succeeded, "Dame Dobson," the said alteration of "Titus Andronicus," the "Canterbury Guests," and the "Italian Husband,"—in all twelve plays, not one of which has the least merit.

¶ See the offensive lines in vol. IV. p. 347

** "An author did, to please you, let his wit run,
Of late much on a serving man and cittern;
And yet, you would not like the serenade,—
Nay, and you damn'd his nuns in masquerade;
You did his Spanish sing-song too abhor;
Ah! que locura con tanto rigor!
In fine, the whole by you so much was blamed,
To act their parts, the players were ashamed.
Ah, how severe your malice was that day!
To damn, at once, the poet and his play!
But why was your rage just at that time shown,
When what the author writ was all his own?
Till then, he borrow'd from romance, and did translate;
And those plays found a more indulgent fate."

From what has been detailed of these disputes we may learn, that, even at this period, the laureate's wreath was not unmingled with thorns; and that if Dryden still maintained his due ascendency over the common band of authors, it was not without being occasionally under the necessity of descending into the *arena* against very inferior antagonists.

In the course of these controversies, Dryden was not idle, though he cannot be said to have been worthily or fortunately employed; his muse being lent to the court, who were at this time anxious to awake the popular indignation against the Dutch. It is a characteristic of the English nation, that their habitual dislike against their neighbours is soon and easily blown into animosity. But, although Dryden chose for his theme the horrid massacre of Amboyna, and fell to the task with such zeal, that he accomplished it in a month, his play was probably of little service to the cause in which it was written. The story is too disgusting to produce the legitimate feelings of pity and terror, which tragedy should excite: the black-hole of Calcutta would be as pleasing a subject. The character of the Hollanders, as there represented, is too grossly vicious and detestable to give the least pleasure. They are neither men, nor even devils; but a sort of lubber fiends, compounded of cruelty, avarice, and brutal debauchery, like Dutch swabbers possessed by demons. But of this play the author has himself admitted, that the subject is barren, the persons low, and the writing not heightened by any laboured scenes: and, without attempting to contradict this modest description, we may dismiss the tragedy of "Amboyna." It was dedicated to Lord Clifford of Chudleigh, an active member of the cabal administration of Charles II.; but who, as a catholic, on the test act being passed, resigned his post of lord high treasurer, and died shortly afterwards. There is great reason to think, that this nobleman had essentially favoured Dryden's views in life. On a former occasion, he had termed Lord Clifford a better Mæcenas than the friend of Horace;* and, in the present dedication, he mentions the numerous favours received through so many years, as forming one continued act of his patron's generosity and goodness; so that the excess of his gratitude had led the poet to receive those benefits, as the Jews received their law, with mute wonder, rather than with outward and ceremonious acclamation. These sentiments of obligation he continued, long after Lord Clifford's death, to express in terms equally glowing;† so that we may safely do this statesman's memory the justice to record him as an active and discerning patron of Dryden's genius.

In the course of 1673, our author's pen was engaged in a task, which may be safely condemned as presumptuous, though that pen was Dryden's. It was no other than that of new-modelling the "Paradise Lost" of Milton into a dramatic poem, called the "State of Innocence, or the Fall of Man." The coldness with which Milton's mighty epic was received upon the first publication is almost proverbial. The character of the author, obnoxious for his share in the usurped government; the turn of the language, so different from that of the age; the seriousness of a subject, so discordant with its lively frivolities—gave to the author's renown the slowness of growth with the permanency of the oak. Milton's merit, however, had not escaped the eye of Dryden.‡ He was acquainted with the author, perhaps even before the Restoration; and who can doubt Dryden's power of feeling the sublimity of the "Paradise Lost," even had he himself not assured us, in the prefatory essay to his own piece, that he accounts it "undoubtedly, one of the greatest, most noble, and most sublime poems, which either this age or nation has produced?" We are, therefore, to seek for the motive which could have induced him, holding this opinion, "to gild pure gold, and set a perfume on the violet." Dennis has left a curious record upon this subject:—"Dryden," he observes, "in his preface before the 'State of Innocence,' appears to have been the first, those gentlemen excepted, whose verses are before Milton's poem, who discovered in so public a manner an extraordinary opinion of Milton's extraordinary merit. And yet Mr. Dryden at that time knew not half the extent of his excellence, as more than twenty years afterwards he confessed to me, and is pretty plain from his writing the 'State of Innocence.'" Had he known the full extent of Milton's excellence, Dennis thought he would not have ventured on this undertaking, unless he designed to be a foil to him: "but they," he adds, "who knew Mr. Dryden, knew very well, that he was not of a temper to design to be a foil to any one."§ We are therefore to conclude, that it was only the hope of excelling his original, admirable as he allowed it to be, which impelled Dryden upon this unprofitable and abortive labour; and we are to examine the improvements which Dryden seemed to meditate, or in other words, the differences between his taste and that of Milton.

And first we may observe, that the difference in their situations affected their habits of thinking upon poetical subjects. Milton had retired into solitude, if not into obscurity, relieved from every thing like external agency, either influencing his choice of a subject, or his mode of treating it; and, in consequence, instead of looking abroad to consult the opinion of his age, he appealed only to the judge which Heaven had implanted within him, when he was endowed with severity of judgment, and profusion of genius. But the taste of Dryden was not so independent. Placed by his very office at the head of what was fashionable in literature, he had to write for those around him, rather than for posterity; was to support a brilliant reputation in the eye of the world; and is often found boasting of his intimacy with those who led the taste of the age, and frequently quoting the

> ——"*tamen me*
> *Cum magnis vixisse, invita fatebitur usque*
> *Invidia.*"—

It followed, that Dryden could not struggle against the tide into which he was launched, and that, although it might be expected from his talents that he should ameliorate the reigning taste, or at least carry those compositions which it approved, to their utmost pitch of perfection, it could not be hoped that he should altogether escape being perverted by it, or should soar so superior to all its prejudices, as at once to admit the supereminent excellence of a poem, which ran counter to these in so many particulars.

The versification of Milton, according to the taste of the times, was ignoble, from its supposed facility. Dryden was, we have seen, so much possessed with this prejudice, as to pronounce blank verse unfit even for a fugitive paper of poetry. Even in his later and riper judgment, he affirms, that, whatever pretext Milton might allege for the use of blank verse, "his own particular reason is plainly this,—that rhyme was not his talent; he had neither the ease of doing it, nor the graces of it: which is mani-

* "For my own part, I, who am the least among the poets, have yet the fortune to be honoured with the *best patron*, and the best friend; for, (to omit some great persons of our court, to whom I am many ways obliged, and have taken care of me during the exigencies of a war,) I have found a better Mæcenas in the person of my Lord Treasurer Clifford, and a more elegant Tibullus in that of Charles Sedley."—*Dedication to the Assignation*, vol. IV. p. 350.

† In his dedication of the Pastorals of Virgil, to Hugh Lord Clifford, he says, "I have no reason to complain of fortune, since, in the midst of that abundance, I could not have chosen better than the worthy son of so illustrious a father. He was the patron of my manhood, when I flourished in the opinion of the world, though with small advantage to my fortune, till he awakened the remembrance of my royal master. He was that Pollio, or that Varus, *who introduced me to Augustus*."—Vol. XIII. p. 338.

‡ The older Richardson has told a story, that Lord Buckhurst, afterwards Earl of Dorset, was the first who introduced the "Paradise Lost," then lying like waste paper in the bookseller's hands, to the notice of Dryden. But this tradition has been justly exploded by Mr. Malone.—*Life of Dryden*, vol. I. p. 114. Indeed, it is by no means likely, that Dryden could be a stranger to the very existence of a large poem, written by a man of such political as well as literary eminence, even if he had not happened, as was the case, to be personally known to the author.

§ Dennis' Letters, quoted by Malone.

fest in his "Juvenilia," or verses written in his youth, where his rhyme is always constrained and forced, and comes hardly from him, at an age when the soul is most pliant, and the passion of love makes almost every man a rhymer, though not a poet."* The want of the dignity of rhyme was therefore, according to his idea, an essential deficiency in the "Paradise Lost." According to Aubrey, Dryden communicated to Milton his intention of adding this grace to his poem; to which the venerable bard gave a contemptuous consent, in these words: "Aye, you may *tag* my verses if you will." Perhaps few have read so far into the "State of Innocence" as to discover that Dryden did not use this license to the uttermost, and that several of the scenes are not tagg'd with rhyme.

Dryden at this period engaged in a research recommended to him by "a noble wit of Scotland," as he terms Sir George Mackenzie, the issue of which, in his apprehension, pointed out further room for improving upon the epic of Milton. This was an enquiry into the "turn of words and thoughts" requisite in heroic poetry. These "turns," according to the definition and examples which Dryden has given us, differ from the points of wit and quirks of epigram, common in the metaphysical poets, and consist in a happy, and at the same time a natural recurrence of the same form of expression, melodiously varied. Having failed in his search after these beauties in Cowley, the darling of his youth, "I consulted," says Dryden, "a greater genius, (without offence to the manes of that noble author,) I mean Milton; but as he endeavours every where to express Homer, whose age had not arrived to that fineness, I found in him a true sublimity, lofty thoughts, which were clothed with admirable Gresisms, and ancient words, which he had been digging from the mines of Chaucer and Spenser, and which, with all their rusticity, had somewhat of the venerable in them. But I found not there neither that for which I looked." This judgment Addison has proved to be erroneous, by quoting from Milton the most beautiful example of a turn of words which can be found in English poetry.† But Dryden, holding it for just, conceived, doubtless, that in his "State of Innocence," he might exert his skill successfully, by supplying the supposed deficiency, and for relieving those "flats of thought" which he complains of, where Milton, for a hundred lines together, runs on in a "track of Scripture;" but which Dennis more justly ascribes to the humble nature of his subject in those passages. The graces, also, which Dryden ventured to interweave with the lofty theme of Milton, were rather those of Ovid than of Virgil, rather turns of verbal expression than of thought. Such is that conceit which met with censure at the time:

> "Seraph and cherub, careless of their charge,
> And wanton, in full ease now live at large;
> Unguarded leave the passes of the sky,
> And all dissolved in hallelujahs lie."

"I have heard," said a petulant critic, "of anchovies dissolved in sauce; but never of an angel dissolved in hallelujahs." But this raillery Dryden rebuffs with a quotation from Virgil:

> "*Invadunt urbem, somno vinoque sepultam.*"

It might have been replied, that Virgil's analogy was familiar and simple, and that of Dryden was far-fetched, and startling by its novelty.

The majesty of Milton's verse is strangely degraded in the following speeches, which precede the rising of Pandæmonium. Some of the couplets are utterly flat and bald, and, in others, the balance of point and antithesis is substituted for the simple sublimity of the original:

> "*Moloch.* Changed as we are, we're yet from homage free,
> We have, by hell, at least gain'd liberty:
> That's worth our fall; thus low though we are driven,
> Better to rule in hell, than serve in heaven.
> *Lucifer.* There spoke the better half of Lucifer!
> *Asmoday.* 'Tis fit in frequent senate we confer,
> And then determine how to steer our course;
> To wage new war by fraud, or open force.
> The doom's now past, submission were in vain.
> *Mol.* And were it not, such baseness I disdain;
> I would not stoop, to purchase all above,
> And should contemn a power, whom prayer could move,
> As one unworthy to have conquer'd me.
> *Beelzebub.* Moloch, in that all are resolved, like thee,
> The means are unproposed; but 'tis not fit
> Our dark divan in public view should sit;
> Or what we plot against the Thunderer,
> The ignoble crowd of vulgar devils hear.
> *Lucif.* A golden palace let be raised on high;
> To imitate? No, to outshine the sky!
> All mines are ours, and gold above the rest:
> Let this be done; and quick as 'twas expressed."

I fancy the reader is now nearly satisfied with Dryden's improvements on Milton. Yet some of his alterations have such peculiar reference to the taste and manners of his age, that I cannot avoid pointing them out. Eve is somewhat of a coquette, even in the state of innocence. She exclaims,—

> ——"from each tree
> The feather'd tribe press down to look on me;
> The beasts, with up-cast eyes, forsake their shade,
> And gaze, as if I were to be obey'd.
> Sure, I am somewhat which they wish to be,
> And cannot,—I myself am proud of me."

Upon receiving Adam's addresses, she expresses, rather unreasonably in the circumstances, some apprehensions of his infidelity; and, upon the whole, she is considerably too knowing for the primitive state. The same may be said of Adam, whose knowledge in school divinity, and use of syllogistic argument, Dryden, though he found it in the original, was under no necessity to have retained.

The "State of Innocence," as it could not be designed for the stage, seems to have been originally intended as a mere poetical prolusion; for Dryden, who was above affecting such a circumstance, tells us, that it was only made public, because, in consequence of several hundred copies, every one gathering new faults, having been dispersed without his knowledge, it became at length a libel on the author, who was forced to print a correct edition in his own defence. As the incidents and language were ready composed by Milton, we are not surprised when informed, that the composition and revision were completed in a single month. The critics having assailed the poem, even before publication, the author has prefixed an "Essay upon Heroic Poetry and Poetic License;" in which he treats chiefly of the use of metaphors, and of the legitimacy of machinery.

The dedication of the "State of Innocence," addressed to Mary of Este, Duchess of York, is a singular specimen of what has been since termed the celestial style of inscription. It is a strain of flattery in the language of adoration; and the elevated station of the princess is declared so suited to her excellence, that providence has only done justice to its own works in placing the most perfect work of heaven where it may be admired by all beholders. Even this flight is surpassed by the following:—"'Tis true, you are above all mortal wishes; no man desires impossibilities, because they are beyond the reach of nature. To hope to be a god, is folly exalted into madness; but, by the laws of our creation, we are obliged to adore him, and we

* Essay on Satire, vol. XIII. p. 21.

† "With thee conversing, I forget all time,
All seasons, and their change; all please alike:
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glist'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft show'rs, and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; then, silent night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heaven, her starry train:
But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glist'ring with dew; nor fragrance after show'rs;
Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night,
With this her solemn bird; nor walk by moon;
Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet."

*The variety of images in this passage is infinitely pleasing, and the recapitulation of each particular image, with a little varying of the expression, makes one of the finest turns of words that I have ever seen; which I rather mention, because Mr. Dryden has said, in his preface to Juvenal, that he could meet with no turn of words in Milton."—*Tatler*, Nos. 114, 115.

permitted to love him too at human distance. 'Tis the nature of perfection to be attractive; but the excellency of the object refines the nature of the love. It strikes an impression of awful reverence; 'tis indeed that love which is more properly a zeal than passion. 'Tis the rapture which anchorites find in prayer, when a beam of the divinity shines upon them; that which makes them despise all worldly objects; and yet 'tis all but contemplation. They are seldom visited from above; but a single vision so transports them, that it makes up the happiness of their lives. Mortality cannot bear it often; it finds them in the eagerness and height of their devotion; they are speechless for the time that it continues, and prostrate and dead when it departs." Such eulogy was the taste of the days of Charles, when ladies were deified in dedications, and painted as Venus or Diana upon canvass. In our time, the elegance of the language would be scarcely held to counterbalance the absurdity of the compliments.

Lee, the dramatic writer, an excellent poet, though unfortunate in his health and circumstances, evinced his friendship for Dryden rather than his judgment, by prefixing to the "State of Innocence" a copy of verses, in which he compliments the author with having refined the ore of Milton. Dryden repaid this favour by an epistle, in which he beautifully apologizes for the extravagances of his friend's poetry, and consoles him for the censure of those cold judges, whose blame became praise when they accused the warmth which they were incapable of feeling.*

Having thus brought the account of our author's productions down to 1674, from which period we date a perceptible change in his taste and mode of composition, I have only to add, that his private situation was probably altered to the worse, by the burning of the King's Theatre, and the debts contracted in rebuilding it. The value of his share in that company must consequently have fallen far short of what it was originally. In other respects, he was probably nearly in the same condition as in 1672. The critics, who assailed his literary reputation, had hitherto spared his private character; and, excepting Rochester, whose malignity towards Dryden now began to display itself, he probably had not lost one person whom he had thought worthy to be called a friend. Lee, who seems first to have distinguished himself about 1672, was probably then added to the number of his intimates. Milton died shortly before the publication of the "State of Innocence;" and we may wish in vain to know his opinion of that piece; but if tradition can be trusted, he said, perhaps on that undertaking, that Dryden was a good rhymer, but no poet. Blount, who had signalized himself in Dryden's defence, was now added to the number of his friends. This gentleman dedicated his "*Religio Laici*" to Dryden in 1683, as his much honoured friend; and the poet speaks of him with kindness and respect in 1696, three years after his unfortunate and violent catastrophe.

Dryden was, however, soon to experience the mutability of the friendship of wits and courtiers. A period was speedily approaching, when the violence of political faction was to effect a breach between our author and many of those with whom he was now intimately connected; indeed, he was already entangled in the quarrels of the great, and sustained a severe personal outrage, in consequence of a quarrel with which he had little individual concern.

SECTION IV.

Dryden's Controversy with Settle—with Rochester—He is assaulted in Rose Street—Aureng-Zebe—Dryden meditates an Epic Poem—All for Love—Limberham—Œdipus—Troilus and Cressida—The Spanish Friar—Dryden supposed to be in opposition to the Court.

"The State of Innocence" was published in 1674, and "Aureng-Zebe," Dryden's next tragedy, appeared in 1675. In the interval, he informs us, his ardour for shewing plays had considerably abated. The course of study which he imposed on himself, doubtless led him to this conclusion. But it is also possible, that he found the peculiar facilities of that drama had excited the emulation of very inferior poets, who, by dint of show, rant, and clamorous hexameters, were likely to divide with him the public favour. Before proceeding, therefore, to state the gradual alteration in Dryden's own taste, we must perform the task of detailing the literary quarrels in which he was at this period engaged. The chief of his rivals was Elkanah Settle, a person afterwards utterly contemptible; but who, first by the strength of a party at court, and afterwards by a faction in the state, was, for a time, buoyed up in opposition to Dryden. It is impossible to detail the progress of the contest for public favour between these two ill-matched rivals, without noticing at the same time Dryden's quarrel with Rochester, who appears to have played off Settle in opposition to him, as absolutely, and nearly as successfully, as Settle ever played off the literal puppets, for which, in the ebb of his fortune, he wrote dramas.

In the year 1673, Dryden and Rochester were on such friendly terms, that our poet inscribed to his lordship his favourite play of "Marriage-A-la-Mode;" not without acknowledgment of the deepest gratitude for favours done to his fortune and reputation. The dedication, we have seen, was so favourably accepted by Rochester, that the reception called forth a second tribute of thanks from the poet to the patron. But at this point, the interchange of kindness and of civility received a sudden and irrecoverable check. This was partly owing to Rochester's fickle and jealous temper, which induced him alternately to raise and depress the men of parts whom he loved to patronize; so that no one should ever become independent of his favour, or so rooted in the public opinion, as to be beyond the reach of his satire; but it may also in part be attributed to Dryden's attachment to Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave, afterwards Duke of Buckingham, then Rochester's rival in wit and court favour, and from whom he had sustained a deadly affront, on an occasion, which, as the remote cause of a curious incident in Dryden's life, I have elsewhere detailed in the words of Sheffield himself.† Rochester, who was branded as a coward, in consequence of this transaction, must be reasonably supposed to entertain a sincere hatred against Mulgrave; with whom he had once lived on such friendly terms, as to inscribe to him an epistle on their mutual poems. But, as his nerves had proved unequal to a personal conflict with his brother peer, his malice prompted the discharge of his spleen upon those men of literature whom his antagonist cherished and patronized. Among these Dryden held a distinguished situation; for, about 1675, he was, as we shall presently see, sufficiently in Sheffield's confidence to correct and revise that nobleman's poetry;‡ and in 1676 dedicated to him the tragedy of "Aureng-zebe," as one who enjoyed not only his favour, but his love and conversation. Thus Dryden was obnoxious to Rochester, both as holding a station among the authors of the period, grievous to the vanity of one, who aimed, by a levelling and dividing system, to be the tyrant, or at least the dictator of wit; and also as the friend, and even the confidant, of Mulgrave, by whom the witty profligate had been baffled and humiliated. Dryden was therefore to be lowered in the public opinion; and for this purpose, Rochester made use of Elkanah Settle, whom, though he gratified his malice by placing him in opposition to Dryden, he must, in his heart, have thoroughly despised.‖

* See this Epistle, vol. XI. p. 22. It was prefixed to "Alexander the Great," a play, the merits and faults of which are both in extremes.

† See vol. XV. p. 215. ‡ Malone, vol. I. p. 194.

‖ Dennis's account of these feuds, though not strictly accurate, is lively, and too curious to be suppressed. "Nothing," says Dennis, "is more certain, than that Mr. Settle, who is now (1717) the city poet, was formerly a poet of the court. And at what time was he so? Why, in the reign of King Charles the Second, when that court was more gallant and more polite than ever the English court perhaps had been before; when there was at court the present and the late Duke of Buckingham, the late Earl of Dorset, Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, famous for his wit and poetry, Sir Charles Sedley, Mr. Saville, Mr. Buckley, and several others. "Mr. Settle's first tragedy, 'Cambyses, King of Persia,' was

This play-wright, whom the jealous spleen of a favourite courtier, and the misjudging taste of a promiscuous audience, placed for some time in so high a station, came into notice in 1671, on the representation of his first play, "Cambyses, King of Persia," which was played six nights successively. This run of public favour gave Rochester some pretence to bring Settle to the notice of the king; and, though the efforts of this mischievous wit, joined to the natural disposition of the people to be carried by show, rant, and tumult, Settle's second play, "The Empress of Morocco," was acted with unanimous and overpowering applause for a month together. To add to Dryden's mortification, Rochester had interest enough to have this tragedy, of one whom he had elevated into the rank of his rival, first acted at Whitehall by the lords and ladies of the court; an honour which had never been paid to any of Dryden's compositions, however more justly entitled to it, both from intrinsic merit, and by the author's situation as poet laureate. Rochester contributed a prologue upon this brilliant occasion, to add still more grace to Settle's triumph; but what seems yet more extraordinary, and has, I think, been unnoticed in all accounts of the controversy, Mulgrave,* Rochester's rival and the friend of Dryden, did the same homage to "The Empress of Morocco." From the king's private theatre, "The Empress of Morocco" was transferred, in all its honours, to the public stage in Dorset Garden, and received with applause corresponding to the expectation excited by its favour at Whitehall. While the court and city were thus worshipping the idol which Rochester had set up, it could hardly be expected of poor Settle, that he should be first to discern his own want of desert. On the contrary, he grew presumptuous on success; and when he printed his performance, the dedication to the Earl of Norwich was directly levelled against the poet laureate, who termed it the "most arrogant, calumniatory, ill-mannered, and senseless preface he ever saw."† And, to add gall to bitterness, the bookseller thought "The Empress of Morocco" worthy of being decorated with engravings, and sold at the advanced price of two shillings; being the first drama advanced to such honourable distinction.‡ Moreover, the play is ostentatiously stated in the title to be written by Elkanah Settle, *Servant to his Majesty*;‖ an addition which the laureate had assumed with greater propriety.

If we are asked the merit of a performance which made such an impression at the time, we may borrow an expression applied to a certain orator,§ and say, that "The Empress of Morocco" must have acted *to the tune* of a good heroic play. It had all the outward and visible requisites of splendid scenery, prisons, palaces, fleets, combats of desperate duration and uncertain issue,¶ assassinations, a dancing tree, a rainbow, a shower of hail, a criminal executed,** and hell itself opening upon the stage. The rhyming dialogue too, in which the play was written, had an imperative and tyrannical sound; and to a foreigner, ignorant of the language, might have appeared as magnificent as that of Dryden. But it must raise our admiration that the witty court of Charles could patiently listen to a "a tale told by an idiot, full of noise and fury, signifying nothing," and give it a preference over the poetry of Dryden. The following description of a hail-storm in Africa, will vindicate our wonder:

"This morning, as our eyes we upward cast,
The desert regions of the air lay waste.
But straight, as if it had some penance bore,
A mourning garb of thick black clouds it wore.
But on the sudden,
Some airy demon changed its form, and now
That which look'd black above, look'd white below;
The clouds dishevell'd, from their crusted locks,
Something like gems coin'd out of crystal rocks.
The ground was with this strange bright issue spread,
As if heaven in affront to nature had
Design'd some new found tillage of its own,
And on the earth these unknown seeds had sown.
Of these I reached a grain, which to my sense
Appear'd as cool as virgin-innocence;
And like that too, (which chiefly I admired)
Its ravish'd whiteness with a touch expired.
At the approach of heat, this candied rain
Dissolved to its first element again.
Muley H. Though showers of hail Morocco never see.
Dull priest, what does all this portend to me?
Ham. It does portend—
Muley. What?
Ham. That the fates design—
Muley. To tire me with impertinence like thine."

Such were the strains once preferred to the magnificent verses of Dryden; whose very worst bombast is sublimity compared to them. To prove which, the reader need only peruse the Indian's account of the Spanish fleet in the "Indian Emperor" to which the above lines are a parallel; each being a description of an object familiar to the audience, but new to the describer. The poet felt the disgraceful preference more deeply than was altogether becoming; but he had levelled his powers, says Johnson, when he levelled his desires to those of Settle, and placed his happiness in the claps of multitudes. The moral may be carried yet further; for had not Dryden stooped to call to the aid of his poetry the auxiliaries of scenery, gilded truncheons, and verse of more noise than meaning, it is impossible his plays could have been drawn into comparison with those of Settle. But the meretricious ornaments which he himself had introduced were within the reach of the meanest capacity; and, having been among the first to debauch the taste of the public, it was retributive justice that he should experience their inconstancy. Indeed Dryden seems himself to admit, that the principal difference between his heroic plays and "The Empress of Morocco," was, that the former were good sense, that looked like nonsense, and the latter nonsense, which yet looked very like sense. A nice distinction, and which argued some regret at having opened the way to such a rival.

acted for three weeks together. The second, which was, 'The Empress of Morocco,' was acted for a month together; and was in such high esteem, both with the court and town, that it was acted at Whitehall before the king, by the gentlemen and ladies of the court; and the prologue, which was spoken by the Lady Betty Howard, was writ by the famous Lord Rochester. The bookseller who printed it, depending upon the prepossession of the town, ventured to distinguish it from all the plays that had been ever published before; for it was the first play that ever was sold in England for two shillings, and the first that ever was printed with cuts. The booksellers, at that time of day, had not discovered so much of the weakness of their gentle readers as they have done since, nor so plainly discovered that fools, like children, are to be drawn in by gewgaws. Well; but what was the *event* of this great success? Mr. Settle began to grow insolent, as any one may see, who reads the epistle dedicatory to 'The Empress of Morocco.' Mr. Dryden, Mr. Shadwell, and Mr. Crowne, began to grow jealous; and they three in confederacy, wrote 'Remarks on the Empress of Morocco.' Mr. Settle answered them; and, according to the opinion which the town then had of the matter, (for I have utterly forgot the controversy,) had by much the better of them all. In short, Mr. Settle was then a formidable rival to Mr. Dryden; and I remember very well, that not only the town, but the university of Cambridge, was very much divided in their opinions about the preference that ought to be given to them; and in both places, the younger fry inclined to Elkanah."

* Lord Mulgrave wrote the prologue when Settle's play was first acted at court; Lord Rochester's was written for the second occasion; both were spoken by the beautiful Lady Elizabeth Howard.

† See this offensive dedication in the account of Settle's controversy with Dryden, vol. XV. p. 398.

‡ A copy of this rare edition, (the gift of my learned friend, the Rev. Henry White of Lichfield,) is now before me. The engravings are tolerably paltry; and had the play been published even in the present day, it would have been accounted dear at two shillings. The name of the publisher is William Cademan, the date 1673. This play I had afterwards the pleasure to give to my friend, Mr. John Kemble, who had not met that copy, even in his extensive research after dramatic rarities.

‖ This title is omitted in subsequent editions.

§ Of whom it was said, that he spoke, "to the tune of a good speech."

¶ As for example, this stage-direction: "Here a company of villains, in ambush, from behind the scenes discharge their guns at Muly-Hamet; at which Muly-Hamet starting and turning, Hametalhaz from under his priest's habit draws a sword, and passes at Muly-H, which pass is intercepted by Abdelcader. They engage in a very fierce fight with the villains, who also draw and assist Hametalhaz, and go off several ways fighting; after the discharge of other guns heard from within, and the clashing of swords, enter again Muly-Hamet, driving in some of the former villains, which he kills."

** In the fifth act the scene draws and discovers Crimalhaz cast down on the *guanches*, i. e. hung on the wall set with spikes scytheblades, and hooks of iron; which scene, (to judge from the engraving,) exhibited the mangled limbs and wasted bones of former sufferers, suspended in agreeable confusion. With this pleasing display the piece concluded.

The feelings of contempt ought to have suppressed those of anger; but Dryden, who professedly lived to please his own age, had not temper to wait till time should do him justice. Angry he was; and unfortunately he determined to show the world that he did well in being so. With this view, in conjunction with Shadwell and Crowne, two brother-dramatists, equally jealous of Settle's success, he composed a pamphlet, entitled, "Remarks upon the Empress of Morocco." This piece is written in the same tone of boisterous and vulgar raillery with which Clifford and Leigh had assailed Dryden himself; and little resembles our poet's general style of controversy. He seems to have exchanged his satirical scourge for the clumsy flail of Shadwell, when he stooped to use such raillery as the following description of Settle: "In short, he is an animal of a most deplored understanding, without reading and conversation: his being is in a twilight of sense, and some glimmering of thought, which he can never fashion either into wit or English. His style is boisterous and rough-hewn; his rhyme incorrigibly lewd, and his numbers perpetually harsh and ill-sounding."

Settle, nothing dismayed with this vehement attack, manfully retorted the abuse which had been thrown upon him, and answered the insulting clamour of his three antagonists with clamorous insult.* It was obvious, that the weaker poet must be the winner by this contest in abuse; and Dryden gained no more by his dispute with Settle, than a well-dressed man who should condescend to wrestle with a chimney-sweeper. The feud between them was carried no further, until, after the publication of "Absalom and Achitophel," party animosity added spurs to literary rivalry.

We must now return to Rochester; who, observing Settle's rise to this unmerited elevation in the public opinion, became as anxious to lower his presumption as he had formerly been to diminish the reputation of Dryden. With this view, that tyrannical person of honour availed himself of his credit to recommend Crowne to write the masque of "Calisto," which was acted by the lords and ladies of the court of Charles in 1675. Nothing could be more galling towards Dryden, a part of whose duty, as poet laureate, was to compose the pieces designed for such occasions. Crowne, though he was a tolerable comic writer,† had no turn whatever for tragedy, or indeed for poetry of any kind. But the splendour of the scenery and dresses, the quality of the performers, selected from the first nobility, and the favour of the sovereign, gave "Calisto" a run of nearly thirty nights. Dryden, though mortified, tendered his services in the shape of an epilogue, to be spoken by Lady Henrietta Maria Wentworth.‡ But the influence of his enemy, Rochester, was still predominant, and the epilogue of the laureate was rejected.

The author of "Calisto" also lost his credit with Rochester, as soon as he became generally popular; and shortly after the representation of that piece, its fickle patron seems to have recommended to the royal protection, a rival more formidable to Dryden than either Settle or "starch Johnny Crowne."‖ This was no other than Otway, whose "Don Carlos" appeared in 1676, and was hailed as one of the best heroic plays which had been written. The author avows in his preface the obligations he owed to Rochester, who had recommended him to the king and the duke, to whose favour he owed his good success, and on whose indulgence he reckoned as ensuring that of his next attempt.§ These effusions of gratitude did not, as Mr. Malone observes, withhold Rochester, shortly after, from lampooning Otway, with circumstances of gross insult, in the "Session of the Poets."¶ In the same preface, Otway, in very intelligible language, bade defiance to Dryden, whom he charges with having spoken slightly of his play.** But although Dryden did not admire the general structure of Otway's poetry, he is said, even at this time, to have borne witness to his power of moving the passions; an acknowledgment which he long afterwards solemnly repeated. Thus Otway, like many others, mistook the character of a pretended friend, and did injustice to that of a liberal rival. Dryden and he indeed never appear to have been personal friends, even when they both wrote in the Tory interest. It was probably about this time that Otway challenged Settle, whose courage appears to have failed him upon the occasion.

Rochester was not content with exciting rivals against Dryden in the public opinion, but assailed him personally in an imitation of Horace, which he quaintly entitled, "An Allusion to the Tenth Satire." It came out anonymously about 1678, but the town was at no loss to guess that Rochester was the patron or author. Much of the satire was bestowed on Dryden, whom Rochester, for the first time, distinguishes by a ridiculous nickname, which was afterwards echoed by imitating dunces in all their lampoons. The lines are more cutting, because mingled with as much praise as the writer probably thought necessary to gain the credit of a candid critic.†† Dryden on his part, did not view with indifferent

* Settle's pamphlet was contumaciously entitled, "Notes and Observations on the Empress of Morocco, revised, with some few erratas; to be printed instead of the postscript, with the next edition of the 'Conquest of Granada,' 1674." See some quotations from this piece, vol. XV. p. 399.

† His comedy of "Sir Courtly Nice," exhibits marks of comic power.

‡ See vol. X. p. 336.

‖ So called, according to the communicative old correspondent of the "Gentleman's Magazine" in 1745, from the unalterable stiffness of his long cravat.

§ "I am well satisfied I had the greatest party of men of wit and sense on my side: amongst which I can never enough acknowledge the unspeakable obligations I received from the Earl of R., who, far above what I am ever able to deserve from him, seemed almost to make it his business to establish it in the good opinion of the king and his royal highness; from both of which I have since received confirmations of their good-liking of it, and encouragement to proceed. And it is to him I must, in all gratitude, confess, I owe the greatest part of my good success in this, and on whose indulgency I extremely build my hopes of a next." Accordingly, next year, Otway's play of "Titus and Berenice" is inscribed to Rochester, "his good and generous patron."

¶ "Tom Otway came next, Tom Shadwell's dear zany,
And swears for heroics he writes best of any;
'Don Carlos' his pockets so amply had fill'd,
That his mange was quite cured, and his lice were all kill'd.
But Apollo had seen his face on the stage,
And prudently did not think fit to engage
The scum of a playhouse for the prop of an age."

** "Though a certain writer, that shall be nameless, (but you may guess at him by what follows,) being ask'd his opinion of this play, very gravely cock't, and cry'd, *I'gad* he knew not a line in it he would be authour of. But he is a fine facetious witty person, as my friend Sir Formal has it; and to be even with him, I know a comedy of his, that has not so much as a quibble in it which I would be author of. And so, reader, I bid him and thee farewell." The use of Dryden's interjection, well known through Bayes' employing it, ascertains him to be the poet meant.

†† "Well, sir, 'tis granted; I said Dryden's rhymes
Were stolen, unequal, nay dull many times;
What foolish patron is there found of his,
So blindly partial to deny me this?
But that his plays, embroider'd up and down
With learning, justly pleased the town,
In the same paper I as freely own.
Yet, having this allow'd, the heavy mass,
That stuffs up his loose volumes, must not pass;
For by that rule I might as well admit
Crowne's tedious scenes for poetry and wit.
'Tis therefore not enough when your false sense
Hits the false judgment of an audience
Of clapping fools assembling, a vast crowd,
Till the throng'd playhouse crack'd with the dull load;
Though even that talent merits, in some sort,
That can divert the rabble and the court;
Which blundering Settle never could obtain,
And puzzling Otway labors at in vain."

He afterwards mentions Etherege's seductive poetry, and adds:

"Dryden in vain tried this nice way of wit;
For he, to be a tearing blade, thought fit
To give the ladies a dry bawdy bob;
And thus he got the name of *Poet Squob*.
But to be just, 'twill to his praise be found,
His excellencies more than faults abound;
Nor dare I from his sacred temples tear
The laurel, which he best deserves to wear.
But does not Dryden find even Jonson dull?
Beaumont and Fletcher uncorrect, and full
Of lewd lines, as he calls them? Shakespeare's style
Stiff and affected? To his own the while
Allowing all the justice that his pride
So arrogantly had to these denied?
And may not I have leave impartially
To search and censure Dryden's works, and try
If those gross faults his choice pen doth commit,
Proceed from want of judgment, or of wit?

ence these repeated direct and indirect attacks on his literary reputation by Rochester. In the preface to "All for Love," published in 1678, he gives a severe rebuke to those men of rank, who, having acquired the credit of wit, either by virtue of their quality, or by common fame, and finding themselves possessed of some smattering of Latin, become ambitious to distinguish themselves by their poetry from the herd of gentlemen. "And is not this," he exclaims, "a wretched affectation, not to be contented with what fortune has done for them, and sit down quietly with their estates, but they must call their wits in question, and needlessly expose their nakedness to public view? Not considering that they are not to expect the same approbation from sober men, which they have found from their flatterers after the third bottle. If a little glittering in discourse has passed them on us for witty men, where was the necessity of undeceiving the world? Would a man who has an ill title to an estate, but yet is in possession of it, would he bring it of his own accord to be tried at Westminster? We who write, if we want the talent, yet have the excuse, that we do it for a poor subsistence; but what can be urged in their defence, who, not having the vocation of poverty, to scribble, out of mere wantonness take pains to make themselves ridiculous? Horace was certainly in the right, where he said, 'That no man is satisfied with his own condition.' A poet is not pleased, because he is not rich; and the rich are discontented, because the poets will not admit them of their number. Thus the case is hard with writers: if they succeed not, they must starve; and if they do, some malicious satire is prepared to level them, for daring to please without their leave. But while they are so eager to destroy the fame of others, their ambition is manifest in their concernment; some poem of their own is to be produced, and the slaves are to be laid flat with their faces on the ground, that the monarch may appear in the greater majesty." This general censure of the persons of wit and honour about town, is fixed on Rochester in particular, not only by the marked allusion in the last sentence, to the despotic tyranny which he claimed over the authors of his time, but also by a direct attack upon such imitators of Horace, who make doggerel of his Latin, misapply his censures, and often contradict their own. It is remarkable, however, that he ascribes this imitation rather to some zany of the great, than to one of their number; and seems to have thought Rochester rather the patron than the author.

At the expense of anticipating the order of events, and that we may bring Dryden's dispute with Rochester to a conclusion, we must recall to the reader's recollection our author's friendship with Mulgrave. This appears to have been so intimate, that, in 1675, that nobleman intrusted him with the task of revising his "Essay upon Satire:" a poem which contained dishonourable mention of many courtiers of the time, and was particularly severe on Sir Car Scrope and Rochester. The last of these is taxed with cowardice, and a thousand odious and mean vices; upbraided with the grossness and scurrility of his writings, and with the infamous profligacy of his life.* The versification of the poem is as flat and inharmonious, as the plan is careless and ill-arranged; and though the imputation was to cost Dryden dear, I cannot think that any part of the "Essay on Satire" received additions from his pen. Probably he might contribute a few hints for revision; but the author of "Absalom and Achitophel" could never completely disguise the powers which were shortly to produce that brilliant satire. Dryden's verses must have shone among Mulgrave's as gold beside copper. The whole essay is a mere stagnant level, no one part of it so far rising above the rest as to bespeak the work of a superior hand. The thoughts, even when conceived with some spirit, are clumsily and unhappily brought out; a fault never to be traced in the beautiful language of Dryden, whose powers of expression were at least equal to his force of conception. Besides, as Mr. Malone has observed, he had now brought to the highest excellence his system of versification; and is it possible he could neglect it so far as to write the rugged lines in the note, where all manner of elliptical barbarisms are resorted to, for squeezing the words into a measure, "lame and o'erburdened, and screaming its wretchedness?" The "Essay on Satire" was finally subjected by the noble author to the criticisms of Pope, who, less scrupulous than Dryden, appears to have made large improvements; but after having undergone the revision of two of the first names in English poetry, it continues to be a very indifferent performance.

In another point of view, it seems inconsistent with Dryden's situation to suppose he had any active share in the "Essay on Satire." The character of Charles is treated with great severity, as well as those of the Duchesses of Portsmouth and Cleveland, the royal mistresses. This was quite consistent with Mulgrave's disposition, who was at this time discontented with the ministry; but certainly would not have beseemed Dryden, who held an office at court. Sedley also, with whom Dryden always seems to have lived on friendly terms, is harshly treated in the "Essay on Satire." It may be owned, however, that these reasons were not held powerful at the time, since they must, in that case, have saved Dryden from the inconvenient suspicion, which, we will presently see, attached to him. The public were accustomed to see the friendship of wits end in mutual satire; and the good-natured Charles was so generally the subject of the ridicule which he loved, that no one seems to have thought there was improbability in a libel being composed on him by his own laureate.

The "Essay on Satire," though written, as appears from the title page of the last edition, in 1675, was not made public until 1679, when several copies were handed about in manuscript. Rochester sends one of these to his friend, Henry Saville, on the 21st of November, 1679, with this observation:—"I have sent you herewith a libel, in which my own share is not the least. The king, having perused it, is no way dissatisfied with his. The author is apparently Mr. Dr[yden], his patron, Lord M[ulgrave,] having a panegyric in the midst." From hence it is evident, that Dryden obtained the reputation of being the author; in consequence of which, Rochester meditated the base and cowardly revenge which

Or if his lumpish fancy does refuse
Spirit and grace to his loose slattern muse?
Five hundred verses every morning writ,
Prove him no more a poet than a wit."

* "Rochester I despise for 's mere want of wit,
Though thought to have a tail and cloven feet;
For while he mischief means to all mankind,
Himself alone the ill effects does find;
And so, like witches, justly suffers shame,
Whose harmless malice is so much the same.
False are his words, affected is his wit,
So often does he aim, so seldom hit.
To every face he cringes, while he speaks,
But when the back is turn'd, the head he breaks.
Mean in each action, lewd in every limb,
Manners themselves are mischievous in him;
A proof that chance alone makes every creature,—
A very Killigrew, without good-nature,
For what a Bessus has he always lived,
And his own kickings notably contrived;
For (there's the folly that's still mix'd with fear)
Cowards more blows than any hero bear.
Of fighting sparks Fame may her pleasure say,
But 'tis a bolder thing to run away.
The world may well forgive him all his ill,
For every fault does prove his penance still.
Falsely he falls into some dangerous noose,
And then as meanly labours to get loose.
A life so infamous is better quitting;
Spent in base injury and low submitting.—
I'd like to have left out his poetry,
Forgot by all almost as well as me.
Sometimes he has some humour, never wit,
And if it rarely, very rarely hit.
'Tis under such a nasty rubbish laid
To find it out 's the cinder-woman's trade;
Who for the wretched remnants of a fire,
Must toil all day in ashes and in mire.
So lewdly dull his idle works appear,
The wretched text deserves no comments here;
Where one poor thought sometimes left all alone,
For a whole page of dulness to atone:
'Mongst forty bad, one tolerable line,
Without expression, fancy, or design."

he afterwards executed; and he thus coolly expressed his intention in another of his letters:—"You write me word, that I am out of favour with a certain poet, whom I have admired for the disproportion of him and his attributes. He is a rarity of which I cannot but be fond of, as one would be of a hog that could fiddle, or a singing owl. If he falls on me at the blunt, which is his very good weapon in wit, I will forgive him if you please; and *leave the repartee to black Will with a cudgel.*"

In pursuance of this infamous resolution, Dryden, upon the night of the 18th December 1679, was waylaid by hired ruffians, and severely beaten, as he passed through Rose-street, Covent Garden, returning from Will's Coffee-house to his own house in Gerard-street. A reward of 50*l.* was in vain offered, in the London Gazette and other newspapers, for the discovery of the perpetrators of this outrage.* The town was, however, at no loss to pitch upon Rochester as the employer of the bravoes, with whom the public suspicion joined the Duchess of Portsmouth, equally concerned in the supposed affront thus avenged. In our time, were a nobleman to have recourse to hired bravoes to avenge his personal quarrel against any one, more especially a person holding the rank of a gentleman, he might lay his account with being hunted out of society. But in the age of Charles, the ancient high and chivalrous sense of honour was esteemed Quixotic, and the Civil War had left traces of ferocity in the manners and sentiments of the people. Rencounters, where the assailants took all advantages of number and weapons, were as frequent, and held as honourable, as regular duels. Some of these approached closely to assassination; as in the famous case of Sir John Coventry, who was waylaid, and had his nose slit by some young men of high rank, for a reflection upon the king's theatrical amours. This occasioned the famous statute against maiming and wounding, called the Coventry Act; an act highly necessary, since so far did our ancestors' ideas of manly forbearance differ from ours, that Killigrew introduces the hero of one of his comedies, a cavalier, and the fine gentleman of the piece, lying in wait for, and slashing the face of a poor courtezan, who had cheated him.†

It will certainly be admitted, that a man surprised in the dark and beaten by ruffians, loses no honour by such a misfortune. But if Dryden had received the same discipline from Rochester's own hand without resenting it, his drubbing could not have been more frequently made a matter of reproach to him; a sign surely of the penury of subjects for satire in his life and character, since an accident, which might have happened to the greatest hero who ever lived, was resorted to as an imputation on his honour. The Rose-alley ambuscade became almost proverbial;‡ and even Mulgrave, the real author of the satire, and upon whose shoulders the blows ought in justice to have descended, mentions the circumstances in his "Art of Poetry," with cold and self-sufficient complacent sneer:

> "Though praised and punish'd for another's rhymes,
> His own deserves as great applause *sometimes*."

To which is added in a note, "A libel for which he was both applauded and wounded, though entirely ignorant of the whole matter." This flat and conceited couplet and note, the noble author judged it proper to omit in the corrected edition of his poem. Otway alone, no longer the friend of Rochester, and perhaps no longer the enemy of Dryden, has spoken of the author of this dastardly outrage with the contempt his cowardly malice deserved:

> "Poets in honour of the truth should write,
> With the same spirit brave men for it fight;
> And though against him cappedem hatreds rise,
> And daily where he goes, of late, he spies
> The scowls of sullen and revengeful eyes;
> 'T is what he knows with much contempt to bear,
> And serves a scene too good to let him fear:
> He fears no poison from incensed Drabb,
> No ruffian's five foot sword, nor rascal's stab;
> Nor any other snares of mischief laid,
> *Not a Rose-alley cudgel ambuscade;*
> From any private cause where malice springs,
> Or general pique all blockheads have to brains."

It does not appear that Dryden ever thought it worth his while to take revenge on Rochester; and the only allusion to him in his writings may be found in the essay prefixed to the translation of Juvenal, where he is mentioned as a man of quality, whose ashes our author was unwilling to disturb, and who had paid Dorset, to whom that piece is inscribed, the highest compliment which his self-sufficiency could afford to any one. Perhaps Dryden remembered Rochester among others, when, in the same piece, he takes credit for resisting opportunities and temptation to take revenge, even upon those by whom he had been notoriously and wantonly provoked.‖

The detail of these quarrels has interrupted our account of Dryden's writings, which we are now to resume.

"Aureng-Zebe," was his first performance after the failure of the "Assignation." It was acted in 1675, with general applause. "Aureng-Zebe" is a heroic, or rhyming play, but not cast in a mould quite so romantic as the "Conquest of Granada." There is a grave and moral turn in many of the speeches, which brings it nearer the style of a French tragedy. It is true, the character of Morat borders upon extravagance; but a certain license has been always given to theatrical tyrants, and we excuse bombast in him more readily than in Almanzor. There is perhaps some reason for this indulgence. The possession of unlimited power, vested in active and mercurial characters, naturally drives them to an extravagant indulgence of passion, bordering upon insanity; and it follows, that their language must outstrip the modesty of nature. Propriety of diction in the drama is relative, and to be referred more to individual character than to general rules: to make a tyrant sober-minded, is to make a madman rational. But this discretion must be used with great caution by the writer, lest he should confound the terrible with the burlesque. Two great actors, Kynaston and Booth, differed in their style of playing Morat. The former, who was the original performer, and doubtless had his instructions from the author, gave full force to the sentiments of avowed and barbarous vain-glory, which mark the

* "Whereas John Dryden, Esq. was on Monday, the 18th instant, at night, barbarously assaulted, and wounded, in Rose-street, in Covent-garden, by divers men unknown; if any person shall make discovery of the said offenders to the said Mr. Dryden, or to any justice of the peace, he shall not only receive fifty pounds, which is deposited in the hands of Mr. Blanchard, goldsmith, next door to Temple-bar, for the said purpose; but if he be a principal, or an accessary, in the said fact, his majesty is graciously pleased to promise him his pardon for the same."—*London Gazette*, from December 18th to December 22d, 1679. Mr. Malone mentions the same advertisement in a newspaper, entitled, "Domestic Intelligence, or News from City and Country."

† I might also mention the sentiment of Count Conigsmarck, who allowed, that the barbarous assassination of Mr. Thynne by his bravoes, was a stain on his blood, but such a one as a good action in the wars, or a lodging *out* a counterscarp, would easily wash out. See his Trial, "State Trials," vol. IV. But Conigsmarck was a foreigner.

‡ For example, a rare broadside in ridicule of Benjamin Harris the Whig publisher, entitled, "The Saint turned Courtezan, or a new Plot discovered by a precious Zealot of an Assault and Battery designed upon the Body of a sanctified Sister,

> "Who in her husband's absence, with a brother
> Did often use to comfort one another,
> Till wide mouth'd Crop, who is an old Italian,
> Took his mere mopsy, and surprised her stallion,
> Who, stead of entertainment from his mistress,
> Did meet a cudgelling not match'd in histories."
> "Who's there?" quoth watchful Angus.
> "T is I, in longing passion;
> Give me a kiss."
> Quoth Ben, "Take this,
> *A Dryden salutation.*"
> "Help Care, Vile, Smith, and Curtes,
> Each zealous coveranter!
> What wonder the atheist
> L'Estrange should turn Papist
> When zealot turns a ranter."

‖ Vol. XIII. pages 7, 26.

character. When he is determined to spare Aureng-Zebe, and Nourmahal pleads,

"'Twill not be safe to let him live an hour,"

Kynaston gave all the stern and haughty insolence of despotism to his answer,

"I'll do 't to show my arbitrary power."*

But Booth, with modest caution, avoided marking and pressing upon the audience a sentiment hovering between the comic and terrible, however consonant to the character by whom it was delivered. The principal incident in "Aureng-Zebe" was suggested by King Charles himself. The tragedy is dedicated to Mulgrave, whose patronage had been so effectual, as to introduce Dryden and his poetical schemes to the peculiar notice of the king and duke. The dedication and the prologue of this piece throw considerable light upon these plans, as well as upon the revolution which had gradually taken place in Dryden's dramatic taste.

During the space which occurred between writing the "Conquest of Granada" and "Aureng-Zebe," our author's researches into the nature and causes of harmony of versification had been unremitted, and he had probably already collected the materials of his intended English *Prosodia*. Besides this labour, he had been engaged in a closer and more critical examination of the ancient English poets, than he had before bestowed upon them. These studies seem to have led Dryden to two conclusions; first, that the drama ought to be emancipated from the fetters of rhyme; and secondly, that he ought to employ the system of versification, which he had now perfected, to the more legitimate purpose of epic poetry. Each of these opinions merits consideration.

However hardly Dryden stood forward in defence of the heroic plays, he confessed, even in the heat of argument, that Rhyme, though he was brave and generous, and his dominion pleasing, had still somewhat of the usurper in him. A more minute enquiry seems to have still further demonstrated the weakness of this usurped dominion; and our author's good taste and practice speedily pointed out deficiencies and difficulties, which Sir Robert Howard, against whom he defended the use of rhyme, could not show, because he never aimed at the excellencies which they impeded. The perusal of Shakespeare, on whom Dryden had now turned his attention, led him to feel, that something further might be attained in tragedy than the expression of exaggerated sentiment in smooth verse, and that, the scene ought to represent, not a fanciful set of agents exerting their superhuman faculties in a fairy land of the poet's own creation, but human characters, acting from the direct and energetic influence of human passions, with whose emotions the audience might sympathize, because akin to the feelings of their own hearts. When Dryden had once discovered, that fear and pity were more likely to be excited by other causes than the logic of metaphysical love, or the dictates of fantastic honour, he must have found, that rhyme sounded as unnatural in the dialogue of characters, drawn upon the usual scale of humanity, as the plate and mail of chivalry would have appeared on the persons of the actors. The following lines of the prologue to "Aureng-Zebe," although prefixed to a rhyming play, the last which he ever wrote, expresses Dryden's change of sentiment on these points:

"Our author, by experience, finds it true,
'Tis much more hard to please himself than you;
And, out of no feign'd modesty, this day
Damns his laborious trifle of a play:
Not that it 's worse than what before he writ,
But he has now another taste of wit:
And, to confess a truth, though out of time,
Grows weary of his long-loved mistress, Rhyme.
Passion's too fierce to be in fetters bound,
And nature flies him like enchanted ground.
What verse can do, he has performed in this,
Which he presumes the most correct of his;
But spite of all his pride, a secret shame
Invades his breast at Shakespeare's sacred name;
Awed when he hears his godlike Romans rage,
He, in a just despair, would quit the stage:
And to an age less polished, more unskill'd,
Does, with disdain, the foremost honours yield."

* Cibber's Apology, 4to. p. 74.

It is remarkable, as a trait of character, that, though our author admitted his change of opinion on this long disputed point, he would not consent that it should be imputed to any arguments which his opponents had the wit to bring against him. On this subject he enters a protest in the preface to his revised edition of the "Essay of Dramatic Poesy" in 1684:—"I confess, I find many things in this discourse which I do not now approve; my judgment being not a little altered since the writing of it; but whether for the better or the worse, I know not; neither indeed is it much material, in an essay, where all I have said is problematical. For the way of writing plays in verse, which I have seemed to favour, I have, since that time, laid the practice of it aside, till I have more leisure, because I find it troublesome and slow: but I am no way altered from my opinion of it, *at least with any reasons which have opposed it*; for your lordship may easily observe, that none are very violent against it, but those who either have not attempted it, or who have succeeded ill in their attempt."† Thus cautious was Dryden, in not admitting a victory, even in a cause which he had surrendered.

But, although the poet had admitted, that with powers of versification superior to those possessed by any earlier English author, and a taste corrected by the laborious study, both of the language and those who had used it, he found rhyme unfit for the use of the drama, he at the same time discovered a province where it might be employed in all its splendour. We have the mortification to learn, from the dedication of "Aureng-Zebe," that Dryden only wanted encouragement to enter upon the composition of an epic poem, and to abandon the thriftless task of writing for the promiscuous audience of the theatre,—a task which, rivalled as he had lately been by Crowne and Settle, he most justly compares to the labour of Sisyphus. His plot, he elsewhere explains, was to be founded either upon the story of Arthur, or of Edward the Black Prince; and he mentions it to Mulgrave in the following remarkable passage, which argues great dissatisfaction with dramatic labour, arising perhaps from a combined feeling of the bad taste of rhyming plays, the degrading dispute with Settle, and the failure of the "Assignation," his last theatrical attempt:—"If I must be condemned to rhyme, I should find some ease in my change of punishment. I desire to be no longer the Sisyphus of the stage; to roll up a stone with endless labour, which, to follow the proverb, *gathers no moss*, and which is perpetually falling down again. I never thought myself very fit for an employment, where many of my predecessors have excelled me in all kinds; and some of my contemporaries, even in my own partial judgment, have outdone me in comedy. Some little hopes I have yet remaining, (and those too, considering my abilities, may be vain,) that I may make the world some part of amends for many ill plays, by a heroic poem. Your lordship has been long acquainted with my design; the subject of which you know is great, the story English, and neither too far distant from the present age, nor too near approaching it. Such it is in my opinion, that I could not have wished a nobler occasion to do honour by it to my king, my country, and my friends; most of our ancient nobility being concerned in the action. And your lordship has one particular reason to promote this undertaking, because you were the first who gave me the opportunity of discoursing it to his majesty, and his royal highness; they were then pleased both to commend the design, and to encourage it by their commands; but the unsettledness of my condition has hitherto put a stop to my thoughts concerning it. As I am no successor to Homer in his wit, so neither do I desire to be in his poverty. I can make no rhapsodies, nor go a begging at the Grecian doors, while I sing the praises of their ancestors.

† Vol. XV. p. 298.

The times of Virgil please me better, because he had an Augustus for his patron; and, to draw the allegory nearer you, I am sure I shall not want a Mæcenas with him. It is for your lordship to stir up that remembrance in his majesty, which his many avocations of business have caused him, I fear, to lay aside; and, as himself and his royal brother are the heroes of the poem, to represent to them the images of their warlike predecessors; as Achilles is said to be roused to glory with the sight of the combat before the ships. For my own part, I am satisfied to have offered the design: and it may be to the advantage of my reputation to have it refused me." *

Dr. Johnson and Mr. Malone remark, that Dryden observes a mystery concerning the subject of his intended epic, to prevent the risk of being anticipated, as he finally was by Sir Richard Blackmore on the topic of Arthur. This, as well as other passages in Dryden's life, allows us the pleasing indulgence of praising the decency of our own time. Were an author of distinguished merit to announce his having made choice of a subject for a large poem, the writer would have more than common confidence who should venture to forestall his labours. But, in the seventeenth century, such an intimation would, it seems, have been an instant signal for the herd of scribblers to souse upon it, like the harpies on the feast of the Trojans, and leave its mangled relics too polluted for the use of genius;—

"Turba sonans prædam pedibus circumvolat uncis;
Polluit ore dapes.———

Sensean prædam et vestigia fœda relinquunt."

"Aureng-Zebe" was followed, in 1678, by "All for Love," the only play Dryden ever wrote for himself; the rest, he says, were given to the people. The habitual study of Shakespeare, which seems lately to have occasioned, or at least greatly aided, the revolution in his taste, induced him, among a crowd of emulous shooters, to try his strength in this bow of Ulysses. I have, in some preliminary remarks to the play, endeavoured to point out the difference between the manner of these great artists in treating the misfortunes of Antony and Cleopatra.† If these are just, we must allow Dryden the praise of greater regularity of plot, and a happier combination of scene; but in sketching the character of Antony, he loses the majestic and heroic tone which Shakespeare has assigned him. There is too much of the lovelorn knight-errant, and too little of the Roman warrior, in Dryden's hero. The passion of Antony, however overpowering and destructive in its effects, ought not to have resembled the love of a sighing swain of Arcadia. This error in the original conception of the character must doubtless be ascribed to Dryden's habit of romantic composition. Montezuma and Almanzor were, like the prophet's image, formed of a mixture of iron and clay; of stern and rigid demeanour to all the universe, but unbounded devotion to the ladies of their affections. In Antony, the first class of attributes are discarded; he has none of that tumid and outrageous dignity which characterized the heroes of the rhyming plays, and in its stead is gifted with even more than a usual share of devoted attachment to his mistress.‡ In the preface, Dryden piques himself upon venturing to introduce the quarrelling scene between Octavia and Cleopatra, which a French writer would have rejected, as contrary to the decorum of the theatre. But our author's idea of female character was at all times low; and the coarse, indecent violence, which he has thrown into the expressions of a queen and a Roman matron, is misplaced and disgusting, and contradicts the general and well-founded observation on the address and self-command, with which even women of ordinary dispositions can veil mutual dislike and hatred, and the extreme keenness with which they can arm their satire, while preserving all the external forms of civil demeanour. But Dryden more than redeemed this error in the scene between Antony and Ventidius, which he himself preferred to any that he ever wrote, and perhaps with justice, if we except that between Dorax and Sebastian: both are avowedly written in imitation of the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius. "All for Love" was received by the public with universal applause. Its success, with that of "Aureng-Zebe," gave fresh lustre to the author's reputation, which had been somewhat tarnished by the failure of the "Assignation," and the rise of so many rival dramatists. We learn from the players' petition to the Lord Chamberlain, that "All for Love" was of service to the author's fortune as well as to his fame, as he was permitted the benefit of a third night, in addition to his profits as a sharer with the company.‖ The play was dedicated to the Earl of Danby, then a minister in high power, but who, in the course of a few months, was disgraced and imprisoned at the suit of the commons. As Danby was a great advocate for prerogative, Dryden fails not to approach him with an encomium on monarchical government, as regulated and circumscribed by law. In reprobating the schemes of those innovators, who, surfeiting on happiness, endeavoured to persuade their fellow subjects to risk a change, he has a pointed allusion to the Earl of Shaftesbury, who, having left the royal councils in disgrace, was now at the head of the popular faction.

In 1678 Dryden's next play, a comedy, entitled "Limberham," was acted at Dorset Garden theatre, but was endured for three nights only. It was designed, the author informs us, as a satire on "the crying sin of keeping;" and the crime for which it suffered was, that "it expressed too much of the vice which it decried." Grossly indelicate as this play still is, it would seem, from the dedication to Lord Vaughan, that much which offended on the stage was altered, or omitted, in the press;§ yet more than enough remains to justify the sentence pronounced against it by the public. Mr. Malone seems to suppose Shaftesbury's party had some share in its fate, supposing that the character of Limberham had reference to their leader. Yet surely, although Shaftesbury was ridiculous for aiming at gallantry, from which his age and personal infirmity should have deterred him, Dryden would never have drawn the witty, artful politician, as a silly, hen-pecked cully. Besides, Dryden was about this time supposed even himself to have some leaning to the popular cause; a supposition irreconcilable with his caricaturing the foibles of Shaftesbury.

The tragedy of "Œdipus" was written by Dryden in conjunction with Lee; the entire first and third acts were the work of our author, who also arranged the general plan, and corrected the whole piece. Having offered some observations¶ elsewhere upon this play, and the mode in which its celebrated theme has been treated by the dramatists of different nations, I need not here resume the subject. The time of the first representation is fixed to the beginning of the playing season, in winter, 1678–9, although it was not printed until 1679.** Both "Limberham" and "Œdipus" were acted at the Duke's theatre; so that it would seem that our author was relieved from his contract with the King's house, probably because the shares were so much diminished in value, that his appointment was now no adequate compensation for his labour. The managers of the King's Company complained to the lord chamberlain, and endeavoured, as we have seen, by pleading upon the contract, to assert their right to the play of "Œdipus."†† But their

* Vol. V. pages 183, 184. † Vol. V. p. 287.

‡ This distinction our author himself points out in the prologue The poet there says,

"His hero, whom your wits his bully call,
Bates of his mettle, and scarce rants at all;
He's somewhat lewd, but a well meaning mind,
Keeps much, fights little, but is wondrous kind."
Vol. V. p. 321.

‖ See page 20.

§ Mr. Malone has seen a MS. copy of "Limberham" in its original state, found by Bolingbroke in the sweepings of Pope's study. It contained several exceptionable passages, afterwards erased or altered.

¶ Vol. VI. p. 117.

** By allusion to the act for burying in woollen.

†† See their petition, p. 20.

claim to reclaim the poet and the play appears to have been set aside, and Dryden continued to give his performances to the Duke's theatre until the union of the two companies.

Dryden was now to do a new homage to Shakespeare, by refitting for the stage the play of "Troilus and Cressida," which the author left in a state of strange imperfection, resembling more a chronicle, or legend, than a dramatic piece. Yet it may be disputed whether Dryden has greatly improved it, even in the particulars which he censures in his original. His plot, though more artificial, is at the same time more trite than that of Shakespeare. The device by which Troilus is led to doubt the constancy of Cressida is much less natural than that she should have been actually inconstant; her vindication by suicide is a clumsy, as well as a hackneyed expedient; and there is too much drum and trumpet in the grand *finale*, where "Troilus and Diomede fight, and both parties engage at the same time. The Trojans make the Greeks retire, and Troilus makes Diomede give ground, and hurts him. Trumpets sound. Achilles enters with his Myrmidons, on the backs of the Trojans, who fight in a ring, encompassed round. Troilus, singling Diomede, gets him down, and kills him; and Achilles kills Troilus upon him. All the Trojans die upon the place, Troilus last." Such a *bellum internecinum* can never be waged to advantage upon the stage. *One* extravagant passage in this play serves strongly to evince Dryden's rooted dislike to the *clergy*. Troilus exclaims,—

"That I should trust the daughter of a priest!
Priesthood, that makes a merchandise of heaven!
Priesthood, that sells even to their prayers and blessings,
And forces us to pay for our own cozenage!
Thersites. Nay, cheats heaven too with entrails and with offals:
Gives it the garbage of a sacrifice.
And keeps the best for private luxury.
Troilus. Thou hast deserved thy life for cursing priests,
Let me embrace thee; thou art beautiful:
That back, that nose, those eyes are beautiful:
Live; thou art honest, for thou hat'st a priest."

Dryden prefixed to "Troilus and Cressida" his excellent remarks on the "Grounds of Criticism in Tragedy," giving up, with dignified indifference, the faults even of his own pieces, when they contradict the rules his later judgment had adopted. How much his taste had altered since his "Essay of Dramatic Poesy," or at least since his "Remarks on Heroic Plays," will appear from the following abridgment of his new maxims. The plot, according to these remarks, ought to be simply and naturally detailed, from its commencement to its conclusion,—a rule which excluded the crowded incidents of the Spanish drama: and the personages ought to be dignified and virtuous, that their misfortunes might at once excite pity and terror. The plots of Shakespeare and Fletcher are meted by this rule, and pronounced inferior in mechanic regularity to those of Ben Jonson. The characters of the agents, or persons, are next to be considered; and it is required that their manners shall be at once marked and dramatic, consistent and natural. And here the supereminent powers of Shakespeare, in displaying the manners, bent, and inclination of his characters, is pointed out to the reader's admiration. The copiousness of his invention, and his judgment in sustaining the ideas which he started, are illustrated by referring to Caliban, a creature of the fancy, begot by an incubus upon a witch, and furnished with a person, language, and character, befitting his pedigree on both sides. The passions are then considered as included in the manners; and Dryden, at once and peremptorily, condemns both the extravagance of language, which substitutes noise for feeling, and those points and turns of wit, which misbecome one actuated by real and deep emotion. He candidly gives an example of the last error from his own Montezuma, who, pursued by his enemies, and excluded from the fort, describes his situation in a long simile, taken, besides, from the sea, which he had only heard of for the first time in the first act. As a description of natural passion, the famous procession of King Richard, in the train of the fortunate usurper, is quoted, in justice to the divine author. From these just and liberal rules of criticism, it is easy to discover that Dryden had already adopted a better taste, and was disgusted with comedies, where the entertainment arose from bustling incident, and tragedies, where sounding verse was substituted for the delineation of manners and expression of feeling. These opinions he pointedly delivers in the prologue to "Troilus and Cressida," which was spoken by Betterton, representing the ghost of Shakespeare:

"See, my loved Britons, see your Shakespeare rise,
An awful ghost confess'd to human eyes!
Unnamed, methinks, distinguish'd I had been,
From other shades, by this eternal green,
About whose wreaths the vulgar poets strive,
And, with a touch, their wither'd bays revive.
Untaught, unpractised, in a barbarous age,
I found not, but created first the stage.
And if I drained no Greek or Latin store,
'Twas, that my own abundance gave me more.
On foreign trade I needed not rely,
Like fruitful Britain, rich without supply.
In this, my rough-drawn play, you shall behold
Some master strokes, so manly and so bold,
That he who meant to alter, found 'em such,
He shook, and thought it sacrilege to touch.
Now, where are the successors to my name?
What bring they to fill out a poet's fame?
Weak, short-lived issues of a feeble age;
Scarce living to be christen'd on the stage!
For humour *farce*, for love they *rhyme* dispense,
That tolls the knell for their departed sense."

It is impossible to read these lines, remembering Dryden's earlier opinions, without acknowledging the truth of the ancient proverb, *Magna est veritas, et prevalebit.*

The "Spanish Friar," our author's most successful comedy, succeeded "Troilus and Cressida." Without repeating the remarks which are prefixed to the play in the present edition,* we may briefly notice, that in the tragic scenes our author has attained that better strain of dramatic poetry, which he afterwards evinced in "Sebastian." In the comic part, the well known character of Father Dominic, though the conception only embodies the abstract idea which the ignorant and prejudiced fanatics of the day formed to themselves of a Romish priest, is brought out and illustrated with peculiar spirit. The gluttony, avarice, debauchery, and meanness of Dominic, are qualified with the talent and wit necessary to save him from being utterly detestable; and, from the beginning to the end of the piece, these qualities are so happily tinged with insolence, hypocrisy, and irritability, that they cannot be mistaken for the avarice, debauchery, gluttony, and meanness of any other profession than that of a bad churchman. In the tragic plot, we principally admire the general management of the opening, and chiefly censure the cold-blooded barbarity and perfidy of the young queen, in instigating the murder of the deposed sovereign, and then attempting to turn the guilt on her accomplice. I fear Dryden here forgot his own general rule, that the tragic hero and heroine should have so much virtue as to entitle their distress to the tribute of compassion. Altogether, however, the "Spanish Friar," in both its parts, is an interesting, and almost a fascinating play; although the tendency, even of the tragic scenes, is not laudable, and the comedy, though more decent in language, is not less immoral in tendency than was usual in that loose age.

Dryden attached considerable importance to the art with which the comic and tragic scenes of the "Spanish Friar" are combined; and in doing so, he has received the sanction of Dr. Johnson. Indeed, as the ardour of his mind ever led him to prize that task most highly, on which he had most lately employed his energy, he has affirmed in the dedication to the "Spanish Friar," that there was an absolute necessity for combining two actions in tragedy, for the sake of variety. "The truth is," he adds, "the audience are grown weary of continued melancholy scenes; and I dare venture to prophecy,

* Vol. VI. p. 357, &c.

that few tragedies, except those in verse, shall succeed in this age, if they are not lightened with a course of mirth; for the feast is too dull and solemn without the fiddles." The necessity of the relief alluded to may be admitted, without allowing that we must substitute either the misplaced charms of versification, or a secondary comic plot, to relieve the solemn weight and monotony of tragedy. It is no doubt true, that a highly-buskined tragedy, in which all the personages maintain the funeral pomp usually required from the victims of Melpomene, is apt to be intolerably tiresome, after all the pains which a skilful and elegant poet can bestow upon finishing it. But it is chiefly tiresome, because it is unnatural; and, in respect of propriety, ought no more to be relieved by the introduction of a set of comic scenes, independent of those of a mournful complexion, than the *sombre* air of a funeral should be enlivened by a concert of fiddlers. There appear to be two legitimate modes of interweaving tragedy with something like comedy. The first and most easy, which has often been resorted to, is to make the lower or less marked characters of the drama, like the porter in "Macbeth," or the fool in "King Lear," speak the language appropriated to their station, even in the midst of the distresses of the piece; nay, they may be permitted to have some slight under intrigue of their own. This however, requires the exertion of much taste and discrimination; for if we are once seriously and deeply interested in the distress of the play, the intervention of any thing like buffoonery may unloose the hold which the author has gained on the feelings of the audience. If such subordinate comic characters are of a rank to intermix in the tragic dialogue, their mirth ought to be chastened, till their language bears a relation to that of the higher persons. For example, nothing can be more absurd than in "Don Sebastian," and some of Southerne's tragedies, to hear the comic character answer in prose, and with a would-be witticism, to the solemn, unrelaxed blank verse of his tragic companion.* Mercutio is, I think, one of the best instances of such a comic person as may be reasonably and with propriety admitted into tragedy; from which, however, I do not exclude those lower characters, whose conversation appears absurd if much elevated above their rank. There is, however, another mode, yet more difficult to be used with address, but much more fortunate in effect when it has been successfully employed. This is, when the principal personages themselves do not always remain in the buckram of tragedy, but reserve, as in common life, lofty expressions for great occasions, and at other times evince themselves capable of feeling the lighter, as well as the more violent or more deep affections of the mind. The shades of comic humour in Hamlet, in Hotspur, and in Falconbridge, are so far from injuring, that they greatly aid the effect of the tragic scenes, in which these same persons take a deep and tragical share. We grieve with them, when grieved, still more, because we have rejoiced with them when they rejoiced; and, on the whole, we acknowledge a deeper *frater feeling*, as Burns has termed it, in men who are actuated by the usual changes of human temperament, than in those who, contrary to the nature of humanity, are eternally actuated by an unvaried strain of tragic feeling. But whether the poet diversifies his melancholy scenes by the passing gaiety of subordinate characters; or whether he qualifies the tragic state of his heroes by occasionally assigning lighter tasks to them; or whether he chooses to employ both modes of relieving the weight of misery through five long acts; it is obviously unnecessary that he should distract the attention of his audience, and destroy the regularity of his play, by introducing a comic plot with personages and interest altogether distinct, and intrigue but slightly connected with that of the tragedy. Dryden himself afterwards acknowledged, that, though he was fond of the "Spanish Friar," he could not defend it from the imputation of Gothic and unnatural irregularity; "for mirth and gravity destroy each other, and are no more to be allowed for decent, than a gay widow laughing in a mourning habit."†

The "Spanish Friar" was brought out in 1681-2, when the nation was in a ferment against the Catholics, on account of the supposed plot. It is dedicated to John, Lord Haughton, as a *Protestant play* inscribed to a *Protestant patron*. It was also the last dramatic work, excepting the political play of the "Duke of Guise," and the masque of "Albion and Albanius," brought out by our author before the Revolution. And in political tendency, the "Spanish Friar" has so different colouring from these last pieces, that it is worth while to pause to examine the private relations of the author when he composed it.

Previous to 1678, Lord Mulgrave, our author's constant and probably effectual patron, had given him an opportunity of discoursing over his plan of an epic poem to the King and Duke of York; and in the preface to "Aureng-Zebe" in that year, the poet intimates an indirect complaint, that the royal brothers had neglected his plan.‡ About two years afterwards, Mulgrave seems himself to have fallen into disgrace, and was considered as in opposition to the court.‖ Dryden was deprived of his intercession, and appears in some degree to have shared his disgrace. The "Essay on Satire" became public in November 1679, and being generally imputed to Dryden, it is said distinctly by one libeller, that his pension was for a time interrupted.§ This does not seem likely; it is more probable, that Dryden shared the general fate of the household of Charles II., whose appointments were but irregularly paid; but perhaps his supposed delinquency made it more difficult for him than others to obtain redress. At this period broke out the pretended discovery of the Popish Plot, in which Dryden, even in "Absalom and Achitophel," evinces a partial belief.¶ Not encouraged, if not actually discountenanced, at court; sharing in some degree the discontent of his patron Mulgrave; above all, obliged by his situation to please the age in which he lived, Dryden did not probably hold the reverence of the Duke of York so sacred, as to prevent his making the ridicule of the Catholic religion the means of recommending his play to the passions of the audience. Neither was his situation at court in any danger from his closing on this occasion with the popular tide. Charles, during the heat of the Popish Plot, was so far from being in a situation to incur odium by dismissing a laureate for having written a *Protestant play*, that he was obliged for a time to throw the reins of government into the hands of those very persons, to whom the Papists were most obnoxious. The inference drawn from Dryden's performance was, that he had deserted the court; and the Duke of York was so much displeased with the tenor of the play, that it was the only one, of which, on ac-

* This is ridiculed in "Chrononhotonthologos."

† Parallel of Poetry and Painting, vol. XVII. p. 325.

‡ See page 37.

‖ He is said to have cast the eyes of ambitious affection on the Lady Anne, (afterwards queen,) daughter of the Duke of York; at which presumption Charles was so much offended, that when Mulgrave went to relieve Tangier in 1680, he is said to have been appointed to a leaky and frail vessel, in hopes that he might perish; an injury which he resented so highly, as not to permit the king's health to be drunk at his table till the voyage was over. On his return from Tangier, he was refused the regiment of the Earl of Plymouth; and, considering his services as neglected, for a time joined those who were discontented with the government. He was probably reclaimed by receiving the government of Hull and lieutenancy of Yorkshire. See vol. IX. p. 504, 505.

§ In a poem called "The Laureate," the satirist is so ill informed, as still to make Dryden the author of the "Essay on Satire." Surely it is unlikely to suppose, that he should have submitted to the loss of a pension, which he so much needed, rather than justify himself, where justification was so easy. Yet his resentment is said to have been

"For pension lost, and justly, without doubt:
When servants snarl, we ought to kick them out;
— — — — — —
That lost, the vizor changed, you turn about,
And strait a true-blue Protestant crept out.
The Friar now was wrote; and some will say,
They smell a malcontent through all the play."

See the whole passage, vol. VI. p. 369.

¶ See, for this point also, the volume and page last quoted.

ceding to the crown, he prohibited the representation. The "Spanish Friar" was often objected to the author by his opponents, after he had embraced the religion there satirized. Nor was the idea of his apostacy from the court an invention of his enemies after his conversion, for it prevailed at the commencement of the party disputes; and the name of Dryden is, by a partizan of royalty, ranked with that of his bitter foe Shadwell, as followers of Shaftesbury, in 1680.* But whatever cause of coolness or disgust our author had received from Charles or his brother, it was removed, as usual, as soon as his services became necessary; and thus the supposed author of a libel on the king became the ablest defender of the cause of monarchy, and the author of the "Spanish Friar" the advocate and convert of the Catholic religion.

In his private circumstances Dryden must have been even worse situated than at the close of the last section. His contract with the King's Company was now ended, and long before seems to have produced him little profit. If Southerne's biographer can be trusted, Dryden never made by a single play more than one hundred pounds; so that, with all his fertility, he could not, at his utmost exertion, make more than two hundred a year by his theatrical labours.† At the same time, they so totally engrossed his leisure, that he produced no other work of consequence after the "*Annus Mirabilis*."‡ If, therefore, the payment of his pension was withheld, whether from the resentment of the court, or the poverty of the exchequer, he might well complain of the "unsettled state," which doomed him to continue these irksome and ill-paid labours.

SECTION V.

Dryden engages in Politics—Absalom and Achitophel, Part First—The Medal—Mac-Flecknoe—Absalom and Achitophel, Part Second—The Duke of Guise.

The controversies, in which Dryden had hitherto been engaged, were of a private complexion, arising out of literary disputes and rivalry. But the country was now deeply agitated by political faction; and so powerful an auxiliary was not permitted by his party to remain in a state of inactivity. The religion of the Duke of York rendered him obnoxious to a large proportion of the people, still agitated by the terrors of the Popish Plot. The Duke of Monmouth, handsome, young, brave, and courteous, had all the external requisites for a popular idol; and what he wanted in mental qualities was amply supplied by the Machiavel subtlety of Shaftesbury. The life of Charles was the only isthmus between these contending tides, "which, mounting, viewed each other from afar, and strove in vain to meet." It was already obvious, that the king's death was to be the signal of civil war. His situation was doubly embarrassing, because, in all probability, Monmouth, whose claims were both unjust in themselves and highly derogatory to the authority of the crown, was personally amiable, and more beloved by Charles than was his inflexible and bigoted brother. But to consent to the bill for excluding the lawful heir from the crown, would have been at the same time putting himself in a state of pupilage for the rest of his reign, and evincing to his subjects, that they had nothing to expect from attachment to his person, or defence of his interest. This was a sacrifice not to be thought of, so long as the dreadful recollection of the wars in the preceding reign determined a large party to support the monarch, while he continued willing to accept of their assistance. Charles accordingly adopted a determined course; and, to the rage rather than confusion of his partizans, Monmouth was banished to Holland, from whence he boldly returned without the king's license, and openly assumed the character of the leader of a party. Estranged from court, he made various progresses through the country, and employed every art which the genius of Shaftesbury could suggest, to stimulate the courage, and to encrease the number of his partizans. The press, that awful power, so often and so rashly misused, was not left idle. Numbers of the booksellers were distinguished as Protestant or fanatical publishers; and their shops teemed with the furious declamations of Ferguson, the inflammatory sermons of Hickeringill, the political disquisitions of Hunt, and the party plays and libellous poems of Settle and Shadwell. A host of rhymers, inferior even to those last named, attacked the King, the Duke of York, and the ministry, in songs and libels, which, however paltry, were read, sung, rehearsed, and applauded. It was time that some champion should appear in behalf of the crown, before the public should have been irrecoverably alienated by the incessant and slanderous clamour of its opponents. Dryden's place, talents, and mode of thinking, qualified him for this task. He was the poet laureate and household servant of the king, thus tumultuously assailed. His vein of satire was keen, terse, and powerful, beyond any that has since been displayed. From the time of the Restoration, he had been a favourer of monarchy, perhaps more so, because the opinion divided him from his own family. If he had been for a time neglected, the smiles of a sovereign soon made his coldness forgotten; and if his narrow fortune was not increased, or even rendered stable, he had promises of provision, which inclined him to look to the future with hope, and endure the present with patience. If he had shared in the discontent which for a time severed Mulgrave from the royal party, that cause ceased to operate when his patron was reconciled to the court, and received a share of the spoils of the disgraced Monmouth.‖ If there wanted further impulse to induce Dryden, conscious of his strength, to mingle in an affray, where it might be displayed to advantage, he had the stimulus of personal attachment and personal enmity, to sharpen his political animosity. Ormond, Halifax, and Hyde, Earl of Rochester, among the nobles, were his patrons; Lee and Southerne, among the poets, were his friends. These were partizans of royalty. The Duke of York, whom the "Spanish Friar" probably had offended, was conciliated by a prologue on his visiting the theatre at his return from Scotland,§ and, it is said, by the omission of certain peculiarly offensive passages, as soon as the play was reprinted.¶ The opposite ranks contained Buckingham, author of the "Rehearsal;" Shadwell, with whom our poet now urged open war; and Settle, the insolence of whose rivalry was neither forgotten, nor duly avenged. The respect due to Monmouth was probably the only consideration to be overcome: but his character was to be handled with peculiar lenity; and his duchess, who, rather than himself, had patronized Dryden, was so dissatisfied with his politics, as well as the other irregularities of her husband, that there was no danger of her taking a gentle correction of his ambition as any affront to herself. Thus stimulated by every

* In "A Modest Vindication of Antony, Earl of Shaftesbury, in a letter to a friend concerning his having been elected King of Poland," Dryden is named poet-laureate to the supposed kingdom, and Shadwell his deputy. See Vol. IX. p. 453.

† "Dryden being very desirous of knowing how much Southerne had made by the profits of one of his plays, the other, conscious of the little success Dryden had met with in theatrical compositions, declined the question, and answered, he was really ashamed to acquaint him. Dryden continuing to be solicitous to be informed, Southerne owned he had cleared by his last play 700*l.*; which appeared astonishing to Dryden, who was perhaps ashamed to confess, that he had never been able to acquire, by any of his successful pieces, more than 100*l.*"—*Life of Southerne, prefixed to his plays.*

‡ This was published 1679, a translation of Appian, printed for Abel Ashley at the Peacock, against St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet-street. It is inscribed by the translator, J. D. to the Earl of Ossory, and seems to have been undertaken by his command. This work is usually termed, in catalogues, Dryden's Appian. I presume it may be the work of that Jonathan Dryden, who is mentioned, p. 10.

‖ Mulgrave was created lieutenant of Yorkshire and governor of Hull, when Monmouth was deprived of these and other honours.

§ See Vol. X. p. 366.

¶ This is objected to Dryden by one of his antagonists: "Nor could ever Shimei be thought to have cursed David more bitterly, than he permits his friend to blaspheme the Roman priesthood in his prologue to the 'Spanish Friar.' In which play he has himself acted his own part like a true younger son of Noah, as may be easily seen in the first edition of that comedy, which would not pass muster a second time without emendations and corrections."—*The Revolter*, 1687, p. 29.

motive, and withheld by none, Dryden composed, and, on the 17th November 1681, published, the satire of "Absalom and Achitophel."

The plan of the satire was not new to the public. A Catholic poet had, in 1679, paraphrased the scriptural story of Naboth's vineyard, and applied it to the condemnation of Lord Stafford, on account of the Popish Plot.* This poem is written in the style of a scriptural allusion; the names and situations of personages in the holy text being applied to those contemporaries, to whom the author assigned a place in his piece. Neither was the obvious application of the story of Absalom and Achitophel to the persons of Monmouth and Shaftesbury first made by our poet. A prose paraphrase, published in 1680, had already been composed upon this allusion.† But the vigour of the satire, the happy adaptation, not only of the incidents, but of the very names to the individuals characterized, gave Dryden's poem the full effect of novelty. It appeared a very short time after Shaftesbury had been committed to the Tower, and only a few days before the grand jury were to take under consideration the bill preferred against him for high treason. Its sale was rapid beyond example; and even those who were most severely characterized, were compelled to acknowledge the beauty, if not the justice, of the satire. The character of Monmouth, an easy and gentle temper, inflamed beyond its usual pitch by ambition, and seduced by the arts of a wily and interested associate, is touched with exquisite delicacy. The poet is as careful of the offending Absalom's fame, as the father in Scripture of the life of his rebel son. The fairer side of his character is industriously presented, and a veil drawn over all that was worthy of blame. But Shaftesbury pays the lenity with which Monmouth is dismissed. The traits of praise, and the tribute paid to that statesman's talents, are so qualified and artfully blended with censure, that they seem to render his faults even more conspicuous and more hateful. In this skilful mixture of applause and blame lies the nicest art of satire. There must be an appearance of candour on the part of the poet, and just so much merit allowed, even to the object of his censure, as to make his picture natural. It is a child alone who fears the aggravated terrors of a Saracen's head; the painter, who would move the awe of an enlightened spectator, must delineate his tyrant with human features. It seems likely, that Dryden considered the portrait of Shaftesbury, in the first edition of "Absalom and Achitophel," as somewhat deficient in this respect; at least the second edition contains twelve additional lines, the principal tendency of which is to praise the ability and integrity with which Shaftesbury had discharged the office of Lord High Chancellor. It has been reported, that this mitigation was intended to repay a singular exertion of generosity on Shaftesbury's part, who, while smarting under the lash of Dryden's satire, and in the short interval between the first and second edition of the poem, had the liberality to procure admission for the poet's son upon the foundation of the Charter-house, of which he was then governor. But Mr. Malone has fully confuted this tale, and shown, from the records of the seminary, that Dryden's son Erasmus was admitted upon the recommendation of the king himself.‡ The insertion, therefore, of the lines in commemoration of Shaftesbury's judicial character, was a voluntary effusion on the part of Dryden, and a tribute which he seems to have judged it proper to pay to the merit even of an enemy. Others of the party of Monmouth, or rather of the opposition party, (for it consisted, as is commonly the case, of a variety of factions, agreeing in the single principle of opposition to the government,) were stigmatized with severity, only inferior to that applied to Achitophel. Among these we distinguish the famous Duke of Buckingham, with whom, under the character of Zimri, our author balanced accounts for his share in the "Rehearsal;" Bethel, the Whig Sheriff, whose scandalous avarice was only equalled by his factious turbulence; and Titus Oates, the pretended discoverer of the Popish Plot. The account of the Tory chiefs, who retained, in the language of the poem, their friendship for David at the expense of the popular hatred, included, of course, most of Dryden's personal protectors. The aged Duke of Ormond is panegyrized with a beautiful apostrophe to the memory of his son, the gallant Earl of Ossory. The bishops of London and Rochester; Mulgrave, our author's constant patron, now reconciled with Charles and his government; the plausible and trimming Halifax; and Hyde, Earl of Rochester, second son to the great Clarendon, appear in this list. The poet having thus arrayed and mustered the forces on each side, some account of the combat is naturally expected; and Johnson complains, that, after all the interest excited, the story is but lamely winded up by a speech from the throne, which produces the instantaneous and even marvellous effect, of reconciling all parties, and subduing the whole phalanx of opposition. Even thus, says the critic, the walls, towers, and battlements of an enchanted castle disappear, when the destined knight winds his horn before it. Spence records in his Anecdotes, that Charles himself imposed on Dryden the task of paraphrasing the speech to his Oxford parliament, at least the most striking passages, as a conclusion to his poem of "Absalom and Achitophel."

But let us consider whether the nature of the poem admitted of a different management in the close. Incident was not to be attempted; for the poet had described living characters and existing factions, the issue of whose contention was yet in the womb of fate, and could not safely be anticipated in the satire. Besides, the dissolution of the Oxford parliament with that memorable speech, was a remarkable era in the contention of the factions, after which the Whigs gradually declined, both in spirit, in power, and in popularity. Their boldest leaders were for a time appalled;‖ and when they resumed their measures, they gradually approached rather revolution than reform, and thus alienated the more temperate of their own party, till at length their schemes terminated in the Rye-house conspiracy. The speech having such an effect, was therefore not improperly adopted as a termination to the poem of "Absalom and Achitophel."

The success of this wonderful satire was so great, that the court had again recourse to the assistance of its author. Shaftesbury was now liberated from the Tower; for the grand jury, partly influenced by deficiency of proof, and partly by the principles of the Whig party, out of which the sheriffs had carefully selected them, refused to find the bill of high treason against him. This was a subject of unbounded triumph to his adherents, who celebrated his acquittal by the most public marks of rejoicing. Amongst others, a medal was struck, bearing the head and name of Shaftesbury, and on the reverse, a sun obscured with a cloud, rising over the Tower and city of London, with the date of the refusal of the bill, (24th November 1681,) and the motto LÆTAMUR. These medals, which his partizans wore ostentatiously at their bosoms, excited the general indignation of the Tories; and the king himself is said to have suggested it as a theme for the satirical muse of Dryden, and to have rewarded his performance with a hundred broad pieces. To a poet of less fertility, the royal command, to write again upon a character, which in a former satire, he had drawn with so much precision and felicity, might

* See Vol. IX. p. 186.

† See Vol. IX. p. 199. This piece, entitled "Absalom's Conspiracy, or the Tragedy of Treason," is printed on p. 205 of the same volume.

‡ See Vol. IX. p. 201.

‖ Lord Grey says in his narrative "After the dissolution of the Oxford parliament, we were all very peaceably inclined, and nothing passed amongst us that summer of importance, which I can call to mind: I think my Lord Shaftesbury was sent to the Tower just before the long vacation; and the Duke of Monmouth, Mr. Montague, Sir Thomas Armstrong, and myself, went to Tunbridge immediately after his lordship's imprisonment, where we laid aside the thoughts of disturbing the peace of the government for those of diverting ourselves."

have been as embarrassing at least as honourable. But Dryden was inexhaustible; and easily discovered, that, though he had given the outline of Shaftesbury in "Absalom and Achitophel," the finished colouring might merit another canvass. About the sixteenth of March, 1681, he published, anonymously, "The Medal, a Satire against Sedition," with the apt motto,

"Par Gnatum populos, mediosque per Elidis urbem
Ibat ovans; Divumque sibi poscebat honores."

In this satire, Shaftesbury's history; his frequent political apostacies; his licentious course of life, so contrary to the stern rigour of the fanatics, with whom he had associated; his arts in instigating the fury of the anti-monarchists; in fine, all the political and moral bearings of his character, are sounded and exposed to contempt and reprobation, the beauty of the poetry adding grace to the severity of the satire. What impression these vigorous and well aimed darts made upon Shaftesbury, who was so capable of estimating their sharpness and force, we have no means to ascertain; but long afterwards, his grandson, the author of the "Characteristics," speaks of Dryden and his works with a bitter affectation of contempt, offensive to every reader of judgment, and obviously formed on prejudice against the man, rather than dislike to the poetry.* It is said, that he felt more resentment on account of the character of imbecility adjudged to his father in "*Absalom* and Achitophel," than for all the pungent satire, there and in the "Medal," bestowed upon his grandfather; an additional proof, how much more easy it is to bear those reflections which render ourselves or our friends hateful, than those by which they are only made ridiculous and contemptible.

The Whig poets, for many assumed that title, did not behold these attacks upon their leader and party with patience or forbearance; but they rushed to the combat with more zeal, or rather fury, than talent or policy. Their efforts are numbered and described elsewhere;† so that we need here only slightly notice those which Dryden thought worthy of his own animadversion. Most of them adopted the clumsy and obvious expedient of writing their answers in the style of the successful satire which had provoked them. Thus, in reply to "Absalom and Achitophel," Pordage and Settle imitated the plan of bestowing scriptural names on their poem and characters; the former entitling his piece, "Azaria and Hushai," the latter, "Absalom Senior, or Absalom and Achitophel transposed." But these attempts to hurl back the satire at him, by whom it was first launched, succeeded but indifferently, and might have convinced the authors, that the charm of "Absalom and Achitophel" lay not in the plan, but in the power of execution. It was easy to give Jewish titles to their heroes, but the difficulty lay in drawing their characters with the force and precision of their prototype. Buckingham himself was rash enough to engage in this conflict; but, whether his anger blunted his wit, or that his share in the "Rehearsal" was less even than what is generally supposed, he loses, by his "Reflections on Absalom and Achitophel," the credit we are disposed to allow him for talent on the score of that lively piece.‡ A non-conformist clergyman published two pieces, which I have never seen, one entitled, "A Whip for the Fool's Back, who styles honourable Marriage a cursed confinement, in his profane Poem of Absalom and Achitophel;" the other "A Key, with the Whip, to open the Mystery and Iniquity of the Poem called Absalom and Achitophel." Little was to be hoped or feared from poems bearing such absurd titles: I throw, however, into the note, the specimen which Mr. Malone has given of their contents.‖ The reverend gentleman having announced, that Achitophel, in Hebrew, means "the brother of a fool," Dryden retorted, with infinite coolness, that in that case the author of the discovery might pass with his readers for next a kin, and that it was probably the relation which made the kindness.

"The Medal" was answered by the same authors who replied to "Absalom and Achitophel," as if the Whigs had taken in sober earnest the advice which Dryden bestowed on them in the preface to that satire. And moreover, (as he there expressly recommends,) they railed at him abundantly, without a glimmering of wit to enliven their scurrility. Hickeringill, a crazy fanatic, began the attack with a sort of mad poem, called "The Mushroom." It was written and sent to press the very day on which "The Medal" appeared; a circumstance on which the author valued himself so highly, as to ascribe it to divine inspiration.§ With more labour, and equal issue, Samuel Pordage, a minor poet of the day, produced, "The Medal Reversed;" for which, and his former aggression, Dryden brands him, in a single line of the second part of "Absalom and Achitophel," as

"Lame Mephibosheth, the wizard's ¶ son."

There also appeared "The Loyal Medal Vindicated," and a piece entitled "Dryden's Satire to his Muse,"

* He usually distinguishes Dryden by his "Rehearsal" title of Bayes; and, among many other oblique expressions of malevolence, he has this note:—

"To see the incorrigibleness of our poets in their pedantic manner, their vanity, defiance of criticism, their rhodomontade, and poetical bravado, we need only turn to our famous poet-laureate, the very Mr. Bayes himself,) in one of his latest and most valued pieces, writ many years after the ingenious author of the 'Rehearsal' had drawn his picture. 'I have been listening, (says our poet, in his preface to 'Don Sebastian,') what objections had been made against the conduct of the play, but found them all so trivial, that if I should name them, a true critic would imagine that I played booty. Some are pleased to say the writing is dull; but *ceteteu tetet de so toquatur*. Others, that the double poison is unnatural; let the common received opinion, and Ausonius' famous epigram, answer that. Lastly, a more ignorant sort of creatures than either of the former maintain, that the character of Dorax is not only unnatural, but inconsistent with itself; let them read the play and think again. A longer reply is what those cavillers deserve not. But I will give them and their fellows to understand, that the Earl of —— was pleased to read the tragedy twice over before it was acted, and did me the favour to send me word, that I had written beyond any of my former plays, and that he was displeased any thing should be cut away. If I have not reason to prefer his single judgment to a whole faction, let the world be judge; for the opposition is the same with that of Lucan's hero against an army, *concurrere bellum atque virum*. I think I may modestly conclude,' &c.

"Then he goes on, to the very end, in the self-same strain. We, after this, can ever say of the 'Rehearsal' author, that his pieces of our poet was over-charged, or the national humour wrong described?"

† See vol. IX. pages 272 *et seq.* also page 415.

‡ See some extracts from these "Reflections," vol. IX. p. 178.

‖ "How well this Hebrew name with sense doth sound,
A fool's my brother,* though in wit profound!
Most wicked wits are the devil's chiefest tools,
Which, ever in the issue, God befools.
Can thy compare, vile varlet, once hold true,
Of the loyal lord, and this disloyal Jew?
Was e'er our English Earl under disgrace
And, as unconscionable, put out of place?
Hath he laid lurking in his country-house
To plot rebellions, as one factious?
Thy bog-trot bloodhounds hunted have this stag,
Yet cannot fasten their foul fangs,—they flag.
Why did'st not *thou* bring in thy evidence
With them, to rectify the brave jury's sense,
And so prevent the *ignoramus?*—nay,
Thou wast cock-sure he would be damn'd for aye,
Without thy presence;—thou wast then employ'd
To brand him 'gainst he came to be destroy'd:
'Forehand preparing for the hangman's axe,
Had not the witnesses been found so lax."

§ Vol. IX. p. 452.

¶ He was the son of Dr. John Pordage, minister of Bradfield, expelled his charge for insufficiency, in the year 1646. Among other charges against him were the following, which, extraordinary as they are, he does not seem to have denied:

"That he hath very frequent and familiar converse with angels.

"That a great dragon came into his chamber with a tail of eight yards long, four great teeth, and did spit fire at him; and that he contended with the dragon.

"That his own angel came and stood by him while he was expostulating with the dragon; and the angel came in his own shape and fashion, the same clothes, bands, and cuffs, the same bandstrings; and that his angel stood by him and upheld him.

"That Mrs. Pordage and Mrs. Flavel had their angels standing by them also, Mrs. Pordage singing sweetly, and keeping time upon her breast; and that his children saw the spirits coming into the house, and said, Look there, father; and that the spirits did after come into the chamber, and drew the curtains when they were in bed.

"That the said Mr. Pordage confessed, that a strong enchantment was upon him, and that the devil did appear to him in the shape of Everard, and in the shape of a fiery dragon; and the whole roof of the house was full of spirits."—*State Trials.*

* *Achi*, my brother, and *tophel*, a fool.—*Orig. Note.*

imputed to Lord Somers, but which, in conversation with Pope, he positively disavowed. All these, and many other pieces, the fruits of incensed and almost frantic party fury, are marked by the most coarse and virulent abuse. The events in our author's life were few, and his morals, generally speaking, irreproachable; so that the topics for the malevolence of his antagonists were both scanty and strained. But they ceased not, with the true pertinacity of angry dulness, to repeat, in prose and verse, in couplet, ballad, and madrigal, the same unvaried accusations, amounting in substance to the following: That Dryden had been bred a puritan and republican; that he had written a eulogy on Cromwell, (which one wily adversary actually reprinted;) that he had been in poverty at the Restoration; that Lady Elizabeth Dryden's character was tarnished with the circumstances attending their nuptials; that Dryden had written the "Essay on Satire," in which the king was libelled; that he had been beaten by three men in Rose-alley; finally, that he was a Tory, and a tool of arbitrary power. This cuckoo-song, garnished with the burden of *Bayes* and *Poet Squab*,* was rung in the ear of the public again and again, and with an obstinacy which may convince us how little there was to be said, when that little was so often repeated. Feeble as these attacks were, their number, like that of the gnats described by Spenser,† seems to have irritated Dryden to exert the power of his satire, and, like the blast of the northern wind, to sweep away at once these clamorous and busy, though ineffectual assailants. Two, in particular, claimed distinction from the nameless crowd; Settle, Dryden's ancient foe, and Shadwell, who had been originally a dubious friend.

Of Dryden's controversy with Settle we have already spoken fully; but we may here add, that, in addition to former offences of a public and private nature, Elkanah, in the prologue to the "Emperor of Morocco," acted in March 1681-2, had treated Dryden with great irreverence.‡ Shadwell had been for some time in good habits with Dryden; yet an early difference of taste and practice in comedy, not only existed between them, but was the subject of reciprocal debate, and something approaching to rivalry. Dryden, as we have seen, had avowed his preference of lively dialogue in comedy to delineation of character; or in other words, of wit and repartee to what was then called humour. On this subject Shadwell early differed from the laureate. Conscious of considerable powers in observing nature, while he was deficient in that liveliness of fancy which is necessary to produce vivacity of dialogue, Shadwell affected, or perhaps entertained, a profound veneration for the memory of Ben Jonson, and proposed him as his model in the representation of such characters as were to be marked by *humour*, or an affectation of singularity of manners, speech, and behaviour. Dryden, on the other hand, was no great admirer either of Jonson's plays in general, or of the low and coarse characters of vice and folly, in describing which lay his chief excellency; and this opinion he had publicly intimated in the "Essay of Dramatic Poesy." In the preface to the very first of Shadwell's plays, printed in 1668, he takes occasion bitterly, and with a direct application to Dryden, to assail the grounds of this criticism, and the comedies of the author who had made it.‖ If this petulance produced any animosity, it was not lasting; for, in the course of their controversy, Dryden appeals to Shadwell whether he had not rather countenanced than impeded his first rise in public favour; and, in 1674, they made common cause with Crowne to write those remarks, which were to demolish Settle's "Empress of Morocco." Even in 1676, while Shadwell expresses the same dissent from Dryden's opinion concerning the merit of Jonson's comedy, it is in very respectful terms, and with great deference to his respected and admired friend, of whom, though he will not say his is the best way of writing, he maintains his manner of writing it is most excellent.§ But the irreconcilable difference in their taste soon after broke out, in less seemly terms; for Shadwell permitted himself to use some very irreverent expressions towards Dryden's play of "Aureng-Zebe," in the prologue and epilogue to his comedy of the "Virtuoso;" and in the preface to the same piece he plainly intimated, that he wanted nothing but a pension to enable him to write as well as the poet laureate.¶ This attack was the more intolerable, as Dryden, in the preface to that very play of "Aureng-Zebe," probably meant to include Shadwell among those contemporaries who, even in his own judgment excelled him in comedy. In 1678, Dryden accommodated with a prologue Shadwell's play of the "True Widow;" but to write these occasional pieces was part of his profession, and the circumstance does not prove that the breach between these rivals for public applause was ever thoroughly healed; on the contrary, it seems likely, that, in the case of Shadwell, as in

* How little Dryden valued these nicknames appears from a passage in the "Vindication of the Duke of Guise:"—"Much less am I concerned at the noble name of Bayes; that is a brat so like his own father, that he cannot be mistaken for any body else. They might as reasonably have called Tom Sternhold Virgil, and the resemblance would have held as well." Vol. VII. p. 165.

† "As when a swarm of gnats at even tide
Out of the fennies of Allan doe arise,
Their murmuring small trompetts sownden wide,
While in the aire their clustring army flies,
That as a cloud doth seeme to dim the skies;
No man nor beast may rest or take repast
For their sharpe wounds and noyous injuries,
Till the fierce northern wind with blustring blast
Doth blow them quite away, and in the ocean cast."

‡ "How finely would the sparks be caught to-day,
Should a Whig poet write a Tory play,
And you, possessed with rage before, should send
Your random shot abroad and maul a friend!
For you, we find, too often hiss and clap,
Just as you live, speak, think, and fight—by hap.
And poets, we all know, can change, like you,
And are alone to their own interest true;
Can write against all sense, nay even their own;
The vehicle called *pension* makes it down.
No fear of cudgels, where there's hope of bread;
A well-filled paunch forgets a *broken head*."

‖ I quote the passage at length, as evincing the difference between Dryden's taste in comedy and that of Shadwell:

"I have endeavoured to represent variety of humours, (most of the persons of the play differing in their characters from one another,) which was the practice of Ben Jonson, whom I think all dramatick poets ought to imitate, though none are like to come near; he being the only person that appears to me to have made perfect representation of human life: most other authors that I ever read, either have wild romantick tales, wherein they strain love and honour to that ridiculous height, that it becomes burlesque; or in their lower comedies content themselves with one or two humours at most, and those not near so perfect characters, as the admirable Jonson always made, who never wrote comedy without seven or eight considerable humours. I never saw one, except that of Falstaffe, that was, in my judgment, comparable to any of Jonson's considerable humours. You will pardon this digression when I tell you, he is the man, of all the world, I most passionately admire for his excellency in dramatick poetry.

"Though I have known *some of late so insolent to say*, that Ben Jonson wrote his best playes without wit, imagining, that all the wit playes consisted in bringing two persons upon the stage to break jest, and to bob at one another, which they call repartee, not considering, that there is more wit and invention required in the finding out good humour and matter proper for it, than in all their smart reparties; for, in the writing of a humour, a man is confined not to swerve from the character, and obliged to say nothing but what is proper to it; but in the playes which have been wrote of late, there is no such thing as perfect character, but the two chief persons are most commonly a swearing, drinking, whoring ruffian for a lover, and impudent, ill-bred toaring for a mistress, and those are the fine people of the play; and there is that latitude in this, that almost any thing is proper for them to say; but their chief subject is bawdy, and profaneness, which they call brisk writing, when the most dissolute of men, that relish these things well enough in private, are choked at 'em in publick; and, methinks, if there were nothing but the ill manners of it, it should make poets avoid that indecent way of writing."—*Preface to the Sullen Lovers.*

Lest this provocation should be insufficient, the prologue of the same piece has a fling at heroic plays. The poet says he has

"No kind romantic lover in his play
To sigh and whine out passion, such as may
Charm waiting-women with heroic chime,
And still resolve to live and die in rhyme;
Such as your ears with love and honour feast,
And play at crambo for three hours at least;
That fight and woo in verse in the same breath,
And make similitude and love in death."

Whatever symptoms of reconciliation afterwards took place between the poets, I greatly doubt if this first offence was ever cordially forgiven.

§ Vol. VII. p. 140.

¶ See these offensive passages, Vol. X. p. 427.

that of Settle, political hatred only gangrened a wound inflicted by literary rivalry. After their quarrel became desperate, Dryden resumed his prologue, and adapted it to a play by Afra Behn, called the "Widow Ranter, or Bacon in Virginia."* Whatever was the progress of the dispute, it is certain that Shadwell, as zealously attached to the Whig faction as Dryden to the Tories, buckled on his armour among their other postasters to encounter the champion of royalty. His answer to "The Medal" is entitled "The Medal of John Bayes:" it appeared in autumn, 1681, and is distinguished by scurrility, even among the scurrilous lampoons of Settle, Care, and Pordage. "Those," he coolly says, "who know Dryden, know there is not an untrue word spoke of him in the poem;" although he is there charged with the most gross and infamous crimes. Shadwell also seems to have had a share in a lampoon, entitled "The Troy Poets," in which both Dryden and Otway were grossly reviled.† On both occasions, his satire was as clumsy as his overgrown person, and as brutally coarse as his conversation: for Shadwell resembled Ben Jonson in his vulgar and intemperate pleasures, as well as in his style of comedy and corpulence of body.‡ Dryden seems to have thought, that such reiterated attacks from a contemporary of some eminence, whom he had once called friend, merited a more severe castigation than could be administered in a general satire. He therefore composed "Mac-Flecknoe, or a Satire on the True Blue Protestant Poet. T. S., by the author of Absalom and Achitophel," which was published 4th October, 1682. Richard Flecknoe, from whom the piece takes its title, was so distinguished as a wretched poet, that his name had become almost proverbial. Shadwell is represented as the adopted son of this venerable monarch, who so long

> "In prose and verse was own'd without dispute,
> Through all the realms of Nonsense absolute."

The solemn inauguration of Shadwell as his successor in this drowsy kingdom, forms the plan of the poem; being the same which Pope afterwards adopted on a broader canvass for his "Dunciad." The vices and follies of Shadwell are not concealed, while the awkwardness of his pretensions to poetical fame are held up to the keenest ridicule. In an evil hour, leaving the composition of low comedy, in which he held an honourable station, he adventured upon the composition of operas and pastorals. On these the satirist falls without mercy; and ridicules, at the same time, his pretensions to copy Ben Jonson:

> "Nor let false friends seduce thy mind to fame,
> By mingling Jonson's hostile name;
> Let father Flecknoe fire thy mind with praise,
> And uncle Ogleby thy envy raise.
> Thou art my blood, where Jonson has no part:
> What share have we in nature or in art?
> Where did his wit on learning fix a brand,
> And rail at arts he did not understand?
> Where made he love in 'Prince Nicander's' vein,
> Or swept the dust in 'Psyche's' humble strain?"

This unmerciful satire was sold off in a very short time; and it seems uncertain whether it was again published until 1684, when it appeared with the author's name in Tonson's first Miscellany. It would seem that Dryden did not at first avow it, though, as the title-page assigned it to the author of "Absalom and Achitophel," we cannot believe Shadwell's assertion, that he had denied it with oaths and imprecations. Dryden, however omits this satire in the printed list of his plays and poems, along with the eulogy on Cromwell. But he was so far from disowning it, that, in his "Essay on Satire," he quotes "Mac-Flecknoe" as an instance given by himself of the Varronian satire. Poor Shadwell was extremely disturbed by this attack upon him; the more so, as he seems hardly to have understood its tendency. He seriously complains, that he is represented by Dryden as an Irishman, "when he knows that I never saw Ireland till I was three-and-twenty years old, and was there but for four months." He had understood Dryden's parable literally; so true it is, that a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

"Mac-Flecknoe," though so cruelly severe, was not the only notice which Shadwell received of Dryden's displeasure at his person and politics. "Absalom and Achitophel," and "The Medal," having been so successful, a second part to the first poem was resolved on, for the purpose of sketching the minor characters of the contending factions. Dryden, probably conceiving that he had already done his part, only revised this additional book, and contributed about two hundred lines. The body of the poem was written by Nahum Tate, one of those second-rate bards, who, by dint of pleonasm and expletive, can find smooth lines if any one will supply them with ideas. The second part of "Absalom and Achitophel" is however, much beyond his usual pitch, and exhibits considerable marks of a careful revision by Dryden, especially in the satirical passages; for the eulogy on the Tory chiefs is in the flat and feeble strain of Tate himself, as is obvious when it is compared with the description of the Green-Dragon Club, the character of Corah, and other passages exhibiting marks of Dryden's hand.

But if the second part of "Absalom and Achitophel" fell below the first in its general tone, the celebrated passage inserted by Dryden possessed even a double portion of the original spirit. The victims whom he selected out of the partizans of Monmouth and Shaftesbury for his own particular severity, were Robert Ferguson, afterwards well known by the name of The Plotter; Forbes; Johnson, author of the parallel between James, Duke of York, and Julian the Apostate; but above all, Settle and Shadwell, whom, under the names of Doeg and Og, he has depicted in the liveliest colours his poignant satire could afford. They who have patience to look into the lampoons which these worthies had published against Dryden, will, in reading his retort, be reminded of the combats between the giants and knights of romance. His antagonists came on with infinite zeal and fury, discharged their ill-aimed blows on every side, and exhausted their strength in violent and ineffectual rage. But the keen and trenchant blade of Dryden never makes a thrust in vain, and never strikes but at a vulnerable point. This, we have elsewhere remarked, is a peculiar attribute of his satire; and it is difficult for one assailed on a single ludicrous foible, to make good his respectability, though possessed of a thousand valuable qualities; as it was impossible for Achilles, invulnerable every where else, to survive the wound which a dexterous archer had aimed at his heel. With regard to Settle, there is a contempt in Dryden's satire which approaches almost to good-humour, and plainly shows how far our poet was now from entertaining those apprehensions of rivalship, which certainly dictated his portion of the

* Vol. X. p. 248.

† "The laurel makes a wit; a brave, the sword;
And all are wise men at a Council-board:
Settle's a coward, 'cause fool Otway fought him,
And Malgrave is a wit, because I taught him."
The Tory Poets, 4to. 1682.

‡ Jonson is described as wearing a loose coachman's coat, frequenting the Mermaid tavern, where he drank seas of Canary, then going home to bed, and, after a profuse perspiration, arising to his domestic studies. Shadwell appears, from the slight traits which remain concerning him, to have followed, as closely as possible, the same course of pleasure and of study. He was loud in his conversation, and much addicted to the use of opium, to drink, indeed, he is said finally to have fallen a victim.

I observe, that ingenious editor of the late excellent edition of Jonson's Works, expresses some indignation at the charge brought against that eminent author in this note, and denies the authority of the letter-writer, who characterizes Jonson as indulging in vulgar excess. Few men have more sincere admiration for Jonson's talents than the present writer. But surely that coarseness of taste, which tainted his powerful mind, is proved from his writings. Many authors of that age are indecent, but Jonson is filthy and gross in his pleasantry, and indulges himself in using the language of scavengers and night-men. His Bartholomew-fair furnishes many examples of this unhappy predilection, and his "Famous Voyage" seems to have disgusted even the zeal of his editor. But, in marking these faults, I was far from meaning to assail the well-earned reputation of "Rare Ben Jonson," who could well afford to be guilty of these sins against decorum, while his writings afford so strong and masculine a support to the cause of virtue and religion.

‡ Vol. X. page 430.

"Remarks on the Empress of Morocco." Settle had now found his level, and Dryden no longer regarded him with a mixture of rage and apprehension, but with more appropriate feelings of utter contempt. This poor wight had acquired by practice, and perhaps from nature, more of a poetical ear than most of his contemporaries were gifted with. "His blundering melody," as Dryden terms it, is far sweeter to the ear than the flat and ineffectual couplets of Tate; nor are his verses always destitute of something approaching to poetic fancy and spirit. He certainly, in his transposition of "Absalom and Achitophel," mimicked the harmony of his original with more success than was attained by Shadwell, Buckingham, or Pordage.* but in this facility of versification all his merit began and ended: in our author's phrase,

> "Doeg, though without knowing how or why,
> Made still a blundering kind of melody;
> Spurr'd boldly on, and dash'd through thick and thin,
> Through sense and nonsense, never out nor in;
> Free from all meaning, whether good or bad,
> And, in one word, heroically mad.
> He was too warm on picking work to dwell,
> But faggoted his notions as they fell,
> And, if they rhymed and rattled, all was well."

Ere we take leave of Settle, it is impossible to omit mentioning his lamentable conclusion: a tale often told and moralized upon, and in truth a piece of very tragical mirth. Elkanah, we have seen, was at this period a zealous Whig; nay, he was so far in the confidence of Shaftesbury, that, under his direction, and with his materials, he had been intrusted to compose a noted libel against the Duke of York, entitled "The Character of a Popish Successor." Having a genius for mechanics, he was also exalted to the manager of a procession for burning the Pope; which the Whigs celebrated with great pomp, as one of many artifices to inflame the minds of the people.† To this and to the fire-works which attended its solemnization, Dryden alludes in the lines to which Elkanah's subsequent disasters gave an air of prophecy:

> "In fire-works give him leave to vent his spite,
> Those are the only serpents he can write;
> The height of his ambition is, we know,
> But to be master of a puppet-show;
> On that one stage his works may yet appear,
> And a month's harvest keeps him all the year."

Notwithstanding the rank he held among the Whig authors,‡ Settle perceiving the cause of his patron Shaftesbury was gradually becoming weaker, fairly abandoned him to his fate, and read a solemn recantation of his political errors in a narrative published in 1683. The truth seems to be, that honest Doeg was poet laureate to the city, and earned some emolument by composing verses for pageants and other occasions of civic festivity: so that when the Tory interest resumed its ascendency among the magistrates, he had probably no alternative but to relinquish his principles or his post, and Elkanah, like many greater men, held the former the easier sacrifice. Like all converts, he became outrageous in his new faith, wrote a libel on Lord Russell a few days after his execution: indited a panegyric on Judge Jefferies; and, being *tam Marte quam Mercurio*, actually joined as a trooper the army which King James encamped upon Hounslow Heath. After the Revolution, he is enumerated, with our author and Tate, among those poets whose strains had been stifled by that great event.‖ He continued, however, to be the city laureate;§ but, in despite of that provision, was reduced by want to write plays, like Ben Jonson's Littlewit, for the profane *motions*, or puppet-shows, of Smithfield and Bartholomew fairs: Nay, having proceeded thus far in exhibiting the truth of Dryden's prediction, he actually mounted the stage in person, among these wooden performers, and combated St. George for England in a green dragon of his own proper device. Settle was admitted into the Charter-House in his old age, and died there in 1723. The lines of Pope on poor Elkanah's fate are familiar to every poetical reader:

> "In Lud's old walls though long I ruled, renown'd
> Far as loud Bow's stupendous bells resound;
> Though my own aldermen confer'd the bays,
> To me committing their eternal praise,
> Their full-fed heroes, their pacific mayors,
> Their annual trophies, and their monthly wars;
> Though long my party built on me their hopes,
> For writing pamphlets, and for roasting popes;
> Yet lo! in me what authors have to brag on!
> Reduced at last to hiss in my own dragon.
> Avert it, heaven! that thou, or Cibber, o'er
> Should wag a serpent-tail in Smithfield fair!
> Like the vile straw that 's blown about the streets,
> The needy poet sticks to all he meets;
> Coach'd, carted, trod upon, now loose, now fast,
> And carried off in some dog's tail at last."

As Dryden was probably more apprehensive of Shadwell, who, though a worse poet than Settle, has excelled even Dryden in the lower walks of comedy, he has treated him with sterner severity. His person, his morals, his manners, and his politics, all that had escaped or been but slightly touched upon in "Mac-Flecknoe," are bitterly reviewed in the character of Og; and there probably never existed another poet, who, at the distance of a month, which intervened between the publication of the two poems, could resume an exhausted theme with an energy which gave it all the charms of novelty. Shadwell did not remain silent beneath the lash; but his clamorous exclamations only tended to make his castigation more ludicrous.¶

The second part of "Absalom and Achitophel" was followed by the "*Religio Laici*," a poem which Dryden published in the same month of November 1682. Its tendency, although of a political nature, is so different from that of the satires, that it will be most properly considered when we can place it in contrast to the "Hind and Panther." It was addressed to Henry Dickenson, a young gentleman, who had just published a translation of Simon's "Critical History of the New Testament."

As the publication of the two parts of "Absalom and Achitophel," "The Medal," and "Mac-Flecknoe," all of a similar tone, and rapidly succeeding each other, gave to Dryden, hitherto chiefly known as a dramatist, the formidable character of an inimitable satirist, we may here pause to consider their effect upon English poetry. The witty Bishop Hall had first introduced into our literature that species of poetry; which, though its legitimate use be to check vice and expose folly, is so often applied by spleen or by faction to destroy domestic happiness, by assailing private character. Hall possessed a good ear for harmony; and, living in the reign of Elizabeth, might have studied it in Spenser, Fairfax, and other models. But from system, rather than ignorance or inability, he chose to be "hard of conceit, and harsh of style," in order that his poetry might correspond with the sharp, sour, and crabbed nature of his theme.** Donne, his successor,

* See some specimens of these poems, vol. IX. p. 576.

† Vol. VI. p. 222. Vol. X. p. 370.

‡ In a satire against Settle, dated April, 1682, entitled, "A Character of the True Blue Protestant Poet," the author exclaims, "One would believe it almost incredible, that any out of Bedlam should think it possible, a yesterday's fool, an errant knave, a despicable coward, and a profane atheist, should be termed today by the same persons, a Cowley, a man of honour, a hero, and a zealous upholder of the Protestant cause and interest."

‖ In the "Deliverance," an address to the Prince of Orange, published about 9th February, 1689:

> "Alas! the famous Settle, Durfey, Tate,
> That early propp'd the deep intrigues of state,
> Dull Whiggish lines the world could ne'er applaud,
> While your swift genius did appear abroad:

§ In 1702, probably in the capacity of civic laureate, he wrote "*Carmen Irenicum*," upon the union of the two East India companies; and long afterward, in 1717, he is mentioned by Dennis as still the city poet. See p. 32.

¶ He published a translation of the tenth satire of Juvenal, in the preface to which he rails plentifully against Dryden.

** I infer, that the want of harmony was intentional, from these expressions: "It is not for every one to relish a true and natural satire; being of itself, besides the nature and inbred bitterness and tartness of particulars, both hard of conceit and harsh of

> And thou, great Bayes, whose yet unconquer'd pen,
> Wrote with strange force as well of beasts as men,
> Whose noble genius grieved from afar,
> Because new worlds for Bayes did not appear,
> Now to contend with the ambitious elf,
> Begins a civil war against himself," &c.

was still more rugged in his versification, as well as more obscure in his conceptions and allusions. The satires of Cleveland, (as we have indeed formerly noticed,) are if possible, still harsher and more strained in expression than those of Donne. Butler can hardly be quoted as an example of the sort of satire we are treating of. "Hudibras" is a burlesque tale, in which the measure is intentionally and studiously rendered as ludicrous as the characters and incidents. Oldham, who flourished in Dryden's time, and enjoyed his friendship, wrote his satires in the crabbed tone of Cleveland and Donne. Dryden, in the copy of verses dedicated to his memory, alludes to his deficiency, and seems to admit the subject as an apology:

> "O early ripe! to thy abundant store
> What could advancing age have added more!
> It might (what nature never gives the young,)
> Have taught the numbers of thy native tongue.
> But satire needs not those, and wit will shine
> Through the harsh cadence of a rugged line."

Yet the apology which he admitted for Oldham, Dryden disdained to make use of himself. He did not, as has been said of Horace, wilfully untune his harp when he commenced satirist. Aware that a wound may be given more deeply with a burnished than with a rusty blade, he bestowed upon the versification of his satires the same pains which he had given to his rhyming plays and serious poems. He did not, indeed, for that would have been pains misapplied, attempt to smooth his verses into the harmony of those in which he occasionally celebrates female beauty; but he gave them varied tone, correct rhyme, and masculine energy, all which had hitherto been strangers to the English satire. Thus, while Dryden's style resembled that of Juvenal rather than Horace, he may claim a superiority, for uniform and undeviating dignity, over the Roman satirist. The age, whose appetite for scandal had been profusely fed by lampoon and libels, now learned, that there was a more elevated kind of satire, in which poignancy might be united with elegance, and energy of thought with harmony of versification. The example seems to have produced a strong effect. No poet, not even Settle, (for even the worst artist will improve from beholding a master-piece,) afterwards conceived he had sufficiently accomplished his task by presenting to the public thoughts, however witty or caustic he might deem them, clothed in the hobbling measures of Donne or Cleveland; and expression and harmony began to be consulted in satire, as well as sarcastic humour or powerful illustration.

"Mac-Flecknoe," in some degree, differs from the other satires which Dryden published at this time. It is not confined to the description of character, but exhibits an imaginary course of incidents, in which the principal personage takes a ludicrous share. In this it resembles "Hudibras;" and both are quoted by Dryden himself as examples of the Varronian satire. But there was this pointed difference, that Butler's poem is burlesque, and Dryden's mock-heroic. "Mac-Flecknoe" is, I rather believe, the first poem in the English language, in which the dignity of a harmonized and lofty style is employed, not only to excite pleasure in itself, but to increase, by contrast, the comic effect of the scenes which it narrates; the subject being ludicrous, while the verse is noble. The models of satire afforded by Dryden, as they have never been equalled by any succeeding poet, were in a tone of excellence, superior far to all that had preceded them.

These reflections on the nature of Dryden's satires, have, in some degree, interrupted our account of his poetical controversies. Not only did he pour forth these works, one after another, with a fertility which seemed to imply delight in his new labour; but, as if the spirit of the time had taught him speed, he found leisure to oppose the Whigs in the theatre, where the audience was now nearly as much divided as the kingdom by the contending factions. Settle had produced the tragedy of "Pope Joan," Shadwell the comedy of the "Lancashire Witches," to expose to hatred and ridicule the religion of the successor to the crown. Otway and D'Urfey, Crowne and Southerne, names unequal in fame, vied in producing plays against the Whigs, which might counterbalance the effect of these popular dramas. A license similar to that of Aristophanes was introduced on the English stage; and living personages were exhibited under very slight disguises.* In the prologues and epilogues, which then served as a sort of moral to the plays, the veil, thin as it was, was completely raised, and the political analogies pointed out to such of the audience as might otherwise have been too dull to apprehend them. In this sharp though petty war, Dryden bore a considerable share. His necessities obliged him, among other modes of increasing his income, to accept of a small pecuniary tribute for furnishing prologues on remarkable occasions, or for new plays; and his principles determined their tendency.† But this was not all the support which his party expected, and which he afforded them on the theatre, even while labouring in their service in a different department.

When Dryden had but just finished his "*Religio Laici*," Lee, who had assisted in the play of "Œdipus," claimed Dryden's promise to requite the obligation. It has been already noticed, that Dryden had, in the year succeeding the Restoration, designed a play on the subject of the Duke of Guise; and he has informed us he had preserved one or two of the scenes. These, therefore, were revised, and inserted in the new play, of which Dryden wrote the first scene, the whole fourth act, and great part of the fifth. Lee composed the rest of "The Duke of Guise." The general parallel between the League in France and the Covenant in England, was too obvious to escape early notice; but the return of Monmouth to England against the king's express command, in order to head the opposition, perhaps the insurrection of London, presented a still closer analogy to the entry of the Duke of Guise into Paris, under similar circumstances, on the famous day of the barricades. Of this remarkable incident, the united authors of "The Duke of Guise" naturally availed themselves; though with such precaution, that almost the very expressions of the scene are taken from the prose of Davila. Yet the plot, though capable of an application so favourable for the royal party, contained circumstances of offence to it. If the parallel between Guise and Monmouth was on the one hand felicitous, as pointing out the nature of the duke's designs, the moral was revolting, as seeming to recommend the assassination of Charles' favourite son. The king also loved Monmouth to the very last; and was slow and reluctant in permitting his character to be placed in a criminal or odious point of view.‡ The play, therefore, though ready for exhibition before midsummer, 1682, remained in the hands of Arlington the lord-chamberlain for two months, without being licensed for representation. But during that time the scene darkened. The king had so far suppressed his tenderness for Monmouth, as to authorize his arrest at Stafford; and the influence of the Duke of York at court became daily more predominant. Among other evident tokens that no measures were hence-

ple, and therefore cannot but be unpleasing both to the unskilful and over-musical ear; the one being affected with only a shallow and easy, the other with a smooth and current disposition."—*Postscript to Hall's Satires.*

* In "Venice Preserved," the character of the foolish senator Antonio, now judiciously omitted in the representation, was said to be meant for Shaftesbury. But Crowne's "City Politics" contained the most barefaced exhibition of all the popular leaders including Shaftesbury, College the Protestant joiner, Titus Oates, and Sir William Jones. The last is described under the character of Bartoline, with the same lisping imperfect enunciation which distinguished the original. Let us remark, however, to the honour of Charles II., that in "Sir Courtly Nice," another comedy which Crowne, by his express command, imitated from the Spanish, the furious Tory is ridiculed in the character of Hothead, as well as the fanatical Whig under that of Testimony.

† See the prologues and epilogues in vol. X.; particularly those on pages 352, 356, 366, 368, 370.

‡ The concealed partiality of Charles towards Monmouth survived even the discovery of the Rye-house plot. He could not dissemble his satisfaction upon seeing him after his surrender, and pressed his hand affectionately.—See Monmouth's Diary in *Wellwood's Memorials*, p. 222.

forward to be kept between the king and Monmouth, the representation of "The Duke of Guise" was at length authorized.

The two companies of players, after a long and expensive warfare, had now united their forces; on which occasion Dryden furnished them with a prologue, full of violent Tory principles. By this united company "The Duke of Guise" was performed on the 30th December, 1682. It was printed with a dedication to Hyde, Earl of Rochester, subscribed by both authors, but evidently the work of Dryden. It is written in a tone of defiance to the Whig authors, who had assailed the dedicators, it alleges, "like footpads in the dark," though their blows had done little harm, and the objects of their malice yet lived to vindicate their loyalty in open day. The play itself has as determined a political character as the dedication. Besides the general parallel between the leaguers and the fanatical secretaries, and the more delicate, though not less striking connection between the story of Guise and of Monmouth, there are other collateral allusions in the piece to the history of that unfortunate nobleman, and to the state of parties. The whole character of Marmoutiere, high spirited, loyal, and exerting all her influence to deter Guise from the prosecution of his dangerous schemes, corresponds to that of Anne, Duchess of Monmouth.* The love too, which the king professes to Marmoutiere, and which excites the jealousy of Guise, may bear a remote and delicate allusion to that partiality which the Duke of York is said to have entertained for the wife of his nephew.† The amiable colours in which Marmoutiere is painted, were due to the Duchess of Monmouth, Dryden's especial patroness. Another more obvious and more offensive parallel existed between the popular party in the city, with the Whig sheriffs at their head, and that of the *echevins*, or sheriffs of Paris, violent demagogues and adherents to the League, and who, in the play, are treated with great contumely by Grillon and the royal guards. The tumults which had taken place at the election of these magistrates, were warm in the recollection of the city; and the commitment of the ex-sheriffs, Shute and Pilkington, to the Tower, under pretext of a riot, was considered as the butt of the poet's satire. Under these impressions the Whigs made a violent opposition to the representation of the piece, even when the king gave it his personal countenance. And although in despite of them, "The Duke of Guise" so far succeeded, as "to be frequently acted, and never without a considerable attendance," we may conclude from these qualified expressions of the author himself, that the play was never eminently popular. He, who writes for a party, can only please at most one half of his audience.

It was not to be expected that, at a time so very critical, a public representation, including such bold allusions, or rather parallels, should pass without critical censure. "The Duke of Guise" was attacked by Dryden's old foe, Shadwell, in some verses, entitled, "A Lenten Prologue rehearsed by the Players;"‡ and more formally, in "Reflections on the pretended Parallel in the Play called the Duke of Guise." In this pamphlet Shadwell seems to have been assisted by a gentleman of the Temple, so zealous for the popular cause, that Dryden says he was detected disguised in a livery-gown, proffering his vote at the Common-hall. Thomas Hunt, a barrister,‖ likewise stept forth on this occasion; and in his "Defence of the Charter of London," then challenged by the famous process of *Quo Warranto*, he accuses Dryden of having prepared the way for that arbitrary step, by the degrading representation of their magistrates executed in effigy upon the stage. Dryden thought these pamphlets of consequence enough to deserve an answer, and published, soon after, "The Vindication of the Duke of Guise." In perusing the controversy, we may admire two circumstances, eminently characteristic of the candour with which such controversies are usually maintained: first, the anxiety with which the critics labour to fix upon Dryden a disrespectful parallel between Charles II. and Henry II. of France, which certainly our author did not propose to carry further than their common point of situation; and secondly, the labour with which he disavows what he unquestionably did intend,—a parallel between the rebellious conduct of Monmouth and of Guise. The Vindication is written in a tone of sovereign contempt for the adversaries, particularly for Shadwell. Speaking of Thomas Hunt, Dryden says,—"Even this their celebrated writer knows no more of style and English than the Northern dictator; as if dulness and clumsiness were fatal to the name of *Tom*. It is true, he is a fool in three languages more than the poet; for they say, 'he understands Latin, Greek, and Hebrew,' from all which, to my certain knowledge, I acquit the other. Og may write against the king, if he pleases, so long as he drinks for him, and his writings will never do the government so much harm, as his drinking does it good; for true subjects will not be much perverted by his libels; but the wine-duties rise considerably by his claret. He has often called me an atheist in print; I would believe more charitably of him, and that he only goes the broad way, because the other is too narrow for him. He may see, by this, I do not delight to meddle with his course of life, and his immoralities, though I have a long bead-roll of them. I have hitherto contented myself with the ridiculous part of him, which is enough, in all conscience, to employ one man; even without the story of his late fall at the Old Devil, where he broke no ribs, because the hardness of the stairs could reach no bones; and, for my part, I do not wonder how he came to fall, for I have always known him heavy: the miracle is how he got up again. I have heard of a sea captain as fat as he, who, to escape arrests, would lay himself flat upon the ground, and let the bailiffs carry him to prison, if they could. If a messenger or two, nay, we may put in three or four, should come, he has friendly advertisement how to escape them. But to leave him, who is not worth any further consideration now I have done laughing at him, would every one knew his own talent, and that they, who are only born for drinking, would let both poetry and prose alone!" This was the last distinct and prolonged animadversion which our author bestowed upon his corpulent antagonist.

Soon after this time Dryden wrote a biographical preface to Plutarch's Lives, of which a new translation, by several hands, was in the press. The dedication is addressed to the Duke of Ormond, the Barzillai of "Absalom and Achitophel," whom Charles, after a long train of cold and determined neglect, had in emergency recalled to his favour and

* Carte, in his "Life of the Duke of Ormond," says, that Monmouth's resolutions varied from submission to resistance against the king, according to his residence with the duchess at Moorpark, who schooled him to the former course, or with his associates and partizans in the city, who instigated him to more desperate resolutions.

† This Dryden might learn from Mulgrave, who mentions in his Memoirs, as a means of Monmouth's advancement, the "great friendship which the Duke of York had openly professed to his wife, a lady of wit and reputation, who had both the ambition of making her husband considerable, and the address of succeeding in it, by using her interest in so friendly an uncle, whose design I believe was only to convert her. Whether this familiarity of theirs was contrived or only connived at by the Duke of Monmouth himself, is hard to determine. But I remember, that after these two princes had become declared enemies, the Duke of York one day told me, with some emotion, as conceiving it a new mark of his nephew's insolence, that he had forbidden his wife to receive any more visits from him; at which I could not help frankly replying, that I, who was not used to excuse him, yet could not hold from doing it in that case, wishing his highness might have no juster cause to complain of him. Upon which the duke, surprised to find me excuse his and my own enemy, changed the discourse immediately."—*Memoirs*, p. 13.

I have perused letters from Sir Gideon Scott of Highchester to the Duchess of Monmouth, recommending a prudent and proper attention to the Duke of York: and this advice she probably followed; for, after her husband's execution, James restored to her all her family estates. Sir Gideon's son had been married to the duchess' eldest sister

‡ Bought by Mr. Luttrell, 11th April, 1683. See it, vol. X. p. 131. It is expressly levelled against the "Duke of Guise," and generally against Dryden as a court poet. I may, however, be wrong in ascribing it to Shadwell.

‖ I observe Anthony Wood, as well as Mr. Malone, supposes Hunt and the Templar associated in the Reflections to be the same person. But in the "Vindication of the Duke of Guise," Shadwell and they are spoke of as three distinct persons.

his counsels. The first volume of Plutarch's Lives, with Dryden's life of the author, appeared in 1683.

About the same time, the king's express command engaged Dryden in a work, which may be considered as a sort of illustration of the doctrines laid down in the "Vindication of the Duke of Guise." It was the translation of Maimbourg's "History of the League," expressly composed to draw a parallel between the Huguenots of France and the Leaguers, as both equal enemies of the monarchy. This comparison was easily transferred to the sectaries of England, and the association proposed by Shaftesbury. The work was published with unusual solemnity of title page and frontispiece: the former declaring, that the translation was made by his majesty's command; the latter representing Charles on his throne, surrounded by emblems expressive of hereditary and indefeasible right.* The dedication to the king contains sentiments which savour strongly of party violence, and even ferocity. The forgiving disposition of the king is, according to the dedicator, the encouragement of the conspirators. Like Antæus, they rise refreshed from a simple overthrow. "These sons of earth are never to be trusted in their mother element; they must be hoisted into the air, and strangled." Thus exasperated were the most gentle tempers in those times of doubt and peril. The rigorous tone adopted, confirms the opinion of those historians who observe, that, after the discovery of the Rye-house Plot, Charles was fretted out of his usual debonair ease, and became more morose and severe than had been hitherto thought consistent with his disposition.

This translation was to be the last service which Dryden was to render his good humoured, selfish, and thoughtless patron. While the laureate was preparing for the stage the opera of "Albion and Albanius," intended to solemnize the triumph of Charles over the Whigs, or, as the author expressed it, the double restoration of his sacred majesty, the king died of an apoplexy upon the 6th February, 1684-5. His death opened to many, and to Dryden among others, new hopes and new prospects, which were, in his instance, doomed to terminate in disappointment and disgrace. We may therefore pause, and review the private life of the poet during the period which has occupied our last sections.

The vigour and rapidity with which Dryden poured forth his animated satire, plainly intimates, that his mind was pleased with the exercise of that formidable power. It was more easy for him, he has himself told us, to write with severity, than with forbearance; and indeed, where is the expert swordsman who does not delight in the flourish of his weapon? Neither could this selfcomplacent feeling be much allayed, by the vague and abusive ribaldry with which his satire was repaid. This was natural to the controversy, was no more than he expected, and was easily retorted with treble interest. "As for knave," says he, "and sycophant, and rascal, and impudent, and devil, and old serpent, and a thousand such good morrows, I take them to be only names of parties; and could return murderer, and cheat, and whig-napper, and sodomite; and, in short, the goodly number of the seven deadly sins, with all their kindred and relations, which are names of parties too; but saints will be saints, in spite of villany." With such feelings, we may believe Dryden's rest was little disturbed by the litter of libels against him:—

"Some of a day just buoyant on the flood,
Then numbered with the puppies in the mud."

But he who keenly engages in political controversy, must not only encounter the vulgar abuse, which he may justly contemn, but the altered eye of friends, whose regard is chilled, or alienated. That Dryden sustained such misfortune we cannot doubt, when he informs us that, out of the large party in opposition, comprehending, doubtless, many men of talent and eminence, who were formerly familiar with him, he had, during the course of a whole year, only spoken to four, and to those but casually and cursorily, and only to express a wish, that the times might come when the names of Whig and Tory might be abolished, and men live together as they had done before they were introduced.

Neither did the protecting zeal of his party friends compensate for the loss of those whom Dryden had alienated in their service. True it is, that a host of Tory rhymers came foward with complimentary verses to the author of "Absalom and Achitophel," and of "The Medal." But of all payment, that in kind is least gratifying to a poverty-struck bard, and the courtly patrons of Dryden were in no haste to make him more substantial requital. A gratuity of a hundred broad pieces is said to have been paid him by Charles for one of his satires; but no permanent provision was made for him. He was coolly left to increase his pittance by writing occasional pieces; and it was probably with this view that he arranged for publication a miscellaneous collection of poetry, which he afterwards continued. It was published for Tonson, in 1683-4, and contained several versions of epistles from Ovid, and translations of detached pieces of Virgil, Horace, and Theocritus, with some smaller pieces by Dryden himself, and a variety of poems by other hands. The epistles had appeared in 1680, in a version of the original by several hands, to which Dryden also contributed an introductory discourse on translation. Contrary to our author's custom, the miscellany appeared without either preface or dedication.

The miscellany, among other minor poems of Dryden, contained many of his occasional prologues and epilogues, the composition of which his necessity had rendered so important a branch of income, that, in the midst of his splendour of satirical reputation, the poet was obliged to chaffer about the scanty recompense which he drew from such petty sources. Such a circumstance attended the commencement of his friendship with Southerne. That poet, then opening his dramatic career with the play of the "Loyal Brother," came, as was usual, to request a prologue from Dryden, and to offer him the usual compliment of five guineas. But the laureate demurred, and insisted upon double the sum; "not out of disrespect," he added, "to you, young man; but the players have had my goods too cheap." Hence Southerne, who was peculiarly fortunate in his dramatic revenue, is designed by Pope as

——"Tom sent down to raise
The price of prologues and of plays."

It may seem surprising, that Dryden should be left to make an object of such petty gains, when, labouring for the service of government, he had in little more than twelve months produced both parts of "Absalom and Achitophel," "The Medal," "Mac-Flecknoe," "*Religio Laici*" and "The Duke of Guise." But this was not the worst; for, although his pension as poet laureate was apparently all the encouragement which he received from the crown, so ill regulated were the finances of Charles, so expensive his pleasures, and so greedy his favourites, that our author, shortly after finishing these immortal poems, was compelled to sue for more regular payment of that very pension, and for a more permanent provision, in the following affecting Memorial, addressed to Hyde, Earl of Rochester:—"I would plead," says he, "a little merit, and some hazards of my life from the common enemies; my refusing advantages offered by them, and neglecting my beneficial studies, for the king's service; but I only think I merit not to starve. I never applied myself to any interest contrary to your lordship's; and, on some occasions, perhaps not known to you, have not been unserviceable to the memory and reputation of my lord, your father.† After this, my

* See vol. XVII. p. 80. In this edition I have retained a specimen of a translation, which our author probably executed with peculiar care: selecting it from the account of the barricade of Paris, as illustrating the tragedy of the "Duke of Guise."

† Probably alluding to the author having defended Clarendon in public company; for nothing of the kind occurs in Dryden's publications.

lord, my conscience assures me, I may write boldly, though I cannot speak to you. I have three sons, growing to man's estate. I breed them all up to learning, beyond my fortune; but they are too hopeful to be neglected, though I want. Be pleased to look on me with an eye of compassion: some small employment would render my condition easy. The king is not unsatisfied of me; the duke has often promised me his assistance; and your lordship is the conduit through which their favours pass. Either in the customs, or the appeals of the excise, or some other way, means cannot be wanting, if you please to have the will. '*Tis enough for one age to have neglected Mr. Cowley, and starved Mr. Butler;* but neither of them had the happiness to live till your lordship's ministry. In the mean time, be pleased to give me a gracious and a speedy answer to my present request of half a year's pension for my necessities. I am going to write somewhat by his majesty's command,* and cannot stir into the country for my health and studies till I secure my family from want."

We know that this affecting remonstrance was in part successful; for long afterwards, he says, in allusion to this period, "Even from a bare treasury, my success has been contrary to that of Mr. Cowley; and Gideon's fleece has there been moistened, when all the ground was dry." But in the admission of this claim to the more regular payment of his pension, was comprehended all Rochester's title to Dryden's gratitude. The poet could not obtain the small employment which he so earnestly solicited; and such was the recompense of the merry monarch and his counsellors, to one whose productions had strengthened the pillars of his throne, as well as renovated the literary taste of the nation.

SECTION VI.

Threnodia Augustalis—Albion and Albanius—Dryden becomes a Catholic—The Controversy of Dryden with Stillingfleet—The Hind and Panther—Life of St. Francis Xavier—Consequences of the Revolution to Dryden—Don Sebastian—King Arthur—Cleomenes—Love Triumphant.

The accession of James II. to the British throne excited new hopes in all orders of men. On the accession of a new prince, the loyal looked to rewards, the rebellious to amnesty. The Catholics exulted in beholding one of their persuasion attain the crown after an interval of two centuries; the church of England expected the fruits of her unlimited devotion to the royal line; even the sectaries might hope indulgence from a prince, whose religion deviated from that established by law as widely as their own. All, therefore, hastened, in sugared addresses, to lament the sun which had set, and hail the beams of that which had arisen. Dryden, among other expectants, chose the more honourable of these themes; and in the "*Threnodia Augustalis*," at once paid a tribute to the memory of the deceased monarch, and decently solicited the attention of his successor. But although he had enjoyed personal marks of the favour of Charles, they were of a nature too unsubstantial to demand a deep tone of sorrow; "Little was the muses' hire, and light their gain;" and "the pension of a prince's praise" is stated to have been all their encouragement. Dryden, therefore, by no means sorrowed as if he had no hope; but, having said all that was decently mournful over the bier of Charles, tuned his lyrics to a sounding close in praise of James.

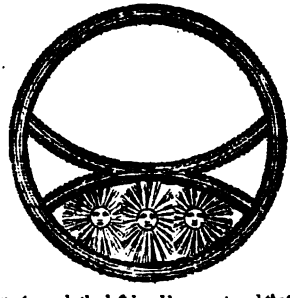
About the same time, Dryden resumed, with new courage, the opera of "Albion and Albanius," which had been nearly finished before the death of Charles. This was originally designed as a masque, or emblematical prelude to the play of "King Arthur;" for Dryden, wearied with the inefficient patronage of Charles, from whom he only "received fair words," had renounced in despair the task of an epic poem, and had converted one of his themes, that of the tale of Arthur, into the subject of a romantic drama. As the epic was to have been adapted to the honour and praise of Charles and his brother, the opera had originally the same political tendency. "Albion and Albanius" was a sort of introductory masque, in which, under a very thin veil of allegory, first, the restoration of the Stuarts to the throne, and, secondly, their escape from the Rye-house Plot, and the recent conquest over their Whig opponents were successively represented. The death of Charles made little alteration in this piece; it cost but the addition of an apotheosis: and the opera concluded with the succession of James to the throne, from which he had been so nearly excluded. These topics were however temporary; and, probably from the necessity of producing it while the allusions were fresh and obvious, "Albion and Albanius" was detached from "King Arthur," which was not in such a state of forwardness. Great expense was bestowed in bringing forward this piece, and the scenery seems to have been unusually perfect; particularly, the representation of a celestial phenomenon, actually seen by Captain Gunman of the navy, whose evidence is quoted in the printed copies of the play.† The music of "Albion and Albanius" was arranged by Grabut, a Frenchman, whose name does not stand high as a composer. Yet Dryden pays him some compliments in the preface of the piece, which were considered as derogatory to Purcel and the English school, and gave great offence to a class of persons at least as irritable as their brethren the poets. This, among other causes, seems to have injured the success of the piece. But its death-blow was the news of the Duke of Monmouth's invasion, which reached London on Saturday, 13th June 1685, while "Albion and Albanius," was performing for the sixth time: the audience broke up in consternation, and the piece was never again repeated.‡ This opera was prejudicial to the

* Probably the translation of "*Religio Laici.*"

† It formed the machine on which Iris appeared, vol. VII. p. 241. I have been favoured by Sir Egerton Brydges, with the following "Extract from the Journal of Captain Christopher Gunman, commander of his Royal Highness' yacht, the Mary, lying in Calais pier, Tuesday, 18th March:

"1683-4.

"March 18th. It was variable cloudy weather: this morning about seven o'clock saw in the firmament three suns, with two demi-rainbows; and all within one whole rainbow, in form and shape as here portrayed:



"The sun towards the left hand bore east, and that on the right hand bore south-east of me. I did sit and draw it as well as the time and place would permit me; for it was seen in its full form about the space of half an hour; but part of the rainbow did appear above two hours. It appeared first at three quarters past six, and was over-clouded at a quarter past seven. The wind north-by-west."

Mr. Gunman, the descendant of the captain, has lately had a picture on the subject painted by Serres, the marine painter; which makes an interesting history-piece. It represents the phenomenon in the heavens—the harbour of Calais—and the yacht lying off it, &c. &c.

‡ This tradition is thus critically examined and proved by Mr. Malone:

"From a letter written by King James to the Prince of Orange, June 15th, 1685, it appears that though the Duke of Monmouth landed at Lymo, in Dorsetshire, on Thursday evening, June 11th, an account of his landing did not reach the King at Whitehall till *Saturday* morning the 13th. The House of Commons, having met on that day at the usual hour, between nine and ten o'clock, the news was soon afterwards communicated to them by a message from the King, delivered by the Earl of Middleton, (to whom Etheredge afterwards wrote two poetical epistles from Ratisbon.)—Having voted and drawn up an address to his majesty desiring him to take care of his royal person, they adjourned

company, who were involved by the expense in a considerable debt, and never recovered half the money laid out. Neither was it of service to our poet's reputation, who had, on this occasion, to undergo the gibes of angry musicians, as well as the reproaches of disappointed actors and hostile poets. One went so far as to suggest with some humour, that probably the laureate and Grabut had mistaken their trade; the former writing the music, and the latter the verse.

We have now reached a remarkable incident in our author's life, namely, his conversion to the Catholic faith, which took place shortly after the accession of James II. to the British throne. The biographer of Dryden must feel considerable difficulty in discussing the probable causes of his change. Although this essay be intended to contain the life, not the apology of the poet, it is the duty of the writer to place such circumstances in view, as may qualify the strong prepossession at first excited by a change of faith against the individual who makes it. This prepossession, powerful in every case, becomes doubly so, if the step be taken at a time when the religion adopted seems more readily to pave the way for the temporal prosperity of the proselyte. Even where the grounds of conviction are ample and undeniable, we have a respect for those who suffer, rather than renounce a mistaken faith, when it is discountenanced or persecuted. A brave man will least of all withdraw himself from his ancient standard when the tide of battle beats against it. On the other hand, those who at such a period admit conviction to the better and predominant doctrine, are viewed with hatred by the members of the deserted creed, and with doubt by their new brethren in faith. Many who adopted Christianity in the reign of Constantine were doubtless sincere proselytes, but we do not find that any of them have been canonized. These feelings must be allowed powerfully to affect the mind, when we reflect, that Dryden, a servant of the court, and zealously attached to the person of James, to whom he looked for the reward of long and faithful service, did not receive any mark of royal favour until he professed himself a member of the religion for which that king was all but an actual martyr. There are other considerations, however, greatly qualifying the conclusions which might be drawn from these suspicious circumstances, and tending to show, that Dryden's conversion was at least in a great measure effected by sincere conviction. The principal clue to the progress of his religious principles is to be found in the poet's own lines in "The Hind and the Panther;" and may, by a very simple commentary, be applied to the state of his religious opinions at different periods of his life:

> "My thoughtless youth was wing'd with vain desires:
> My manhood, long misled by wandering fires,
> Follow'd false lights; and, when their glimpse was gone,
> My pride struck out new sparkles of her own.
> Such was I, such by nature still I am;
> Be thine the glory, and be mine the shame!"

The "vain desires" of Dryden's "thoughtless youth" require no explanation: they obviously mean, that inattention to religious duties which the amusements of youth too frequently occasion. The "false lights" which bewildered the poet's manhood, were, I doubt not, the puritanical tenets, which, coming into the world under the auspices of his fanatical relations, Sir Gilbert Pickering and Sir John Driden, he must have at least professed, but probably seriously entertained. It must be remembered, that the poet was thirty years of age at the Restoration; so that a considerable space of his full-grown manhood has passed while the rigid doctrines of the fanatics were still the order of the day. But the third state of his opinions, those "sparkles which his pride struck out," after the delusions of puritanism had vanished; in other words, those sentiments which he imbibed after the Restoration, and which immediately preceded his adoption of the Catholic faith, cannot be ascertained without more minute investigation. We may at the outset be easily permitted to assume, that the adoption of a fixed creed of religious principles was not the first business of our author, when that merry period set him free from the rigorous fetters of fanaticism. Unless he differed more than we can readily believe from the public feeling at that time, Dryden was satisfied to give to Cesar the things that were Cesar's, without being in a hurry to fulfil the counterpart of the precept. Foremost in the race of pleasure, engaged in labours alien from serious reflection, the favourite of the most lively and dissolute nobility whom England ever saw, religious thoughts were not, at this period, likely to intrude frequently upon his mind, or to be encouraged when they did so. The time, therefore, when Dryden began seriously to compare the doctrines of the contending sects of Christianity, was probably several years after the Restoration, when reiterated disappointment, and satiety of pleasure, prompted his mind to retire within itself, and think upon hereafter. The "*Religio Laici*," published in 1682, evinces, that, previous to composing that poem, the author had bestowed serious consideration upon the important subjects of which it treats; and I have postponed the analysis of it to this place, in order that the reader may be able to form his own conjecture from what faith Dryden changed when he became a Catholic.

The "*Religio Laici*" has indeed a political tendency, being written to defend the church of England against the sectaries: it is not, therefore, so much from the conclusions of the piece, as from the mode of the author's deducing these conclusions, that Dryden's real opinions may be gathered:—as we learn nothing of the bowl's bias from its having reached its mark, though something may be conjectured by observing the course which it described in attaining it. From many minute particulars, I think it almost decisive, that Dryden, when he wrote the "*Religio Laici*," was sceptical concerning revealed religion. I do not mean, that his doubts were of that fixed and permanent nature, which have at different times induced men, of whom better might have been hoped, to pronounce themselves free thinkers on principle. On the contrary, Dryden seems to have doubted with such a strong wish to believe, as, accompanied with circumstances of extrinsic influence, led him finally into the opposite extreme of credulity. His view of the doctrines of Christianity, and of its evidence, were such as could not legitimately found him in the conclusions he draws in favour of the church of England; and accordingly, in adopting them, he evidently stretches his complaisance towards the national religion, while perhaps in his heart he was even then disposed to think there was no middle course between natural religion and the church of Rome. The first creed which he examines is that of deism; which he rejects, because the worship of one sole deity was not known to the philosophers of antiquity, and is therefore obviously to be ascribed to revelation. Revelation thus proved, the puzzling doubt occurs, whether the Scripture, as contended by Calvinists, was to be the sole rule of faith, or whether the rules and traditions of the church are to be admitted in explanation of the holy text. Here Dryden does not hesitate to point out the inconveniences ensuing from making the sacred page the subject of the dubious and contradictory commentary of the laity at large: when

> "The common rule was made the common prey,
> And at the mercy of the rabble lay;
> The tender page with horny fists was gall'd;
> And he was gifted most that loudest bawl'd;

to four o'clock; in which interval they went to Whitehall, presented their address, and then met again.—*Com. Jour.* vol. IX. p. 785. About this time, therefore, it may be presumed, the news transpired, and in an hour afterwards probably reached the theatre, where an audience was assembled at the representation of the opera of 'Albion and Albanius;' for plays at that time began at four o'clock. It seems from Mr. Luttrell's MS. note, that the first representation of this opera was on Saturday the 6th of June; and Downes (*Rosc. Ang.* p. 40) says, that in consequence of Monmouth's invasion, it was only performed *six* times; so that the sixth representation was, without doubt, on Saturday, 23rd of June. An examination of dates is generally fatal to tales of this kind: here, however, they certainly support the tradition mentioned in the text."—*Life of Dryden*, page 188.

The spirit gave the doctoral degree,
And every member of a company
Was of his trade and of the Bible free."

This was the rule of the sectaries,—of those whose innovations seemed, in the eyes of the Tories, to be again bursting in upon monarchy and episcopacy with the strength of a land-flood. Dryden, therefore, at once, and heartily, reprobates it. But the opposite extreme of admitting the authority of the church as omnipotent in deciding all matters of faith, he does not give up with the same readiness. The extreme convenience, nay, almost necessity, for such authority, is admitted in these remarkable lines:

"Such an omniscient church we *wish* indeed;
'*Twere worth both Testaments, cast in the Creed.*"

A wish, so forcibly expressed, shows a strong desire on the part of the poet to be convinced of the existence of that authority to which he so ardently desired to submit himself. And the argument which Dryden considers as conclusive against the existence of such an omniscient church, is precisely that which a subtle Catholic would find little trouble in repelling. If there be such a church, says Dryden, why does it not point out the corruption of the canon, and restore it where lost? The answer is obvious, providing that the infallibility of the church be previously assumed; for where can be the necessity of restoring or explaining Scripture, if God has given to Pope and Council the inspiration necessary to settle all doubts in matters of faith? Dryden must have perceived where this argument led him, and he rather compounds with the difficulty than faces it. The Scripture, he admits, must be the rule on the one hand; but, on the other, it was to be qualified by the traditions of the earlier ages, and the exposition of learned men. And he concludes, boldly enough:

"Shall I speak plain, and, in a nation free,
Assume an honest layman's liberty?
I think, according to my little skill,
To my own mother-church submitting still,
That many have been saved, and many may,
Who never heard this question brought in play.
The unlettered Christian, who believes in gross,
Plods on to heaven, and ne'er is at a loss;
For the strait gate would be made straiter yet,
Were none admitted there but men of wit."

This seems to be a plain admission, that the author was involved in a question from which he saw no very decided mode of extricating himself; and that the best way was to think as little as possible upon the subject. But this was a sorry conclusion for affording firm foundation in religious faith.

Another doubt appears to have puzzled Dryden so much, as to lead him finally to the Catholic faith for its solution. This was the future fate of those who never heard the gospel preached, supposing belief in it essential to salvation:

"Because a general law is that alone,
Which must to all, and every where, be known."

Dryden, it is true, founds upon the mercy of the deity a hope, that the benefit of the propitiatory sacrifice of our Mediator may be extended to those who knew not of its power. But the creed of St. Athanasius stands in the poet's road; and though he disposes of it with less reverence to the patriarch than is quite seemly, there is an indecision, if not in his conclusion, at least in his mode of deducing it, that shows an apt inclination to cut the knot, and solve the objection of the deist, by alleging, that belief in the Christian religion is an essential requisite to salvation.

If I am right in these remarks, it will follow, that Dryden never could be a firm or steady believer in the church of England's doctrines. The arguments, by which he proved them, carried him too far; and when he commenced a teacher of faith, or when, as he expresses it, "his pride struck out new sparkles of its own," at that very time, while in words he maintained the doctrines of his mother-church, his conviction really hovered between natural religion and the faith of Rome. It is remarkable, that his friends do not seem to have considered the "*Religio Laici*" as expressive of his decided sentiments: for Charles Blount, a noted free-thinker, in consequence of that very work, wrote a deistical treatise in prose, bearing the same title, and ascribed it with great testimony of respect to "his much honoured friend, John Dryden, Esquire."* Mr. Blount, living in close habits with Dryden, must have known perfectly well how to understand his polemical poem; and, had he supposed it was written under a deep belief of the truth of the English creed, can it be thought he would have inscribed to the author a tract against all revelation?† The inference is, therefore, sufficiently plain, that the dedicator knew that Dryden was sceptical on the subject, on which he had, out of compliment to church and state, affected a conviction; and that his "*Religio Laici*" no more inferred a belief in the doctrines of Christianity, than the sacrifice of a cock to Esculapius proved the heathen philosopher's faith in the existence of that divine leech. Thus far Dryden had certainly proceeded. His disposition to believe in Christianity was obvious, but he was bewildered in the maze of doubt in which he was involved; and it was already plain, that the church whose promises to illuminate him were most confident was likely to have the honour of this distinguished proselyte. Dryden did not, therefore, except in outward profession, abandon the church of England for that of Rome, but was converted to the Catholic faith from a state of infidelity, or rather of Pyrrhonism. This is made more clear by his own words, from which it appears, that, having once admitted the mysterious doctrines of the trinity and of redemption, so incomprehensible to human reason, Dryden felt no right to make any further appeal to that fallible guide:

"Good life be now my task; my doubts are done:
What more could fright my faith than three in one?
Can I believe eternal God could lie
Disguised in mortal mould, and infancy?
That the great maker of the world could die?
And after that trust my imperfect sense,
Which calls in question his omnipotence?"

From these lines it may be safely inferred, that Dryden's sincere acquiescence in the more abstruse points of Christianity did not long precede his adoption of the Roman faith. In some preceding verses it appears how eagerly he received the conviction of the church's infallibility, as affording that guide, the want of whom he had in some degree lamented in the "*Religio Laici*:"

"What weight of ancient witness can prevail,
If private reason hold the public scale?
But, gracious God, how well dost thou provide
For erring judgments an unerring guide!
Thy throne is darkness in the abyss of light,
A blaze of glory that forbids the sight.
O teach me to believe thee, thus concealed,
And search no further than myself revealed;
But her alone for my director take,
Whom thou hast promised never to forsake!"

We find, therefore, that Dryden's conversion was not of that sordid kind which is the consequence of a strong temporal interest; for he had expressed intelligibly the imagined *desiderata*, which the church of Rome alone pretends to supply, long before that temporal interest had an existence. Neither have we to reproach him, that, grounded and rooted in a pure Protestant creed, he was foolish enough to abandon it for the more corrupted doctrines of

* The expressions in the dedication are such as to preclude all idea but of profound respect: "Sir, The value I have ever had for your writings, makes me impatient to peruse all treatises that are crowned with your name; whereof, the last that fell into my hands was your '*Religio Laici*;' which expresses as well your great judgment in, as value for religion: a thing too rarely found in this age among gentlemen of your parts; and, I am confident, (with the blessing of God upon your endeavours,) not unlikely to prove of great advantage to the public; since, as Mr. Herbert well observes,

"A verse may find him who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice."

† Blount preserves, indeed, that affectation of respect for the doctrines of the established church which decency imposes; but the tendency of his work is to decry all revelation. It is founded on the noted work of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, "*De Veritate.*"

Rome. He did not unloose from the secure haven to moor in the perilous road; but, being tossed on the billows of uncertainty, he dropped his anchor in the first moorings to which the winds, waves, and perhaps an artful pilot, chanced to convey his bark. We may indeed regret, that, having to choose between two religions, he should have adopted that which our education, reason, and even prepossessions, combine to point out as foully corrupted from the primitive simplicity of the Christian church. But neither the Protestant Christian, nor the sceptic philosopher, can claim a right to despise the sophistry which bewildered the judgment of Chillingworth, or the toils which enveloped the active and suspicious minds of Bayle and of Gibbon. The latter, in his account of his own conversion to the Catholic faith, fixes upon the very arguments pleaded by Dryden, as those which appeared to him irresistible. The early traditions of the church, the express words of the text, are referred to by both as the grounds of their conversion; and the works of Bossuet, so frequently referred to by the poet, were the means of influencing the determination of the philosopher.* The victorious argument to which Chillingworth himself yielded, was, "that there must be somewhere an infallible judge, and the church of Rome is the only Christian society which either does or can pretend to that character."

It is also to be observed, that towards the end of the reign of Charles II., the high-churchmen and the Catholics regarded themselves as on the same side in political questions, and not greatly divided in their temporal interests. Both were sufferers in the plot, both were enemies of the sectaries, both were adherents of the Stuarts. Alternate conversion had been common between them, so early as since Milton made a reproach to the English universities of the converts to the Roman faith daily made within their colleges; of those sheep,

——"Whom the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace and nothing said."

In approaching Dryden, therefore, a Catholic priest had to combat few of those personal prejudices, which, in other cases, have been impediments to their making converts. The poet had, besides, before him the example of many persons both of rank and talent, who had adopted the Catholic religion.

Such being the disposition of Dryden's mind, and such the peculiar facilities of the Roman churchmen in making proselytes, it is by no means to be denied, that circumstances in the poet's family and situation strongly forwarded his taking such a step. His wife, Lady Elizabeth, had for some time been a Catholic; and though she may be acquitted of any share in influencing his determination, yet her new faith necessarily brought into his family persons both able and disposed to do so. His eldest and best beloved son, Charles, is also said, though upon uncertain authority, to have been a Catholic before his father, and to have contributed to his change.† Above all, James, his master, to whose fortunes he had so closely attached himself, had now become as parsimonious of his favour as his church is of salvation, and restricted it to those of his own sect. It is more than probable, though only a conjecture, that Dryden might be made the subject of those private exhortations, which in that reign were called *closeting;* and, predisposed as he was, he could hardly be supposed capable of resisting the royal eloquence. For, while pointing out circumstances of proof, that Dryden's conversion was not made by manner of bargain and sale, but proceeded from a sincere though erroneous conviction, it cannot be denied, that his situation as poet laureate and his expectations from the king, must have conduced to his taking his final resolution. All I mean to infer from the above statement is, that his interest and internal conviction led him to the same conclusion.

If we are to judge of Dryden's sincerity in his new faith, by the determined firmness with which he retained it through good report and bad report, we must allow him to have been a martyr, or at least a confessor, in the Catholic cause. If, after the Revolution, like many greater men, he had changed his principles with the times, he was not a person of such mark as to be selected from all the nation, and punished for former tenets. Supported by the friendship of Rochester, and most of the Tory nobles who were active in the Revolution, of Leicester, and many Whigs, and especially of the Lord Chamberlain Dorset, there would probably have been but little difficulty in permitting so eminent an author to remain poet laureate, if he had recanted the errors of popery. But the Catholic religion and the consequent disqualifications, were an insurmountable obstacle to his holding that or any other office under government; and Dryden's adherence to it, with all the poverty, reproach, and even persecution which followed the profession, argued a deep and substantial conviction of the truth of the doctrines it inculcated. So late as 1699, when a union, in opposition to King William, had led the Tories and Whigs to look on each other with some kindness, Dryden thus expresses himself in a letter to his cousin, Mrs. Steward: "The court rather speaks kindly of me, than does any thing for me, though they promise largely; and perhaps they think I will advance as they go backward, in which they will be much deceived: for I can never go an inch beyond my conscience and my honour. If they will consider me as a man who has done my best to improve the language, and especially the poetry, and will be content with my acquiescence under the present government, and forbearing satire on it, that I can promise, because I can perform it: but I can neither take the oaths, nor forsake my religion; because I know not what church to go to, if I leave the Catholic; they are all so divided amongst themselves in matters of faith, necessary to salvation, and yet all assuming

* "I was unable to resist the weight of historical evidence, that within the same period most of the leading doctrines of Popery were already introduced in theory and practice; nor was my conclusion absurd, that miracles are the test of truth, and that the church must be orthodox and pure, which was so often approved by the visible interposition of the deity. The marvellous tales which are so boldly attested by the Basils and Chrysostoms, the Austins and Jeromes, compelled me to embrace the superior merits of celibacy, the institution of the monastic life, the use of the sign of the cross, of holy oil, and even of images, the invocation of saints, the worship of relics, the rudiments of purgatory in prayers for the dead, and the tremendous mystery of the sacrifice of the body and blood of Christ, which insensibly swelled into the prodigy of transubstantiation. In these dispositions, and already more than half a convert, I formed an unlucky intimacy with a young gentleman of our college, whose name I shall spare. With a character less resolute, Mr. **** had imbibed the same religious opinions; and some Popish books, I know not through what channel, were conveyed into his possession. I read. I applauded, I believed: the English translations of two famous works of Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, the 'Exposition of the Catholic Doctrine,' and the 'History of the Protestant Variations,' achieved my conversion; and I surely fell by a noble hand. I have since examined the originals with a more discerning eye, and shall not hesitate to pronounce, that Bossuet is indeed a master of all the weapons of controversy. In the 'Exposition,' a specious apology, the orator assumes, with consummate art, the tone of candour and simplicity; and the ten-horned monster is transformed, at his magic touch, into the milk-white Hind, who must be loved as soon as she is seen. In the 'History,' a bold and well-aimed attack, he displays, with a happy mixture of narrative and argument, the faults and follies, the changes and contradictions of our first reformers; whose variations, (as he dexterously contends,) are the mark of historical error, while the perpetual unity of the Catholic church is the sign and test of infallible truth. To my present feelings, it seems incredible, that I should ever believe that I believed in transubstantiation. But my conqueror oppressed me with the sacramental words, 'Hoc est corpus meum,' and dashed against each other the figurative half-meanings of the Protestant sects; every objection was resolved into omnipotence; and, after repeating at St. Mary's the Athanasian creed, I humbly acquiesced in the mystery of the real presence.

"To take up half on trust, and half to try,
Name it not faith, but bungling bigotry.
Both knave and fool, the merchant we may call,
To pay great sums, and to compound the small;
For who would break with heaven, and would not break for all?—
Gibbon's Memoirs of his own Life.

† In a libel in the "State poems," vol. III., Dryden is made to say,

"One son turn'd me, I turned the other two,
But had not an indulgence, sir, like you."

Page 244.

the name of Protestants. May God be pleased to open your eyes, as he has opened mine! Truth is but one, and they who have once heard of it, can plead no excuse if they do not embrace it. But these are things too serious for a trifling letter."* If, therefore, adherence to the communion of a falling sect, loaded too at the time with heavy disqualifications, and liable to yet more dangerous suspicions, can be allowed as a proof of sincerity, we can hardly question that Dryden was, from the date of his conviction, a serious and sincere Roman Catholic.

The conversion of Dryden did not long remain unrewarded, nor was his pen suffered to be idle in the cause which he had adopted. On the 4th of March, 1685-6, a hundred pounds a year, payable quarterly, was added to his pension;† and probably he found himself more at ease under the regular and economical government of James, than when his support depended on the exhausted exchequer of Charles. Soon after the granting of this boon, he was employed to defend the reasons of conversion to the Catholic faith, alleged by Anne Hyde, Duchess of York, which, together with two papers on a similar subject, said to have been found in Charles II.'s strong box, James had with great rashness given to the public. Stillingfleet, now at the head of the champions of the Protestant faith, published some sharp remarks on these papers. Another hand, probably that of a Jesuit, was employed to vindicate against him the royal grounds of conversion; while to Dryden was committed the charge of defending those alleged by the duchess. The tone of Dryden's apology was, to say the least, highly injudicious, and adapted to irritate the feelings of the clergy of the established church, already sufficiently exasperated to see the sacrifices which they had made to the royal cause utterly forgotten, the moment that they paused in the extremity of their devotion towards the monarch. The name of "Legion," which the apologist bestows on his adversaries, intimates the committee of the clergy by whom the Protestant cause was then defended; and the tone of his arguments is harsh, contemptuous, and insulting. A raker up of the ashes of princes, a hypocrite, a juggler, a latitudinarian, are the best terms which he affords the advocate of the church of England, in defence of which he had so lately been himself a distinguished champion. Stillingfleet returned to the charge; and when he came to the part of the defence written by Dryden, he did not spare the personal invective, to which the acrimonious style of the poet laureate had indeed given an opening. "Zeal," says Stillingfleet, "in a new convert, is a terrible thing, for it not only burns, but rages like the eruptions of Mount Ætna; it fills the air with noise and smoke, and throws out such a torrent of living fire, that there is no standing before it." In another passage, Stillingfleet talks of the "temptation of changing religion for bread;" in another, our author's words, that

"Priests of all religions are the same,"‡

are quoted to infer, that he who has no religion may declare for any. Dryden took his revenge, both on Stillingfleet the author, and on Burnet, whom he seems to have regarded as the reviser of this answer, in his polemical poem of "The Hind and the Panther."

If we can believe an ancient tradition, this poem was chiefly composed in a country retirement at Rushton, near his birth-place in Huntingdon. There was an embowered walk at this place, which, from the pleasure which the poet took in it, retained the name of Dryden's Walk; and here was erected, about the middle of last century, an urn, with the following inscription: "In memory of Dryden, who frequented these shades, and is here said to have composed his poem of 'The Hind and the Panther.'"‖

"The Hind and the Panther" was written with a view to obviate the objections of the English clergy and people to the power of dispensing with the test laws, usurped by James II. A change of political measures, which took place while the poem was composing, has greatly injured its unity and consistence. In the earlier part of his reign, James endeavoured to gain the church of England, by fair means and flattery, to submit to the remission which he claimed the liberty of granting to the Catholics. The first part of Dryden's poem is written upon this soothing plan; the Panther, or church of England, is

——"sure the noblest next the Hind,
And fairest offspring of the spotted kind.
O could her inborn stains be wash'd away,
She were too good to be a beast of prey."

The sects, on the other hand, are characterized, wolves, bears, boars, foxes—all that is odious and horrible in the brute creation. But ere the poem was published, the king had assumed a different tone with the established Church. Relying upon the popularity which the suspension of the penal laws was calculated to procure among the dissenters, he endeavoured to strengthen his party by making common cause between them and the Catholics, and bidding open defiance to the church of England. For a short time, and with the most ignorant of the sectaries, this plan seemed to succeed; the pleasure of a triumph over their ancient enemies rendering them blind to the danger of the common Protestant cause. During this interval the poem was concluded; and the last book seems to consider the cause of the "Hind and Panther" as gone to a final issue, and incapable of any amicable adjustment. The Panther is fairly resigned to her fate.

——"Her hour of grace was pass'd,"*

and the downfall of the English hierarchy is foretold in that of the Doves, who, in a subaltern allegory, represent the clergy of the established church:

"'T is said, the Doves repented, though too late,
Become the smiths of their own foolish fate;
Nor did their owner hasten their ill hour,
But, sunk in credit, they decreased in power;
Like snows in warmth that mildly pass away,
Dissolving in the silence of decay."

In the preface, as well as in the course of the poem, Dryden frequently alludes to his dispute with Stillingfleet; and perhaps none of his poems contain finer lines than those in which he takes credit for the painful exertion of Christian forbearance, when called by injured feeling to resent personal accusation:

"If joys hereafter must be purchased here
With loss of all that mortals hold so dear,
Then welcome infamy and public shame,
And last, a long farewell to worldly fame!
'T is said with ease; but, oh, how hardly tried
By haughty souls to human honour bred!
O sharp convulsive pangs to agonizing pride!
Down then, thou rebel, never more to rise!
And what thou didst, and dost, so dearly prize,
That fame, that darling fame, make that thy sacrifice.
'T is nothing thou hast given; then add thy tears
For a long race of unrepenting years:
'T is nothing yet, yet all thou hast to give;
Then add those may-be years thou hast to live;
Yet nothing still: then poor and naked come,
Thy father will receive his unthrift home,
And thy blest Saviour's blood discharge the mighty sum."

Stillingfleet is, however, left personally undistinguished, but Burnet, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, receives chastisement in his stead. The character of this prelate, however unjustly exaggerated, preserves many striking and curious traits of resemblance to the original; and, as was natural, gave deep offence to the party for whom it was drawn. For not only did Burnet at the time express himself with great asperity of Dryden, but long afterwards, when writing his history, he pronounced a severe

* Vol. XVIII. page 162.

† The grant bears this honourable consideration, which I extract from Mr. Malone's work: "Pat. 2. Jac. p. 4. n. 1. Know ye, that we, for and in consideration of the many good and acceptable services done by John Dryden, Master of Arts, to our late dearest brother King Charles the Second, as also to us done and performed, and taking notice of the learning and eminent abilities of the said J. D." &c.

‡ "Absalom and Achitophel," Part I. vol. IX. p. 220.

‖ I am indebted for this anecdote to Mr. Octavius Gilchrist, the editor of the poems of the witty Bishop Corbett.

cheats on the immorality of his plays, so inaccurately expressed as to be applicable, by common construction, to the author's private character. From this coarse and inexplicit accusation, the memory of Dryden was indignantly vindicated by his friend Lord Lansdowne.

It is also worth remarking, that in the allegory of the swallows, introduced in the third part of "The Hind and the Panther," the author seems to have had in his eye the proposal made at a grand consult of the Catholics, that they should retire from the general and increasing hatred of all ranks, and either remain quiet at home, or settle abroad. This plan, which originated in their despair of James' being able to do any thing effectual in their favour, was set aside by the fiery opposition of Father Petre, the martin of the fable told by the Panther to the Hind.*

The appearance of "The Hind and the Panther," excited a clamour against the author far more general than the publication of "Absalom and Achitophel." Upon that occasion, the offence was given only to a party; but this open and avowed defence of James' strides towards arbitrary power, and the unpopular circumstance of its coming from a new convert to the royal faith, involved our poet in the general suspicion with which the nation at large now viewed the slightest motions of their infatuated monarch. The most noted amongst those who appeared to oppose the triumphant advocate of the Hind, were Montague and Prior, young men now rising into eminence. They joined to produce a parody entitled the "Town and Country Mouse;" part of which Mr. Bayes is supposed to gratify his old friends, Smith and Jonson, by repeating to them. The piece is, therefore, founded upon the twice-told jest of the "Rehearsal." Of the parody itself, we have given ample specimen in its proper place. There is nothing new or original in the idea, which chiefly turns upon the ridiculing the poem of Dryden, where religious controversy is made the subject of dispute and adjustment between a Hind and a Panther, who vary between their typical character of animals, and their real character as the Catholic and English church. In this piece, Prior, though the younger man, seems to have had by far the larger share. Lord Peterborough, on being asked whether the satire was not written by Montague in conjunction with Prior, answered, "Yes; as if I, seated in Mr. Cheselden's chaise drawn by his fine horse, should say, *Lord!* how finely we draw this chaise!" Indeed, although the parody was trite and obvious, the satirists had the public upon their side; and it now seems astonishing with what acclamations this attack upon the most able champion of James' faith was hailed by his discontented subjects. Dryden was considered as totally overcome by his assailants; they deemed themselves, and were deemed by others, as worthy of very distinguished and weighty recompense;† and what was yet a more decisive proof that their bolt had attained its mark, the aged poet is said to have lamented, even with tears, the usage he had received from two young men, to whom he had been always civil. This last circumstance is probably exaggerated. Montague and Prior had doubtless been frequenters of Will's coffee-house, where Dryden held the supreme rule in criticism, and had thus, among other rising wits, been distinguished by him. That he should have felt their satire is natural, for the arrow flew with the wind, and popularity amply supplied its deficiency in real vigour; but the reader may probably conclude with Johnson, that Dryden was too much hackneied in political warfare to suffer so deeply from the parody, as Dr. Lockier's anecdote would lead us to believe. "If we can suppose him vexed," says that accurate judge of human nature, "we can hardly deny him sense to conceal his uneasiness."

Although Prior and Montague were first in place and popularity, there wanted not the usual crowd of inferior satirists and poetasters to follow them to the charge. "The Hind and the Panther" was assailed by a variety of pamphlets, by Tom Brown and others, of which an account, with specimens, perhaps more than sufficient, is annexed to the notes on the poem in this edition. It is worth mentioning, that on this, as on a former occasion, an adversary of Dryden chose to select one of his own poems as a contrast to his latter opinions. The "*Religio Laici*" was reprinted, and carefully opposed to the various passages of "The Hind and the Panther," which appeared most contradictory to its tenets. But while the Grub-street editor exulted in successfully pointing out the inconsistency between Dryden's earlier and later religious opinions, he was incapable of observing, that the change was adopted in consequence of the same unbroken train of reasoning, and that Dryden, when he wrote the "*Religio Laici*," was under the impulse of the same conviction, which, further prosecuted, led him to acquiesce in the faith of Rome.

The king appears to have been hardly less anxious to promote the dispersion of "The Hind and the Panther," than the Protestant party to ridicule the piece and its author. It was printed about the same time at London and in Edinburgh, where a printing-press was maintained in Holyrood-House, for the dispersion of tracts favouring the Catholic religion. The poem went rapidly through two or three editions: a circumstance rather to be imputed to the celebrity of the author, and to the anxiety which foes, as well as friends, entertained to learn his sentiments, than to any disposition to acquiesce in his arguments.

But Dryden's efforts in favour of the Catholic cause, were not limited to this controversial poem. He is said to have been at first employed by the court, in translating Varillas' "History of Heresies," a work held in considerable estimation by the Catholic divines. Accordingly, an entry to that purpose was made by Tonson in the Stationer's books, of such a translation made by Dryden at his majesty's command. This circumstance is also mentioned by Burnet, who adds, in very coarse and abusive terms, that the success of his own remarks having destroyed the character of Varillas as a historian, the disappointed translator revenged himself by the severe character of the Buzzard, under which the future Bishop of Sarum is depicted in "The Hind and the Panther."‡ The credulity of Burnet, espe-

* See a long note upon this subject, vol. X. p. 254.

† That Prior was discontented with his share of preferment, appears from the verses entitled "Earl Robert's Mice," and an angry expostulation elsewhere:

"My friend Charles Montague's preferr'd;
Nor would I have it long observed,
That one mouse eats while t'other's starved."

There is a popular tradition, but no further to be relied on than as showing the importance attached to the "Town and Country Mouse," which says, that Dorset, in presenting Montague to King William, said, "I have brought a *Mouse* to wait on your majesty." "I will make a man of him," said the king; and settled a pension of £500 upon the fortunate satirist.

‡ The passage, as quoted at length by Mr. Malone, removes an obscurity which puzzled former biographers, at least as far as any thing can be made clear, which must ultimately depend upon such clumsy diction as the following. "It (the answer of Burnet) will perhaps be a little longer a digesting to Mons. Varillas than it was a preparing to me. One proof will quickly appear, whether the world is so satisfied with his Answer, as upon that to return to any thoughts of his history; for I have been informed from England, that a gentleman, who is known both for poetry and other things, had spent three months in translating M. Varillas' History; but that, as soon as my Reflections appeared, he discontinued his labour, finding the credit of his author was gone. Now, if he thinks it is recovered by his Answer, he will perhaps go on with his translation; and this may be, for aught I know, as good an entertainment for him as the conversation that he had set on between the Hinds and Panthers, and all the rest of the animals, for whom M. Varillas may serve well enough for an author; and this history and that poem are such extraordinary things of their kind, that it will be but suitable to see the author of the worst poem, become likewise the translator of the worst history, that the age has produced. If his grace and his wit improve both proportionably, he will hardly find that he has gained much by the change he has made, from having no religion, to choose one of the worst. It is true, he had something to sink from in matter of wit; but as for his morals, it is scarce possible for him to grow a worse man than he was. He has lately wreaked his malice on me for spoiling his three months' labour; but in it he has done me all the honour that any man can receive from him, which is to be railed at by him. If I had ill-nature enough to prompt me to wish a very bad wish for him, it should be, that he would go on and finish his translation. By that it will appear, whether the English nation, which is the most competent judge

cially where his vanity was concerned, was unbounded; and there seems room to trace Dryden's attack upon him, rather to some real or supposed concern in the controversy about the Duchess of York's papers, so often alluded to in the poem, than to the commentary on Varillas, which is not once mentioned. Yet it seems certain that Dryden entertained thoughts of translating "The History of Heresies;" and, for whatever reason, laid the task aside. He soon after was engaged in a task, of a kind as unpromising as remote from his poetical studies, and connected, in the same close degree, with the religious views of the unfortunate James II. This was no other than the translation of "The Life of St. Francis Xavier," one of the last adopted saints of the Catholic church, at least whose merits and supposed miracles were those of a missionary. Xavier is perhaps among the latest also, whose renown for sanctity, and the powers attending it, appears to have been extensive, even while he was yet alive.* Above all, he was of the order of the Jesuits, and the very saint to whom Mary of Este had addressed her vows, in hopes to secure a Catholic successor to the throne of England.† It was, therefore, natural enough, that Dryden should have employed himself in translating the life of a saint, whose virtues must at that time have appeared so peculiarly meritorious; whose praises were so acceptable to his patroness; and whose miracles were wrought for the credit of the Catholic church, within so late a period. Besides, the work had been composed by Bartoli, in Portuguese; and by Bouhours, in French. With the merits of the latter we are well acquainted; of the former, Dryden speaks highly in the dedication. It may perhaps be more surprising, that the present editor should have retained this translation, than that Dryden should have undertaken it. But surely the only work of this very particular and enthusiastic nature, which the modern English language has to exhibit, was worthy of preservation, were it but as a curiosity. The creed and the character of Catholic faith, are now so much forgotten among us, (popularly speaking,) that, in reading the "Life of Xavier," the Protestant finds himself in a new and enchanted land. The motives, and the incidents, and the doctrines, are alike new to him, and, indeed, occasionally form a strange contrast among themselves. There are few who can read, without a sentiment of admiration, the heroic devotion with which, from the highest principle of duty, Xavier exposes himself to hardship, to danger, to death itself, that he may win souls to the Christian faith. The most rigid Protestant, and the most indifferent philosopher, cannot deny to him the courage and patience of a martyr, with the good sense, resolution, ready wit, and address, of the best negotiator that ever went upon a temporal embassy. It is well that our admiration is qualified by narrations so monstrous, as his actually restoring the dead to life;‡ so profane, as the inference concerning the sweating crucifix;‖ so trivial and absurd, as a crab's fishing up Xavier's cross, which had fallen into the sea; and,§ to conclude, so shocking to humanity, as the account of the saint passing by the house of his ancestors, the abode of his aged mother, on his road to leave Europe for ever, and conceiving he did God good service in denying himself the melancholy consolation of a last farewell.¶ Altogether it forms a curious picture of the human mind, strung to a pitch of enthusiasm, which we can only learn from such narratives: and those to whom this affords no amusement, may glean some curious particulars from the "Life of Xavier," concerning the state of India and Japan, at the time of his mission, as well as of the internal regulations and singular policy adopted by the society, of which the saint was a member. Besides the "Life of Xavier," Dryden is said to have translated Bossuet's "Exposition of the Catholic Doctrine;" but for this we have but slight authority.**

Dryden's political and polemic discussions naturally interfered at this period with his more general poetical studies. About the period of James' accession, Tonson had indeed published a second volume of Miscellanies, to which our poet contributed a critical preface, with various translations from Virgil, Lucretius, and Theocritus, and four Odes of Horace; of which the third of the first book is happily applied to Lord Roscommon, and the twenty-ninth to Lawrence Hyde, Earl of Rochester. Upon these and his other translations Garth has the following striking and forcible observations, though expressed in language somewhat quaint. "I cannot pass by that admirable English poet, without endeavouring to make his country sensible of the obligations they have to his muse. Whether they consider the flowing grace of his versification, the vigorous sallies of his fancy, or the peculiar delicacy of his periods, they all discover excellencies never to be enough admired. If they trace him from the first productions of his youth to the last performances of his age they will find, that as the tyranny of rhyme never imposed on the perspicuity of sense, so a languid sense never wanted to be set off by the harmony of rhyme. And, as his earlier works wanted no maturity, so his latter wanted no force or spirit. The falling off of his hair had no other consequence than to make his laurels be seen the more.

"As a translator, he was just; as an inventor, he was rich. His versions of some parts of Lucretius, Horace, Homer, and Virgil throughout, gave him a just pretence to that compliment which was made to Monsieur d'Ablancourt, a celebrated French translator. *It is uncertain who have the greatest obligation to him, the dead or the living.*

"With all these wonderous talents he was libelled, in his lifetime, by the very men who had no other excellencies but as they were his imitators. Where he was allowed to have sentiments superior to all others, they charged him with theft. But how did he steal? no otherwise than like those who steal beggars' children only to clothe them the better."

In this reign Dryden wrote the first Ode to St. Cecilia, for her festival, in 1687. This and the Ode to the Memory of Mrs. Anne Killegrew, a performance much in the manner of Cowley, and which had been admired perhaps fully as much as it merits, were the only pieces of general poetry which he produced between the accession of James and the Revolution. It was, however, about this time, that the poet became acquainted with the simple and beautiful hymns of the Catholic ritual, the only pieces of uninspired sacred poetry which are worthy of the purpose to which they are dedicated. It is impossible to hear "*Dies Iræ*," or the "*Stabat Mater dolo-*

in this matter, has, upon the seeing our debate, pronounced in M. Varillas' favour, or in mine. It is true, Mr. D. will suffer a little by it; but at least it will serve to keep him in from other extravagancies; and if he gains little honour by this work, yet he cannot lose so much by it, as he has done by his last employment."

* In the "Staple of News," act iii. scene 2, Jonson talks of the miracles done by the Jesuits in Japan and China, as current articles of intelligence.

† In the Dedication to the Queen, this is stated with a gravity suitable to the occasion. "The reverend author of this Life, in his dedication to his most Christian Majesty, affirms, that France was owing for him to the intercession of St. Francis Xavier. That Anne of Austria, his mother, after twenty years of barrenness, had recourse to heaven, by her fervent prayers, to draw down that blessing, and addressed her devotions, in a particular manner, to this holy apostle of the Indies. I know not, madam, whether I may presume to tell the world, that your majesty has chosen this great saint for one of your celestial patrons, though I am sure you will never be ashamed of owning so glorious an intercessor; not even in a country where the doctrine of the holy church is questioned, and those religious addresses ridiculed. Your majesty, I doubt not, has the inward satisfaction of knowing, that such pious prayers have not been unprofitable to you; and the nation may one day come to understand, how happy it will be for them to have a son of prayers ruling over them."

‡ Vol. XVI. pp. 155, 333, 422. ‖ Ibid. p. 456.

§ Vol. XVI. p. 162. ¶ Ibid. p. 46.

** "In the Bodleian Catalogue, another work is attributed to our author, on very slight grounds: 'An Exposition of the Doctrine of the Catholic Church,' translated from Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, and published at London in 1685. The only authority for attributing this translation to Dryden, should seem to have been the following note in Bishop Barlow's hand-writing, at the bottom of the title page of the copy belonging to the Bodleian library:

"'By Mr. Dryden, then only a poet, now a papist too: may be he was a papist before, but not known till of late.'

"This book had belonged to Bishop Barlow, who died in 1691."—*Malone.*

vess," without feeling, that the stately simplicity of the language, differing almost as widely from classical poetry as from that of modern nations, awes the congregation, like the architecture of the Gothic cathedrals in which they are chanted. The ornaments which are wanting to these striking effusions of devotion, are precisely such as would diminish their grand and solemn effect; and nothing but the cogent and irresistible propriety of addressing the Divinity in a language understood by the whole worshipping assembly, could have justified the discarding these magnificent hymns from the reformed worship. We must suppose that Dryden, as a poet, was interested in the poetical part of the religion which he had chosen; and his translation of "*Veni, Creator Spiritus*," which was probably recommended to him as being the favorite hymn of St. Francis Xavier,* shows that they did so. But it is less generally known, that the English Catholics have preserved two other translations ascribed to Dryden; one of the "*Te Deum*," the other of the Hymn for St. John's Eve; which are inserted in the poet's works.

A characteristic of James' administration was rigid economy, not only in ordinary matters, but towards his own partizans; a wretched quality in a prince, who was attempting a great and unpopular revolution, both in religion and politics, and ought, by his liberality, and even profusion, to have attached the hearts and excited the hopes of those fiery and unsettled spirits, who are ever foremost in times of national tumult. Dryden, one of his most efficient and zealous supporters, and who had taken the step which of all others was calculated to please James, received only, as we have seen, after the interval of nearly a year from that prince's accession, an addition of 100*l.* to his yearly pension. There may, however, on occasion of "The Hind and the Panther," the controversy with Stillingfleet, and other works undertaken with an express view to the royal interest, have been private communications of James' favour. But Dryden, always ready to supply with hope the deficiency of present possession, went on his literary course rejoicing. A lively epistle to his friend Etherege, then envoy for James at Ratisbon, shows the lightness and buoyancy of his spirits at this supposed auspicious period.

An event, deemed of the utmost and most beneficial importance to the family of Stuart, but which, according to their usual ill fortune, helped to precipitate their ruin, next called forth the public gratulation of the poet laureate. This was the birth of that "son of prayers" prophesied in the dedication to Xavier, whom the English, with obstinate incredulity, long chose to consider as an impostor, grafted upon the royal line to the prejudice of the Protestant succession. Dryden's "Britannia Rediviva" hailed, with the enthusiasm of a Catholic and a poet, the very event, which, removing all hope of succession in the course of nature, precipitated the measures of the Prince of Orange, exhausted the patience of the exasperated people, and led them violently to extirpate a hated dynasty, which seemed likely to be protracted by a new reign. The merits of the poem have been considered in the introductory remarks prefixed in this edition.†

Whatever hopes Dryden may have conceived in consequence of "The Hind and the Panther," "Britannia Rediviva," and other works favourable to the cause of James and of his religion, they were suddenly and for ever blighted by the REVOLUTION. It cannot be supposed that the poet viewed without anxiety the crisis while yet at a distance; and perhaps his own tale of the swallows may have begun to bear, even to the author, the air of a prophecy. He is said, in an obscure libel, to have been among those courtiers who encouraged, by frequent visits, the camp on Hounslow Heath,‡ upon which the king had grounded his hopes of subduing the contumacy of his subjects, and repelling the invasion of the Prince of Orange. If so, he must there have learned how unwilling the troops were to second their monarch in his unpopular and unconstitutional attempts: and must have sadly anticipated the event of a struggle between a king and his whole people. When this memorable catastrophe had taken place, our author found himself at once exposed to all the insult, calumny, and sarcasm, with which a successful party in politics never fail to overwhelm their discomfited adversaries. But, what he must have felt yet more severely, the unpopularity of his religion and principles rendered it not merely unsafe, but absolutely impossible, for him to make retaliation. His powers of satire, at such a period, were of no more use to Dryden, than a sword to a man who cannot draw it; only serving to render the pleasure of insulting him more poignant to his enemies, and the necessity of passive submission more bitter to himself. Of the numerous satires, libels, songs, parodies, and pasquinades, which solemnized the downfall of Popery and of James, Dryden had not only some exclusively dedicated to his case, but engaged a portion, more or less, of almost every one which appeared. Scarce Father Petre, or the Papal envoy Dada, themselves, were more distinguished, by these lampoons, than the poet laureate; the unsparing exertion of whose satirical powers, as well as his unrivalled literary pre-eminence, had excited a strong party against him among the inferior wits, whose political antipathy was aggravated by ancient resentment and literary envy. An extract from one of each kind may serve to show, how very little wit was judged necessary by Dryden's contemporaries to a successful attack upon him.‖

* "Before the beginning of every canonical hour, he always said the hymn of '*Veni, Creator Spiritus*;' and it was observed, that while he said it, his countenance was enlightened, as if the Holy Ghost, whom he invoked, was visibly descended on him." Vol. XVI. p. 472.

† Vol. X. p. 285.

‡ "Here daily swarm prodigious wights,
And strange variety of sights,
As ladies lewd, and foppish knights,
Priests, poets, pimps, and parasites;
Which now we'll spare, and only mention
The hungry bard that writes for pension;
Old Squab, (who's sometimes here, I'm told,)
That oft has with his prince made bold,
Call'd the late king a sant'ring cully,
To magnify the Gallic bully;
Who lately put a senseless banter
Upon the world, with Hind and Panther;
Making the beasts and birds o' the wood
Debate, what he nor understood,
Deep secrets in philosophy,
And mysteries in theology;
All sung in wretched poetry;
Which rambling piece is as much farce all,
As his true mirror, the 'Rehearsal:'
For which he has been soundly bang'd,
But ha'n't his just reward till hang'd."
Poem on the Camp at Hounslow.

‖ Extracts from "The Address of John Dryden, Laureate, to his Highness, the Prince of Orange:"

"In all the hosannas of our whole world's applause,
Illustrious champion of our church and laws!
Accept, great Nassau! from unworthy me,
Amongst the adoring crowd, a bended knee;
Nor scruple, sir, to hear my echoing lyre,
Strung, tuned, and join'd to the universal choir;
From my suspected mouth thy glories told,
A known out-lyer from the English fold.

After renewing the old reproach about Cromwell:

"If thus all this I could unblushing write,
Fear not that pen that shall thy praise indite,
When high-born blood my adoration draws,
Exalted glory and unblemish'd cause:
A theme so all divine my muse shall wing,
What is 't for thee, great prince, I will not sing?
No bounds shall stop my Pegasian flight,
I'll spot my Hind, and make my Panther white.

— — — — — — — —

But if, great prince, my feeble strength shall fail,
Thy theme I'll to my successors entail;
My heirs the unfinish'd subject shall complete:
I have a son, and he, by all that's great,
That very son, (and trust my oaths, I swore
As much to my great master James before)
Shall, by his sire's example, Rome renounce,
For he, young stripling, yet has turn'd but once.
That Oxford nursling, that sweet hopeful boy,
His father's and that once Ignatian joy,
Designed for a new Bellarmin Goliah,
Under the great Gamaliel, Obadiah;

Nor was the "pelting of this pitiless storm" of abusive raillery the worst evil to which our author was subjected. The religion which he professed, rendered him incapable of holding any office under the new government, even if he could have bended his political principles to take the oaths to William and Mary. We may easily believe, that Dryden's old friend Dorset, now lord high chamberlain, felt repugnance to render vacant the places of poet laureate and royal historiographer, by removing the man in England most capable of filling them; but the sacrifice was inevitable. Dryden's own feelings, on losing the situation of poet laureate, must have been greatly aggravated by the selection of his despised opponent Shadwell as his successor; a scribbler, whom, in "Mac-Flecknoe," he had himself placed pre-eminent in the regions of dulness, but who now, so far as royal mandate can arrange such precedence, was raised in his stead as chief among English poets. This very remarkable coincidence has led several of Dryden's biographers, and Dr. Johnson among others, to suppose that the satire was actually written to ridicule Shadwell's elevation to the honours of the laurel though nothing is more certain than that it was published while Dryden was himself laureate, and could be hardly supposed to anticipate the object of his satire becoming his successor. Shadwell, however, possessed merits with King William, which were probably deemed by that prince of more importance than all the genius of Shakespeare, Milton, and Dryden, if it could have been combined in one individual. He was a staunch Whig, and had suffered under the former government, being "silenced as a non-conforming poet;" the doors of the theatre closed against his plays; and, if he may himself be believed, even his life endangered, not only by the slow process of starving, but some more active proceeding of his powerful enemies.* Shadwell, moreover, had not failed to hail the dawn of the Revolution by a congratulatory poem to the Prince of Orange, and to Queen Mary on her arrival. In every point of view, his principles, fidelity, and alacrity, claimed William's countenance: he was presented to him by Dorset, not as the best poet, but as the most honest man, politically speaking, among the competitors;† and accordingly succeeded to Dryden's situation as poet laureate and royal historiographer, with the appointment of 200*l.* a year. Shadwell, as might have been expected, triumphed in his success over his great antagonist; but his triumph was expressed in strains which showed he was totally unworthy of it.‡

Dryden, deprived by the Revolution of present possession and future hope, was now reduced to the same or a worse situation, than he had occupied in the year of the Restoration, his income resting almost entirely upon his literary exertions, his expenses increased by the necessity of providing and educating his family, and the advantage of his high reputation perhaps more than counterbalanced by the popular prejudice against his religion and party. So situated, he patiently and prudently bent to the storm which he could not resist; and though he might privately circulate a few light pieces in favour of the exiled family, as the "Lady's Song,"§ and the translation of Pitcairn's beautiful Epitaph‖ on the Viscount of Dundee, it seems certain, that he made no formal attack on the government, either in verse or prose. Those who imputed to him the satires on the Revolution, called "*Sutum Cæpas*," and "Tarquin and Tullia," did injustice both to his prudence and his poetry. The last, and probably both satires, were written by Mainwaring, who lived to change his opinions, and become very sorry for what he had done.

The theatre again became Dryden's immediate resource. Indeed, the very first play Queen Mary attended was one of our poet's, which had been prohibited during the reign of James II. But the revival of the "Spanish Friar" could afford but little gratification to the author, whose newly adopted religion is so severely satirized in the person of father Dominic. Nor was this ill fated representation doomed to afford more pleasure to the personage by whom it was appointed. For the audience applied the numerous passages, concerning the deposing the old king and planting a female usurper on the throne, to the memorable change which had just taken place; and all eyes were fixed upon Queen Mary, with an expression which threw her into extreme confusion.¶

Dryden, after the Revolution, began to lay the foundation for a new structure of fame and popularity in the tragedy of "Don Sebastian." This tragedy, which has been justly regarded as the *chef-d'œuvre*

This youth, great sir, shall your fame's trumpets blow,
And soar, when my dull wings shall flag below.

"Why should I blush to turn, when my defence
And plea's so plain?—for if Omnipotence
Be the highest attribute that heaven can boast,
That 'e the truest church that heaven resembles most.
The tables then are turn'd: and 'tis confest,
The strongest and the mightiest is the best;
In all my changes I'm on the right side,
And by the same great reason justified.
When the bold Crescent late attack'd the Cross,
Resolved the empire of the world to engross,
Had tottering Vienna's walls but fail'd,
And Turkey over Christendom prevail'd,
Long ere this I had cross'd the Dardanello,
And reign'd the mighty Mahomet's hail fellow:
Quitting my duller hopes, the poor renown
Of Eaton College, or a Dublin gown,
And commenced graduate in the grand divan,
Had reign'd a more immortal Mussulman."

The lines which follow are taken from "The Deliverance," a poem to the Prince of Orange, by a Person of Quality, 8th February 1688-9.

"Alas! how cruel is a poet's fate!
Or who indeed would be a laureate,
That must or fall or turn with every change of state!
Poor bard! if thy hot zeal for loyal Wem*
Forbids thy tacking, sing his requiem;
Sing something, prithee, to enure thy thumb;
Nothing but conscience strikes a poet dumb.
Conscience, that dull chimera of the schools,
A learned imposition upon fools,
Thou, Dryden, art not silenced with such stuff,
Egad thy conscience has been large enough.
But here are loyal subjects still, and foes,
Many to mourn, for many to oppose.
Shall thy great master, thy almighty Jove,
Whom thou to place above the gods hast strove,
Shall he from David's throne so early fall,
And laureate Dryden not one tear let fall;
Nor sings the bard his exit in one poor pastoral?
Thee fear confines, thee, Dryden, fear confines,
And grief, nor shame, stops thy recanting lines.
Our Damon is as generous as great,
And well could pardon tears that love create,
Shouldst thou, in justice to thy vexed soul,
Not sing to him, but thy lost lord condole.
But silence is a damning error, John;
I'd or my master or myself bemoan."

* In the dedication of "Bury-Fair" to his patron, the Earl of Dorset, he claims the merit due to his political constancy and sufferings: "I never could recant in the worst of times, when my ruin was designed, and my life was sought, and for near ten years I was kept from the exercise of that profession which had afforded me a competent subsistence; and surely I shall not now do it, when there is a liberty of speaking common sense, which, though not long since forbidden, is now grown current."

† See Cibber or Shiels' Life of Shadwell,

‡ "These wretched poetitos, who got praise
For writing most confounded loyal plays,
With viler, coarser jests than at Bear-garden,
And silly Grub-street songs worse than Tom-farthing.
If any noble patriot did excel,
His own and country's rights defending well,
These yelping curs were straight loo'd on to bark,
On the deserving man to set a mark.
These abject, fawning parasites and knaves,
Since they were such, would have all others slaves.
'T was precious loyalty that was thought fit
To atone for want of honesty and wit.
No wonder common sense was all cried down,
And noise and nonsense swagger'd through the town
Our author, then opprest, would have you know it,
Was silenced for a non-conformist poet:
In those hard times he bore the utmost test,
And now he swears he 's loyal as the best.
Now, sirs, since common sense has won the day,
Be kind to this, as to his last year's play.
His friends stood firmly to him when distress'd;
He hopes the number is not now decreased.
He found esteem from those he valued most;
Proud of his friends, he of his foes could boast."
Prologue to Bury-Fair.

§ Vol. XI. p. 175.

‖ Vol. XI. p. 113.

¶ Introduction to "Spanish Friar," vol. VI. p. 371.

* Lord Jefferies, Baron of Wem.

of his plays, was not, he has informed us, "huddled up in haste." The author knew the circumstances in which he stood, while, as he expresses it, his ungenerous enemies were taking advantage of the times to ruin his reputation; and was conscious, that the full exertion of his genius was necessary to secure a favourable reception from an audience prepossessed against him and his tenets. Nor did he neglect to smooth the way, by inscribing the piece to the Earl of Leicester, brother of Algernon Sidney, who had borne arms against Charles in the civil war; and yet, Whig or Republican as he was, had taste and feeling enough to patronize the degraded laureate and proscribed Catholic. The dedication turns upon the philosophical and moderate use of political victory, the liberality of considering the friend rather than the cause, the dignity of forgiving and relieving the fallen adversary; themes, upon which the eloquence of the suffering party is usually unbounded, although sometimes forgotten when they come again into power. With all this deprecatory reasoning, Dryden does not recede, or hint at receding, one inch from his principles, but concludes his preface with a resolution to adopt the counsel of the classic:

"Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito."

The merits of this beautiful tragedy I have attempted to analyse in another place,* and at considerable length. It was brought forward in 1690 with great theatrical pomp.† But with all these advantages, the first reception of "Don Sebastian" was but cool; nor was it until several retrenchments and alterations had been made, that it rose to the high pitch in public favour which it maintained for many years, and deserved to maintain for ever.

In the same year, "Amphitryon," in which Dryden displays his comic powers to more advantage than any where, excepting in the "Spanish Friar," was acted with great applause, calling forth the gratulations even of Milbourne, who afterwards made so violent an attack upon the translation of Virgil. The comedy was inscribed to Sir William Leveson Gower, whose name, well known in the history of the Revolution, may be supposed to have been invoked as a talisman against misconstructions, to which Dryden's situation so peculiarly exposed him, and to which he plainly alludes in the prologue.‡ Our author's choice of this patron was probably dictated by Sir William Gower's connection with the Earl of Rochester, whose grand-daughter he had married.

Encouraged by the revival of his popularity, Dryden now ventured to bring forward the opera of "King Arthur," originally designed as an entertainment to Charles II.; "Albion and Albanius" being written as a sort of introductory masque upon the occasion.‖ When we consider the strong and even violent political tendency of that prefatory piece, we may readily suppose, that the opera was originally written in a strain very different from the present; and that much must have been softened, altered, and erased, ere a play, designed to gratulate the discovery of the Rye-house plot, could, without hazard, be acted after the Revolution. The odious, though necessary, task of defacing his own labours, was sufficiently disgusting to the poet, who complains, that "not to offend the present times, nor a government which has hitherto protected me, I have been obliged so much to alter the first design, and take away so many beauties from the writing, that it is now no more what it was formerly, than the present ship of the Royal Sovereign, after so often taking down and altering, is the vessel it was at the first building." Persevering in the prudent system of seeking patrons among those whose patronage was rendered effectual by their influence with the prevailing party, Dryden prefixed to "King Arthur" a beautiful dedication to the Marquis of Halifax, to whose cautious and nice policy he ascribes the nation's escape from the horrors of civil war, which seemed impending in the latter years of Charles II.; and he has not failed, at the same time, to pay a passing tribute to the merits of his original and good humoured master. The music of "King Arthur" being composed by Purcel, gave Dryden occasion to make that eminent musician some well deserved compliments, which were probably designed as a peace-offering for the injudicious preference given to Grabut in the introduction to "Albion and Albanius."§ The dances were composed by Priest; and the whole piece was eminently successful. Its good fortune, however, was imputed, by the envious, to a lively song in the last act,¶ which had little or nothing to do with the business of the piece. In this opera ended all the hopes which the world might entertain of an epic poem from Dryden on the subject of King Arthur.

Our author was by no means so fortunate in "Cleomenes," his next dramatic effort. The times were something changed since the Revolution. The Tories, who had originally contributed greatly to that event, had repented them of abandoning the Stuart family, and, one after another, were returning to their attachment to James. It is probable that this gave new courage to Dryden, who, although upon the accession of King William, he saw himself a member of an odious and proscribed sect, now belonged to a broad political faction, which a variety of events was daily increasing. Hence his former caution was diminished, and the suspicion of his enemies increased in proportion. The choice of the subject, the history of a Spartan prince exiled from his kingdom, and waiting the assistance of a foreign monarch to regain it, corresponded too nearly with that of the unfortunate James. The scene of a popular insurrection, where the minds of a whole people were inflamed, was liable to misinterpretation. In short, the whole story of the Spartan Cleomenes was capable of being wrested to political and jacobitic purposes; and there wanted not many to aver, that to such purposes it had been actually applied by Dryden. Neither was the state of our author such at the time, as to permit his pleading his own cause. The completion of the piece having been interrupted by indisposition, was devolved upon his friend Southerne, who revised and concluded the last act. The whispers of the author's enemies in the mean time procured a prohibition, at least a suspension, of the representation of "Cleomenes" from the Lord Chamberlain. The exertions of Hyde, Earl of Rochester, who, although a Tory, was possessed necessarily of some influence as maternal-uncle to the queen, procured a recall of this award against a play which was in every respect truly inoffensive. But there was still a more insuperable obstacle to its success. The plot is flat and unsatisfactory, involving no great event, and in truth being only the question, whether Cleomenes should or should not depart upon an expedition, which appears far more hazardous than remaining where he was. The grave and stoical character of the hero is more suitable to the French than the English stage; nor had the general conduct of the play that interest, or perhaps bustle, which is necessary to fix the attention of the promiscuous audience of London. In a theatre, where every man may, if he will, express his

* Vol. VII. p. 272.

† "A play well dressed, you know, is half in half, as a great writer says. The Morocco dresses, when new, formerly for 'Sebastian,' they say, enlivened the play as much as the 'pudding and dumpling' song did Merlin."—*The Female Wits, a comedy by Mountfort.*

‡ "The labouring bee, when his sharp sting is gone
Forgets his golden work, and turns a drone;
Such is a satire, when you take away
That rage, in which his noble vigour lay.
What gain you by not suffering him to teaze ye?
He neither can offend you now, nor please ye.
The honey-bag and venom lay so near,
That both together you resolved to tear,
And lost your pleasures to secure your fear.
How can he show his manhood, if you bind him
To box, like boys, with one hand tied behind him?
This is plain levelling of wit; in which
The poor has all the advantage, not the rich.
The blockhead stands excused for wanting sense;
And wits turn blockheads in their own defence."

‖ See page 50.

§ See page 50.

¶ See a preceding note, p. 44.

dissatisfaction. An defiance of *beaux-esprits, nobles*, or *mousquetaires*, that which is dull will seldom be long fashionable: "Cleomenes" was accordingly coldly received. Dryden published it with a dedication to Lord Rochester, and the life of Cleomenes prefixed, as translated from Plutarch by Creech, that it might appear how false those reports were, which imputed to him the composing a Jacobite play.

Omitting, for the present, Dryden's intermediate employments, I hasten to close his dramatic career, by mentioning, that "Love Triumphant," his last play, was acted in 1692 with very bad success. Those who look over this piece, which is in truth one of the worst our author ever wrote, can be at no loss to discover sufficient reason for its condemnation. The comic part approaches to farce, and the tragic unites the wild and unnatural changes and counterchanges of the Spanish tragedy, with the involutions of unnatural and incestuous passion, which the British audience has always been averse to admit as a legitimate subject of dramatic pity or terror. But it cannot be supposed that Dryden received the failure with any thing like an admission of its justice. He was a veteran foiled in the last of his theatrical trials of skill, and retreated forever from the stage, with expressions which transferred the blame from himself to his judges; for, in the dedication to James, the fourth Earl of Salisbury, a relation of Lady Elizabeth, and connected with the poet by a similarity of religious and political opinions, he declares, that the characters of the persons in the drama are truly drawn, the fable not injudiciously contrived, the changes of fortune not unartfully managed, and the catastrophe happily introduced; thus leaving, we the author's opinion to be admitted as decisive, the grounds upon which the critics could ground their opposition. The enemies of Dryden, as usual, triumphed greatly in the fall of this piece;* and thus the dramatic career of Dryden began and closed with bad success.

This section cannot be more properly concluded than with the list which Mr. Malone has drawn out of Dryden's plays, with the respective dates of their being acted and published; which is a correction and enlargement of that subjoined by the author himself to the opera of "Prince Arthur." Henceforward we are to consider Dryden as unconnected with the stage.

* For example, in a Session of the Poets, under the fictitious name of Matthew Coppinger, Dryden is thus irreverently introduced:

"A reverend grisly elder first appear'd,
With solemn pace through the divided herd;
Apollo, laughing at his clumsy mien,
Pronounced him straight the poets' alderman.
His labouring muse did many years excel
In ill inventing, and translating well,
Till "Love Triumphant" did the cheat reveal.

So when appears, midst sprightly births, a sot,
Whatever was the other offspring's lot,
This we are sure was lawfully begot."

LIST OF DRYDEN'S PLAYS.

PLAYS.	Acted by	Entered at Stationer's Hall.	Published in
1. THE WILD GALLANT. C.	King's servants.	Aug. 7, 1667.	1669.
2. THE RIVAL LADIES. T. C.	King's servants.	June 27, 1664.	1664.
3. THE INDIAN EMPEROR. T.	King's servants.	May 26, 1665.	1667.
4. SECRET LOVE, OR THE MAIDEN QUEEN. C.	King's servants.	Aug. 7, 1667.	1668.
5. SIR MARTIN MARALL. C.	The Duke of York's servants.	June 24, 1668.	1668.
6. THE TEMPEST. C.	Duke's servants.	Jan. 8, 1669-70.	1670.
7. AN EVENING'S LOVE, OR THE MOCK ASTROLOGER. C.	King's servants.	Nov. 20, 1668.	1671. Q. also 1668.
8. TYRANNIC LOVE, OR THE ROYAL MARTYR. T.	King's servants.	July 14, 1669.	1670.
9. 10. THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA, TWO Parts. T.	King's servants.	Feb. 20, 1670-1.	1672.
11. MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE. C.	King's servants.	Mar. 18, 1672-3.	1673.
12. THE ASSIGNATION, OR LOVE IN A NUNNERY. C.	King's servants.	Mar. 18, 1672-3.	1673.
13. AMBOYNA. T.	King's servants.	June 26, 1673.	1673.
14. THE STATE OF INNOCENCE. O.	-	April 17, 1674.	1674.
15. AUREUNG-ZEBE. T.	King's servants.	Nov. 29, 1675.	1676.
16. ALL FOR LOVE. T.	King's servants.	Jan. 31, 1677-8.	1678.
17. THE KIND KEEPER, OR MR. LIMBERHAM. C.	Duke's servants.	-	1678.
18. ŒDIPUS. T.	Duke's servants.	-	1679.
19. TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. T.	Duke's servants.	April 14, 1679.	1679.
20. THE SPANISH FRIAR. T. C.	Duke's servants.	-	1681.
21. THE DUKE OF GUISE. T.	United Companies.	-	1683.
22. ALBION AND ALBANIUS. O.	United Companies.	-	1685.
23. DON SEBASTIAN. T.	United Companies.	-	1690.
24. AMPHITRYON. C.	United Companies.	-	1690.
25. KING ARTHUR. O.	United Companies.	-	1691.
26. CLEOMENES. T.	United Companies.	-	1692.
27. LOVE TRIUMPHANT. T. C.	United Companies.	-	1694.

SECTION VII.

State of Dryden's Connections in Society after the Revolution—Juvenal and Persius—Smaller Pieces—Eleonora—Third Miscellany—Virgil—Ode to St. Cecilia—Dispute with Milbourne—With Blackmore—Fables—The Author's Death and Funeral—His private Character—Notices of his Family.

THE evil consequences of the Revolution, upon Dryden's character and fortunes, began to abate sensibly within a year or two after that event. It is well known, that King William's popularity was as short lived as it had been universal. All parties gradually drew off from the king, under their ancient standards. The clergy returned to their maxims of hereditary right, the Tories to their attachment to the house of Stuart, the Whigs to their jealousy of the royal authority. Dryden, we have already observed, so lately left in a small and detested party, was now associated among multitudes, who, from whatever contradictory motives, were joined in opposition to the government. A reconciliation took place betwixt him and some of his kinsmen; particularly with John Driden of Chesterton, his first cousin; with whom, from about this period till his death, he lived upon terms of uninterrupted friendship. The influence of Clarendon and Rochester, the queen's uncles, were, we have seen, often exerted in the poet's favour; and through them, he became connected with the powerful families with which they were allied. Dorset, by whom he had been deprived of his office, seems to have softened this harsh, though indispensable exertion of authority, by a liberal present; and to his bounty Dryden had frequently recourse in cases of emergency.

* Such, I understand, is the general purport of some letters of Dryden's, in possession of the Dorset family, which contain certain particulars rendering them unfit for publication. Our auth

indeed, upon one occasion it is said to have been administered in a mode savouring more of ostentation than delicacy; for there is a tradition, that Dryden and Tom Brown, being invited to dine with the Lord Chamberlain, found under their covers, the one a bank note for 100*l.*, the other for 50*l.* I have already noticed, that these pecuniary benefactions were not held so degrading in that age as at present; and, probably, many of Dryden's opulent and noble friends took, like Dorset, occasional opportunities of supplying wants, which neither royal munificence, nor the favour of the public, now enabled the poet fully to provide for.

If Dryden's critical empire over literature was at any time interrupted by the mischances of his political party, it was in *abeyance* for a very short period; since, soon after the Revolution, he appears to have regained, and maintained till his death, that sort of authority in Will's coffee-house, to which he has frequently had occasion to allude. His supremacy, indeed, seems to have been so effectually established, that a "pinch out of Dryden's snuff-box,"* was equal to taking a degree in that academy of wit. Among those by whom it was frequented, Southerne and Congreve were principally distinguished by Dryden's friendship. His intimacy with the former, though oddly commenced, seems soon to have ripened into such sincere friendship, that the aged poet selected Southerne to finish "Cleomenes," and addressed to him an epistle of condolence on the failure of "The Wives' Excuse," which, as he delicately expresses it, "was with a kind civility dismissed" from the scene. This was, indeed, an occasion in which even Dryden could tell, from experience, how much the sympathy of friends was necessary to soothe the injured feelings of an author. But Congreve seems to have gained yet further than Southerne upon Dryden's friendship. He was introduced to him by his first play, the celebrated "*Old Bachelor*," being put into the poet's hands to be revised. Dryden, after making a few alterations to fit it for the stage, returned it to the author with the high and just commendation, that it was the best first play he had ever seen. In truth, it was impossible that Dryden could be insensible to the brilliancy of Congreve's comic dialogue, which has never been equalled by any English dramatist, unless by Mr. Sheridan. Less can be said for the tragedies of Southerne, and for "The Mourning Bride." Although these pieces contain many passages of great interest, and of beautiful poetry, I know not but they contributed more than even the subsequent homilies of Rowe, to chase natural and powerful expression of passion from the English stage, and to sink it into that maudlin, and affected, and pedantic style of tragedy, which haunted the stage till Shakespeare awakened at the call of Garrick. "The Fatal Marriage" of Southerne is an exception to this false taste; for no one who has seen Mrs. Siddons in Isabella, can deny Southerne the power of moving the passions, till amusement becomes bitter and almost insupportable distress. But these observations are here out of place. Addison paid an early tribute to Dryden's fame, by the verses addressed to him on his translations. Among Dryden's less distinguished intimates, we observe Sir Henry Shere, Dennis the critic, Moyle, Motteux, Walsh, who lived to distinguish the youthful merit of Pope, and other men of the second rank in literature. These, as his works testify, he frequently assisted with prefaces, occasional verses, or similar contributions. But among our author's followers and admirers, we must not reckon Swift, although related to him,† and now coming into notice. It is said, that Swift had subjected to his cousin's perusal, some of those performances, which he entitled *Odes*, compositions in which the young author had widely mistaken the nature of his own genius. Even the eye of Dryden was unable to discover the wit and the satirist in the clouds of incomprehensible pindaric obscurity in which he was enveloped; and the aged bard pronounced the hasty, and never to be pardoned sentence,—"cousin Swift you will never be a poet." A doom which he, on whom it was passed, attempted to repay, by repeated, although impotent attacks upon the fame of Dryden, every where scattered through his works. With the exception of Swift, no author of eminence, whose labours are still in request, has ventured to assail the poetical fame of Dryden.

Shortly after the Revolution, Dryden had translated several satires of Juvenal; and calling in the aid of his two sons, of Congreve, Creech, Tate, and others, he was enabled, in 1692, to give a complete version both of that satirist, and of Persius. In this undertaking he himself bore a large share, translating the whole of Persius, with the first, third, sixth, tenth, and sixteenth satires of Juvenal. To this version is prefixed the noted "Essay on Satire," inscribed to the Earl of Dorset and Middlesex. In that treatise, our author exhibits a good deal of that sort of learning which was in fashion among the French critics; and, I suspect, was contented rather to borrow something from them, than put himself to the trouble of compiling more valuable materials. Such is the disquisition concerning the origin of the word *Satire*, which is chiefly extracted from Casaubon, Dacier, and Rigault. But the poet's own incidental remarks upon the comparative merits of Horace, Juvenal, and Persius, his declamation against the abuse of satire, his incidental notices respecting epic poetry, translation, and English literature in general, render this introduction highly valuable.

Without noticing the short prefaces to Walsh's "Essay upon Woman," a meagre and stiff composition, and to Sir Henry Shere's wretched transla-

* So says Ward, in the London Spy.

† "Dryden, though my near relation," says Swift, "is one whom I have often blamed, as well as pitied." Mr. Malone traces their consanguinity to Swift's grandmother, Elizabeth Dryden, being the daughter of a brother of Sir Erasmus Driden, the poet's grandfather: so that the Dean of St. Patrick's was the son of Dryden's second cousin, which, in Scotland, would even yet be deemed a near relation. The passages in prose and verse, in which Swift reflects on Dryden, are various. He mentions, in his best poem, "The Rhapsody,"

> ——"The prefaces of Dryden,
> For these our critics much confide in,
> Though merely writ at first for filling,
> To raise the volume's price a shilling."

He introduces Dryden in "The Battle of the Books," with a most irreverent description of his person and arms: and many of the brilliant touches which Swift throws out in the following assumed character of a hack author, are directed expressly against our poet. The malignant allusions to merits, to sufferings, to changes of opinion, to political controversies, and a peaceful conscience, cannot be mistaken. The piece was probably composed *flagrante odio*, for it occurs in the introduction to "The Tale of a Tub," which was written about 1692.

"These notices may serve to give the learned reader an idea, as well as taste, of what the whole work is likely to produce, wherein I have now altogether circumscribed my thoughts and my studies; and, if I can bring it to a perfection before I die, I shall reckon I have well employed the poor remains of an unfortunate life. This indeed is more than I can justly expect, from a quill worn to the pith in the service of the state, in *pros* and *cons* upon popish plots, and meal tubs, and exclusion bills, and passive obedience, and addresses of lives and fortunes, and prerogative, and property, and liberty of conscience, and letters to a friend; from an understanding and a conscience, thread-bare and ragged with perpetual turning; from a head broken in a hundred places by the malignants of the opposite factions; and from a body spent with poxes ill cured, by trusting to bawds and surgeons, who, as it afterwards appeared, were professed enemies to me and the government, and revenged their party's quarrel upon my nose and shins. Fourscore and eleven pamphlets have I written under three reigns, and for the service of six and thirty factions. But finding the state has no further occasion for me and my ink, I retire willingly to draw it out into speculations more becoming a philosopher; having, to my unspeakable comfort, passed a long life with a conscience void of offence."

tion of Polybius, published in 1691 and 1692, we hasten to the elegy on the Countess of Abingdon, entitled "Eleonora." This lady died suddenly, 31st May, 1691, in a ball-room in her own house, just then prepared for an entertainment. The disconsolate husband, who seems to have been a patron of the muses,* not satisfied with the volunteer effusions of some minor poets, employed a mutual friend to engage Dryden to compose a more beautiful tribute to his consort's memory. The poet, it would seem, neither knew the lord nor the lady, but was doubtless propitiated with a proper and satisfactory offering upon the mournful occasion;† nor was the application and fee judged more extraordinary than that probably offered, on the same occasion, to the divine who was to preach the countess' funeral sermon. The leading and most characteristic features of the lady's character were doubtless pointed out to our author as subjects for illustration; yet so difficult is it, even for the best poet, to feign a sorrow which he feels not, or to describe with appropriate and animated colouring a person whom he has never seen, that Dryden's poem resembles rather an abstract panegyric on an imaginary being, than an elegy on a real character. The elegy was published early in 1692.

In 1693, Tonson's third Miscellany made its appearance, with a dedication to Lord Ratcliffe, eldest son of the Earl of Derwentwater, who was himself a pretender to poetry, though our author thought so slightly of his attempts in that way, that he does not even deign to make them enter into his panegyric, but contents himself with saying, "what you will be hereafter, may be more than guessed by what you are at present." It is probable that the rhyming peer was dissatisfied with Dryden's unusual economy of adulation; at least he disappointed some expectations which the poet and bookseller seem to have entertained of his liberality.‡ This dedication indicates, that a quarrel was commenced between our author and the critic Rymer. It appears from a passage in a letter to Tonson, that Rymer had spoken lightly of him in his last critique, (probably in the short view of tragedy,) and that the poet took this opportunity, as he himself expresses it, to snarl again. He therefore acquaints us roundly, that the corruption of a poet was the generation of a critic; exults a little over the memory of Rymer's "Edgar," a tragedy just reeking from damnation; and hints at the difference which the public is likely to experience between the present royal historiographer and him whose room he occupied. In his epistle to Congreve, alluding to the same circumstance of Rymer's succeeding to the office of historiographer, as Tate did to the laurel, on the death of Thomas Shadwell, in 1692, Dryden has these humorous lines:

> "O that your brows my laurel had sustain'd!
> Well had I been deposed, if you had reign'd:
> The father had descended for the son;
> For only you are lineal to the throne.
> Thus, when the state one Edward did depose,
> A greater Edward in his room arose;
> But now not I, but poetry, is cursed;
> For Tom the second reigns like Tom the first.
> But let them not mistake my patron's part,
> Nor call his charity their own desert."

From the letter to Tonson above referred to, it would seem that the dedication of the third Miscellany gave offence to Queen Mary, being understood to reflect upon her government, and that she had commanded Rymer to return to the charge, by a criticism on Dryden's plays. But the breach does not appear to have become wider; and Dryden has elsewhere mentioned Rymer with civility.

The third Miscellany contained, of Dryden's poetry, a few songs, the first book, with part of the ninth and sixteenth books of the Metamorphoses, and the parting of Hector and Andromache, from the Iliad. It was also to have had the poem of Hero and Leander, from the Greek; but none such appeared, nor is it clear whether Dryden ever executed the version, or only had it in contemplation.‖ The contribution, although ample, was not satisfactory to old Jacob Tonson, who wrote on the subject a most mercantile expostulatory letter to Dryden, which is fortunately still preserved, as a curious specimen of the minutia of a literary bargain in the seventeenth century. Tonson, with reference to Dryden having offered a strange bookseller six hundred lines for twenty guineas, enters into a question in the rule of three, by which he discovers, and proves, that for fifty guineas he has only 1446 lines, which he seems to take more unkindly, as he had not *counted* the lines until he had paid the money; from all which Jacob infers, that Dryden ought, out of generosity, at least to throw him in something to the bargain, especially as he had used him more kindly in Juvenal, which, saith the said Jacob, is not reckoned so easy to translate as Ovid. What weight was given to this supplication does not appear; probably very little, for the translations were not extended, and as to getting back any part of the copy-money, it is not probable Tonson's most sanguine expectations ever reached that point. Perhaps the songs were thrown in as a make-weight. There was a fourth Miscellany published in 1694; but to this Dryden only gave a version of the third Georgic, and his epistle to Sir Godfrey Kneller, the requital of a copy of the portrait of Shakespeare.§

In 1693, Dryden addressed the beautiful lines to Congreve, on the cold reception of his "Double Dealer." He was himself under a similar cloud, from the failure of "Love Triumphant," and therefore in a fit mood to administer consolation to his friend. The epistle contains, among other striking passages, the affecting charge of the care of his posthumous fame, which Congreve did not forget when Dryden was no more.

But, independently of occasional exertions, our author, now retired from the stage, had bent his thoughts upon one great literary task, the translation of Virgil. This weighty and important undertaking was probably suggested by the experience of Tonson, the success of whose Miscellanies had taught him the value placed by the public on Dryden's translations from the classics. From hints thrown out by contemporary authors, there is reason to think that this scheme was meditated, even before 1694; but in that year the poet, in a letter to Dennis, speaks of it as under his immediate contemplation. The names of Virgil and of Dryden were talismans powerful to arrest all the literature of England, and fix universal attention upon the progress of the work. Mr. Malone has recorded the

* Robert Gould, author of that scandalous lampoon against Dryden, entitled "The Laureate," inscribes his collection of poems, printed 1688-9, to the Earl of Abingdon; and it contains some pieces addressed to him and to his lady. He survived also to compose, on the earl's death, in 1700, "The Mourning Swan," an eclogue to his memory, in which a shepherd gives the following account of the proximate cause of that event:

> "*Menalcas.* To tell you true, (who e'er it may displease,)
> He died of the *Physician*—a disease
> That long has reigned, and, eager of renown,
> More than a plague depopulates the town.
> Inflamed with wine, and blasting at a breath,
> All its *prescriptions* are receipts for death.
> Millions of mischiefs by its rage are wrought,
> Safe where 't is fled, but barbarous where 't is sought;
> A cursed ingrateful ill, that call'd to aid,
> Is still most fatal where it best is paid."

† How far this was necessary, the reader may judge from Mirana, a funeral eclogue, sacred to the memory of that excellent lady, Eleonora, late Countess of Abingdon, 1691, 4 Aug. which concludes with the following singular *imprecation*:

> "Here friend, my sacred imprecation hear,
> And let both of us kneel, and both be bare.
> Doom me (ye powers) to misery and shame,
> Let mine be the most ignominious name,
> Let me, each day, be with new griefs perplext,
> Curst in this life, nor blessed in the next,
> If I believe the like of her survives,
> Or, if I think her not the best of mothers and of wives."

‡ 30th August, 1693, Dryden writes to Tonson, "I am sure you thought my Lord Radclyffe would have done something; I guessed more truly, that he could not." Vol. XVIII, p. 109. The expression, perhaps, applies rather to his lordship's want of ability than inclination; and Dryden says, indeed, in the dedication, that it is in his nature to be an encourager of good poets, though fortune has not yet put into his hands the power of expressing it. In a letter to Mrs. Steward, Dryden speaks of Ratcliffe as a poet, and none of the best." Vol. XVIII. p. 177.

‖ Vol. XVIII. p. 107.

§ Copied from the Chandos picture. Kneller's copy is now at Wentworth-House, the seat of Earl Fitzwilliam.

following particulars concerning it, with pious enthusiasm.

"Dr. Johnson has justly remarked, that the nation seemed to consider its honour interested in the event. Mr. Gilbert Dolben gave him the various editions of his author: Dr. Knightly Chetwood furnished him with the life of Virgil, and the preface to the Pastorals; and Addison supplied the arguments of the several books, and an essay on the Georgics. The first lines of this great poet which he translated, he wrote with a diamond on a pane of glass in one of the windows of Chesterton-house, in Huntingdonshire, the residence of his kinsman and namesake, John Driden, Esq.* The version of the first Georgic, and a great part of the last Æneid, was made at Denham-Court, in Buckinghamshire, the seat of Sir William Bowyer, Baronet; and the seventh Æneid was translated at Burleigh, the noble mansion of the Earl of Exeter. These circumstances, which must be acknowledged to be of no great importance, I yet have thought it proper to record, because they will for ever endear those places to the votaries of the muses, and add to them a kind of celebrity, which neither the beauties of nature, nor the exertions of art, can bestow."

Neither was the liberality of the nation entirely disproportioned to the general importance attached to the translation of Virgil, by so eminent a poet. The researches of Mr. Malone have ascertained, in some degree, the terms. There were two classes of subscribers, the first set of whom paid five guineas a piece to adorn the work with engravings; beneath each of which, in due and grateful remembrance, was blazoned the arms of a subscriber: this class amounted to one hundred and one persons, a list of whom appears in this edition, in Vol. XIII. p. 283., and presents an assemblage of noble names, few of whom are distinguished more to their credit than by the place they there occupy. The second subscribers were two hundred and fifty in number, at two guineas each. But from these sums was to be deducted the expense of the engravings, though these were only the plates used for Ogilby's Virgil, a little retouched. Besides the subscriptions, it would seem, that Dryden received from Tonson fifty pounds for each book of the "Georgics" and "Æneid," and probably the same for the "Pastorals" collectively. On the other hand, it is probable, that Jacob charged a price for the copies delivered to the subscribers, which, with the expense of the plates, reduced Dryden's profit to about twelve or thirteen hundred pounds;—a trifling sum when compared to what Pope received for the "Iliad," which was certainly between 5,000*l.* and 6,000*l.*; yet great in proportion to what the age of Dryden had ever afforded, as an encouragement to literature. It must indeed be confessed, that the Revolution had given a new impulse and superior importance to literary pursuits. The semi-barbarous age, which succeeded the great civil war, had been civilized but by slow degrees. It is true, the king and courtiers, among their disorderly and dissolute pleasures, enumerated songs and plays, and, in the course of their political intrigues, held satires in request; but they had neither money nor time to spare for the encouragement or study of any of the higher and more elaborate departments of poetry. Meanwhile, the bulk of the nation neglected verse, as what they could not understand, or, with puritanical bigotry, detested as useful, the use, as well as the abuse, of poetical talent. But the lapse of thirty years made a material change in the manners of the English people. Instances began to occur of individuals, who rising at first into notice for their proficience in the fine arts, were finally promoted for their active and penetrating talents, which necessarily accompany a turn towards them. An outward reformation of manners, at least the general abjuration of grosser profaneness, was also favourable to poetry,—

"Still first to fly where sensual joys invade."

This was wrought, partly by the religious manners of Mary; partly by the cold and unsocial temper of William, who shunned excess, not perhaps because it was criminal, but because it was derogatory; partly by the political fashion of the day, which was to disown the profligacy that marked the partizans of the Stuarts; but, most of all, by the general increase of good taste, and the improvement of education. All these contributed to the encouragement of Dryden's great undertaking, which promised to rescue Virgil from the degraded version of Ogilby, and present him in a becoming form to a public, now prepared to receive him with merited admiration.

While our author was labouring in this great work, and the public were waiting the issue with impatience and attention, a feud, of which it is now impossible to trace the cause, arose between the bard and his publisher. Their union before seems to have been of a nature more friendly than interest alone could have begotten; for Dryden, in one letter, talks with gratitude of Tonson's affording him his company down to Northamptonshire; and this friendly intimacy Jacob neglected not to cultivate, by those occasional compliments of fruit and wine, which are often acknowledged in the course of their correspondence. But a quarrel broke out between them, when the translation of Virgil had advanced so far as the completion of the seventh Æneid; at which period Dryden charges Tonson bitterly, with an intention, from the very beginning, to deprive him of all profit by the second subscriptions; alluding, I presume, to the price which the bookseller charged him upon the volumes delivered to the subscribers. The bibliopolist seems to have bent before the storm, and pacified the incensed bard, by verbal submission, though probably without relaxing his exactions and drawbacks in any material degree. Another cause of this dissension appears to have been the Notes upon "Virgil," for which Tonson would allow no additional emolument to the author, although Dryden says, "that to make them good, would cost six months labour at least," and elsewhere tells Tonson ironically, that, since not to be paid for, they shall be short, "for the saving of paper." I cannot think that we have sustained any great loss by Tonson's penurious economy on this occasion. In his prefaces and dedications, Dryden let his own ideas freely forth to the public; but in his notes upon the classics, witness those on "Juvenal" and "Persius," he neither indulged in critical dissertations on particular beauties and defects, nor in general remarks upon the kind of poetry before him; but contented himself with rendering into English the antiquarian dissertations of Dacier and other foreign commentators, with now and then an explanatory paraphrase of an obscure passage. The parodies of Martin Scriblerus had not yet consigned to ridicule the verbal criticism, and solemn trifling, with which the ancient schoolmen pretended to illustrate the classics. But beside the dispute about the notes in particular, and the various selfish advantages which Dryden suspected Tonson of attempting to secure in the course of the transaction, he seems to have been particularly affronted at a presumptuous plan of that publisher, (a keen Whig, and secretary of the Kit-cat Club,) to drive him into inscribing the translation of Virgil to King William. With this view, Tonson had an especial care to make the engraver aggravate the nose of Æneas in the plates into a sufficient resemblance of the hooked promontory of the Deliverer's countenance;† and, foreseeing Dryden's repugnance to his favourite plan, he had recourse, it would seem, to more unjustifiable means to further it; for the

* The antiquary may now search in vain for this frail memorial; for the house of Chesterton was, 1807, pulled down for the sake of the materials.

† This gave rise to a good epigram:

"Old Jacob, by deep judgment sway'd,
To please the wise beholders,
Has placed old Nassau's hook-nosed head
On poor Æneas' shoulders.

"To make the parallel hold tack,
Methinks there's little lacking;
One took his father pick-a-pack,
And 'tother sent him packing."

poet expresses himself, as convinced, that, through Tonson's means, his correspondence with his sons, then at Rome, was intercepted.* I suppose Jacob, having fairly laid siege to his author's conscience, had no scruple to intercept all foreign supplies, which might have confirmed him in his pertinacity. But Dryden, although thus closely beleagured, held fast his integrity; and no prospect of personal advantage, or importunity on the part of Tonson, could induce him to take a step inconsistent with his religious and political sentiments. It was probably during the course of these bickerings with his publisher, that Dryden, incensed at some refusal of accommodation on the part of Tonson, sent him three well-known coarse and forcible satirical lines, descriptive of his personal appearance:

> "With leering looks, bull-faced, and freckled fair,
> With two left legs, and Judas-colour'd hair,
> And frowzy pores, that taint the ambient air."

"Tell the dog," said the poet to the messenger, "that he who wrote these can write more." But Tonson, perfectly satisfied with this single triplet, hastened to comply with the author's request, without requiring any further specimen of his poetical powers. It would seem, on the other hand, that when Dryden neglected his stipulated labour, Tonson possessed powers of animadversion, which, though exercised in plain prose, were not a little dreaded by the poet. Lord Bolingbroke, already a votary of the muses, and admitted to visit their high priest, was wont to relate, that one day he heard another person enter the house. "This," said Dryden, "is Tonson: you will take care not to depart before he goes away; for I have not completed the sheet which I promised him; and if you leave me unprotected, I shall suffer all the rudeness to which his resentment can prompt his tongue."†

But whatever occasional subjects of dissension arose between Dryden and his bookseller, mutual interest, the strongest of ties, appears always to have brought them together, after the first ebullition of displeasure had subsided. There might, on such occasions, be room for acknowledging faults on both sides; for, if we admit that the bookseller was penurious and churlish, we cannot deny that Dryden seems often to have been abundantly captious, and irascible. Indeed, as the poet placed, and justly, more than a mercantile value upon what he sold, the trader, on his part, was necessarily cautious not to afford a price which his returns could not pay; so that while, in one point of view, the author sold at an inadequate price, the purchaser, in another, really got no more than value for his money. That literature is ill recompensed, is usually rather the fault of the public than the bookseller, whose trade can only exist by buying that which can be sold to advantage. The trader, who purchased the "Paradise Lost" for ten pounds, had probably no very good bargain.

However fretted by these teazing and almost humiliating discussions, Dryden continued steadily advancing in his great labour; and about three years after it had been undertaken, the translation of Virgil, "the most noble and spirited," said Pope, "which I know in any language," was given to the public in July 1697. So eager was the general expectation, that the first edition was exhausted in a few months, and a second published early in the next year. "It satisfied," says Johnson, "his friends, and, for the most part, silenced his enemies." But, although this was generally the case, there wanted not some to exercise the invidious task of criticism, or rather of malevolent detraction. Among those, the highest name is that of Swift; the most distinguished for venomous and persevering malignity that of Milbourne.

In his epistle to Prince Posterity, prefixed to the "Tale of a Tub," Swift, in the character of the dedicator, declares, "upon the word of a sincere man that there is now actually in being a certain poet called John Dryden, whose translation of Virgil was lately printed in a large folio, well bound, and if diligent search were made, for aught I know, is yet to be seen." In his "Battle of the Books" he tells us, "that Dryden, who encountered Virgil soothed the good ancient by the endearing title of 'father,' and, by a large deduction of genealogies made it appear, that they were nearly related, and humbly proposed an exchange of armour; as a mark of hospitality, Virgil consented, though his was of gold, and cost a hundred beeves, the other's but of rusty iron. However, this glittering armour became the modern still worse than his own. Then they agreed to exchange horses; but, when it came to the trial, Dryden was afraid, and utterly unable to mount." A yet more bitter reproach is levelled by the wit against the poet, for his triple dedication of the Pastorals, Georgics, and Æneid, to three several patrons, Clifford, Chesterfield, and Mulgrave. But, though the recollection of the contemned Odes, like the *spretæ injuria formæ* of Juno, still continued to prompt these overflowings of Swift's satire, he had too much taste and perception of poetry to attempt, gravely, to undermine, by a formal criticism, the merits of Dryden's Virgil.

This was reserved for Luke Milbourne, a clergyman, who, by that assurance, has consigned his name to no very honourable immortality. This person appears to have had a living at Great Yarmouth,‖ which, Dryden hints, he forfeited by writing libels on his parishioners; and from another testimony, he seems to have been a person of no very strict morals.§ Milbourne was once an admirer of our poet, as appears from his letter concerning "Amphitryon," Vol. VIII. p. 5. But either poetical rivalry, for he had also thought of translating Virgil himself,¶ or political animosity, for he seems to have

* "I am of your opinion," says the poet to his son Charles, "that, by Tonson's means, almost all our letters have miscarried for this last year. But, however, he has missed of his design in the dedication, though he had prepared the book for it; for, in every figure of Æneas, he has caused him to be drawn, like King William, with a hooked nose."—Dryden hints to Tonson himself his suspicion of this unworthy device, desiring him to forward a letter to his son Charles, but not by post. "Being satisfied, that Ferrand will do by this as he did by two letters which I sent my sons, about my dedicating to the king, of which they received neither."—Vol. XVII. pp. 132, 140.

† Johnson's "Life of Dryden."

‡ "I confess to have been somewhat liberal in the business of titles, having observed the humour of multiplying them, to be great vogue among certain writers, whom I exceedingly reverence. And indeed it seems not unreasonable, that books, the children of the brain, should have the honour to be christened with a variety of names, as well as other infants of quality. Our famous Dryden has ventured to proceed a point further, endeavouring to introduce also a multiplicity of god-fathers; which is an improvement of much more advantage, upon a very obvious account. It is a pity this admirable invention has not been better cultivated, so as to grow by this time into general imitation, when such an authority serves it for a precedent. Nor have my endeavours been wanting to second so useful an example: but, it seems, there is an unhappy expense usually annexed to the calling of a god-father, which was clearly out of my head, as it is very reasonable to believe. Where the pinch lay, I cannot certainly affirm; but, having employed a world of thoughts and pains to split my treatise into forty sections, and having entreated forty lords of my acquaintance, that they would do me the honor to stand, they all made it a matter of conscience, and sent me their excuses."

‖ Besides the notes on Virgil, he wrote many single sermons, and a metrical version of the Psalms, and died in 1720.

§ He is described as a rake in "The Pacificator," a poem bought by Mr. Luttrel, 15th Feb. 1699–1700, which gives an account of a supposed battle between the men of wit, and men of sense, as the poet calls them:

> "M———n, a renegade from wit, came on,
> And made a false attack, and next to none;
> The hypocrite, in sense, could not conceal
> What pride, and want of brains, obliged him to reveal.
> In him, the critic's ruin'd by the poet,
> And Virgil gives his testimony to it.
> The troops of wit were so enraged to see
> This priest invade his own fraternity,
> They sent a party out, by silence led,
> And, without answer, shot the turn-coat dead.
> The priest, the rake, the wit, strove all in vain.
> For there, alas! he lies among the slain.
> *Memento mori*; see the consequence,
> When rakes and wits set up for men of sense."

¶ This Mr. Malone has proved by the following extract from Motteux's "Gentleman's Journal." "That best of poets (says Motteux) having so long continued a stranger to tolerable English, Mr. Milbourne pitied his hard fate; and seeing that several great men had undertaken some episodes of his Æneis, without any design of Englishing the whole, he gave us the first book of it some years ago, with a design to go through the poem. It was the misfortune of that first attempt to appear just about the time of the late Revolution, when few had leisure to mind such books; yet

held revolution principles, or deep resentment for Dryden's sarcasms against the clergy, or, most probably, all these united, impelled Milbourne to publish a most furious criticism, entitled, "Notes on Dryden's Virgil, in a Letter to a friend." "And here," said he, "in the first place, I must needs own Jacob Tonson's ingenuity to be greater than the translator's, who, in the inscription of his fine gay (title) in the front of the book, calls it very honestly Dryden's Virgil, to let the reader know, that this is not that Virgil so much admired in the Augustæan age, an author whom Mr. Dryden once thought untranslatable, but a Virgil of another stamp, of a coarser alloy; a silly, impertinent, nonsensical writer, of a various and uncertain style, a mere Alexander Ross, or somebody inferior to him; who could never have been known again in the translation, if the name of Virgil had not been bestowed upon him in large characters in the frontispiece, and in the running title. Indeed, there is scarce the *magni nominis umbra* to be met with in this translation, which being fairly intimated by Jacob, he needs add no more, but *si populus vult decipi decipiatur*."

With an assurance which induced Pope to call him the fairest of critics, not content with criticising the production of Dryden, Milbourne was so ill advised as to produce, and place in opposition to it, a nickety translation of his own, probably the fragments of that which had been suppressed by Dryden's version. A short specimen, both of his criticism and poetry, will convince the reader, that the powers of the former were, as has been often the case, neutralized by the insipidity of the latter; for who can rely on the judgment of a critic, so ill qualified to illustrate his own precepts? I take the remarks on the tenth Eclogue, as a specimen, at hazard. "This eclogue is translated in a strain too luscious and effeminate for Virgil, who might become his friend, but does it in a noble and manly style, which Mr. Ogilby answers better than Mr. D. whose paraphrase looks like one of Mrs. Behn's, when somebody had turned the original into English prose before.

"Where Virgil says,

'*Lauri et myrtus flores*,'

the figure's beautiful; where Mr. D. says,

——— 'the laurel stands in tears,
And hung with humid pearls, the lowly shrub appears,'

the figure is lost, and a foolish and impertinent representation comes in its place; an ordinary dewy morning might fill the laurels and shrubs with Mr. D's tears, though Gallus had not been concerned in it.

'And yet the queen of beauty blest his bed'—

"Here Mr. D. comes with his ugly patch upon a beautiful face: what had the queen of beauty to do here? Lycoris did not despise her lover for his meanness, but because she had a mind to be a Catholic whore. Gallus was of quality, but her spark a poor inferior fellow. And yet the queen of beauty, &c. would have followed there very well, but not where wanton Mr. D. has fixt her.

'Flush'd were his cheeks, and glowing were his eyes.'

"This character is fitter for one that is drunk, than one in an amazement, and is a thought unbecoming Virgil.

'And for thy rival, tempts the raging sea,
The forms of horrid war, and heaven's inclemency.'

"Lycoris, doubtless, was a jilting baggage, but why should Mr. D. belie her? Virgil talks nothing of her going to sea, and perhaps she had a mind to be only a camp laundress, which office she might be advanced to without going to sea: the forms of horrid war, for *horrida castra*, is incomparable.

——— 'his brows, a country crown
Of fennel, and of nodding lilies drown,'

is a very odd figure: Sylvanus had swinging brows to drown such a crown as that, *i. e.* to make it invisible, to swallow it up; if it be a country crown, drown his brows, it is false English.

'The meads are sooner drunk with morning dews.'

"*Rivi* signifies no such thing; but then, that bees should be drunk with flowery shrubs, or goats be drunk with brouze, for drunk's the verb, is a very quaint thought."

After much more to the same purpose, Milbourne thus introduces his own version of the first Eclogue, with a confidence worthy of a better cause:—"That Mr. Dryden might be satisfied that I'd offer no foul play, nor find faults in him, without giving him an opportunity of retaliation, I have subjoined another metaphrase or translation of the first and fourth Pastoral, which I desire may be read with his by the original.

TITYRUS.—ECLOGUE I.

"*Mel.* Beneath a spreading beech, you, Tityrus, lie,
And country songs to humble reeds apply;
We our sweet fields, our native country fly,
We leave our country; you in shades may lie,
And Amaryllis fair and blythe proclaim,
And make the woods repeat her buxom name:
"*Tit.* O Melibœus! 't was a beauteous God,
These peaceful play-days on our ease bestow'd;
At least, he's alway be a God to me;
My lambs shall oft his grateful offerings be.
Thou seest, he lets my herds securely stray,
And me at pleasure on my pipe to play.
"*Mel.* Your peace I don't with looks of envy view,
But I admire your happy state, and you.
In all our farms severe distraction reigns,
No ancient owner there in peace remains.
Sick, I, with much ado, my goats can drive,
This, Tityrus, I scarce can lead alive,
On the bare stones, among yon hazels past,
Just now, alas! her hopeful twins she cast.
Yet had not all on's dull and senseless been,
We'd long ago this coming stroke foreseen.
Oft did the blasted oaks our fate unfold,
And boding choughs from hollow trees foretold.
But say, good Tityrus! tell me who's the God,
Who peace, so lost to us, on you bestow'd?"

Some critics there were, though but few, who joined Milbourne in his abortive attempt to degrade our poet's translation. Oldmixon, celebrated for his share in the games of the Dunciad,* and Samuel Parker,† a yet more obscure name, have in-

* See the Preface to "A Funeral Idyll, sacred to the glorious Memory of King William III." by Mr. Oldmixon.

"In the Idyll on the peace, I made the first essay to throw off rhymes, and the kind reception that poem met with, has encouraged me to attempt it again. I have not been persuaded by my friends to change the title of Idyll into Idyllium; for having an English word set me by Mr. Dryden, which he uses indifferently with the Greek, I thought it might be as proper in an English poem. I shall not be solicitous to justify myself to those who except against his authority, till they produce me a better: I have heard him blamed for his innovations and coining of words, even by persons who have already been sufficiently guilty of the fault they lay to his charge; and shown us what we are to expect from them, were their names as well settled as his. If I had qualifications enough to do it successfully, I should advise them to write more naturally, delicately, and reasonably themselves, before they attack Mr. Dryden's reputation: and to think there is something more necessary to make a man write well, than the favour of the great, or the success of a faction. We have every year seen how fickle Fortune has been to her declared favourites; and men of merit, as well as he who has none, have suffered by her inconstancy, as much as they got by her smiles. This should alarm such as are eminently indebted to her, and may be of use to them in their future reflections on others' productions, not to assume too much to themselves from her partiality to them, lest, when they are left like their predecessor, it should only serve to render them the more ridiculous."

† "Homer in a nutshell," (16th Feb.) 1700-9, by Samuel Parker, Gent.

"*Preface.*—Ever since I caught some termagant ones in a club, undervaluing our new translation of Virgil, I've known both what opinion I ought to harbour, and what use to make of them; and since the opportunity of a digression so luckily presents itself, I shall make bold to ask the gentlemen their sentiments of two or three lines (to pass over a thousand other instances) which they may meet with in that work. The Fourth Æneid says of Dido, after certain effects of her taking shelter with Æneas in the cave appear,

Conjugium vocat, hoc prætexit nomine culpam. V. 172.

which Mr. Dryden renders thus:

She call'd it marriage, by that specious name
To veil the crime, and sanctify the shame.

Nor had he before less happily rendered the 39th verse of the second Æneid:

formed us of this, by volunteering in Dryden's defence. But Dryden needed not their assistance. The real excellencies of his version were before the public, and it was rather to clear himself from the malignant charges against his moral principles, which Milbourne had mingled with his criticism, than for any other purpose, that the poet deemed his antagonist worthy of the following animadversion:—"Milbourne, who is in orders, pretends amongst the rest this quarrel to me, that I have fallen foul on priesthood: if I have, I am only to ask pardon of good priests, and am afraid his part of the reparation will come to little. Let him be satisfied, that he shall not be able to force himself upon me for an adversary. I contemn him too much to enter into competition with him. His own translations of Virgil have answered his criticisms on mine. If (as they say, he has declared in print) he prefers the version of Ogilby to mine, the world has made him the same compliment; for it is agreed on all hands, that he writes even below Ogilby. That, you will say, is not easily to be done; but what cannot Milbourne bring about? I am satisfied, however, that while he and I live together, I shall not be thought the worst poet of the age. It looks as if I had desired him underhand to write so ill against me; but, upon my honest word, I have not bribed him to do me this service, and am wholly guiltless of his pamphlet. It is true, I should be glad if I could persuade him to continue his good offices, and write such an other critique on any thing of mine; for I find, by experience, he has a great stroke with the reader, when he condemns any of my poems, to make the world have a better opinion of them. He has taken some pains with my poetry; but nobody will be persuaded to take the same with his. If I had taken to the church, (as he affirms, but which was never in my thoughts,) I should have had more sense, if not more grace, than to have turned myself out of my benefice, by writing libels on my parishioners. But his account of my manners, and my principles, are of a piece with his cavils and his poetry; and so I have done with him for ever."*

While Dryden was engaged with his great translation, he found two months leisure to execute a prose version of "Fresnoy's Art of Painting," to which he added an ingenious Preface, the work of twelve mornings, containing a parallel between that art and poetry; of which Mason has said, that though too superficial to stand the test of strict criticism, yet it will always give pleasure to readers of taste, even when it fails to convince their judgment. This version appeared in 1695. Mr. Malone conjectures, that our author was engaged in this task by his friends Closterman, and Sir Godfrey Kneller, artists, who had been active in procuring subscriptions for his Virgil. He also wrote a "Life of Lucian," for a translation of his works, by Mr. Walter Moyle, Sir Henry Shere, and other gentlemen of pretension to learning. This version, although it did not appear till after his death, and although he executed no part of the translation, still retains the title of "Dryden's Lucian."

There was one event of political importance which occurred in December 1695, and which the public seem to have expected should have employed the pen of Dryden;—this was the death of Mary, wife of William the Third. It is difficult to conceive in what manner the poet-laureate of the unfortunate James could have treated the memory of his daughter. Satire was dangerous, and had indeed been renounced by the poet; and panegyric was contrary to the principles for which he was suffering. Yet, among the swarm of rhymers who thrust themselves upon the nation on that mournful occasion, there are few who do not call, with friendly or unfriendly voice, upon our poet to break silence.† But the voice of praise and censure was heard in vain, and Dryden's only interference was, in character of the first judge of his time, to award the prize to the Duke of Devonshire, an author of the best poem composed on the occasion of the Queen's death.‡

Virgil was hardly finished, when our author distinguished himself by the immortal Ode to Saint Cecilia, commonly called "Alexander's Feast." There is some difference of evidence concerning the time occupied in this splendid task. He had been solicited to undertake it by the stewards of the Musical Meeting, which had for several years met to celebrate the feast of St. Cecilia, their patroness, and whom he had formerly gratified by a similar performance. In September 1697, Dryden writes to his son:—"In the mean time, I am writing a song for St. Cecilia's feast; who, you know, is the patroness of music. This is troublesome, and no way beneficial; but I could not deny the stewards, who came in a body to my house to desire that kindness, one of them being Mr. Bridgeman, whose parents are your mother's friends." This account seems to imply, that the Ode was a work of some time; which is countenanced by Dr. Birch's expression, that Dryden himself "observes, in an original letter of his, that he was employed for almost a fortnight in composing and correcting it.* On the other hand, the following anecdote is told upon very respectable authority. "Mr. St. John, afterwards Lord Bolingbroke, happening to pay a morning visit to Dryden, whom he always respected, found him in an unusual agitation of spirits, even to a trembling. On enquiring the cause, 'I have been up all night,' replied the old bard: 'my musical friends made me promise to write them an Ode for their feast of St. Cecilia; I have been so struck with the subject which occurred to me, that I could not leave it till I had *completed* it: here it is, *finished* at one sitting.' And immediately he showed him *this* Ode, which places the British lyric poetry above that of any other nation." These accounts are not, however, so contradictory as they may at first sight appear. It is possible that Dryden may have completed, at one sitting, the whole Ode, and yet have employed a fortnight, or much more, in correction. There is strong internal evidence to show, that the poem was, speaking with reference to its general structure, wrought off at once. A halt or pause, even of a day, would perhaps have injured that continuous flow of poetical language and description, which argues the whole scene to have arisen at once upon the author's imagination. It seems pos-

Seinditur in certum studia in contraria vulgus.

The giddy vulgar, as their fancies guide,
With noise, say nothing, and in parts divide.

"If these are the lines which they call flat and spiritless, I wish mine could be flat and spiritless too! And, therefore, to make short work, I shall only beg Mr. Dryden's leave to congratulate him upon his admirable flatness, and dulness, in a rapture of poetical indignation:

Then dares the poring critic snarl? And dare
The *puny brats of Morus threaten war?
And can't the proud perverse Arachne's fate
Deter the *mungrels e'er it prove too late?
In vain, alas! we warn the *hardend'd brood
In vain expect they'll ever come to good.
No: they'd conceive more venom if they could.
But let each *viper at his peril bite,
While you defy the most ingenious spite.
So Parian columns, raised with costly care,
*Vile snails and worms may daub, yet not impair.
While the tough titles, and obdurate rhyme,
Fatigue the busy grinders of old Time.
Not but your Maro justly may complain,
Since your translation ends his ancient reign,
And but by your officious muse outvied,
That vast immortal name had never died.

* Preface to the Fables, vol. XI. p. 226.

* I desire these appellations may not seem to effect the parties concerned, any otherwise than as to their character of critics.

† See several extracts from these poems, in the Appendix, vol. XVII. p. 22, which I have thrown together to show how much Dryden was considered as sovereign among the poets of the time.

‡ This I learn from *Honori Sacellum*, a Funeral Poem, to the Memory of William, Duke of Devonshire, 1707:

"'T was so, when the destroyer's dreadful dart
Once pierced through ours to fair Maria's heart.
From his state-helm then some short hours he stole,
T' indulge his melting eyes and bleeding soul:
Whilst his bent knees, to those remains divine,
Paid their last offering to that royal shrine."

On which lines occurs this explanatory note:—"An Ode, composed by His Grace, on the death of the late Queen Mary, justly adjudged by the ingenious Mr. Dryden, to have exceeded all that had been written on that occasion."

* Dr. Birch refers to the authority of Richard Graham, Junior; but no such letter has been recovered.

sible, more especially in lyrical poetry, to discover where the author has paused for any length of time; for the union of the parts is rarely so perfect as not to show a different strain of thought and feeling. There may be something fanciful, however, in this reasoning, which I therefore abandon to the reader's mercy; only begging him to observe, that we have no mode of estimating the exertions of a quality so capricious as a poetic imagination; so that it is very possible, that the Ode to St. Cecilia may have been the work of twenty-four hours, whilst corrections and emendations, perhaps of no very great consequence, occupied the author as many days. Derick, in his "Life of Dryden," tells us, upon the authority of Walter Moyle, that the society paid Dryden 40*l.* for this sublime Ode, which, from the passage in his letter above quoted, seems to have been more than the bard expected at commencing his labour. The music for this celebrated poem was originally composed by Jeremiah Clarke,* one of the stewards of the festival, whose productions were more remarkable for deep pathos, and delicacy, than for fire and energy. It is probable, that, with such a turn of mind and taste, he may have failed in setting the sublime, lofty, and daring flights of the Ode to St. Cecilia. Indeed his composition was not judged worthy of publication. The Ode, after some impertinent alterations, made by Hughes, at the request of Sir Richard Steele, was set to music by Clayton, who, with Steele, managed a public concert in 1711; but neither was this a successful essay to connect the poem with the art it celebrated. At length, in 1736, "Alexander's Feast" was set by Handel, and performed in the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden, with the full success which the combined talents of the poet and the musician seemed to ensure.† Indeed, although the music was at first less successful, the poetry received, even in the author's time, all the applause which its unrivalled excellence demanded. "I am glad to hear from all hands," says Dryden, in a letter to Tonson, "that my Ode is esteemed the best of all my poetry, by all the town. I thought so myself when I writ it; but, being old, I mistrusted my own judgment." Mr. Malone has preserved a tradition, that the father of Lord Chief Justice Marlay, then a Templar, and frequenter of Will's coffee-house, took an opportunity to pay his court to Dryden, on the publication of "Alexander's Feast;" and, happening to sit next him, congratulated him on having produced the finest and noblest Ode that had ever been written in any language. "You are right, young gentleman, (replied Dryden,) a nobler Ode never *was* produced, nor ever *will*." This singularly strong expression cannot be placed to the score of vanity. It was an inward consciousness of merit, which burst forth, probably almost involuntarily, and I fear must be admitted as prophetic.

The preparation of a new edition of the Virgil, which appeared in 1698, occupied nine days only, after which Dryden began seriously to consider to what he should next address his pen. The state of his circumstances rendered constant literary labour indispensable to the support of his family, although the exertion, and particularly the confinement, occasioned by his studies, considerably impaired his health. His son Charles had met with an accident at Rome, which was attended with a train of consequences perilous to his health; and Dryden, anxious to recall him to Britain, was obliged to make extraordinary exertions to provide against this additional expense. "If it please God," he writes to Tonson, "that I must die of over-study, I cannot spend my life better than in preserving his." It is affecting to read such a passage in the life of such a man; yet the necessities of the poet, like the afflictions of the virtuous, smooth the road to immortality. While Milton and Dryden were favoured by the rulers of the day, they were involved in the religious and political controversies which raged around them; it is to hours of seclusion, neglect, and even penury, that we owe the Paradise Lost, the Virgil, and the Fables.

Among other projects, Dryden seems to have had thoughts of altering and revising a tragedy called the "Conquest of China by the Tartars," written by his ancient friend and brother-in-law, Sir Robert Howard. The unkindness which had arisen between them upon the subject of blank verse and rhyme, seems to have been long since past away; and we observe, with pleasure, that Dryden, in the course of the pecuniary transactions about Virgil, reckons upon the assistance of Sir Robert Howard, and consults his taste also in the revisal of the version.‡ But Dryden never altered the "Conquest of China," being first interrupted by the necessity of revising Virgil, and afterwards, perhaps, by a sort of quarrel which took place between him and the players, of whom he speaks most resentfully in his "Epistle to Granville," upon his tragedy of "Heroic Love," acted in the begining of 1698.‖

The success of Virgil encouraged Dryden about this time to turn his eyes upon Homer; and the general voice of the literary world called upon him to do the venerable Grecian the same service which the Roman had received from him. It was even believed that he had fixed upon the mode of translation, and that he was, as he elsewhere expresses it, to "fight unarmed without his rhyme."§ A dubious anecdote bears, that he even regretted he had not rendered Virgil into blank verse, and shows at the same time, if genuine, how far he must now have disapproved of his own attempt to turn into rhyme the Paradise Lost. The story is told by the elder Richardson, in his remarks on the tardy progress of Milton's great work in the public opinion.¶ When Dryden did translate the first book of Homer, which he published with the fables, he rendered it into rhyme; nor have we sufficient ground to believe that he ever seriously intended, in so large a work, to renounce the advantages which he possessed, by his unequal command of versification. That in other respects the task was consonant to his temper, as well as talents, he has himself informed us. "My thoughts," he says, in a letter to

* This discovery was made by the researches of Mr. Malone. Dr. Burney describes Clarke as excelling in the tender and plaintive, to which he was prompted by a temperament of natural melancholy. In the agonies which arose from an unfortunate attachment, he committed suicide, in July, 1707. See a full account of the catastrophe, in Malone's "Life of Dryden," p. 299.

† It was first performed on February 19, 1736–6, at opera prices. "The public expectations and the effects of the representation (says Dr. Burney,) seem to have been correspondent, for the next day we are told in the public papers, (London Daily Post, and General Advertiser, Feb. 20,) that 'there never was, upon the like occasion, so numerous and splendid an audience at any theatre in London, there being at least thirteen hundred persons present; and it is judged, that the receipts of the house could not amount to less than 450*l.* It met with general applause, though attended with the inconvenience of having the performers placed at too great a distance from the audience, which we hear will be rectified the next time of performance.'"—*Hist. of Music*, iv. 391.

‡ See Vol. XVIII. pp. 123. 126.

‖ "Thine be the laurel, then; thy blooming age
Can best, if any can, support the stage;
Which so declines, that shortly we may see
Players and plays reduced to second infancy.
Sharp to the world, but thoughtless of renown,
They plot not on the stage, but on the town;
And in despair their empty pit to fill,
Set up some foreign monster in a bill:
Thus they jog on, still tricking, never thriving,
And murth'ring plays, which they miscall—reviving.
Our sense is nonsense, through their pipes conv'y'd;
Scarce can a poet know the play he made,
'T is so disguised in death; nor thinks 't is he
That suffers in the mangled tragedy;
Thus Ilys first was kill'd, and after dress'd
For his own sire, the chief invited guest."

This gave great offence to the players; one of whom (Powell) made a petulent retort, which the reader will find in a note upon the Epistle itself, vol. XI. p. 65.

§ Mijbourne, in a note on that passage in the dedication to the Æneid—"*He who can write well in rhyme, may write better in blank verse*," says,—"We shall know that, when we see how much better Dryden's Homer will be than his Virgil."

¶ "Much the same character he gave of it (*i. e.* Paradise Lost,) to a north-country clergyman, to whom I mentioned the book, he being a great reader, but not in a right train, coming to town seldom, and keeping little company. Dryden amazed him with speaking so loftily of it. 'Why, Mr. Dryden, says he, (Sir W. L. told me the thing himself,) 'tis not in rhyme.' 'No; [replied Dryden,] *nor would I have done my* Virgil *in rhyme, if I was to begin it again*.'"—This conversation is supposed by Mr. Malone to have been held with Sir Wilfred Lawson, of Isa, in Cumberland.

Halifax, in 1699, "are at present fixed on Homer; and by my translation of the first Iliad, I find him a poet more according to my genius than Virgil, and consequently hope I may do him more justice, in his fiery way of writing; which, as it is liable to more faults, so it is capable of more beauties, than the exactness and sobriety of Virgil. Since it is for my country's honour, as well as for my own, that I am willing to undertake this task, I despair not of being encouraged in it by your favour." But this task Dryden was not destined to accomplish, although he had it so much at heart as to speak of resuming it only three months before his death.*

In the meanwhile, our author had engaged himself in the composition of those imitations of Boccacio and Chaucer, which have been since called the "Fables;" and in spring 1699, he was in such forwardness, as to put into Tonson's hands "seven thousand five hundred verses, more or less," as the contract bears, being a partial delivery to account of ten thousand verses, which by that deed he agreed to furnish, for the sum of two hundred and fifty guineas, to be made up three hundred pounds upon publication of the second edition. This second payment Dryden lived not to receive. With the contents of this miscellaneous volume we are to suppose him engaged, from the revisal of the Virgil, in 1697, to the publication of the Fables, in March 1699-1700. This was the last period of his labours, and of his life; and, like all the others, it did not pass undisturbed by acrimonious criticism, and bitter controversy. The dispute with Milbourne, we noticed, before dismissing the subject of Virgil; but there were two other persons who, in their zeal for morality and religion, chose to disturb the last years of the life of Dryden.

The indelicacy of the stage, being, in its earliest period, merely the coarse gross raillery of a barbarous age, was probably of no greater injury to the morals of the audience, than it is to those of the lower ranks of society, with whom similar language is every where admitted as wit and humour. During the reigns of James I. and Charles I. this license was gradually disappearing. In the domination of the fanatics, which succeeded, matters were so much changed, that, far from permitting the use of indelicate or profane allusions, they wrapped up not only their most common temporal affairs, but even their very crimes and vices, in the language of their spiritual concerns. Luxury was *using the creature;* avarice was *seeking experiences;* insurrection was *putting the hand to the plough;* actual rebellion, *fighting the good fight;* and regicide, *doing the great work of the Lord.* This vocabulary became grievously unfashionable at the Reformation, and was at once swept away by the torrent of irreligion, blasphemy and indecency, which were at that period deemed necessary to secure conversation against the imputation of disloyalty and fanaticism. The court of Cromwell, if lampoons can be believed, was not much less vicious than that of Charles II., but it was less scandalous; and, as Dryden himself expresses it,

> "The sin was of our native growth, 't is true;
> The scandal of the sin was wholly new.
> Hence these were, but modestly conceal'd,
> Whilst all the naked goddess first reveal'd;
> Who standing, as at Cyprus, in her shrine,
> The strumpet was adored with rites divine."

This torrent of licentiousness had begun in some degree to abate, even upon the accession of James II. whose manners did not encourage the same general license as those of Charles. But after the Revolution, when an affectation of profligacy was no longer deemed a necessary attribute of loyalty, and when it began to be thought possible that a man might have some respect for religion without being a republican, or even a fanatic, the license of the stage was generally esteemed a nuisance. It then happened, as is not uncommon, that those, most bustling and active to correct public abuses, were men whose intentions may without doing them injury, be estimated more highly than their talents.

* See a letter to Mrs. Thomas, vol. XVIII. p. 193.

Thus, Sir Richard Blackmore a grave physician, residing and practising on the sober side of Temple Bar, was the first who professed to reform the spreading pest of poetical licentiousness, and to correct such men as Dryden, Congreve, and Wycherley. This worthy person, compassionating the state to which poetry was reduced by his contemporaries, who used their wit "in opposition to religion, and to the destruction of virtue and good manners in the world," resolved to rescue the Muses from this unworthy thraldom, "to restore them to their sweet and chaste mansions, and to engage them in an employment suited to their dignity." With this laudible view he wrote "Prince Arthur, an Epic Poem," published in 1695. The preface contained a furious, though just, diatribe against the license of modern comedy, with some personal reflections aimed at Dryden directly.† This the poet felt more unkindly, as Sir Richard had, without acknowledgment, availed himself of the hints he had thrown out in the "Essay upon Satire," for the management of an epic poem on the subject of King Arthur. He bore, however, the attack, without resenting it, until he was again assailed by Sir Richard in his "Satire upon Wit," written expressly to correct the dissolute and immoral performances of the writers of his time. With a ponderous attempt at humour, the good knight proposes that a *bank for wit* should be established, and that all which had hitherto passed as current, should be called in, purified in the mint, recoined, and issued forth anew freed from alloy.

This satire was published in 1700, as the title-page bears; but Mr. Luttrell marks his copy 23d November, 1699.‡ It contains more than one attack upon our author. Thus, we are told, (wit being previously described as a malady,)

> "Vanine, that look'd on all the danger past,
> Because he 'scaped so long, is seized at last;
> By p—, by hunger, and by Dryden bit,
> He grins and snarls, and, in his dogged fit,
> Froths at the mouth, a certain sign of wit."

Elsewhere the poet complains, that the universalities,

> ——"debauch'd by Dryden and his crew,
> Turns bawds to vice, and wicked aims pursue."

Again, p. 14,

> "Dryden condemns, who taught men how to make,
> Of damnes wits, an angel of a rake."

But the main offence lies in the following passage:

> "Set forth your edict; let it be enjoin'd,
> That all defective species be recoin'd;
> St. E—m—t and R—r both are fit
> To oversee the coining of our wit."

† "Some of these poets, to excuse their guilt, allege for themselves, that the degeneracy of the age makes their lewd way of writing necessary: they pretend the auditors will not be pleased, unless they are thus entertained from the stage; and to please, they say, is the chief business of the poet. But this is by no means a just apology: it is not true, as was said before, that the poet's chief business is to please. His chief business is to instruct, to make mankind wiser and better; and in order to this, his care should be to please and entertain the audience with all the wit and art he is master of. Aristotle and Horace, and all their critics and commentators, all men of wit and sense agree, that this is the end of poetry. But they say, it is their profession to write for the stage; and that poets must starve, if they will not in this way humour the audience: the theatre will be as undiscoverted as the churches, and the poet and the parson equally neglected. Let the poet then abandon his profession, and take up some honest lawful calling, where joining industry to his great wit, he may soon get above the complaints of poverty, so common among these ingenious men, and lie under no necessity of prostituting his wit to any such vile purposes as are here censured. This will be a course of life more profitable and honourable to himself, and more useful to others. And there are among these writers some, who think they might have risen to the highest dignities in other professions, had they employed their wit in those usage. It is a mighty dishonour and reproach to any man that is capable of being useful to the world in any liberal and virtuous profession, to lavish out his life and wit in propagating vice and corruption of manners, and in battering them the stage the strongest entrenchments and best works of religion and virtue. Whoever makes this his choice, when the other was in his power, may he go off the stage unpitied, complaining of neglect and poverty, the just punishments of his irreligion and folly!"

‡ Mr. Malone conceives, that the Fables were published before the "Satire upon Wit;" but he had not this evidence of the contrary before him. It is therefore clear, that Dryden endured a second attack from Blackmore, besides making any reply.

Let these be made the masters of essay,
They'll every piece of metal touch and weigh,
And tell which is too light, which has too much allay,
'Tis true, that when the coarse and worthless dross
Is purged away, there will be mighty loss.
Even Congreve, Southerne, manly Wycherley,
When thus refined, will grievous sufferers be.
Into the melting pot when Dryden comes,
What horrid stench will rise, what noisome fumes!
How will he shrink, when all his lewd allay,
And wicked mixture, shall be purged away!
When once his boasted heaps are melted down,
A chest-full scarce will yield one sterling crown.
Those who will D—n's melt, and think to find
A goodly mass of bullion left behind,
Do, as the Hibernian wit, who, as 't is told,
Burnt his gilt feather, to collect the gold.

But what remains will be so pure, 't will bear
The examination of the most severe;
'T will S—r's scales, and Talbot's test abide,
And with their mark please all the world beside."

These repeated attacks at length called down the vengeance of Dryden, who thus retorted upon him in the preface to the Fables:

"As for the City Bard, or Knight Physician, I hear his quarrel to me is, that I was the author of 'Absalom and Achitophel,' which, he thinks, is a little hard on his fanatic patrons in London.

"But I will deal the more civilly with his two poems, because nothing ill is to be spoken of the dead; and, therefore, peace be to the manes of his 'Arthurs.' I will only say, that it was not for this *poetic* knight that I drew the plan of an epic poem on King Arthur, in my preface to the translation of Juvenal. The guardian angels of kingdoms were machines too ponderous for him to manage; and therefore he rejected them, as Dares did the whirlbats of Eryx, when they were thrown before him by Entellus: yet from that preface, he plainly took his hint; for he began immediately upon the story, though he had the baseness not to acknowledge his benefactor, but, instead of it, to traduce me in a libel."

Blackmore, who had perhaps thought the praise contained in his two last couplets ought to have allayed Dryden's resentment, finding that they failed in producing this effect, very unhandsomely omitted them in his next edition, and received, as will presently be noticed, another flagellation, in the last verses Dryden ever wrote.

But a more formidable champion than Blackmore had arisen, to scourge the profligacy of the theatre. This was no other than the celebrated Jeremy Collier, a nonjuring clergyman, who published, in 1698, "A short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the stage." His qualities as a reformer are described by Dr. Johnson in language never to be amended. "He was formed for a controvertist; with sufficient learning; with diction vehement and pointed, though often vulgar and incorrect; with unconquerable pertinacity; with wit in the highest degree keen and sarcastic; and with all those powers exalted and invigorated by the just confidence in his cause.

"Thus qualified, and thus incited, he walked out to battle, and assailed at once most of the living writers, from Dryden to Durfey. His onset was violent: those passages, which, while they stood single had passed with little notice, when they were accumulated and exposed together, excited horror; the wise and the pious caught the alarm, and the nation wondered why it had so long suffered irreligion and licentiousness to be openly taught at the public charge."

Notwithstanding the justice of this description, there is a strange mixture of sense and nonsense in Collier's celebrated treatise. Not contented with resting his objections to dramatic immorality upon the substantial grounds of virtue and religion, Jeremy labours to confute the poets of the seventeenth century, by drawing them into comparison with Plautus and Aristophanes, which is certainly judging of one crooked line by another. Neither does he omit, like his predecessor Prynne, to marshal against the British stage those fulminations directed by the fathers of the church against the pagan theatres; although Collier could not but know, that it was the performance of the heathen ritual, and not merely the scenic action of the drama, which rendered it sinful for the early Christians to attend the theatre. The book was, however, of great service to dramatic poetry, which, from that time, was less degraded by license and indelicacy.

Dryden, it may be believed, had, as his comedies well deserved, a liberal share of the general censure; but, however he might have felt the smart of Collier's severity, he had the magnanimity to acknowledge its justice. In the preface to the Fables, he makes the *amende honorable*. "I shall say the less of Mr. Collier, because in many things he has taxed me justly; and I have pleaded guilty to all thoughts and expressions of mine, which can be truly accused of obscenity, profaneness, or immorality, and retract them. If he be my enemy, let him triumph; if he be my friend, as I have given him no personal occasion to be otherwise, he will be glad of my repentance. It becomes me not to draw my pen in the defence of a bad cause, when I have so often drawn it for a good one." To this manly and liberal admission, he has indeed tacked a complaint, that Collier had sometimes by a strained interpretation made the evil sense of which he complained; that he had too much "horse-play in his raillery;" and that, "if the zeal for God's house had not eaten him up, it had at least devoured some part of his good manners and civility." Collier seems to have been somewhat pacified by this qualified acknowledgement, and, during the rest of the controversy, turned his arms chiefly against Congreve, who resisted and spared, comparatively at least, the sullen submission of Dryden.

While these controversies were raging, Dryden's time was occupied with the translations or imitations of Chaucer and Boccacio. Among these, the "Character of the Good Parson" is introduced, probably to confute Milbourne, Blackmore, and Collier, who had severally charged our author with the wilful and premeditated contumely thrown upon the clergy in many passages of his satirical writings. This too seems to have inflamed the hatred of Swift, who, with all his levities, was strictly attached to his order, and keenly jealous of its honours.* Dryden himself seems to have been conscious of his propensity to assail churchmen. "I remember," he writes to his sons, "the counsel you gave me in your letter; but dissembling, although lawful in some cases, is not my talent; yet, for your sake, I will struggle with the plain openness of my nature, and keep in my just resentments against that *degenerate order*."† Milbourne, and other enemies of our author, imputed this resentment against the clergy, to his being refused orders when he wished to take them, in the reign of Charles, with a view to the Provostship of Eaton, or some Irish preferment.‡

* In his apology for "The Tale of a Tub," he points out to the resentment of the clergy, "those heavy illiterate scribblers, prostitute in their reputations, vicious in their lives, and ruined in their fortunes, who, to the shame of good sense, as well as piety, are greedily read, merely upon the strength of bold, false, impious assertions, mixed with unmannerly reflections on the priesthood." And, after no great interval, he mentions the passage quoted, "in which Dryden, L'Estrange, and some others I shall not name, are levelled at; who, having spent their lives in faction, and apostacies, and all manner of vice, pretended to be sufferers for loyalty and religion. So Dryden tells us, in one of his prefaces, of his merits and sufferings, and thanks God that he possesses his soul in patience. In other places he talks at the same rate."

† Vol. XVIII, p. 133.

‡ Thus, in a lampoon already quoted:

Quitting my duller hopes, the poor renown
Of Eaton College, or a Dublin gown. P. 58.

Tom Brown makes the charge more directly. "But, prithee, why so severe always on the priesthood, Mr. Bayes? What have they merited to pull down your indignation? I thought the ridiculing men of that character upon the stage, was by this time a topic as much worn out with you, as love and honour in the play, or good fulsome flattery in the dedication. But you, I find, still continue your old humour, to date from the year of Hegira, the loss of Eaton, or since orders were refused you. Whatever hangs out either black or green colours is presently your prize: and you would, by your good-will, be as mortifying a vexation to the whole tribe, as an unbegetting year, a concatenation of briefs, or a voracious visiter; so that I am of opinion, you had much better have written in your title-page,

——Manet alta mente repostum
Judicium *Cleri*, spretaque injuria *Musæ*."

The same reproach is urged by Settle. See Vol. IX. p. 377-8.

But Dryden assures us, that he never had any thoughts of entering the church. Indeed, his original offences of this kind may be safely ascribed to the fashionable practice after the Restoration, of laughing at all that was accounted serious before that period. And when Dryden became a convert to the Catholic faith, he was, we have seen, involved in an immediate and furious controversy with the clergy of the church of England. Thus, an unbecoming strain of raillery, adopted in wantonness, became aggravated, by controversy, into real dislike and animosity. But Dryden, in the "Character of a Good Parson," seems determined to show, that he could estimate the virtue of the clerical order. He undertook the task at the instigation of Mr. Pepys, the founder of the library in Magdalen College, which bears his name;* and has accomplished it with equal spirit and elegance; not forgetting, however, to make his pattern of clerical merit of his own jacobitical principles.

Another very pleasing performance, which entered the Miscellany called "The Fables," is the epistle to John Driden of Chesterton, the poet's cousin. The letters to Mrs. Stewart show the friendly intimacy in which the relations had lived, since the opposition of the Whigs to King William's government in some degree united that party in conduct, though not in motive, with the favourers of King James. Yet our author's strain of politics, as at first expressed in the epistle, was too severe for his cousin's digestion. Some reflections upon the Dutch allies, and their behaviour in the war, were omitted, as tending to reflect upon King William; and the whole piece, to avoid the least chance of giving offence, was subjected to the revision of Montague, with a deprecation of his displeasure, an entreaty of his patronage, and the humiliating offer, that, although repeated correction had already purged the spirit out of the poem, nothing should stand in it relating to public affairs, without Mr. Montague's permission. What answer "full-blown Bufo" returned to Dryden's petition, does not appear; but the author's opposition principles were so deeply woven in with the piece, that they could not be obliterated without tearing it to pieces. His model of an English member of parliament votes in opposition, as his Good Parson is a nonjuror, and the Fox in the fable of Old Chaucer is translated into a puritan.† The epistle was highly acceptable to Mr. Driden of Chesterton, who acknowledged the immortality conferred on him, by "a noble present," which family tradition states to have amounted to 500*l.*‡ Neither did Dryden neglect so fair an opportunity to avenge himself on his personal, as well as his political adversaries. Milbourne and Blackmore receive in the epistle severe chastisement for their assaults upon his poetry and private character:

What help from art's endeavours can we have?
Guibbons but guesses, nor is sure to save;
But Maurus sweeps whole parishes, and peoples every grave;
And no more mercy to mankind will use,
Than when he robb'd and murder'd Maro's muse.
Would'st thou be soon despatch'd, and perish whole,
Trust Maurus with thy life, and Milbourne with thy soul.

* Vol. XVIII. p. 155.

† There was, to be sure, in the provoking scruples of that rigid sect, something peculiarly tempting to a satirist. How is it possible to forgive Baxter, for the affectation with which he records the enormities of his childhood?

"Though my conscience," says he, "would trouble me when I sinned, yet divers sins I was addicted to, and oft committed against my conscience, which, for the warning of others, I will here confess to my shame. I was much addicted to the *excess* or *gluttonous eating of apples and pears*, which I think laid the foundation of the imbecility and flatulency of my stomach, which caused the bodily calamities of my life. To this end, and to concur with naughty boys that gloried in evil, I have oft gone into other men's orchards, and stolen the fruit, when I had enough at home." There are six other retractions of similar enormities, when he concludes:—"These were my sins in my childhood, as to which, conscience troubled me for a great while before they were overcome." Baxter was a pious and worthy man, but can any one read this confession without thinking of Tartuffe, who subjected himself to penance for killing a flea, with too much anger?

‡ See Vol. XVII. p. 180. Mr. Malone thinks tradition has confounded a present made to the poet himself, probably of 100*l.*, with a legacy bequeathed to his son Charles, which last did amount to 500*l.*, but which Charles lived not to receive.

Referring to another place, what occurs upon the style and execution of the Fables, I have only to add, that they were published early in spring 1700, in a large folio, and with the "Ode to Saint Cecilia." The epistle to Driden of Chesterton, and a translation of the first Iliad, must have more than satisfied the mercantile calculations of Tonson, since they contained seventeen hundred verses above the quantity which Dryden had contracted to deliver. In the preface, the author vindicates himself with great spirit against his literary adversaries; makes his usual strong and forcible remarks on the genius of the authors whom he had imitated; and, in this his last critical work, shows all the acumen which had so long distinguished his powers. The Fables were dedicated to the last Duke of Ormond, the grandson of the Barzillai of "Absalom and Achitophel," and the son of the heroic Earl of Ossory; friends both, and patrons of Dryden's earlier essays. There is something affecting in a connection so honourably maintained; and the sentiment, as touched by Dryden, is simply pathetic. "I am not vain enough to boast, that I have deserved the value of so illustrious a line; but my fortune is the greater, that for three descents they have been pleased to distinguish my poems from those of other men; and have accordingly made me their peculiar care. May it be permitted me to say, that as your grandfather and father were cherished and adorned with honours by two successive monarchs, so I have been esteemed and patronized by the grandfather, the father, and the son, descended from one of the most ancient, most conspicuous, and most deserving families in Europe."

There were also prefixed to the "Fables," those introductory verses addressed to the beautiful Duchess of Ormond,‖ which have all the easy, felicitous, and sprightly gallantry, demanded on such occasions. The incense, it is said, was acknowledged by a present of 500*l.*; a donation worthy of the splendid house of Ormond. The sale of the "Fables," was surprisingly slow: even the death of the author, which has often sped away a lingering impression, does not seem to have increased the demand; and the second edition was not printed till 1713, when Dryden and all his immediate descendants being no more, the sum stipulated upon that event was paid by Tonson to Lady Sylvius, daughter of one of Lady Elizabeth Dryden's brothers, for the benefit of his widow, then in a state of lunacy.—See Appendix, vol. XVIII. p. 192.

The end of Dryden's labours was now fast approaching; and as his career began upon the stage, it was in some degree doomed to terminate there. It is true, he never recalled his resolution to write no more plays; but Vanburgh having about this time revised and altered for the Drury-lane theatre, Fletcher's lively comedy of "The Pilgrim," it was agreed that Dryden, or, as one account says, his son Charles,§ should have the profits of a third night, on condition of adding to the piece a Secular Masque, adapted to the supposed termination of the seventeenth century;¶ a dialogue in the Madhouse between two Distracted Lovers; and a prologue and epilogue. The Secular Masque contains a beautiful and spirited delineation of the reigns of James I., Charles I., and Charles II., in which the influence of Diana, Mars, and Venus, are supposed to have respectively predominated. Our author did not

‖ She is distinguished for beauty and virtue, by the author of "The Court at Kensington." 1699-1700.

"So Ormond's graceful mien attracts all eyes,
And nature needs not ask from art supplies;
An air of grandeur shines through every part,
And in her beauteous form is placed the noblest heart:
In vain mankind adore, unless she were
By Heaven made less virtuous, or less fair."

§ Gildon, in his "Comparison between the Stages."—"Nay, then," says the whole party at Drury-lane, "we'll even put 'The Pilgrim' upon him." "Ay, 'faith, so we will," says Dryden; "and if you'll let my son have the profits of the third night, I'll give you a Secular Masque." "Done," says the House;" and so the bargain was struck."

¶ *i. e.* Upon the 25th March, 1700: it being supposed, (as by many in our own time) that the century was concluded so soon as the hundredth year commenced;—as if a play was ended at the *beginning of the fifth act.*

venture to assign a patron to the last years of the century, though the expulsion of Saturn might have given a hint for it. The music of the Masque is said to have been good; at least it is admired by the eccentric author of John Buncle.* The prologue and epilogue to "The Pilgrim," were written within twenty days of Dryden's death;† and their spirit equals that of any of his satirical compositions. They afford us the less pleasing conviction, that even the last fortnight of Dryden's life was occupied in repelling or retorting the venomed attacks of his literary foes. In the prologue, he gives Blackmore a drubbing which would have annihilated any author of ordinary modesty; but the knight‡ was as remarkable for his powers of endurance, as some modern pugilists are said to be for the quality technically called *bottom*. After having been "brayed in a mortar," as Solomon expresses it, by every wit of his time, Sir Richard not only survived to commit new offences against ink and paper, but had his faction, his admirers, and his panegyrists, among that numerous and sober class of readers, who think that genius consists in good intention.‖ In the epilogue, Dryden attacks Collier, but with more courteous weapons; it is rather a palliation than a defence of dramatic immorality, and contains nothing personally offensive to Collier.—Thus so dearly was Dryden's pre-eminent reputation purchased, that even his last hours were embittered with controversy; and nature, overwatched and worn out, was, like a besieged garrison, forced to obey the call to arms, and defend reputation even with the very last exertion of the vital spirit.

The approach of death was not, however, so gradual as might have been expected from the poet's chronic diseases. He had long suffered both by the gout and gravel, and more lately the erysipelas seized one of his legs. To a shattered frame and a corpulent habit, the most trifling accident is often fatal. A slight inflamation in one of his toes, became, from neglect, a gangrene. Mr. Hobbes, an eminent surgeon, to prevent mortification, proposed to amputate the limb; but Dryden, who had no reason to be in love with life, refused the chance of prolonging it by a doubtful and painful operation.§ After a short interval, the catastrophe expected by Mr. Hobbes took place, and Dryden, not long surviving the consequences, left life on Wednesday morning, 1st May 1700, at three o'clock. He seems to have been sensible till nearly his last moments, and died in the Roman Catholic faith, with submission and entire resignation to the divine will; "taking of his friends," says Mrs. Creed, one of the sorrowful number, "so tender and obliging a farewell, as none but he himself could have expressed."

The death of a man like Dryden, especially in narrow and neglected circumstances, is usually an alarum-bell to the public. Unavailing and mutual reproaches, for unthankful and pitiless negligence, waste themselves in newspaper paragraphs, elegies, and funeral processions; the debt to genius is then deemed discharged, and a new account of neglect and commemoration is opened between the public and the next who rises to supply his room. It was thus with Dryden: his family were preparing to bury him with the decency becoming their limited circumstances, when Charles Montague, Lord Jefferies, and other men of quality, made a subscription for a public funeral. The body of the poet was then removed to the Physician's Hall, where it was embalmed, and lay in state till the 13th day of May, twelve days after the decease. On that day, the celebrated Dr. Garth pronounced a Latin oration over the remains of his departed friend; which were then, with considerable state, preceded by a band of music, and attended by a numerous procession of carriages, transported to Westminster Abbey, and deposited between the graves of Chaucer and Cowley.

The malice of Dryden's contemporaries, which he had experienced through life, attempted to turn into burlesque these funeral honours. Farquhar, the comic dramatist, wrote a letter containing a ludicrous account of the funeral;¶ in which, as Mr. Malone most justly remarks, he only sought to

* It was again sent by Dr. Boyce, and in 1749 performed in the Drury-lane theatre, with great success.

† By a letter to Mrs. Stuart, dated the 11th April, 1700, it appears they were then only in his contemplation, and the poet died upon the first of the succeeding month. Vol. XVIII. p. 128.

‡ "Quack Maurus, though he never took degrees
In either of our universities,
Yet to be shown by some kind wit he looks,
Because he played the fool, and writ three books.
But if he would be worth a poet's pen,
He must be more a fool, and write again:
For all the former fustian stuff he wrote
Was dead-born doggerel, or is quite forgot;
His man of Us, stript of his Hebrew robe,
Is just the proverb, and "As poor as Job."
One would have thought he could no longer jog;
But Arthur was a level, Job's a bog.
There though he crept, yet still he kept in sight;
But here he founders in, and sinks downright.
Had he prepared us, and been dull by rule,
Tobit had first been turned to ridicule;
But our bold Briton, without fear or awe,
O'erleaps at once the whole Apocrypha;
Invades the Psalms with rhymes, and leaves no room
For any Vandal Hopkins yet to come.
But when, if, after all, this godly gear
Is not so senseless as it would appear,
Our mountebank has laid a deeper train;
His cant, like Merry Andrew's noble vein,
Out-calls the sects to draw them in again.
At leisure hours in epic song he deals,
Writes to the rumbling of his coach's wheels;
Prescribes in haste, and seldom kills by rule,
But rides triumphant between stool and stool.
Well, let him go,—'t is yet too early day
To get himself a place in farce or play;
We know not by what name we should arraign him,
For no one category can contain him.
A pedant,—canting preacher,—and a quack,
Are load enough to break an ass's back.
At last, grown wanton, he presumed to write,
Traduced two kings, their kindness to requite;
One made the doctor, and one dubb'd the knight."

One of these well-meaning persons insulted the ashes of Dryden, while they were still warm, in "An Epistle to Sir Richard Blackmore, occasioned by the New Session of the Poets." Marked by Mr. Luttrell, 1st November 1700.

"His mighty Dryden to the shades is gone,
And Congreve leaves successor of his throne;
Though long before his final exit hence,
He was himself an abdicated Prince;
Disrobed of all regalities of state.
Drawn by a hind and panther from his seat,
Heir to his plays, his fables and his tales,
Congreve is the poetic prince of Wales;
Not at St. Germains, but at Will's his court,
Whither the subjects of his dad resort;
Where plots are hatch'd and councils yet unknown,
How young Ascanius may ascend the throne,
That in despite of all the muses' laws,
He may revenge his injured father's cause.
Go, nauseous rhymers, into darkness go,
And view your monarch in the shades below,
Who takes not now from Helicon his drink,
But sips from Styx a liquor black as ink;
Like Sisyphus, a restless stone he turns;
And in a pile of his own labours burns,
Whose curling flames most ghastly fiends do raise,
Supplied with fuel from his impious plays;
And when he fain would puff away the flame,
One stops his mouth with bawdy Limberham;
These, to augment the terrors of the place,
His Hind and Panther stare him in the face;
They grin like devils at the cursed toad,
Wh. m.de him draw on earth so vile a load."

§ According to Ward, his expressions were, "that he was an old man, and had not long to live by course of nature, and therefore did not care to part with one limb, at such an age, to preserve an uncomfortable life on the rest."—*London Spy*, Part XVIII.

¶ "I come now from Mr. Dryden's funeral, where we had an Ode in Horace sung, instead of David's Psalms; whence you may find, that we don't think a poet worth Christian burial. The pomp of the ceremony was a kind of rhapsody, and fitter, I think, for Hudibras, than him; because the cavalcade was mostly burlesque: but he was an extraordinary man, and buried after an extraordinary fashion; for I do believe there was never such another burial seen. The oration, indeed, was great and ingenious, worthy the subject, and like the author: whose prescriptions can restore the living, and his pen embalm the dead. And so

amuse his fair correspondent by an assemblage of ludicrous and antithetical expressions and ideas, which, when accurately examined, express little more than the bustle and confusion which attends every funeral procession of uncommon splendour. Upon this ground-work, Mrs. Thomas (the Coriana of Pope and Cromwell) raised, at the distance of thirty years, the marvellous structure of fable, which has been copied by all Dryden's biographers, till the industry of Mr. Malone has sent it, with other figments of the same lady, to "the grave of all the Capulets."* She appears to have been something assisted by a burlesque account of the funeral, imputed by Mr. Malone to Tom Brown, who certainly continued to insult Dryden's memory whenever an opportunity offered.† Indeed, Mrs. Thomas herself quotes this last respectable authority. It must be a well-conducted and uncommon public ceremony, where the philosopher can find nothing to condemn, nor the satirist to ridicule; yet, to our imagination, what can be more striking, than the procession of talent and rank, which escorted the remains of DRYDEN to the tomb of CHAUCER!

"The private character of the individual, his personal appearance, and rank in society, are the circumstances which generally interest the public most immediately upon his decease.

"We are enabled, from the various paintings and engravings of Dryden, as well as from the less flattering delineations of the satirists of his time, to form a tolerable idea of his face and person. In youth, he appears to have been handsome,‡ and of a pleasing countenance; when his age was more advanced, he was corpulent and florid, which procured him the nick-name attached to him by Rochester.‖ In his latter days, distress and disappointment probably chilled the fire of his eye, and the advance of age destroyed the animation of his countenance.§ Still, however, his portraits bespeak the look and features of genius; especially that in which he is drawn with his waving gray hairs.

In disposition and moral character, Dryden is represented as most amiable, by all who had access to know him: and his works, as well as letters, bear evidence to the justice of their panegyric. Congreve's character of the poet was drawn doubtless favourably, yet it contains points which demonstrate its fidelity.

"Whoever shall censure me, I dare be confident, you, my lord, will excuse me for any thing that I shall say with due regard to a gentleman, for whose person I had as just an affection as I have an admiration of his writings. And indeed Mr. Dryden had personal qualities to challenge both love and esteem from all who were truly acquainted with him.

"He was of a nature exceedingly humane and compassionate; easily forgiving injuries, and capable of a prompt and sincere reconciliation with them who had offended him.

"Such a temperament is the only solid foundation of all moral virtues and social endowments. His friendship, where he professed it, went much beyond his professions; and I have been told of strong and generous instances of it by the persons themselves who received them, though his hereditary income was little more than a bare competency.

"As his reading had been very extensive, so was he very happy in a memory, tenacious of every thing that he had read. He was not more possessed of knowledge than he was communicative of it. But then his communication of it was by no means pedantic, or imposed upon the conversation; but just such, and went so far, as, by the natural turns of the discourse in which he was engaged, it was necessarily promoted or required. He was extremely ready and gentle in his correction of the errors of any writer, who thought fit to consult him; and full as ready and patient to admit of the reprehension of others, in respect of his own oversight or mistakes. He was of very easy, I may say, of very pleasing access; but something slow, and, as it were, diffident in his advances to others. He had something in his nature, that abhorred intrusion into any society whatsoever. Indeed, it is to be regretted, that he was rather blameable in the other extreme; for, by that means, he was personally less known, and, consequently, his character might become liable both to misapprehensions and misrepresentations.

"To the best of my knowledge and observation, he was, of all the men that ever I knew, one of the most modest, and the most easily to be discountenanced in his approaches either to his superiors or his equals."

This portrait is from the pen of friendship; yet, if we consider all the circumstances of Dryden's life, we cannot deem it much exaggerated. For about forty years, his character, personal and literary, was the object of assault by every subaltern scribbler, titled or untitled, laureated or pilloried. "My morals," he himself has said, "have been sufficiently aspersed; that only sort of reputation, which ought to be dear to every honest man, and is to me." In such an assault, no weapon would remain unhandled, no charge, true or false, unpreferred, providing it was but plausible. Such qualities, therefore, as we do not, in such circumstances, find excepted against, must surely be admitted to pass to the credit of Dryden. His change of political opinion, from the time he entered life under the protection of a favourite of Cromwell, might have argued instability, if he had changed a second time, when the current of power and popular opinion set against the doctrines of the Reformation. As it is, we must hold Dryden to have acted from conviction, since personal interest, had that been the ruling motive of his political conduct, would have operated as strongly in 1688 as in 1660. The change of his religion we have elsewhere

much for Mr. Dryden; whose burial was the same as his life,—variety, and not of a piece;—the quality and mob, farce and heroics; the sublime and ridicule mixed in a piece;—great Cleopatra in a hackney coach."

* Those who wish to peruse this memorable romance, may find it in vol. XVIII. p. 200. It was first published in "Wilson's Life of Congreve," 1730. Mr. Malone has successfully shown, that it is false in almost all its parts; for, independently of the extreme improbability of the whole story, it is clear, from Ward's account, written at the time, that Lord Jefferies, who it is pretended interrupted the funeral, did, in fact, largely contribute to it. This also appears from a paragraph, in a letter from Doctor, afterwards Bishop Tanner, dated May 6th, 1700, and thus given by Mr. Malone:—"Mr. Dryden died a papist, if at all a Christian. Mr. Montague had given orders to bury him; but some lords (my Lord Dorset, Jefferies, &c.) thinking it would not be splendid enough, ordered him to be carried to Russel's: there he was embalmed; and now lies in state at the Physicians' College, and is to be buried with Chaucer, Cowley, &c. at Westminster Abbey, on Monday next." *MSS. Ballard, in Bibl. Bodl.* vol. IV. p. 22.

† The following lines are given by Mr. Malone as a specimen:

"Before the hearse the mourning hautboys go,
And screech a dismal sound of grief and wo:
More dismal notes from bogtrotters may fall,
More dismal plaints at Irish funeral;
But no such floods of tears o'er stopp'd our tide,
Since Charles, the martyr and the monarch, died.
The decency and order first describe,
Without regard to either sex or tribe.
The sable coaches led the dismal van,
But by their side, I think, few footmen ran;
Nor needed these; the rabble fill the streets,
And mob with mob in great disorder meets.
See next the coaches, how they are accouter'd,
Both in the inside, etc and on the outward:
One p—y spark, one sound as any roach,
One poet and two fiddlers in a coach:
The playhouse drab, that beats the beggar's bush.

By every body kiss'd, good troth,—but such is
Now her good fate, to ride with mistress Dutchess.
Was e'er immortal poet thus buffoon'd!
In a long line of coaches thus lampoon'd!"

‡ Page 18. ‖ "Poet Squab."

§ From "Epigrams on the Paintings of the most eminent Masters," by J. E. (John Elsum,) Esq. 8vo. 1700, Mr. Malone gives the following lines:

The Effigies of Mr. DRYDEN, by Closterman,
Epig. clxiv.

"A sleepy eye he shows, and no sweet feature,
Yet was indeed a favourite of nature:
Endow'd and graced with an exalted mind,
With store of wit, and that of every kind.
Juvenal's tartness, Horace's sweet air,
With Virgil's force, in him concenter'd were.
But though the painter's art can never show it,
That his exemplar was so great a poet,
Yet are the lines and tints so subtly wrought,
You may perceive he was a man of thought.
Closterman, 't is confess'd, has drawn him well,
But short of Absalom and Achitophel."

disposed; and endeavoured to show, that, although Dryden was unfortunate in adopting the more corrupted form of our religion, yet considered relatively, it was a fortunate and laudable conviction which led him from the mazes of scepticism to become a catholic of the communion of Rome.* It would be vain to maintain, that in his early career he was free from the follies and vices of a dissolute period; but the absence of every positive charge, and the silence of numerous accusers, may be admitted to prove, that he partook in them more from general example than inclination, and with a moderate, rather than vicious or undistinguishing appetite. It must be admitted, that he sacrificed to the Belial or Asmodeus of the age, in his writings; and that he formed his taste upon the licentious and gay society with which he mingled. But we have the testimony of one who knew him well, that, however loose his comedies, the temper of the author was modest; his indelicacy was like the forced impudence of a bashful man; and Rochester has accordingly upbraided him, that his licentiousness was neither natural nor seductive. Dryden had unfortunately conformed enough to the taste of his age, to attempt that "nice mode of wit," as it is termed by the said noble author, whose name has become inseparably connected with it; but it sate awkwardly upon his natural modesty, and in general sounds impertinent, as well as disgusting. The clumsy phraseology of Burnet, in passing censure on the immorality of the stage, after the Restoration, terms "Dryden, the greatest master of dramatic poesy, a monster of immodesty and of impurity of all sorts." The expression called forth the animated defence of Granville, Lord Lansdowne, our author's noble friend. "All who knew him," said Lansdowne, "can testify this was not his character. He was so much a stranger to immodesty, that modesty in too great a degree was his failing; he hurt his fortune by it, he complained of it, and never could overcome it. He was," adds he, "esteemed, courted, and admired, by all the great men of the age in which he lived, who would certainly not have received into friendship a monster, abandoned to all sorts of vice and impurity. His writings will do immortal honour to his name and country, and his poems last as long, if I may have leave to say it, as the bishop's sermons, supposing them to be equally excellent in their kind."‡

The Bishop's youngest son, Thomas Burnet, in replying to Lord Lansdowne, explained his father's last expressions as limited to Dryden's plays, and showed, by doing so, that there was no foundation for fixing this gross and dubious charge upon his private moral character.

Dryden's conduct as a father, husband, and master of a family, seems to have been affectionate, faithful, and, so far as his circumstances admitted, liberal and benevolent. The whole tenor of his correspondence bears witness to his paternal feelings; and even when he was obliged to have recourse to Tonson's immediate assistance to pay for the presents he sent them, his affection vented itself in that manner. As a husband, if Lady Elizabeth's peculiarities of temper precluded the idea of warm attachment, he is not upbraided with neglect or infidelity by any of his thousand assailants. As a landlord, Mr. Malone has informed us, on the authority of Lady Dryden, that "his little estate at Bakesley is at this day occupied by one Harriots, grandson of the tenant who held it in Dryden's time; and he relates, that his grandfather was used to take great pleasure in talking of our poet. He was, he said, the easiest and kindest landlord in the world, and never raised the rent during the whole time he possessed the estate."

Some circumstances, however, may seem to degrade so amiable a private, so sublime a poetical character. The license of his comedy, as we have seen, had for it only the apology of universal example, and must be lamented, though not excused. Let us, however, remember, that if in the hey-day of the merry monarch's reign, Dryden ventured to maintain, that, the prime end of poetry being pleasure, the muses ought not to be fettered by the chains of strict decorum; yet in his more advanced and sober mood, he evinced sincere repentance for his trespass, by patient and unresisting submission to the coarse and rigorous chastisement of Collier. If it is alleged, that, in the fury of his loyal satire, he was not always solicitous concerning its justice, let us make allowance for the prejudice of party, and consider at what advantage, after the lapse of more than a century, and through the medium of impartial history, we now view characters, who were only known to their contemporaries as zealous partisans of an opposite and detested faction. The moderation of Dryden's reprisals, when provoked by the grossest calumny and personal insult, ought also to plead in his favour. Of the hundreds who thus assailed, not only his literary, but his moral reputation, he has distinguished Settle and Shadwell alone by an elaborate retort. Those who look into Mr. Luttrel's collections, will at once see the extent of Dryden's sufferance, and the limited degree of his retaliation.

The extreme flattery of Dryden's dedications have been objected to him, as a fault of an opposite description; and perhaps no writer has equalled him in the profusion and elegance of his adulation. "Of this kind of meanness," says Johnson, "he never seems to decline the practice, or lament the necessity. He considers the great as entitled to encomiastic homage, and brings praise rather as a tribute than a gift; more delighted with the fertility of his invention, than mortified by the prostitution of his judgment." It may be noticed, in palliation of this heavy charge, that the form of address to superiors must be judged of by the manners of the times; and that the adulation contained in dedications was then as much a matter of course, as the words of submissive style which still precede the subscription of an ordinary letter. It is probable, that Dryden considered his panegyrics as merely conforming with the fashion of the day, and rendering unto Cæsar the things which were Cæsar's, attended with no more degradation than the payment of any other tribute to the forms of politeness and usage of the world.

Of Dryden's general habits of life we can form a distinct idea, from the evidence assembled by Mr. Malone. His mornings were spent in study; he dined with his family, probably about two o'clock. After dinner he went usually to Will's Coffee-house, the famous rendezvous of the wits of the time, where he had his established chair by the chimney in winter, and near the balcony in summer, whence he pronounced, *ex cathedra*, his opinion upon new publications, and, in general, upon all matters of dubious criticism.‖ Latterly, all who had occasion to ridicule or attack him, represent him as presiding in this little senate.§ His opinions, however, were not maintained with dogmatism; and we have an instance, in a pleasing anecdote told by Dr. Lockier,¶ that Dryden readily listened to criticism, pro-

* See page 51.

† A correspondent of the Gentleman's Magazine, in 1745, thus quoted, says of him as a personal acquaintance: "Posterity is absolutely mistaken as to that great man: though forced into a satirist, he was the mildest creature breathing, and the most to help the young and deserving. Though his comedies are hardly fell of *double entendre*, yet 'twas owing to a false complaisance. He was, in company, the modestest man that ever conversed."

‡ Letter to the author of "Reflections Historical and Political," p. 178.

‖ See vol. XI. p. 52. Note. Vol. XVIII. p. 294. From the poem in the passage last quoted, it seems that the original sign of Will's Coffee-house had been a *cow*. It was changed, however, to a *rose*, in Dryden's time. This wits' coffee-house was situated at the end of Bow-street, on the north side of Russell street, and frequented by all who made any pretence to literature, or criticism. Their company, it would seem, was attended with more honour than profit: for Dennis describes William Erwin, or Urwin, who kept the house, as taking refuge in Whitefriars, then a place of asylum, to escape the clutches of his creditors. "For since the law," says the critic, "thought it just to put Will out of its protection, Will thought it but prudent to put himself out of its power."

§ See Appendix, vol. XVIII. Vol. XI. p. 52.

¶ The Dean of Peterborough—"I was," says he, "about seventeen, when I first came to town; an odd-looking boy, with short rough hair, and that sort of awkwardness which one always

vided it was just, from whatever unexpected and undignified quarter it happened to come. In general, however, it may be supposed, that few ventured to dispute his opinion, or place themselves in the gap between him and the object of his censure. He was most falsely accused of carrying literary jealousy to such a length, as feloniously to encourage Creech to venture on a translation of Horace, that he might lose the character he had gained by a version of Lucretius. But this is positively contradicted, upon the authority of Southerne.*

We have so often stopped in our narrative of Dryden's life, to notice the respectability of his general society, that little need here be said on the subject. A contemporary authority, the reference to which I have mislaid, says, that Dryden was shy and silent in society, till a moderate circulation of the bottle had removed his natural reserve, and that he frequently justified this degree of conviviality by saying, "there was no deceit in a brimmer." But, although no enemy to conviviality, Dryden is pronounced by Pope to have been regular in his hours, in comparison with Addison, who, otherwise, lived the same coffee-house course of life. He has himself told us, that he was "saturnine and reserved, and not one of those who endeavour to entertain company by lively sallies of merriment and wit;" and an adversary has put into his mouth this couplet:

> "Nor wine nor love could ever see me gay;
> To writing bred, I knew not what to say."
> *Dryden's Satire to his Muse.*

But the admission of the author, and the censure of the satirist, must be received with some limitation. Dryden was thirty years old before he was freed from the fetters of puritanism; and if the habits of lively expression in society are not acquired before that age, they are seldom gained afterward. But this applies only to the deficiency of repartee, in the sharp encounter of wit which was fashionable at the court of Charles, and cannot be understood to exclude Dryden's possessing the more solid qualities of agreeable conversation, arising from a memory profoundly stocked with knowledge, and a fancy which supplied modes of illustration faster than the author could use them.† Some few sayings of Dryden have been, however, preserved; which, if not witty, are at least jocose. He is said to have been the original author of the repartee to the Duke of Buckingham, who, in bowling, offered to lay "his soul to a turnip," or something still more vile. "Give me the odds," said Dryden, "and I take the bet." When his wife wished to be a book, that she might enjoy more of his company, "Be an almanack then, my dear," said the poet, "that I may change you once a-year." Another time, a friend expressing his astonishment that even D'Urfey could write such stuff as a play they had just witnessed. "Ah, sir," replied Dryden, "You do not know my friend Tom so well as I do; I'll answer for him, he can write worse yet." None of these anecdotes intimate great brilliancy of repartee; but that Dryden, possessed of such a fund of imagination, and acquired learning, should be dull in conversation, is impossible. He is known frequently to have regaled his friends, by communicating to them a part of his labours; but his poetry suffered by his recitation. He read his productions very ill;‡ owing, perhaps, to the modest reserve of his temper, which prevented his showing an animation in which he feared his audience might not participate. The same circumstance may have repressed the liveliness of his conversation. I know not, however, whether we are, with Mr. Malone, to impute to diffidence his general habit of consulting his literary friends upon his poems, before they became public, since it might as well arise from a wish to anticipate and soften criticism.‖

Of Dryden's learning, his works form the best proof. He had read Polybius before he was ten years of age;§ and was doubtless well acquainted with the Greek and Roman classics. But from these studies he could descend to read romances; and the present editor records with pride, that Dryden was a decided admirer of old ballads, and popular tales.¶ His researches sometimes extended into the vain province of judicial astrology, in which he was a firm believer; and there is reason to think that he also credited divination by dreams. In the country, he delighted in the pastime of fishing, and used, says Mr. Malone, to spend some time with Mr. Jones of Ramsden, in Wiltshire. D'Urfey was sometimes of this party; but Dryden appears to have undervalued his skill in fishing, as much as his attempts at poetry. Hence Fenton, in his epistle to Mr. Lambard:

> "By long experience, D'Urfey may no doubt
> Enamure a gudgeon, or sometimes a trout;
> Yet Dryden once exclaim'd, in partial spite,
> 'He *fish!*'—because the man attempts to write."

I may conclude this notice of Dryden's habits which I have been enabled to give chiefly by the researches of Mr. Malone, with two notices of a minute nature. Dryden was a great taker of snuff, which he prepared himself. Moreover, as a preparation to a course of study, he usually took medicine, and observed a cooling diet.**

Dryden's house, which he appears to have resided in from the period of his marriage till his death, was

brings out of the country with one: however, in spite of my bashfulness and appearance, I used now and then to thrust myself into Will's, to have the pleasure of seeing the most celebrated wits of that time, who used to resort thither. The second time that ever I was there, Mr. Dryden was speaking of his own things, as he frequently did, especially of such as had been lately published. 'If any thing of mine is good,' says he, 'tis my Mac-Flecknoe; and I value myself the more on it, because it is the first piece of ridicule written in heroics.' Lockier overhearing this, plucked up his spirit so far, as to say, in a voice just loud enough to be heard, that Mac-Flecknoe was a very fine poem, but that he had not imagined it to be the first that ever was wrote that way. On this Dryden turned short upon him, as surprised at his interposing; asked him how long he had been a dealer in poetry; and added, with a smile,—'But pray, sir, what is it, that you did imagine to have been writ so before?' Lockier named Boileau's Lutrin, and Tassoni's Secchia Rapita; which he had read, and knew Dryden had borrowed some strokes from each. 'Tis true,' says Dryden;—'I had forgot them.' A little after, Dryden went out, and in going spoke to Lockier again, and desired him to come to him the next day. Lockier was highly delighted with the invitation, and was well acquainted with him as long as he lived."—MALONE, vol. I. p. 481.

* "I have often heard," says Mr. George Russel, "that Mr. Dryden, dissatisfied and envious at the reputation Creech obtained by his translation of Lucretius, purposely advised him to undertake Horace, to which he knew him unequal, that he might by his ill performance lose the fame he had acquired. Mr. Southerne, author of 'Oroonoko,' set me right as to the conduct of Mr. Dryden in this affair; affirming, that, being one evening at Mr. Dryden's lodgings, in company with Mr. Creech, and some other ingenious men, Mr. Creech told the company of his design to translate Horace: from which Mr. Dryden, with many arguments, dissuaded him, as an attempt which his genius was not adapted to, and which would risk his losing the good opinion the world had of him, by his successful translation of Lucretius. I thought it proper to acquaint you with this circumstance, since it rescues the fame of one of our greatest poets from the imputation of envy and malevolence." See also, upon this subject, a note on page 206 of vol. VIII. Yet Jacob Tonson told Spence, "that Dryden would compliment Crowne when a play of his failed, but was cold to him if he met with success. He used sometimes to say, that Crowne had some genius; but then he always added, that his father and Crowne's mother were very well acquainted."—MALONE, vol. I p. 500.

† His conversation is thus characterized by a contemporary writer:

"O, sir, there 's a medium in all things. Silence and chat are distant enough, to have a convenient discourse come between them; and thus far I agree with you, that the company of the author of 'Absalom and Achitophel' is more valuable, though not so talkative, than that of the modern men of *banter*; for what he says is like what he writes, much to the purpose, and full of mighty sense; and if the town were for any thing desirable, it were for the conversation of him, and one or two more of the same character."—*The Humours and Conversation of the Town exposed, in two Dialogues*, 1698, p. 73.

‡ "When Dryden, our first great master of verse and harmony brought his play of 'Amphitryon' to the stage, I heard him give it his first reading to the actors; in which, though it is true he delivered the plain sense of every period, yet the whole was in so cold, so flat and unreflecting a manner, that I am afraid of not being believed, when I affirm it."—*Cibber's Apology*, 4to.

‖ See page 25.

§ Vol. XVIII. p. 31.

¶ "I find," says Gildon, "Mr. Bayes, the younger, (Rowe,) has two qualities, like Mr. Bayes, the elder; his admiration of some odd books, as 'Reynard the Fox,' and the old ballads of 'JaneShore,'" *&c.—Remarks on Mr. Rowe's Plays.* "Reynard the Fox," is also mentioned in "The Town and Country Mouse," as a favourite book of Dryden's. And Addison, in the 85th number of the Spectator, informs us, that Dorset and Dryden delighted in perusing the collection of old ballads which the latter possessed.

** Vol. XVIII. p. 110.

in Gerard-street, the fifth on the left hand coming from Little Newport-street.* The back windows looked upon the gardens of Leicester-House, of which circumstance our poet availed himself to pay a handsome compliment to the noble owner.† His excursions to the country seem to have been frequent; perhaps the more so, as Lady Elizabeth always remained in town. In his latter days, the friendship of his relations, John Driden of Chesterton, and Mrs. Steward of Cotterstock, rendered their houses agreeable places of abode to the aged poet. They appear also to have had a kind solicitude about his little comforts, of value infinitely beyond the contributions which they made towards aiding them. And thus concludes all that we have learned of the private life of Dryden.

The fate of Dryden's family must necessarily interest the admirers of English literature. It consisted of his wife, Lady Elizabeth Dryden, and three sons, John, Charles, and Erasmus-Henry. Upon the poet's death, it may be believed, they felt themselves slenderly provided for, since all his efforts, while alive, were necessary to secure them from the gripe of penury. Yet their situation was not very distressing. John and Erasmus-Henry were abroad; and each had an office at Rome, by which he was able to support himself. Charles had for some time been entirely dependent on his father, and administered to his effects, as he died without a will. The liberality of the Duchess of Ormond, and of Driden of Chesterton, had been lately received, and probably was not expended. There was, besides, the poet's little patrimonial estate, and a small property in Wiltshire, which the Earl of Berkshire settled upon Lady Elizabeth at her marriage, and which yielded 50*l.* or 60*l.* annually. There was therefore an income of about 100*l.* a year, to maintain the poet's widow and children; enough in those times to support them in decent frugality.

Lady Elizabeth Dryden's temper had long disturbed her husband's domestic happiness. "His invectives," says Mr. Malone, "against the married state, are frequent and bitter, and were continued to the latest period of his life;" and he adds, from most respectable authority, that the family of the poet held no intimacy with his lady, confining their intercourse to mere visits of ceremony. A similar alienation seems to have taken place between her and her own relations, Sir Robert Howard, perhaps, being excepted; for her brother, the Honourable Edward Howard, talks of Dryden's being engaged in a translation of Virgil, as a thing he had learned merely by common report.‡ Her wayward disposition was, however, the effect of a disordered imagination, which, shortly after Dryden's death, degenerated into absolute insanity, in which state she remained until her death in summer 1714, probably, says Mr. Malone, in the seventy-ninth year of her life.

Dryden's three sons, says the inscription by Mrs. Creed, were ingenious and accomplished gentlemen. Charles, the eldest, and favourite son of the poet, was born at Charlton, Wiltshire, in 1666. He received a classical education under Dr. Busby, his father's preceptor, and was chosen King's Scholar in 1680. Being elected to Trinity College in Cambridge, he was admitted a member in 1683. It would have been difficult for the son of Dryden to refrain from attempting poetry; but though Charles escaped the fate of Icarus, he was very, very far from emulating his father's soaring flight. Mr. Malone has furnished a list of his compositions in Latin and English.‖ About 1692, he went to Italy, and through the interest of Cardinal Howard, to whom he was related by the mother's side, he became chamberlain of the household; not, as Corinna pretends, "to that *remarkably fine gentleman*, Pope Clement XI." but to Pope Innocent XII. His way to this preferment was smoothed by a pedigree drawn up in Latin by his father, of the families of Dryden and Howard, which is said to have been deposited in the Vatican. Dryden, whose turn for judicial astrology we have noticed, had calculated the nativity of his son Charles; and it would seem, that a part of his predictions were fortuitously fulfilled. Charles, however, having suffered, while at Rome, by a fall, and his health, in consequence, being much injured, his father prognosticated he would begin to recover in the month of September, 1697. The issue did no great credit to the prediction; for young Dryden returned to England in 1698 in the same indifferent state of health, as is obvious from the anxious solicitude with which his father always mentions Charles in his correspondence. Upon the poet's death, Charles, we have seen, administered to his effects on 10th June, 1700, Lady Elizabeth, his mother, renouncing the succession. In the next year, Granville conferred on him the profits arising from the author's night of an alteration of Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice;" and his liberality to the son of one great bard may be admitted to balance his presumption, in manufacturing a new drama out of the labours of another.§ Upon the 20th August, 1704, Charles Dryden was drowned, in an attempt to swim across the Thames, at Datchet, near Windsor. I have degraded into the appendix, the romantic narrative of Corinna, concerning his father's prediction, already mentioned. It contains, like her account of the funeral of the poet, much positive falsehood, and gross improbability, with some slight scantling of foundation in fact.

John Dryden, the poet's second son, was born in 1667, or 1668, was admitted a king's scholar in Westminster in 1682, and elected to Oxford in 1685. Here he became a private pupil of the celebrated Obadiah Walker, master of University College, a Roman Catholic. It seems probable that young Dryden became a convert to that faith before his father. His religion making it impossible for him to succeed in England, he followed his brother Charles to Rome, where he officiated as his deputy in the Pope's household. John Dryden translated the fourteenth satire of Juvenal, published in his father's version, and wrote a comedy entitled, "The Husband his own Cuckold," acted in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields in 1696: Dryden, the father, furnishing a prologue, and Congreve an epilogue. In 1700–1, he made a tour through Sicily and Malta, and his journal was published in 1706. It seems odd, that in the whole course of his journal, he never mentions his father's name, nor makes the least allusion to his very recent death. John Dryden, the younger, died at Rome soon after this excursion.

Erasmus-Henry, Dryden's third son, was born 2d May, 1669, and educated in the Charter-House, to which he was nominated by Charles II., shortly after the publication of "Absalom and Achitophel."¶ He does not appear to have been at any university; probably his religion was the obstacle. Like his

* It is now No. 43.

† Vol. VII. p. 268.—See also the Rehearsal.

‡ P. 22.

‖ These are. 1. Latin verses, prefixed to Lord Roscommon's Essay on Translated Verse. 2. Latin verses on the Death of Charles II. published in the Cambridge collection of Elegies on that occasion. 3. A poem in the same language, upon Lord Arlington's Gardens, published in the second Miscellany. 4. A translation of the seventh Satire of Juvenal, mentioned in the text. 5 An English poem, on the Happiness of a Retired Life. 6 A party song, printed by Mr. Malone, to which Charles Dryden also composed music.

§ The prologue was spoken by the ghosts of Shakespeare and Dryden; from which Mr. Malone selects the following curious quotation:—"Mr. Bevil Higgons, the writer of it, *ventured* to make the representative of our great dramatic poet speak these lines!

"These scenes in their rough native dress were mine;
But now, improved, with nobler lustre shine;
The first rude sketches Shakespeare's pencil drew,
But all the shining master-strokes are new.
This play, ye critics, shall your fury stand,
Adorned and rescued by a faultless hand."

To which our author replies,

"I long endeavour'd to support the stage,
With the faint copies of thy nobler rage,
But toil'd in vain for an ungenerous age.
They starved me living; nay, denied me fame,
And scarce, now dead, do justice to my name.
Would you repent? Be to my ashes kind;
Indulge the pledges I have left behind." MALONE.

¶ Page 42, and vol. IX. p. 201.

brothers, he went to Rome; and as both his father and mother request his prayers, we are to suppose he was originally destined for the church. But he became a captain in the Pope's guards, and remained at Rome till John Dryden, his elder brother's death. After this event, he seems to have returned to England, and in 1708 succeeded to the title of Baronet, as representative of Sir Erasmus Driden, the author's grandfather. But the estate of Canons-Ashby, which should have accompanied and supported the title, had been devised by Sir Robert Driden, the poet's first cousin, to Edward Dryden, the eldest son of Erasmus, the younger brother of the poet. Thus, if the author had lived a few years longer, his pecuniary embarrassments would have been embittered by his succeeding to the honours of his family, without any means of sustaining the rank they gave him. With this Edward Dryden, Sir Erasmus-Henry seems to have resided until his death, which took place at the family mansion of Canons-Ashby in 1710. Edward acted as a manager of his cousin's affairs; and Mr. Malone sees reason to think, from their mode of accounting, that Sir Erasmus-Henry had, like his mother, been visited with mental derangement before his death, and had resigned into Edward's hands the whole management of his concerns. Thus ended the poet's family, none of his sons surviving him above ten years. The estate of Canons-Ashby became again united to the title, in the person of John Dryden, the surviving brother.*

SECTION VIII.

The State of Dryden's Reputation at his death, and afterwards—The general character of his mind—His merit as a Dramatist—As a Lyrical Poet—As a Satirist—As a Narrative Poet—As a Philosophical and Miscellaneous Poet—As a Translator—As a Prose Author—As a Critic.

If Dryden received but a slender share of the gifts of fortune, it was amply made up to him in reputation. Even while a poet militant upon earth, he received no ordinary portion of that applause, which is too often reserved for the "dull cold ear of death." He combated, it is true, but he conquered; and, in despite of faction, civil and religious, of penury, and the contempt which follows it, of degrading patronage, and rejected solicitation, from 1666 to the year of his death, the name of Dryden was first in English literature. Nor was his fame limited to Britain. Of the French literati, although Boileau,† with unworthy affectation, when he heard of the honours paid to the poet's remains, pretended ignorance even of his name, yet Rapin, the famous critic, learned the English language on purpose to read the works of Dryden.‡ Sir John Shadwell, the son of our author's ancient adversary, bore an honourable and manly testimony to the general regret among the men of letters at Paris for the death of Dryden.

"The men of letters here lament the loss of Mr. Dryden very much. The honours paid to him have done our countrymen no small service; for, next to having so considerable a man of our own growth, 'tis a reputation to have known how to value him; as patrons very often pass for wits, by esteeming those that are so." And from another authority we learn, that the engraved copies of Dryden's portrait were bought up with avidity on the Continent.‖

But in England the loss of Dryden was as a national deprivation. It is seldom the extent of such a loss is understood, till it has taken place; as the size of an object is best estimated, when we see the space void which it has long occupied. The men of literature, starting as it were from a dream, began to heap commemorations, panegyrics, and elegies: the great were as much astonished at the own neglect of such an object of bounty, as if the same omission had never been practised before; and expressed as much compunction, as it were never to occur again. The poets were not silent; but their strains only evinced their woeful degeneracy from him whom they mourned. Henry Playford, publisher of music, collected their effusions into a compilation, entitled, "Luctus Britannici, or the Tears of the British Muses, for the death of John Dryden;" which he published about two months after Dryden's death.§ Nine ladies assuming each the character of a Muse, and clubbing a funeral ode or elegy, produced "The Nine Muses;" of which very rare (and very worthless) collection, I have given a short account in the Appendix; where the reader will also find an ode on the same subject by Oldys, which may serve for ample specimen of the poetical lamentations over Dryden.

The more costly, though equally unsubstantial honour of a monument, was projected by Montague, and loud were the acclamations of the poets on the generous forgiveness of past discords with Dryden and the munificence of this universal patron. But Montague never accomplished his purpose, if he seriously entertained it. Pelham, Duke of Newcastle, announced the same intention; received a panegyric of Congreve for having done so; and having thus pocketed the applause, proceeded no further than Montague had done. At length Rowe, in some lines which were rather an epitaph on Dryden, who lay in the vicinity, than on Rowe, for whose tomb they were to be placed,¶ roused Dryden's original patron, Sheffield, formerly Earl of Mulgrave, and now Duke of Buckingham, to erect over the grave of his friend the present simple monument which distinguishes it. The inscription is comprised in the following words:—*J. Dryden Natus* 1632. *Mortuus* 1 *Mai*. 1700. *Joannes Sheffield Dux Buckinghamiensis posuit*, 1720.**

* Mr. Malone says, "Edward Dryden, the eldest son of the last Sir Erasmus Dryden, left by his wife, Elizabeth Allen, who died in London in 1761, five sons; the youngest of whom, Bevil, was father of the present Lady Dryden. Sir John, the eldest, survived all his brothers, and died without issue, at Canons-Ashby, March 20, 1770."

† Life and Works of Arthur Maynwaring, 1715, p. 17.

‡ So says Charles Blount, in the dedication to the *Religio Laici*. He is contradicted by Tom Brown.

‖ In a poem published on Dryden's death, by Brome, written, as Mr Malone conjectures, by Captain Gibbon, son of the physician.

§ In "The Postboy," for Tuesday, May 7, 1700, Playford inserted the following advertisement:

"The death of the famous John Dryden, Esq., Poet Laureat to their two late Majesties, King Charles, and King James the Second, being a subject capable of employing the best pens, and several persons of quality, and others, having put a stop to his interment, which is designed to be in Chaucer's grave, in Westminster-Abbey; this is to desire the gentlemen of the two famous Universities, and others, who have a respect for the memory of the deceased, and are inclinable to such performances, to write what copies they please, as Epigrams, &c. to Henry Playford, at his shop at the Temple Change, in Fleet-street, and they shall be inserted in a Collection, which is designed after the same manner and in the same method, (in what language they shall please, as is usual in the composures which are printed on solemn occasions at the two Universities aforesaid."

This advertisement, (with some alterations,) was continued for a month in the same paper.

¶ "Thy relicques, Rowe, to this fair urn we trust,
And sacred place by Dryden's awful dust:
Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies,
To which thy tomb shall guide inquiring eyes:
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest!
Blest in thy genius, in thy love too, blest!
One grateful woman to thy fame supplies,
What a whole thankless land to his denies."

** The epitaph at first intended by Pope for this monument was,

"This Sheffield rais'd; the sacred dust below
Was Dryden once—the rest, who does not know?"

Atterbury had thus written to him on this subject, in 1[illegible]
"What I said to you in mine, about the monument, was [illegible] only to quicken, not to alarm you. It is not worth your [illegible] know what I meant by it; but when I see you, you shall [illegible] you may be at the Deanery towards the end of October, by [illegible] time I think of settling there for the winter. What do you [illegible] of some such short inscription as this in Latin, which may [illegible] few words, say all that is to be said of Dryden, and yet not more than he deserves?

"JOHANNI DRYDENO,
CUI POESIS ANGLICANA
VIM SUAM AC VENERES DEBET;
ET SI QUA IN POSTERUM AUGESCITUR LAUDEM,
REI ADHUC DEBITURA.
HONORIS ERGO P. ETC.

"To shew you that I am as much in earnest in the affair as you yourself, something I will send you of this kind in Eng[illegible] If your design holds, of fixing Dryden's name only below, as [illegible] busto above, may not lines like these be graved just under [illegible] name?

"This Sheffield raised, to Dryden's ashes just;
Here fixed his name, and there his laurel'd bust."

In the school of reformed English poetry, of which Dryden must be acknowledged as the founder, there soon arose disciples not unwilling to be considered as the rivals of their master. Addison had his partisans, who were desirous to hold him up in this point of view; and he himself is said to have taken pleasure, with the assistance of Steele, to depreciate Dryden, whose fame was defended by Pope and Congreve. No serious invasion of Dryden's preeminence can be said, however, to have taken place, till Pope himself, refining upon that structure of versification which our author had first introduced, and attending with sedulous diligence to improve every passage to the highest pitch of point and harmony, exhibited a new style of composition, and claimed at least to share with Dryden the sovereignty of Parnassus. I will not attempt to concentrate what Johnson has said upon this interesting comparison:

"In acquired knowledge, the superiority must be allowed to Dryden, whose education was more scholastic, and who, before he became an author, had been allowed more time for study, with better means of information. His mind has a larger range, and he collects his images and illustrations from a more extensive circumference of science. Dryden knew more of man in his general nature, and Pope of his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation, and those of Pope by minute attention. There is more dignity in the knowledge of Dryden, and more certainty in that of Pope.

"Poetry was not the sole praise of either; for both wrote likewise in prose; but Pope did not borrow a phrase from his predecessor. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied, that of Pope is cautious and uniform. Dryden obeys the motions of his own mind, Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid; Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of spontaneous vegetation; Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe, and levelled by the roller.

"Genius, that power which constitutes a poet; that quality, without which judgment is cold, and knowledge is inert; that energy, which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates; the superiority must with some hesitation, be allowed to Dryden. It is to be inferred, that of this poetical vigour Pope has only a little, because Dryden had more; for another writer, since Milton, must give place to Pope; and even of Dryden it must be said, that in the brighter paragraphs, he has not better work. Dryden's performances were always hasty, excited by some external occasion, or extorted by domestic necessity; he composed without deliberation, and published without correction. What his mind could supply at call, or gather in extension, was all that he sought, and all that he gave. The dilatory caution of Pope enabled him to endense his sentiments, to multiply his images, and accumulate all that study might produce, or time might supply. If the flights of Dryden, therefore, are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden sometimes surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight."*

The eighteenth century advanced, the difference of the styles of these celebrated authors became yet more manifest. It was then obvious, that though Pope's felicity of expression, his beautiful polish of sentiment, and the occasional brilliancy of his wit, were not easily imitated, yet many authors, by dint of a good ear, and a fluent expression, learned to command the unaltered sweetness of his melody, which, like a favourite tune, which has descended to hawkers and ballad-singers, became palling and even disgusting as it became common. The admirers of poetry then reverted to the brave negligence of Dryden's versification, as, to use Johnson's simile, the eye, fatigued with the uniformity of a lawn, seeks variety in the uncultivated glade or swelling mountain. The preference for which Dennis, asserting the cause of Dryden, had raved and thundered in vain, began, by degrees, to be assigned to the elder bard; and many a poet sheltered his harsh verses and inequalities under an assertion that he belonged to the school of Dryden. Churchill—

> Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
> And to party gave up what was meant for mankind,—

Churchill was one of the first to seek in the "Mac-Flecknoe," the "Absalom," and the "Hind and Panther,"[1] authority for bitter and personal sarcasm, couched in masculine, though irregular versification, dashed from the pen without revision, and admitting occasional rude and flat passages, to afford the author a spring to comparative elevation. But imitation always approaches to caricature; and the powers of Churchill have been unable to protect him from the oblivion into which his poems are daily sinking, owing to the ephemeral interest of political subjects, and his indolent negligence of severe study and regularity. To imitate Dryden, it were well to study his merits, without venturing to adopt the negligencies and harshness, which the hurry of his composition, and the comparative rudeness of his age, rendered in him excusable. At least, those who venture to sink as low, should be confident of the power of soaring as high; for surely it is a rash attempt to dive, unless in one conscious of ability to swim.

While the beauties of Dryden may be fairly pointed out as an object of emulation, it is the less pleasing, but not less necessary, duty of his biographer and editor, to notice those deficiencies, which his high and venerable name may excuse, but cannot render proper objects of applause or imitation.

So much occasional criticism has been scattered in various places through these volumes, that, while attempting the consideration of one or two of his distinguishing and pre-eminent compositions, which have been intentionally reserved to illustrate a few pages of general criticism, I feel myself free from the difficult, and almost contradictory task, of drawing my maxims and examples from the extended course of his literary career. My present task is limited to deducing his poetic character from those works which he formed on his last and most approved model. The general tone of his genius, however, influenced the whole course of his publications; and upon that, however modified and varied by the improvement of his taste, a few preliminary notices may not be misplaced.

The distinguishing characteristic of Dryden's genius seems to have been the power of reasoning, and of expressing the result in appropriate language. This may seem slender praise; yet these were the talents that led Bacon into the recesses of philosophy, and conducted Newton to the cabinet of nature. The prose works of Dryden bear repeated evidence to his philosophical powers. His philosophy was not indeed of a formed and systematic character; for he is often contented to leave the path of argument which must have conducted him to the fountain of truth, and to resort with indolence or indifference to the leaky cisterns which had been hewn out by former critics. But where his pride or his taste are interested, he shows evidently, that it was not deficiency in the power of systematizing, but want of the time and patience necessary to form a system, which occasioned the discrepancy that we often notice in his critical and

* "What else the Muse in marble might express,
It knows already: praise would make him less."
"Or thus:
"Blame needs not; when acknowledged merits reign,
Praise is impertinent, and censure vain."
The thought, as Mr. Malone observes, is nearly the same as in the Latin lines in "Lactus Britannicus," by William Marston, of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge:
"Marstonus Drynæi, *posterum facile principem*.
Ingenii in hac ædes intret fortasse viator,
Dicatque *posterum* dum venerenda notet,
Quant ab exuvias Drynæi;—phœnix referre
Haud opus: ad laudes sex et sola satis."

[1] Pope.

philological disquisitions. This power of ratiocination, of investigating, discovering, and appreciating that which is really excellent, if accompanied with the necessary command of fanciful illustration, and elegant expression, is the most interesting quality which can be possessed by a poet. It must indeed have a share in the composition of every thing that is truly estimable in the fine arts, as well as in philosophy. Nothing is so easily attained as the power of presenting the extrinsic qualities of fine painting, fine music, or fine poetry; the beauty of colour and outline, the combination of notes, the melody of versification, may be imitated by artists of mediocrity; and many will view, hear, or peruse their performances, without being able positively to discover why they should not, since composed according to all the rules, afford pleasure equal to those of Raphael, Handel, or Dryden. The deficiency lies in the vivifying spirit, which, like *alcohol*, may be reduced to the same principle in all the fine arts, though it assumes such varied qualities from the mode in which it is exerted or combined. Of this power of intellect, Dryden seems to have possessed almost an exuberant share, combined, as usual, with the faculty of correcting his own conceptions, by observing human nature, the practical and experimental philosophy as well of poetry as of ethics or physics. The early habits of Dryden's education and poetical studies gave his researches somewhat too much of a metaphysical character; and it was a consequence of his mental acuteness, that his dramatic personages often philosophized or reasoned, when they ought only to have felt. The more lofty, the fiercer, the more ambitious feelings, seem also to have been his favourite studies. Perhaps the analytical mode in which he exercised his studies of human life, tended to confine his observation to the more energetic feelings of pride, anger, ambition, and other high-toned passions. He that mixes in public life, must see enough of these stormy convulsions; but the finer and more imperceptible operations of love, in its sentimental modifications, if the heart of the author does not supply an example from its own feelings, cannot easily be studied at the expense of others. Dryden's bosom, it must be owned, seems to have afforded him no such means of information; the license of his age, and perhaps the advanced period at which he commenced his literary career, had probably armed him against this more exalted strain of passion. The love of the senses he has in many places expressed in as forcible and dignified colouring as the subject could admit; but of a mere moral and sentimental passion he seems to have had little idea, since he frequently substitutes in its place the absurd, unnatural, and fictitious refinements of romance. In short, his love is always in indecorous nakedness, or sheathed in the stiff panoply of chivalry. The most pathetic verses which Dryden has composed, are unquestionably contained in the epistle to Congreve, where he recommends his laurels, in such moving terms, to the care of his surviving friend. The quarrel and reconciliation of Sebastian and Dorax, is also full of the noblest emotion. In both cases, however, the interest is excited by means of masculine and exalted passion, not of those which arise from the mere delicate sensibilities of our nature; and, to use a Scottish phrase, "bearded men" weep at them, rather than Horace's audience of youths and maidens.

But if Dryden fails in expressing the milder and more tender passions, not only did the stronger feelings of the heart, in all its dark or violent workings, but the face of natural objects, and their operation upon the human mind, pass promptly in review at his command. External pictures, and their corresponding influence on the spectator, are equally ready at his summons; and though his poetry, from the nature of his subjects, is in general rather ethic and didactic, than narrative, yet no sooner does he adopt the latter style of composition, than his figures and his landscapes are presented to the mind with the same vivacity as the flow of his reasoning, or the acute metaphysical discrimination of his characters.

Still the powers of observation and of deduction are not the only qualities essential to the poetical character. The philosopher may indeed prosecute his experimental researches into the *arcana* of nature, and announce them to the public through the medium of a friendly *redacteur*, as the legislator of Israel obtained permission to speak to the people by the voice of Aaron; but the poet has no such privilege; nay, his doom is so far capricious, that, though he may be possessed of the primary quality of poetical conception to the highest possible extent, it is but like a lute without its strings, unless he has the subordinate, though equally essential, power of expressing what he feels and conceives, in appropriate and harmonious language. With this power Dryden's poetry was gifted, in a degree, surpassing in modulated harmony that of all who had preceded him, and inferior to none that has since written English verse. He first showed that the English language was capable of uniting smoothness and strength. The hobbling verses of his predecessors were abandoned even by the lowest versifiers; and by the force of his precept and example, the meanest lampooners of the year seventeen hundred wrote smoother lines than Donne and Cowley, the chief poets of the earlier half of the seventeenth century. What was said of Rome adorned by Augustus, has been, by Johnson, applied to English poetry improved by Dryden; that he found it of brick, and left it of marble. This reformation was not merely the effect of an excellent ear, and a superlative command of gratifying it by sounding language; it was, we have seen, the effect of close, accurate, and continued study of the power of the English tongue. Upon what principles he adopted and continued his system of versification, he long meditated to communicate in his projected prosody of English poetry. The work, however, might have been more curious than useful, as there would have been some danger of its diverting the attention, and misguiding the efforts of poetical adventurers; for as it is more easy to be masons than architects, we may deprecate an art which might teach the world to value those who can build rhymes, without attending to the more essential qualities of poetry. Strict attention might no doubt discover the principle of Dryden's versification; but it seems no more essential to the analyzing his poetry, than the principles of mathematics to understanding music, although the art necessarily depends on them. The extent in which Dryden reformed our poetry, is most readily proved by an appeal to the ear; and Dr. Johnson has forcibly stated, that "he knew how to choose the flowing and the sonorous words; to vary the pauses and adjust the accents; to diversify the cadence, and yet preserve the smoothness of the metre." To vary the English hexameter, he established the use of the triplet and Alexandrine. Though ridiculed by Swift, who vainly thought he had exploded them for ever, their force is still acknowledged in classical poetry.

Of the various kinds of poetry which Dryden occasionally practised, the drama was that which until the last six years of his life, he chiefly relied on for support. His style of tragedy, we have seen, varied with his improving taste, perhaps with the change of manners. Although the heroic drama, as we have described it at length in the preceding pages, presented the strongest temptation to the exercise of argumentative poetry in sounding rhyme, Dryden was at length contented to abandon it for the more pure and chaste style of tragedy, which professes rather the representation of human beings, than the creation of ideal perfection, or fantastic and anomalous characters. The best of Dryden's performances in this latter style, are unquestionably "Don Sebastian," and "All for Love." Of these, the former is in the poet's very best manner; exhibiting dramatic persons, consisting of such bold and impetuous characters as he delighted to draw, well contrasted, forcibly marked, and engaged in an interesting succession of events. To many tempers, the scene between Sebastian and Dorax, already noticed, must appear one of the

most moving that ever adorned the British stage. Of "All for Love," we may say, that it is successful in a softer style of painting; and that so far as sweet and beautiful versification, elegant language, and occasional tenderness, can make amends for Dryden's deficiencies in describing the delicacies of sentimental passion, they are to be found in abundance in that piece. But on these, and on the poet's other tragedies, we have enlarged in our preliminary notices prefixed to each piece.

Dryden's comedies, besides being stained with the license of the age, (a license which he seems to use as much from necessity as choice,) have, generally speaking, a certain heaviness of character. There are many flashes of wit; but the author has beaten his flint hard ere he struck them out. It is almost essential to the success of a jest, that it should at least seem to be extemporaneous. If we espy the joke at a distance, nay, if without seeing it we have the least reason to suspect we are travelling towards one, it is astonishing how the perverse obstinacy of our nature delights to refuse its currency. When, therefore, as is often the case in Dryden's comedies, two persons remain on the stage for no obvious purpose but to say good things, it is no wonder they receive but little thanks from an ungrateful audience. The incidents, therefore, and the characters, ought to be comic; but actual jests, or *bon mots*, should be rarely introduced, and then naturally, easily, without an appearance of premeditation, and bearing a strict conformity to the character of the person who utters them. Comic situation Dryden did not greatly study; indeed I hardly recollect any scene, unless the closing one of "The Spanish Friar," which indicates any peculiar felicity of invention. For comic character, he is usually contented to paint a generic representative of a certain class of men or women; a Father Dominic, for example, or a Melantha, with all the attributes of their calling and manners, strongly and divertingly portrayed, but without any individuality of character. It is probable that, with these deficiencies, he felt the truth of his own acknowledgment, and that he was forced upon composing comedies to gratify the taste of the age, while the bent of his genius was otherwise directed.

In lyrical poetry, Dryden must be allowed to have no equal. "Alexander's Feast" is sufficient to show his supremacy in that brilliant department. In this exquisite production, he flung from him all the trappings with which his contemporaries had embarrassed the ode. The language, lofty and striking as the ideas are, is equally simple and harmonious; without far-fetched allusions, or epithets, or metaphors, the story is told as intelligibly as if it had been in the most humble prose. The change of time in the harp of Timotheus, regulates the measure and the melody, and the language of every stanza. The hearer, while he is led on by the successive changes, experiences almost the feelings of the Macedonian and his peers; nor is the splendid poem disgraced by one word or line unworthy of it, unless we join in the severe criticism of Dr. Johnson, on the concluding stanzas. It is true, that the name of St. Cecilia is rather abruptly introduced as a conclusion to the account of the feast of Alexander; and it is also true, that the comparison,

> "He raised a mortal to the sky,
> She drew an angel down."

is inaccurate, since the fate of Timotheus was metaphorical, and that of Cecilia literal. But, while we stoop to such criticism, we seek for blots in the

Of Dryden's other pindarics, some, as the celebrated "Ode to the Memory of Mrs. Killigrew," are equal with the leaven of Cowley; others, like the "Threnodia Augustalis," are occasionally flat and heavy. All contain passages of brilliancy, and all are known into a versification, melodious amidst irregularity. We listen for the completion of Dryden's stanza, as for the explication of a difficult passage in music; and wild and lost as the sound appears, the ear is proportionally gratified by the unexpected ease with which harmony is extracted from discord and confusion.

The satirical powers of Dryden were of the highest order. He draws his arrow to the head, and dismisses it straight upon his object of aim. In this walk he wrought almost as great a reformation as upon versification in general; as will plainly appear, if we consider, that the satire, before Dryden's time, bore the same reference to "Absalom and Achitophel," which an ode of Cowley bears to "Alexander's Feast." Butler, and his imitators, had adopted a metaphysical satire, as the poets in the earlier part of the century had created a metaphysical vein of serious poetry.* Both required a store of learning to supply the perpetual expenditure of extraordinary and far-fetched illustration; the object of both was to combine and hunt down the strangest and most fanciful analogies; and both held the attention of the reader perpetually on the stretch, to keep up with the meaning of the author. There can be no doubt, that this metaphysical vein was much better fitted for the burlesque than the sublime. Yet the perpetual scintillation of Butler's wit is too dazzling to be delightful; and we can seldom read far in "Hudibras" without feeling more fatigue than pleasure. His fancy is employed with the profusion of a spendthrift, by whose eternal round of banqueting his guests are at length rather wearied out than regaled. Dryden was destined to correct this among other errors of his age; to show the difference between burlesque and satire; and to teach his successors in that species of assault, rather to thrust than to flourish with their weapon. For this purpose he avoided the unvaried and unrelieved style of grotesque description and combination, which had been fashionable since the satires of Cleveland and Butler. To render the objects of his satire hateful and contemptible, he thought it necessary to preserve the lighter shades of character, if not for the purpose of softening the portrait, at least for that of preserving the likeness. While Dryden seized, and dwelt upon, and aggravated, all the evil features of his subject, he carefully retained just as much of its laudable traits as preserved him from the charge of want of candour, and fixed down the resemblance upon the party. And thus, instead of unmeaning caricatures, he presents portraits which cannot be mistaken, however unfavourable ideas they may convey of the originals. The character of Shaftesbury, both as Achitophel, and as drawn in "The Medal," bears peculiar witness to this assertion. While other court poets endeavoured to turn the obnoxious statesman into ridicule, on account of his personal infirmities and extravagancies, Dryden boldly confers upon him all the praise for talent and for genius that his friends could have claimed, and trusts to the force of his satirical expression for working up even these admirable attributes with such a mixture of evil propensities and dangerous qualities, that the whole character shall appear dreadful and even hateful, but not contemptible. But where a character of less note, a Shadwell or a Settle, crossed his path, the satirist did not lay himself under these restraints, but wrote in the language of bitter irony and unmeasurable contempt; even then, however, we are less called on to admire the wit of the author, than the force and energy of his poetical philippic. These are the verses which are made by indignation, and, no more than theatrical scenes of real passion, admit of refined and protracted turns of wit, or even the lighter sallies of humour. These last ornaments are proper in that Horatian satire, which rather ridicules the follies of the age, than stigmatizes the vices of individuals; but in this style Dryden has made few essays. He entered the field as champion of a political party, or as defender of his own reputation; discriminated his antagonists, and applied the scourge with all the vehemence of Juvenal. As he has himself said of that satirist, "his provocations were great, and he has revenged them tragically." This is the more worthy of notice, as, in the Essay

* See page 12.

on Satire, Dryden gives a decided preference to those nicer and more delicate touches of satire, which consist in fine raillery. But whatever was the opinion of his cooler moments, the poet's practice was dictated by the furious party-spirit of the times, and the no less keen stimulative of personal resentment. It is perhaps to be regretted, that so much energy of thought, and so much force of expression, should have been wasted in anatomizing such criminals as Shadwell and Settle; yet we cannot account the amber less precious, because they are grubs and flies that are enclosed within it.

The "Fables" of Dryden are the best examples of his talents as a narrative poet; those powers of composition, description, and narration, which must have been called into exercise by the Epic Muse, had his fate allowed him to enlist among her votaries. The "Knight's Tale," the longest and most laboured of Chaucer's stories, possesses a degree of regularity which might satisfy the most severe critic. It is true, that the honour arising from thence must be assigned to the more ancient bard, who had himself drawn his subject from an Italian model; but the high and decided preference which Dryden has given to this story, although somewhat censured by Trapp, enables us to judge how much the poet held an accurate combination of parts, and coherence of narrative, essentials of epic poetry.* That a classic scholar like Trapp should think the plan of the "Knight's Tale" equal to that of the Iliad, is a degree of candour not to be hoped for; but surely to an unprejudiced reader, a story which exhausts in its conclusion all the interest which it has excited in its progress, which, when terminated, leaves no question to be asked, no personage undisposed of, and no curiosity unsatisfied, is, abstractedly considered, more gratifying than the history of a few weeks of a ten years' war, commencing long after the siege had begun, and ending long before the city was taken. Of the other tales, it can hardly be said that their texture is more ingenious or closely woven than that of ordinary novels or fables: but in each of them Dryden has displayed the superiority of his genius, in selecting for amplification and ornament those passages most susceptible of poetical description. The account of the procession of the Fairy Chivalry in the "Flower and the Leaf;" the splendid description of the champions who came to assist at the tournament in the "Knight's Tale;" the account of the battle itself, its alternations and issue,—if they cannot be called improvements on Chaucer, are nevertheless so spirited a transfusion of his ideas into modern verse, as almost to claim the merit of originality. Many passages might be shown in which this praise may be carried still higher, and the merit of invention added to that of imitation. Such is the description of the commencement of the tourney, which is almost entirely original, and most of the ornaments in the translations from Boccacio, whose prose fictions demanded more additions from the poet than the exuberant imagery of Chaucer. To select instances would be endless; but every reader of poetry has by heart the description of Iphigenia asleep, nor are the lines in "Theodore and Honoria,"† which describe the approach of the apparition, and its effects upon animated and inanimated nature, even before it becomes visible, less eminent for beauties of the terrific order:

> "While listening to the murmuring leaves he stood,
> More than a mile immersed within the wood,
> At once the wind was laid; the whispering sound
> Was dumb; a rising earthquake rocked the ground;
> With deeper brown the grove was overspread,
> A sudden horror seized his giddy head,
> And his ears tingled, and his colour fled.
> Nature was in alarm; some daught'ning
> Seem'd threaten'd, though unseen to mortal eye."

It may be doubted, however, whether the simplicity of Boccacio's narrative has not sometimes suffered by the additional decorations of Dryden. The retort of Guiscard to Tancred's charge of ingratitude is more sublime, in the Italian original,‡ than as diluted by the English poet into five hexameters. A worse fault occurs in the whole colouring of Sigismonda's passion, to which Dryden has given a coarse and indelicate character, which he did not derive from Boccacio, though the Italian be apt enough to sin in that particular. In like manner, the plea used by Palamon in his prayer to Venus, is more nakedly expressed by Dryden than by Chaucer. The former, indeed, would probably have sheltered himself under the mantle of Lucretius; but he should have recollected, that Palamon speaks the language of chivalry, and ought not, to use an expression of Lord Herbert, to have spoken like a *paillard*, but a *cavalier*. Indeed, we have before noticed it as the most obvious and most degrading imperfection of Dryden's poetical imagination, that he could not refine that passion, which, of all others, is susceptible either of the purest refinement, or of admitting the basest alloy. With Chaucer, Dryden's task was more easy than with Boccacio. Barrenness was not the fault of the Father of English poetry; and amid the profusion of images which he presented, his imitator had only the task of rejecting or selecting. In the sublime description of the temple of Mars, painted around with all the misfortunes ascribed to the influence of his planet, it would be difficult to point out a single idea, which is not found in the older poem. But Dryden has judiciously omitted or softened some degrading and some disgusting circumstances; as the "cook scalded in spite of his long ladle," and "swine devouring the cradled infant," the "pick-purse," and other circumstances too grotesque or ludicrous, to harmonize with the dreadful group around them. Some points, also, of sublimity, have escaped the modern poet. Such is the appropriate and picturesque accompaniment of the statue of Mars:

> "A wolf stood before him at his feet
> With eyen red, and of a man he eat."‖

In the dialogue, or argumentative parts of the poem, Dryden has frequently improved on his original, while he falls something short of him in simple description, or in pathetic effect. Thus, the quarrel between Arcite and Palamon is wrought up with greater energy by Dryden than Chaucer, particularly by the addition of the following lines, describing the enmity of the captives against each other:

> "Now friends no more, nor walking hand in hand,
> But when they met, they made a surly stand,
> And glared like angry lions as they pass'd,
> And wish'd that every look might be their last."

But the modern must yield the palm, despite the beauty of his versification, to the description of Emily by Chaucer; and may be justly accused of loading the dying speech of Arcite with conceits for which his original gave no authority.§

When the story is of a light and ludicrous kind, as the Fable of the Cock and Fox, and the Wife of Bath's Tale, Dryden displays all the humorous expression of his satirical poetry, without its personality. There is indeed a quaint Cervantic gravity in his mode of expressing himself, that often glances forth and enlivens what otherwise would be mere

* "*Novimus judicium Drydeni de poemate quodam Chaucери, pulchro sane illo; et admodum laudando, nimirum quod non modo vere epicum sit, sed Iliada etiam atque Æneada æquet, imo superet. Sed novimus eodem tempore viri illius maximi non semper accuratissimas esse censuras, nec ad severissimam critices normam exactas: illo judice id plerumque optimum est, quod nunc præ manibus habet, et in quo nunc occupatur.*"

† Dryden was not the first who translated this tale of terror. There is in the collection of the late John, Duke of Roxburghe, "A Notable History of Nastagio and Traversari, no less pitiful than pleasant; translated out of Italian into English verse, by C. T." London 1569.

‡ "*Amor può troppo più, che no vel ne vi posstamo.*" The sentiment loses its dignity amid the "levelling of admiration and raising plains," with which Dryden has chosen to illustrate it.

‖ An emblem of a similar kind (a tiger devouring a man) was found in the palace of Tippoo Sultan.

§ As "Near bliss, and yet not blessed." Vol. XI. p. 315, and this merciless quibble, p. 229, where Arcite complains of the flames he endures for Emily:

> "Of such a goddess no time leaves record,
> Who burnt the temple where she was adored."

Yet Dryden, in the preface, declaims against the "*incpeta nimi copia facit*," and similar jingles of Ovid, p. 217.

dry narrative. Thus, he details certain things which past,

"While Cymon was *endeavouring* to be wise;"

the force of which single word contains both a ludicrous and appropriate picture of the revolution which the force of love was gradually creating in the mind of the poor clown. The tone of expression he perhaps borrowed from Ariosto, and other poets of Italian chivalry, who are wont ever and anon to raise the mask, and smile even at the romantic tale they are themselves telling.

Leaving these desultory reflections on Dryden's powers of narrative, I cannot but notice, that, from haste or negligence, he has sometimes mistaken the sense of his author. Into the hands of the champions in the "Flower and the Leaf," he has placed *bows* instead of *boughs*, because the word is in the original spelled *bowes*; and, having made the error, he immediately devises an explanation of the device which he had mistaken:

"For bows the strength of brawny arms imply,
Emblems of valour, and of victory."

He has, in like manner, accused Chaucer of introducing Gallicisms into the English language; not aware that French was the language of the court of England not long before Chaucer's time, and that, far from introducing French phrases into the English tongue, the ancient bard was successfully active in introducing the English as a fashionable dialect, instead of the French, which had, before his time, been the only language of polite literature in England. Other instances might be given of similar oversights, which, in the situation of Dryden, are sufficiently pardonable.

Upon the whole, in introducing these romances of Boccacio and Chaucer to modern readers, Dryden has necessarily deprived them of some of the charms which they possess for those who have perused them in their original state. With a tale or poem, by which we have been sincerely interested, we connect many feelings independent of those arising from actual poetical merit. The delight arising from the whole, sanctions, nay sanctifies, the faulty passages; and even actual improvements, like supplements to a mutilated statue of antiquity, injure our preconceived associations, and hurt, by their incongruity with our feelings, more than they give pleasure by their own excellence. But to antiquaries Dryden has sufficiently justified himself, by declaring his version made for the sake of modern readers, who understand sense and poetry, as well as the old Saxon admirers of Chaucer, when that poetry and sense are put into words which they can understand. Let us also grant him, that, for the beauties which are lost, he has substituted many which the original did not afford; that, in passages of gorgeous description, he has added even to the chivalrous splendour of Chaucer, and has graced with poetical ornament the simplicity of Boccacio; that, if he has failed in tenderness, he is never deficient in majesty; and that if the heart be sometimes untouched, the understanding and fancy are always exercised and delighted.

The philosophy of Dryden, we have already said, was that of original and penetrating genius; imperfect only, when, from want of time and of industry, he adopted the ideas of others, when he should have communed at leisure with his own mind. The proofs of his philosophical powers are not to be sought for in any particular poem or disquisition. Even the "Religio Laici," written expressly as a philosophical poem, only shows how easily the most powerful mind may entangle itself in sophistical toils of its own weaving; for the train of argument there pursued was completed by Dryden's conversion to the Roman Catholic faith.* It is therefore in the discussion of incidental subjects, in his mode of treating points of controversy, in the new lights which he seldom fails to throw upon a controversial subject, in his talent of argumentative discussion, that we are to look for the character of Dryden's moral powers. His opinions, doubtless, are often inconsistent, and sometimes absolutely contradictory; for, pressed by the necessity of discussing the object before him, he seldom looked back to what he said formerly, or forward to what he might be obliged to say in future. His sole subject of consideration was to maintain his present point; and that by authority, by declamation, by argument, by every means. But his philosophical powers are not the less to be estimated, because thus irregularly and unphilosophically employed. His arguments, even in the worst cause, bear witness to the energy of his mental conceptions; and the skill with which they are stated, elucidated, enforced, and exemplified, ever commands our admiration, though, in the result, our reason may reject their influence. It must be remembered also, to Dryden's honour, that he was the first to hail the dawn of experimental philosophy in physics; to gratulate his country on possessing Bacon, Harvey, and Boyle; and to exult over the downfall of the Aristotelian tyranny.† Had he lived to see a similar revolution commenced in ethics, there can be little doubt he would have welcomed it with the same delight; or had his leisure and situation permitted him to dedicate his time to investigating moral problems, he might himself have led the way to deliverance from error and uncertainty. But the dawn of reformation must ever be gradual, and the acquisitions even of those calculated to advance it must therefore frequently appear desultory and imperfect. The author of the *Novum Organum* believed in charms and occult sympathy; and Dryden in the chimeras of judicial astrology, and probably in the jargon of alchemy. When these subjects occur in his poetry, he dwells on them with a pleasure, which shows the command they maintained over his mind. Much of the astrological knowledge displayed in the Knight's Tale is introduced, or at least amplified, by Dryden; and while, in the fable of the Cock and the Fox, he ridicules the doctrine of prediction from dreams, the inherent qualities of the four complexions,‡ and other abstruse doctrines of Paracelsus and his followers, we have good reason to suspect, that, like many other scoffers, he believed in the efficacy and truth of the subject of his ridicule. However this shade of credulity may injure Dryden's character as a philosopher, we cannot regret its influence on his poetry. Collins has thus celebrated Fairfax:

"Prevailing poet, whose undoubting mind
Believed the magic wonders that he sung."

Nor can there be a doubt, that, as every work of imagination is tinged with the author's passions and prejudices, it must be deep and energetic in proportion to the character of these impressions. Those superstitious sciences and pursuits, which would, by mystic rites, doctrines, and inferences, connect us with the invisible world of spirits, or guide our daring researches to a knowledge of future events, are indeed usually found to cow, crush, and utterly stupify, understandings of a lower rank; but if the mind of a man of acute powers, and of warm fancy, becomes slightly imbued with the visionary feelings excited by such studies, their obscure and undefined influence is ever found to aid the sublimity of his ideas, and to give that sombre and serious effect, which he can never produce, who does not himself feel the awe which it is his object to excite. The influence of such a mystic creed is often felt where the cause is concealed; for the

* See p. 51.

† "The longest tyranny that ever sway'd,
Was that wherein our ancestors betray'd
Their free-born reason to the Stagyrite,
And made his torch their universal light.
So truth, while only once supplied the state,
Grew scarce, and dear, and yet sophisticate.
Still it was bought, like emp'ric wares, or charms,
Hard words seal'd up with Aristotle's arms."

‡ These I found quaintly summed up in an old rhyme:—

"With a red man read thy rede,
With a brown man break thy bread,
On a pale man draw thy knife,
From a black man keep thy wife."

habits thus acquired are not confined to their own sphere of belief, but gradually extend themselves over every adjacent province: and perhaps we may not go too far in believing, that he who has felt their impression, though only in one branch of faith, becomes fitted to describe, with an air of reality and interest, not only kindred subjects, but superstitions altogether opposite to his own. The religion, which Dryden finally adopted, lent its occasional aid to the solemn colouring of some of his later productions, upon which subject we have elsewhere enlarged at some length.*

The occasional poetry of Dryden is marked strongly by masculine character. The epistles vary with the subject; and are light, humorous, and satirical, or grave, argumentative, and philosophical, as the case required. In his elegies, although they contain touches of true feeling, especially where the stronger passions are to be illustrated, the poet is often content to substitute reasoning for passion, and rather to show us cause why we ought to grieve, than to set us the example by grieving himself. The inherent defect in Dryden's composition becomes here peculiarly conspicuous; yet we should consider, that, in composing elegies for the Countess of Abingdon, whom he never saw, and for Charles II., by whom he had been cruelly neglected, and doubtless on many similar occasions, Dryden could not even pretend to be interested in the mournful subject of his verse; but attended, with his poem, as much in the way of trade, as the undertaker, on the same occasion, came with his sables and escutcheon. The poet may interest himself and his reader, even to tears, in the fate of a being altogether the creation of his own fancy, but hardly by a hired panegyric on a real subject, in whom his heart acknowledges no other interest than a fee can give him. Few of Dryden's elegiac effusions, therefore, seem prompted by sincere sorrow. That to Oldham may be an exception; but, even there, he rather strives to do honour to the talents of his departed friend, than to pour out lamentations for his loss. Of the prologues and epilogues we have spoken fully elsewhere."† Some of them are coarsely satirical, and others grossly indelicate. Those spoken at Oxford are the most valuable, and contain much good criticism and beautiful poetry. But the worst of them was probably well worth the petty recompense which the poet received.‡ The songs and smaller pieces of Dryden have smoothness, wit, and, when addressed to ladies, gallantry in profusion, but are deficient in tenderness. They seem to have been composed with great ease; thrown together hastily and occasionally; nor can we doubt, that many of them are now irrecoverably lost. Mr. Malone gives us an instance of Dryden's fluency in extempore composition, which was communicated to him by Mr. Walcott. "Conversation, one day after dinner, at Mrs. Creed's, running upon the origin of names, Mr. Dryden bowed to the good old lady, and spoke extempore, the following verses:

> "So much religion in *your* name doth dwell,
> Your soul must needs with piety excell.
> Thus names, like [well-wrought] pictures drawn of old,
> Their owners' nature and their story told.—
> Your name but half expresses; for in you
> Belief and practice do together go.
> My prayers shall be, while this short life endures,
> These may go hand in hand, with you and yours;
> Till faith hereafter is in vision drown'd,
> And practice is with endless glory crown'd."

The translations of Dryden form a distinguished part of his poetical labours. No author, excepting Pope, has done so much to endenizen the eminent poets of antiquity. In this sphere also, it was the fate of Dryden to become a leading example to future poets, and to abrogate laws which had been generally received, although they imposed such trammels on translation as to render it hardly intelligible. Before his distinguished success showed that the object of the translator should be to transfuse the spirit, not to copy servilely the very words of his original, it had been required, that line should be rendered for line, and, almost, word for word. It may easily be imagined, that, by the constraint and inversion which this cramping statute required, a poem was barely rendered *not Latin*, instead of being made English, and that, to the mere native reader, as the connoisseur complains in "The Critic," the interpreter was sometimes "the harder to be understood of the two." Those who seek examples, may find them in the jaw-breaking translations of Ben Jonson and Holyday. Cowley and Denham had indeed rebelled against this mode of translation, which conveys pretty much the same idea of an original, as an imitator would do of the gait of another, by studiously stepping after him into every trace which his feet had left upon the sand. But they assumed a license equally faulty, and claimed the privilege of writing what might be more properly termed imitations, than versions of the classics. It was reserved to Dryden manfully to claim and vindicate the freedom of a just translation; more limited than paraphrase, but free from the metaphrastic severity exacted from his predecessors.

With these free, yet unlicentious principles, Dryden brought to the task of translation a competent knowledge of the language of the originals, with an unbounded command of his own. The latter is, however, by far the most marked characteristic of his translations. Dryden was not indeed deficient in Greek and Roman learning; but he paused not to weigh and sift those difficult and obscure passages, at which the most learned will doubt and hesitate for the correct meaning. The same rapidity, which marked his own poetry, seems to have attended his study of the classics. He seldom waited to analyze the sentence he was about to render, far less scrupulously to weigh the precise purport and value of every word it contained. If he caught the general spirit and meaning of the author, and could express it with equal force in English verse, he cared not if minute elegancies were lost, or the beauties of accurate proportion destroyed, or a dubious interpretation hastily adopted on the credit of a *scholium*. He used abundantly the license he has claimed for a translator, to be deficient rather in the language out of which he renders, than that into which he translates. If such be but master of the sense of his author, Dryden argues, he may express that sense with eloquence in his own tongue, though he understand not the nice turns of the original. "But without the latter quality he can never arrive at the useful and the delightful, without which reading is a penance and fatigue."‖ With the same spirit of haste, Dryden is often contented to present to the English reader some modern image, which he may at once fully comprehend, instead of rendering precisely the classical expression, which might require explanation or paraphrase. Thus the *pulchra Sicyonia*, or buskins of Sicyon, are rendered,

> "Diamond buckles sparkling in their shoes."

By a yet more unfortunate adaptation of modern technical phraseology, the simple direction of Helenus,

> "*Læva tibi tellus, at longo lævus petentur*
> *Æquora circuitu: dextrum fuge littus et undas.*"

is translated,

> "Tack to the larboard, and stand off to sea,
> Veer starboard sea and land."——

A counsel which, I shrewdly suspect, would have been unintelligible, not only to Palinurus, but to the best pilot in the British navy. In the same tone but with more intelligibility, if not felicity, Dryden translates *palatia cœli* in Ovid, the *Louvre of the sky*; and, in the version of the First Book of Homer

* See the introduction to Britannia Rediviva, vol. X. p. 287.

† Vol. X. page 211.

‡ It is twice stated in these volumes, (vol. I. p. 296, and vol. X. p. 271,) on the authority of the "Life of Southerne," that Dryden had originally five guineas for each prologue, and raised the sum to ten guineas on occasion of Southerne's requiring such a favour for his first play. But I am convinced the sum is exaggerated; and incline now to believe, with Dr. Johnson, that the advance was from *two* to *three* guineas only.

‖ Life of Lucian, vol. XVIII. p. 81.

talks of the court of Jupiter in the phrases used at that of Whitehall. These expressions, proper to modern manners, often produce an unfortunate confusion between the age in which the scene is laid, and the date of the translation. No judicious poet is willing to break the interest of a tale of ancient times, by allusions peculiar to his own period; but when the translator, instead of identifying himself as closely as possible with the original author, pretends to such liberty, he removes us a third step from the time of action, and so confounds the manners of no less than three distinct eras,—that in which the scene is laid, that in which the poem was written, and that, finally, in which the translation was executed. There are passages in Dryden's Æneid, which, in the revolution of a few pages, transport our ideas from the time of Troy's siege to that of the court of Augustus, and thence downward to the reign of William the Third of Britain.

It must be owned, at the same time, that when the translator places before you, not the exact words, but the image of the original, as the classic author would probably have himself expressed it in English, the license, when moderately employed, has an infinite charm for those readers for whose use translations are properly written. Pope's Homer and Dryden's Virgil can never indeed give exquisite satisfaction to scholars, accustomed to study the Greek and Latin originals. The minds of such readers have acquired a classic tone; and not merely the ideas and poetical imagery, but the manners and habits of the actors, have become intimately familiar to them. They will not, therefore, be satisfied with any translation in which these are violated, whether for the sake of indolence in the translator, or ease to the unlettered reader; and perhaps they will be more pleased that a favourite bard should move with less ease and spirit in his new habiliments, than that his garments should be cut upon the model of the country to which the stranger is introduced. In the former case, they will readily make allowance for the imperfection of modern language; in the latter, they will hardly pardon the sophistication of ancient manners. But the mere English reader, who finds rigid adherence to antique costume rather embarrassing than pleasing, who is prepared to make no sacrifices in order to preserve the true manners of antiquity, shocking perhaps to his feelings and prejudices, is satisfied that the Iliad and Æneid shall lose their antiquarian merit, provided they retain that vital spirit and energy, which is the soul of poetry in all languages, and countries, and ages whatsoever. He who sits down to Dryden's translation of Virgil, with the original text spread before him, will be at no loss to point out many passages that are faulty, many indifferently understood, many imperfectly translated, some in which dignity is lost, others in which bombast is substituted in its stead. But the unabated vigour and spirit of the version more than overbalances these and all its other deficiencies. A sedulous scholar might often approach more nearly to the dead letter of Virgil, and give an exact, distinct, sober-minded idea of the meaning and scope of particular passages. Trapp, Pitt, and others have done so. But the essential spirit of poetry is so volatile, that it escapes during such an operation, like the life of the poor criminal, whom the ancient anatomist is said to have dissected alive, in order to ascertain the seat of the soul. The carcase, indeed, is presented to the English reader, but the animating vigour is no more. It is in this art, of communicating the ancient poet's ideas with force and energy equal to his own, that Dryden has so completely exceeded all who have gone before, and all who have succeeded him. The beautiful and unequalled version of the tale of Myrrha in the "Metamorphoses," the whole of the sixth Æneid, and many other parts of Dryden's translations, are sufficient, had he never written one line of original poetry, to vindicate the well-known panegyric of Churchill:

> "Here let me bend, great Dryden, at thy shrine,
> Thou dearest name to all the tuneful Nine!
> What if some dull lines in cold order creep,
> And with his theme the poet seems to sleep?
> Still, when his subject rises proud to view,
> With equal strength the poet rises too:
> With strong invention, noblest vigour fraught,
> Thought still springs up, and rises out of thought.
> Numbers ennobling numbers in the course,
> In varied sweetness flow, in varied force;
> The powers of genius and of judgment join,
> And the whole art of poetry is thine."

We are in this disquisition naturally tempted to inquire, whether Dryden would have succeeded in his proposed design to translate Homer, as happily as in his Virgil? And although he himself has declared the genius of the Grecian to be more fiery, and therefore better suited to his own than that of the Roman poet, there may be room to question, whether, in this case, he rightly estimated his own talents, or rather, whether, being fully conscious of their extent, he was aware of labouring under certain deficiencies of taste, which must have been more apparent in a version of the Iliad than of the Æneid. If a translator has any characteristic and peculiar foible, it is surely unfortunate to choose an original, who may give peculiar facilities to exhibit them. Thus, even Dryden's repeated disclamation of puns, points, and quibbles, and all the repentance of his more sober hours, was unable, so soon as he began to translate Ovid, to prevent his sliding back into the practice of that false wit with which his earlier productions are imbued. Hence he has been seduced, by the similarity of style, to add to the offences of his original, and introduce, though it needed not, points of wit and antithetical prettinesses, for which he cannot plead Ovid's authority. For example, he makes Ajax say of Ulysses, when surrounded by the Trojans,

> "No wonder if he roar'd that all might hear,
> His elocution was increased by fear."

The Latin only bears, *conclamat socios*. A little lower,

> "*Opposui molem clypei, tectique jacentem,*"

is amplified by a similar witticism,

> ——"My broad buckler hid him from the foe,
> Even the shield trembled as he lay below."

If, in translating Ovid, Dryden was tempted by the manner of his original to relapse into a youthful fault, which he had solemnly repented of and abjured, there is surely room to believe, that the simple and almost rude manners described by Homer, might have seduced him into coarseness, both of ideas and expression, for which the studied, composed, and dignified style of the Æneid gave neither opening nor apology. That this was a fault which Dryden, with all his taste, never was able to discard, might easily be proved from various passages in his translations, where the transgression is on his own part altogether gratuitous. Such is the well-known version of

> ——"*Ut possessor agelli*
> *Diceret, hæc mea sunt, veteres migrate coloni,*
> *Nunc victi,*" *&c.*

> "When the grim captain, with a surly troop,
> Cries out, Pack up, ye rascals, and be gone!
> Kick'd out, we set the best face on't we could," *&c.*

In translating the most indelicate passage of Lucretius, Dryden has rather enhanced than veiled its indecency. The story of Iphis in the "Metamorphoses" is much more bluntly told by the English poet than by Ovid. In short, where there was a latitude given for coarseness of description and expression, Dryden has always too readily laid hold of it. The very specimen which he has given us of a version of Homer, contains many passages in which the antique Grecian simplicity is vulgarly and inelegantly rendered. The Thunderer terms Juno,

> "My household curse, my lawful plague, the spy
> Of Jove's designs, his other squinting eye."

The ambrosial feast of Olympus concludes like a tavern revel:

"Drunken at last, and drowsy, they depart
Each to his house, adorn'd with labour'd art
Of the lame architect. The thundering God,
Eyed he, withdrew to rest, and had his load;
His swimming head to peaceful sleep applied,
And Juno lay unheeded by his side."

There is reason indeed to think, that, after the Revolution, Dryden's taste was improved in this, as in some other respects. In his translation of Juvenal, for example, the satire against women, coarse as it is, is considerably refined and softened from the grossness of the Latin poet; who has, however, been lately favoured by a still more elegant, and (excepting perhaps one or two passages) an equally spirited translation, by Mr. Gifford of London. Yet, admitting this apology for Dryden as fully as we dare, from the numerous specimens of indelicacy even in his later translations, we are induced to judge it fortunate that Homer was reserved for a poet who had not known the age of Charles II.; and whose inaccuracies and injudicious decorations may be pardoned, even by the scholar, when he considers the probability, that Dryden might have slipped into the opposite extreme, by converting rude simplicity into indecency or vulgarity. The Æneid, on the other hand, if it restrained Dryden's poetry to a correct, steady, and even flight, if it damped his energy by its regularity, and fettered his excursive imagination by the sobriety of its decorum, had the corresponding advantage of holding forth to the translator no temptation to license, and no apology for negligence. Where the fervency of genius is required, Dryden has usually equalled his original; where peculiar elegance and exact propriety are demanded, his version may be sometimes found flat and inaccurate, but the mastering spirit of Virgil prevails, and it is never disgusting or indelicate. Of all the classical translations we can boast, none is so acceptable to the class of readers to whom the learned languages are a clasped book and a sealed fountain. And surely it is no moderate praise to say, that a work is universally pleasing to those for whose use it is principally intended, and to whom only it is absolutely indispensable.

The prose of Dryden may rank with the best in the English language. It is no less of his own formation than his versification, is equally spirited, and equally harmonious. Without the lengthened and pedantic sentences of Clarendon, it is dignified where dignity is becoming, and is lively without the accumulation of strained and absurd allusions and metaphors, which were unfortunately mistaken for wit by many of the author's contemporaries. Dryden has been accused of unnecessarily larding his style with Gallicisms. It must be owned, that, to comply probably with the humour of Charles, or from an affectation of the fashionable court dialect, the poet laureate employed such words as *fougue*, *franchise*, &c., instead of the corresponding expressions in English; an affectation which does not appear in our author's later writings. But even the learned and excellent Sir David Dalrymple was led to carry this idea greatly too far. "Nothing," says that admirable antiquary, "distinguishes the genius of the English language so much as its general naturalization of foreigners. Dryden, in the reign of Charles II., printed the following words as pure French, newly imported: *amour*, *billet-doux*, *caprice*, *chagrin*, *conversation*, *double-entendre*, *embarrassed*, *fatigue*, *figure*, *folie*, *gallant*, *good graces*, *grimace*, *incendiary*, *ennui*, *malcontent*, *rallied*, *regardez*, *ridicule*, *tendre*, *tour*; with several others, which are now considered as natives.—'Marriage A-la-Mode.'"*. But of these words many had been long naturalized in England, and, with the adjectives derived from them, are used by Shakespeare and the dramatists of his age.† By their being printed in italics in the play of "Marriage A-la-Mode," Dryden only meant to mark, that Melantha, the affected coquette in whose mouth they are placed, was to use the *French*, not the vernacular pronunciation. It will admit of question, whether any single French word has been naturalized upon the sole authority of Dryden.

Although Dryden's style has nothing obsolete, we can occasionally trace a reluctance to abandon an old word or idiom; the consequence, doubtless, of his latter studies in ancient poetry. In other respects, nothing can be more elegant than the diction of the praises heaped upon his patrons, for which he might himself plead the apology he uses for Maimbourg, "who, having enemies, made himself friends by panegyrics." Of these lively critical prefaces, which, when we commence, we can never lay aside till we have finished, Dr. Johnson has said, with equal force and beauty,—"They have not the formality of a settled style, in which the first half of the sentence betrays the other. The clauses are never balanced, nor the periods modelled; every word seems to drop by chance, though it falls into its proper place. Nothing is cold or languid; the whole is airy, animated, and vigorous; what is little is gay, what is great is splendid. He may be thought to mention himself too frequently; but while he forces himself upon our esteem, we cannot refuse him to stand high in his own. Every thing is excused by the play of images and the sprightliness of expression. Though all is easy, nothing is feeble; though all seems careless, there is nothing harsh; and though, since his earlier works, more than a century has passed, they have nothing yet uncouth or obsolete."

"He, who writes much, will not easily escape a manner, such a recurrence of particular modes as may be easily noted. Dryden is always *another and the same*. He does not exhibit a second time the same elegancies in the same form, nor appears to have any art other than that of expressing with clearness what he thinks with vigour. His style could not easily be imitated, either seriously or ludicrously; for, being always equable and always varied, it has no prominent or discriminative characters. The beauty, who is totally free from disproportion of parts and features, cannot be ridiculed by an overcharged resemblance."

The last paragraph is not to be understood too literally; for although Dryden never so far coined himself as to fall into what has been quaintly called *mannerism*; yet accurate observation may trace in his works, the repetition of some sentiments and illustrations from prose to verse, and back again to prose.‡ In his preface to the Æneid, he has enlarged on the difficulty of varying phrases, when the same sense returned on the author; and surely we must allow full praise to his fluency and command of language, when, during so long a literary career, and in the course of such a variety of miscellaneous productions, we can detect in his style so few instances of repetition, or self-imitation.

The prose of Dryden, excepting his translations, and one or two controversial tracts, is entirely dedicated to criticism, either general and didactic, or defensive and exculpatory. There, as in other branches

* Poems from the Bannatyne Manuscript, p. 223.

† Shakespeare has *capricious*, *conversation*, fatigate, (if not *fatigued*,) *figure*, *gallant*, *good graces*; *incendiary* is in Minsheu's "Guide to the Tongues," ed. 1627. *Tender* often occurs in Shakespeare, both as a substantive and verb. And many other of the above words may be detected by those who have time and inclination to search for them, in authors prior to Dryden's time.

‡ The remarkable phrase "to possess the soul in patience," occurs in the "Hind and Panther;" and in the "Essay on Satire," vol. XIII. p. 90, we have nearly the same expression. The image of a bird's wing flagging in a damp atmosphere, occurs in Don Sebastian, and in prose elsewhere, though I have lost the reference. The same thought is found in the "Hind and Panther," but it is not there used metaphorically:

"Nor need they fear the dampness of the sky,
Should flag their wings, and hinder them to fly."

Dryden is ridiculed by an imitator of Rabelais, for the recurrence of the phrase by which he usually prefaces his own defensive criticism. "*If it be allowed me to speak so much in my own commendation*;—see Dryden's preface to his Fables, or any other of his works that you please." The full title of this whimsical tract, from which Sterne borrowed several hints, is "An Essay towards the theory of the intelligible world intuitively considered. Designed for forty-nine parts. Part third, consisting of a preface, a postscript, and a little something between, by Gabriel Johnson; enriched by a faithful account of his ideal voyages, and illustrated with poems by several hands, as likewise with other strange things not insufferably clever, nor furiously to the purpose: printed in the year 17, &c."

of polite learning, it was his lot to be a light to his genius. About the time of the Restoration, the cultivation of letters was prosecuted in France with more energy. But the genius of that lively nation was more fitted for criticism than poetry; for drawing rules from what others have done, than for writing works which might be themselves standards; they were sooner able to produce an accurate table of laws for those intending to write epic poems and tragedies, according to the best Greek and Roman authorities, than to exhibit distinguished specimens of success in either department: just as they are said to possess the best possible rules for building ships of war, although not equally remarkable for their power of fighting them. When criticism becomes a pursuit separate from poetry, those who follow it are apt to forget, that the legitimate ends of the art for which they lay down rules, are instruction or delight, and that these points being attained, by what road soever, entitles a poet to claim the prize of successful merit. Neither did the learned authors of these disquisitions sufficiently attend to the general disposition of mankind, which cannot be contented even with the happiest imitations of former excellence, but demands novelty as a necessary ingredient for amusement. To insist that every epic poem shall have the plan of the Iliad and Æneid, and every tragedy be fettered by the rules of Aristotle, resembles the principle of an architect, who should build all his houses with the same number of windows, and of stories. It happened, too, inevitably, that the critics, in the plenipotential authority which they exercised, often assumed as indispensable requisites of the drama, or epopeia, circumstances, which, in the great authorities they quoted, were altogether accidental and indifferent. These they erected into laws, and handed down as essentials to be observed by all succeeding poets; although the forms prescribed have often as little to do with the merit and success of the originals from which they are taken, as the shape of the drinking-glass with the flavour of the wine which it contains. "To these encroachments," says Fielding, after some observations to the same purpose, "time and ignorance, the two great supporters of imposture, gave authority; and thus many rules for good writing have been established, which have not the least foundation in truth or nature; and which commonly serve for no other purpose than to curb and restrain genius, in the same manner as it would have restrained the dancing-master, had the many excellent treatises on that art laid it down as an essential rule, that every man must dance in chains.* It is probable, that the tyranny of the French critics, fashionable as the literature of that country was with Charles and his courtiers, would have extended itself over England at the Restoration, had not a champion so powerful as Dryden placed himself in the gap. We have mentioned in its place his "Essay on Dramatic Poetry," the first systematic piece of criticism which our literature has to exhibit. In this essay, he was accused of entertaining private views, of defending some of his own pieces, at least of opening the door of the theatre wider, and rendering its access more easy, for his own selfish convenience. Allowing this to be true in whole, as it may be in part, we are as much obliged to Dryden for resisting the domination of Gallic criticism as we are to the fanatics who repressed the despotism of the crown, although they buckled on their armour against white surplices, and the cross in baptism. The character which Dryden has drawn of our English dramatists in the essay, and the various prefaces connected with it, have unequalled spirit and precision. The contrast of Ben Jonson with Shakespeare is peculiarly and strikingly felicitous. Of the latter portrait, Dr. Johnson has said, that the editors and admirers of Shakespeare, in all their emulation of reverence, cannot boast of much more than of having diffused and paraphrased this epitome of excellence; of having changed Dryden's gold for baser metal, of lower value, though of greater bulk. While Dryden examined, discussed, admitted, or rejected the rules proposed by others, he forbore, from prudence, indolence, or a regard for the freedom of Parnassus, to erect himself into a legislator. The doctrines, which chiefly respect the intrinsic qualities necessary in poetry, are scattered, without system or pretence to it, over the numerous pages of prefatory and didactic essays, with which he enriched his publications. It is impossible to read far in any of them, without finding some maxim for doing or forbearing, which every student of poetry will do well to engrave upon the tablets of his memory. But the author's mode of instruction is neither harsh nor dictatorial. When his opinion changed, as in the case of rhyming tragedies, he avows the change with candour, and we are enabled the more courageously to follow his guidance, when we perceive the readiness with which he retraces his path, if he strays into error. The gleams of philosophical spirit which so frequently illumine these pages of criticism; the lively and appropriate grace of illustration; the true and correct expression of the general propositions; the simple and unaffected passages, in which, when led to allude to his personal labours and situation, he mingles the feelings of the man with the instructions of the critic,—unite to render Dryden's essays the most delightful prose in the English language.

The didactic criticism of Dryden is necessarily, at least naturally, mingled with that which he was obliged to pour forth in his own defence; and this may be one main cause of its irregular and miscellaneous form. What might otherwise have resembled the extended and elevated front of a regular palace, is deformed by barriers, ramparts, and bastions of defence; by cottages, mean additions, and offices necessary for personal accommodation. The poet, always most in earnest about his immediate task, used, without ceremony, those arguments which suited his present purpose, and thereby sometimes supplied his foes with weapons to assail another quarter. It also happens frequently, if the same allusion may be continued, that Dryden defends with obstinate despair, against the assaults of his foemen, a post which, in his cooler moments, he has condemned as untenable. However easily he may yield to internal conviction, and to the progress of his own improving taste, even these concessions, he sedulously informs us, are not wrung from him by the assault of his enemies; and he often goes out of his road to show, that, though conscious he was in the wrong, he did not stand legally convicted by their arguments. To the checkered and inconsistent appearance which these circumstances have given to the criticism of Dryden, it is an additional objection, that through the same cause his studies were partial, temporary, and irregular. His mind was amply stored with acquired knowledge, much of it perhaps the fruits of early reading and application. But, while engaged in the hurry of composition, or overcome by the lassitude of continued literary labour, he seems frequently to have trusted to the tenacity of his memory, and so drawn upon this fund with injudicious liberality, without being sufficiently anxious as to accuracy of quotation, or even of assertion. If, on the other hand, he felt himself obliged to resort to more profound learning than his own, he was at little pains to arrange or digest it, or even to examine minutely the information he acquired from hasty perusal of the books he consulted; and thus but too often poured it forth in the crude form in which he had himself received it, from the French critic, or Dutch schoolman. The scholarship, for example, displayed in the "Essay on Satire," has this raw and ill-arranged appearance; and stuck, as it awkwardly is, among some of Dryden's own beautiful and original writing, gives, like a borrowed and unbecoming garment, a mean and inconsistent appearance to the whole disquisition. But these occasional imperfections and inaccuracies are marks of the haste with which Dryden was compelled to give his productions

* Introduction to Book Fifth of "Tom Jones."

to the world, and cannot deprive him of the praise due to the earliest and most entertaining of English critics.

I have thus detailed the life, and offered some remarks on the literary character, of JOHN DRYDEN: who, educated in a pedantic taste, and a fanatical religion, was destined, if not to give laws to the stage of England, at least to defend its liberties; to improve burlesque into satire; to free translation from the fetters of verbal metaphrase, and exclude from it the license of paraphrase; to teach posterity the powerful and varied poetical harmony of which their language was capable; to give an example of the lyric ode of unapproached excellence; and to leave to English literature a name, second only to those of Milton and of Shakespeare.

END OF THE LIFE OF DRYDEN.

LIFE OF JONATHAN SWIFT.

LIFE OF JONATHAN SWIFT.

LIFE OF JONATHAN SWIFT, D. D.

SECTION I.

Swift's parentage and birth—His life at College—His first residence with Sir William Temple—Visits Oxford—He takes orders, and obtains the living of Kilroot—Resigns that living in favour of a friend, and returns to England—His second residence with Sir William Temple—The Battle of the Books, and Tale of a Tub—Verses on the Burning of Wallenhall—Swift's correspondence with Miss Waryng—He becomes acquainted with Stella—Sir William Temple's death, and bequeaths his works to Swift—Swift's view of Promotion at the court is disappointed.

THE life of Swift forms an interesting and instructive narrative to all who love to contemplate those alternations of good and evil which checker the fate of individuals, distinguished by their talents and by their fame. Born under circumstances of the most pressing calamity, educated by the cold and careless charity of relations, denied the usual honours attached to academical study, and spending years of dependence upon the inefficient patronage of Sir William Temple, the earlier part of his history may be considered as a continued tale of depressed genius and disappointed hopes. Yet, under all these disadvantages, Swift arose to be the counsellor of a British administration, the best defender of their measures, and the intimate friend of all who were noble or renowned, learned or witty, in the classic age of Queen Anne. The events of his latter years were not less strongly contrasted. Involved in the fall of his patrons, he became a discontented and persecuted exile from England, and from his friends, yet, almost at once, attained a pitch of popularity which rendered him the idol of Ireland, and the dread of those who ruled that kingdom. Nor was his domestic fate less extraordinary—loving, and beloved by two of the most beautiful and interesting women of the time, he was doomed to form a happy and triangular union with neither, and saw them sink successively to the grave, under the consciousness that their mortal disease had its source in disappointed hopes, and ill-requited affection. His talents and the source of his fame and his pride, whose brilliancy had so long dazzled and delighted mankind, became gradually clouded by disease, and perverted by passion, as their possessor approached the goal of life; and, ere he attained it, were levelled far below those of ordinary humanity. From the life of Swift, therefore, may be derived the important lesson, that, as no misfortunes should induce genius to despair, no rank of fame, however elevated, should encourage its possessor to presumption. And those to whom fate has denied such brilliant qualities, or to whom she has refused the necessary opportunities of displaying them, may be taught, while perusing the history of this illustrious man, how little happiness depends upon the possession of transcendent genius, of political influence, or of popular renown.

Jonathan Swift, Doctor of Divinity, and Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, was descended from the younger branch of the family of Swifts, in Yorkshire, which had been settled in that county for many years. His immediate ancestor was the Reverend Thomas Swift, vicar of Goodrich, in Herefordshire, and proprietor of a small estate in that neighbourhood. At the beginning of the civil wars, this gentleman distinguished himself by his zeal and activity in the cause of Charles I.; and his grandson has recorded, in a separate memoir, his exploits and sufferings during the civil wars. To that memoir, and the notes which accompany it, the reader is referred for further particulars concerning Swift's family.* After having been repeatedly plundered by the parliamentary soldiers, even to the clothes of the infant in the cradle, (which, according to family tradition, was Jonathan, father of the Dean,) and to the last loaf which was to support his numerous family, Thomas Swift died in the year 1658, leaving ten sons, and three or four daughters, with no other fortune than the small estate to which he was born, and that almost ruined by fines and sequestrations.

The sufferings of this gentleman were of some service to his family after the Restoration; for Godwin Swift, his eldest son, who had studied at Gray's Inn, and had been called to the bar, was appointed Attorney-general of the Palatinate of Tipperary, under the Duke of Ormond. He was a man of talents, and appears to have possessed a considerable revenue, which he greatly embarrassed by embarking in speculative and expensive projects,† to which his nephew, Jonathan, ever after entertained an unconquerable aversion.† Meantime, however, the success of Godwin Swift, in his profession, attracted to Ireland three of his brethren, William, Jonathan, and Adam, all, of whom settled in that kingdom, and there lived and died.

Jonathan Swift, the father of the celebrated author, was the sixth or seventh son of the Vicar of Goodrich, the number of whose descendants, and the obscurity of their fortunes, does not admit of distinguishing his lineage more accurately. Jonathan, like his brother Godwin, appears to have been bred to the law, though not like him called to the bar. He added to the embarrassments of his situation, by marrying Abigail Erick of Leicestershire, a lady whose ancient genealogy was her principal dowry. The Dean has, himself, informed us, that his father obtained some agencies and employments in Ireland; but his principal promotion seems to have been the office of steward to the society of the King's Inns, Dublin, to which he was nominated in 1665.

This situation he did not long enjoy, for he died in 1667, two years after his appointment, leaving an infant daughter, and his widow, then pregnant, in

* See No. I. Appendix. Swift put up a plain monument to his grandfather, and also presented a cup to the church of Goodrich or Godsridge. He sent a pencilled elevation of the monument, (a simple tablet,) to Mrs. Howard, who returned it with the following lines, inscribed on the drawing by Pope. The paper is endorsed, in Swift's hand, "Model of a monument for my grandfather, with Mr. Pope's roguery."

JONATHAN SWIFT
Had the gift,
By fatherige, motherige,
And by brotherige,
To come from Gutherige,
But now is spoil'd clean,
And an Irish Dean.
In this church he has put
A stone of two foot;
With a cup and a can, Sir,
In respect to his grandsire;
So, Ireland, change thy tone,
And cry, O hone! O hone!
For England hath its own.

The lines, originally written in pencil by Pope, are traced over in ink by Dr. Lyons, as a memorandum bears. It occurred amongst Dr. Lyon's manuscripts.

† One of these projects seems to have been the iron manufactory at Swadlingbar, mentioned sarcastically by the Dean in his Essay on Barbarous Denominations in Ireland, Vol. VII, p. 147. Swift's dislike to the projects and projectors, is exhibited in his Essay on English Bubbles, and the subsequent tracts relating to the proposed establishment of a bank in Ireland. The following anecdote is also recorded on the same subject:—

"When Swift was at Holyhead, waiting for a fair wind to sail for Ireland, one Welldon, an old seafaring man, sent him a letter that he had found out the longitude, and would convince him of it; to which the Dean answered, in writing, that if he had found it out, he must apply to the Lords of Admiralty, of whom, perhaps, one might be found who knew something of navigation, of which he was totally ignorant; and that he never knew but two projectors, one of whom, (meaning his uncle Godwin,) ruined himself and family, and the other hanged himself; and desired him to desist, lest one or the other might happen to him."—Swiftiana, London, 1804, 12mo, vol. I. p. 177. The other unfortunate projector was probably Joseph Beaumont, often mentioned in Swift's Journal, who committed suicide.

a very destitute situation,* as Mrs. Swift was unable, without the assistance of the society, even to defray the expense of her husband's funeral.

* The following original documents, procured by the kindness of Mr. Hartstonge, establish the time of his appointment and death, and also the destitute circumstances of the poet's mother. As Mr. Swift states himself to have been conversant about the King's Inns for six or seven years before the date of his petition, it is probable that he came to Ireland upon the death of his father, 1658.

"To his Grace the Lord Chancellor, the Right Honourable the Judges, and other the Honourable Benchers of the Honourable Society of the King's Inns, Dublin:

"The humble Petition of Jonathan Swift;

"Humbly sheweth,

"That the stewardship of this Honourable Society is now become void by the death of Thomas Wale, the late steward thereof: That your petitioner, his father, and their whole family, have been always very loyal and faithful to his said Majesty and his royal father, and have been very great sufferers upon that account: That your petitioner, for these six or seven years last past, hath been much conversant about the said Inns, and is very well acquainted with the duty and employment belonging unto the steward thereof, he having assisted the said Thomas Wale in entering of the orders of your honours, and in the settling and ordering other things belonging to the said employment.

"That your petitioner doubts not but if your honours will be pleased to confer the said employment of steward upon your petitioner, that he shall give your honours all satisfaction imaginable therein.

"He therefore humbly prays that your honours will be pleased to confirm the said stewardship upon him. And he shall pray."

[Extracted from the Black-book of the King's Inns, in the library, Henrietta Street, Dublin, p. 242.]

I compared the above extracts with Mr. Hartstonge, and can certify its correctness with the original. B. T. DUHIGG.

Presented to a Council held at the King's Inns, Dublin, 14th Nov. 1665. } Librarian to the Honourable Society of King's Inns, Dublin, Dec. 24th, 1810.

"At a Council holden at the King's Inns, Dublin, the 25th day of January, 1665-6.

[Amongst other matters it was]

"Ordered

"That Jonathan Swift, upon his petition, be admitted steward of this house. [Signed]

"Michl. Dublin, Can.
J. Temple, [Master of the Rolls.]
W. Aston, [puisne Justice of the King's Bench.]
Jn. Eyres, [Chief Baron.]
Robt. Kennedy, [Baron of the Exchequer.]
Jeremie Alexander, [p. Justice of the Common Pleas."]

I also compared the above, B. T. DUHIGG.

The period of the death of the above-mentioned Mr. Jonathan Swift is fully ascertained, by the following petition of his widow, Mrs. Abigail Swift, to the Honourable Society of King's Inns: presented at a council held on the 15th of April 1667.

"To his Grace the Lord Chancellor, and the Right Honourable the Judges and Benchers of the Honourable Society of King's Inns:

"The humble Petition of Abigail Swift, widow;

"Humbly sheweth,

"That it having pleased God to take away your petitioner's husband, the late steward of this honourable Society, unexpectedly, and your petitioner being left a disconsolate widow, hath this affliction added to her, that there is due to her from the several members of this honourable Society, for Commons and Coat Commons, about six score pounds sterling, which she is noways able to get in without your honours' assistance: That your petitioner hath desired her late husband's brother, William Swift, to help her in getting in her said money, who hath manifested himself very willing to assist her, but hath been denied by several persons, upon pretence that he had no authority to receive the same.

"Now, for as much as your petitioner hath no friend next your honours, but her said brother, to rely upon, and that he, your petitioner's said brother, cannot befriend her without he be authorized by your honours' orders to the purpose,

"May it therefore please your honours to grant your petitioner an order, wherein the said William Swift may be authorized and appointed to gather in your petitioner's said money.

"And your petitioner shall ever pray."

[The prayer of which petition was fully granted upon the same day, and her brother-in-law appointed to receive the moneys due.]

[Extracted from the Black-book of the King's Inns, Dublin, page 248.] I also compared the above. B. T. DUHIGG.

I have seen another original petition from Mrs. Abigail Swift, presented in council to the Society of King's Inns, in the month of January, less than two months after the birth of her son, which was on the 30th of November 1667. I am thus irresistibly convinced, and entirely concur in opinion with Mr. Duhigg, (see his history of the King's Inns, p. 248,) that the illustrious Jonathan Swift, the Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, was undoubtedly born in Ireland. This latter petition, here noticed, is in the Black-book of the King's Inns, Dublin, p. 276, which states her poverty, and her desire to pay the funeral expenses of her late husband, and praying that the society do pay her the arrears due, &c. MATTHEW WELD HARTSTONGE.

I compared the above with Mr. Hartstonge,

B. T. DUHIGG.

Entry on the King's Inns Roll.

"On the 26th of January 1665, Jonathan Swift was admitted into this Society."

[Black-book of the King's Inns, p. 197.]

Dryden William Swift, the brother of the deceased, seems to have been active in behalf of his sister-in-law, but Godwin, who was supposed to be wealthy, was her chief support; and, upon the 30th of November 1667, being St. Andrew's day, she was delivered of the celebrated Jonathan Swift. The place of his birth was a small house, now called No. 7, in Hoey's Court, Dublin, which is still pointed out by the inhabitants of that quarter.† His infancy was marked by a chance as singular as that of his father, whose cradle had been plundered of the bedding by Kirle's troopers. The nurse to whom he was committed was a native of Whitehaven, to which town she was recalled, by the commands of a dying relation, from whom she expected a legacy. She actually stole away her charge, out of mere affection, and carried him to Whitehaven, where he resided three years; for his health was so delicate, that rather than hazard a second voyage, his mother chose to fix his residence for a time with the female who had given such a singular proof of her attachment. The nurse was so careful of the child's education, that when he returned to Dublin he was able to spell, and when five years old he could read any chapter of the Bible.

Swift was now to share the indigence of a mother whom he tenderly loved, and to subsist upon the support afforded by his uncle Godwin. It seems probable, that these irritating and degrading circumstances sunk deep into his haughty temper, even at an early period of life, and that even then commenced that war of his spirit with the world, which only ended when his faculties were utterly subdued by disease. Born a posthumous child, and bred up as an object of charity, he early adopted the custom of observing his birth-day, as a term, not of joy, but of sorrow, and of reading, when it annually recurred, the striking passage of Scripture, in which Job laments and execrates the day upon which it was said in his father's house, "that a man-child was born." The narrowness of the allowance afforded for his maintenance and education, added to his unhappiness, and was naturally imputed by him to the sordid parsimony of his uncle. It is true, that subsequent events showed that Godwin Swift was under the necessity of regulating his allowance by the real state of his embarrassed circumstances, rather than by the opinion which his nephew, in common with the rest of the world, entertained of his wealth. But although it was afterwards discovered, that his liberality had borne full proportion to the former criterion, Swift appears never to have lost the unfavourable impression which had once been made, and certainly held Godwin Swift's memory neither in love nor veneration.‡

Meanwhile his education proceeded apace. At the age of six years, he was sent to the school of Kilkenny, endowed and maintained by the Ormond family, where his name, cut in schoolboy fashion, upon his desk or form, is still shown to strangers. Here he learned to say, *latino-anglica*, the words *Mi dux et amasti lux*, the first germ of the numerous *jeux d'esprit* of that nature which passed

† The antiquity of its appearance seems to vindicate the truth of the tradition. In 1809 it was occupied by Mrs. Jackson, a dealer in earthen-ware.

‡ He mentions him with disrespect in the anecdotes of the family, and elsewhere; and I have the following remarkable anecdote from Theophilus Swift, Esq., the grandson of Godwin, and grand-nephew of the Dean, to whom it was often related by Mrs. Whiteway. The Rev. Dr. Whittingham, Archdeacon of Dublin, a bold and ready talker, used to be forward to show his colloquial courage where few would have chosen to exercise it, by attacking Dean Swift, and that with great rudeness and severity. At a visitation dinner, they chanced to be placed nearly opposite to each other at table, when Dr. Whittingham suddenly asked, "Pray, Mr. Dean, was it not your uncle Godwin who educated you?"—Swift affected not to hear this insulting question. At length it was twice repeated, with a loud and bitter accent, when the Dean answered abruptly, "Yes! He gave me the education of a dog."—"Then," answered Whittingham, grinning, and clenching his hand, "you have not the gratitude of a dog." The instant interposition of the Bishop prevented the personal violence which was likely to follow on this colloquy. This story is alluded to by Dr. Delany, in his sixteenth letter to Lord Orrery, but the circumstances are concealed and altered. Notwithstanding the violence of this altercation, the Dean and Archdeacon Whittingham were reconciled by the interference of the Bishop, and became afterwards good friends.

between him and Sheridan, during his declining years.

From Kilkenny, Swift was removed, at the age of fourteen, and admitted into Trinity College, Dublin, where, as appears from the book of the senior lecturers, he was received as a pensioner under the tuition of St. George Ashe, on 24th April, 1682. His cousin, Thomas Swift,* was admitted at the same time; and the mention of the two names throughout the college records, without the Christian appellative, has thrown uncertainty upon some minute points of the Dean's biography.

When Swift was entered at the University, the usual studies of the period were required of him, and of these, some were very ill suited to his genius. Logic, then deemed a principal object of learning, was in vain presented to his notice; for his disposition altogether rejected the learned sophistry of Smiglecius, Keckermannus, Burgersdicius, and other ponderous worthies, now hardly known by name; nor could his tutor ever persuade him to read three pages in one of them, though some acquaintance with the commentators of Aristotle was absolutely necessary at passing examination for his degree. Neither did he pay regular attention to other studies more congenial to his disposition. He read and studied rather for amusement, and to divert melancholy reflections, than with the zeal of acquiring knowledge. But his reading, however desultory, must have been varied and extensive, since he is said to have already drawn a rough sketch of the Tale of a Tub, which he communicated to his companion, Mr. Waryng.† We must conclude then, that a mere idler of the seventeenth century might acquire, in his hours of careless and irregular reading, a degree of knowledge which would startle a severe student of the present age. We have few means of judging of the extent of Swift's real learning; it cannot perhaps be termed profound, but it was certainly extensive. His writings evince great general acquaintance with history and poetry, both ancient and modern; nor is he ever at a loss for such classical allusions and quotations as most aptly illustrate the matter of which he treats. Yet although he thought so lightly of his own acquisitions, that he talked of having lost degree for dulness and insufficiency, and although he used with great vehemence to rebuke those who bestowed the name of scholar on any one whom they could not prove to have spent most of his days in study, the character of a mere plodding student did not stand high in his estimation. Bentley, whom he unjustly ranked in this dull and laborious class, used to be honoured with the epithets of *Jubar Anglicanum*, *Lux Britannia*, *Sidus Britannicum*, &c., by the foreign literati. This Swift could not bear, and in the predictions of Isaac Bickerstaff, he launches some satirical shafts at the heavy politeness of the High Dutch *illustrissimi*, and their extravagant compliments to each other.‡

While Swift, however, was pursuing his studies in this vague and desultory manner, they would have been altogether interrupted by the death of his uncle Godwin and the derangement of his affairs, which then first became public, had he not found another patron in his uncle Dryden William Swift. This gentleman gave the necessary support to his orphan nephew, and it would seem with more grace and apparent kindness, though not more liberally in amount than his brother Godwin, for he too was in narrow circumstances. But Swift always cherished his memory, and recorded him as the "best of his relations." He used also to mention an incident which occurred while he was at college, of which Willoughby Swift, his cousin, the son of Dryden William, was the hero. Sitting one day in his chamber, absolutely penniless, he saw a seaman in the court below, who seemed inquiring for the apartment of one of the students. It occurred to Swift that this man might bring a message from his cousin Willoughby, then settled as a Lisbon merchant, and the thought scarcely had crossed his mind when the door opened, and the stranger approaching him, produced a large leathern purse of silver coin, and poured the contents before him, as a present from his cousin. Swift, in his ecstacy, offered the bearer a part of his treasure, which the honest sailor generously declined. And from that moment, Swift, who had so deeply experienced the miseries of indigence, resolved so to manage his scanty income, as never again to be reduced to extremity. The system by which he regulated his expense was so very rigid, that, from many of his journals still existing, it is clear he could have accounted for every penny of his expenditure, during any year of his life, from the time of his being at college, until the total decline of his faculties.

Pleasure, as well as necessity, interfered with Swift's studies. Poverty, and the sense of the contempt which accompanies it, often gives to a lofty temper a cast of recklessness and desperation, and Swift's mind was by one of his friends well likened to an evoked spirit, that would do mischief if not supplied with constant employment. Johnson, who studied at college under similar disadvantages, has expressed such feelings in his own nervous language. Hearing from Mr. Boswell that he had been considered as a gay and frolicsome fellow, while at Pembroke, he answered, "Ah! Sir, I was mad and violent. It was bitterness that they mistook for frolic. I was miserably poor, and I thought to fight my way by my literature and my wit; so I disregarded all power, and all authority." Even such a rebel against college discipline Swift appears to have been, under similar circumstances; and it is remarkable, that, though far inferior in humour, in purity of style, and in comprehensive genius, Johnson bore a strong resemblance, in his morbid temperament, political opinions, and habits of domination in private society, to the Dean of St. Patrick's. Swift, therefore, while under the dominion of this untamed spirit, was guilty of many irregularities; some which occasioned reproof, and some which led to yet more severe consequences. He repeatedly neglected, and affected to contemn the discipline of the college, and frequented taverns and coffee-houses. In the wantonness of his wit, he assailed the fellows of the University with satirical effusions, to which the speeches occasionally delivered by the *Terræ Filius*, gave sufficient scope. But though this species of saturnalia had a prescriptive license, experience might have taught Swift that it was not to be relied on, and that the individual ridiculed watched his time and opportunity to retort upon the satirist the pain which he had inflicted. The earlier part of Swift's academical course was more slightly marked with these irregularities, for no record of penal infliction occurs, until a *special grace* for the degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred upon him, on the 13th February, 1685–6. We are not therefore to look for the cause of the degrading manner in which this degree was bestowed, (as flowing, not from the merit of the student, but the unearned favour of the University,) in Swift's irregularities, but in the neglect of those studies which were then held essential parts of education. In going through the preliminary dissertation, he was ignorant even of the necessary syllogistic forms. He answered the arguments of the impugners in common language, and the proctor reduced his replies into syllogism, the candidate thus displaying a degree of ignorance of what was then miscalled the art of reasoning, which must of itself have called for the mark of incapacity which was attached to

* Son to his uncle Thomas, who had been bred at Oxford. Swift's college companion afterwards became Rector of Puttenham, in Surrey, and affected to have a share in the original composition of the Tale of a Tub. Swift used to call him in contempt, his "parson-cousin."

† This fact Mr. Waryng often mentioned to Mr. Whiteway.

‡ "If I had leave to have printed the Latin letters transmitted to me from foreign parts, they would fill a volume, and be a full defence against all that Mr. Partridge and all his accomplices of the Portugal Inquisition will be ever able to object; which, by the way, are the only enemies my predictions have ever met with at home or abroad. The most learned Monsieur Leibnitz thus addresses to me his third letter: *Illustrissimo Bickerstaffio astrologiæ instauratori*, &c. Monsieur Le Clerc, quoting my predictions in a treatise he published last year, is pleased to say, *Ita nuperrime Bickerstaffius magnum illud Angliæ sidus.*" VIII. 422.

his degree. Yet such was the strength of Swift's memory, that, after thirty or forty years, he could repeat to Sheridan the propositions, as they were attacked and defended, in their proper scholastic technicality.

The disgraceful note with which his degree had been granted, probably added to Swift's negligence, and gave edge to his satirical propensities. Between the periods of 14th November, 1685, and 8th October, 1687, he incurred no less than seventy penalties for non-attendance at chapel, for neglecting lectures, for being absent from the evening roll-call, and for town-haunting, which is the academical phrase for absence from college without license. At length these irregularities called forth a more solemn censure, for, on the 18th March, 1686-7, with his cousin, Thomas Swift, his chum, Mr. Warren, and four others, he incurred the disgrace of a public admonition for notorious neglect of duties. His second public punishment was of a nature yet more degrading. On the 20th November, 1688, Swift, the future oracle of Ireland, was, by a sentence of the Vice-Provost, and senior fellows of the University, convicted of impudent conduct towards the junior Dean (Owen Lloyd,) and of exciting dissension within the walls of the college. He shared with two companions the suspension of his academical degree, and two of the delinquents, Swift being one, further were sentenced to crave pubric pardon of the junior Dean.* The bitterness of spirit with which Swift submitted to this despotic infliction, if indeed he obeyed it, for of this there is no absolute proof, may be more easily conceived than described. The sense of his resentment shows itself in the dislike which he exhibits to his Alma Mater, the Tripto College of Dublin, and the satirical severity with which he persecutes Dr. Owen Lloyd, the junior Dean, before whom he had been ordained to make this unworthy prostration.†

This unpleasant circumstance of the Dean's academical life, has become gradually confounded with the yet more severe penalty of expulsion, inflicted upon John Jones, one of his companions. Mr. Richardson has recorded a tradition, that Swift was expelled from college for writing a tripos, as it is called, or satirical oration, uttered by him as Terræ-Filius.‡ The research of the learned Dr. Barrett has ascertained, that such a tripos was actually delivered, 11th July, 1688. He had published its contents, which are preserved in the Lansdowne MS., and he has proved, from the college records, that Jones, the Terræ-Filius of the period, was actually deprived of his degree, for the false and scandalous reflections contained in that satire, though the sentence was afterwards mitigated into a temporary suspension of his degree and academical rights. But Jones, not Swift, was the Terræ-Filius so degraded. The inaccuracy of Richardson's informer may be easily pardoned: he was recollecting the events of a remote period, when Swift and Jones, friends and associates, both experienced punishment for petulant satire and insubordination. It is not, therefore, wonderful, that he confounded the circumstances attending their delinquencies, and attributed the more weighty offence, an offence, too, of which Swift was likely to have been guilty, and the more severe punishment, to him who afterwards became the object of general attention. It is probable, likewise, that the tripos may have been heightened by the satirical strokes of Swift; though I cannot think it likely that he was the principal author of the work, for which Jones sustained the sentence of expulsion, since, with all his grossness, it exhibits little of his humour.

In 1688, the war broke out in Ireland; and Swift, then in his twenty-first year, without money, and if not without learning, at least without the reputation of possessing it, with the stains of turbulence and insubordination attached to his character, and without a single friend to protect, receive, or maintain him, left the college of Dublin. Guided, it may be supposed, more by affection than hope, he bent his course to England, and travelled on foot to his mother's residence, who was then in Leicestershire. Herself in a dependant and precarious situation, Mrs. Swift could only recommend to her son an implicit the patronage of Sir William Temple, whose lady was her relation, and had been well acquainted with the family of the Swifts, and in whose house Thomas Swift, the cousin of our author, had already resided as chaplain.

The application was made, and succeeded, but for some time Sir William Temple's patronage seemed to be unattended either by countenance or affection. The accomplished statesman and polite scholar, was probably for a time, unreconciled to the irritable habits, and imperfect learning of his new inmate.‖ But Sir William's prejudices became gradually weaker, as Swift's exquisite power of observation increased his faculties of pleasing, while his knowledge was expanded by a course of study so hard, that it engaged eight hours of every day. Such a space of time, well employed, soon rendered a man of Swift's powers an invaluable treasure to a patron like Temple, with whom he remained about two years. His studies were partially inter-

* Such is the account of this matter inferred by the late Dr. Barrett, from the college records; and his acquaintance with the mode of keeping them, and the purposes for which they are made up, entitle his judgment to the greatest weight. His opinion is also confirmed by that of Mr. Theophilus Swift, who expresses his conviction, that, in consequence of his share in the academical censure upon the Fellows of Trinity College, Swift was in danger of losing the testimonium of his degree, without which he could not have been admitted *ad eundem* at Oxford. And he supposes that, mortified at the recollection of the humiliating conditions imposed as his terms of pardon, his great kinsman was not unwilling that the particulars of the case should be sunk in a general report, that he had been refused his degree for insufficiency,—a mode of stating the fact, which was likely to throw more discredit on the discouragement of the heads of the university, than on his own acknowledged talents. Yet an ingenious correspondent has alleged the following reasons, to prove that this degrading ceremony never was submitted to.

"From Dr. Barrett's Life of Swift, it appears that he graduated above a year before the usual time, which in Trinity College, Dublin, is four years and a half, therefore *speciali gratia* must mean that he got it by interest or merit; or, if it was suspended after, as Dr. B. suggests, it might have been restored to him on intercession of friends. But there appears little to countenance the supposition, that he was ordered to beg pardon on his knees, and nothing to warrant the assertion that he *submitted* to such an indignity, as there is no trace of his remaining in college after the revolution, which is the date Dr. B. assigns for that censure. The dates are very confused and contradictory as to the two Swifts; and, while he allows Thomas Swift to have had a scholarship, and suspects that Jonathan had not, he forgets that very few ever remain in Trinity College, Dublin, after graduating, unless they enjoy scholarships; and that Jonathan Swift had one, appears further from his remaining in Commons, and being, according to Dr. B., suspended from Commons, by way of punishment, after graduating, which could be no punishment at all to him, if his Commons were not at the charge of the University."

† See the Works of Jonathan Swift, to which these memoirs are prefixed, Vol. IV. p. 13. where Dr. Lloyd is said to have been bribed by a Deanery to take a cast-mistress off the hands of Lord Wharton.

‡ Vol. VI. page 171. Richardson to Lady Bradshaigh, April 22, 1752.—"I am told my Lord (Orrery) is mistaken in some of his facts; for instance, in that wherein he asserts, that Swift's learning was a late acquirement. I am very well warranted by the son of an eminent divine, a prelate, who was for three years what is called his chum, in the following account of that fact. Dr. Swift made as great a progress in his learning at the University of Dublin in his youth, as any of his contemporaries; but was so very ill-natured and troublesome, that he was made Terræ-Filius, on purpose to have a pretence to expel him. He talked to all the council against the heads of that university, that a second inquirer, and a still severer temper, could get together into the harangue. He was expelled in consequence of his abuse; and having his *discessit*, afterwards got admitted at Oxford to his degree."

‖ In the letter to Lady Bradshaigh, already quoted, Richardson says, "Mr. Temple, nephew to Sir William Temple, and brother to Lord Palmerston, who lately died at Bath, declared to a friend of mine, that Sir William hired Swift, at his first entrance into the world, to read to him, and sometimes to be his amanuensis at the rate of 20*l.* a year and his board, which was then high salary for him; but that Sir William never favoured him with his conversation because of his ill qualities, nor allowed him to sit down at table with him. Swift, your ladyship will easily see by his writings, had bitterness, satire, moroseness, that must make him unsufferable to his equals and inferiors, and unsafe for his superiors to countenance. Sir William Temple was a wise and discerning man. He could easily see through a young fellow taken into a low office, and inclined to forget himself. Probably too, the Dean was always unpolite, and never could be a man of breeding. Sir William Temple was one of the politest men of his time."—*Richardson's Correspondence*, VI. 173. The outlines of this unfavourable statement are probably true, if restricted to the earlier part of Swift's residence at Moorpark. But we must not forget, that the enmity which subsisted between him and all the descendants of Sir William Temple, may account for Mr. Temple's placing his conduct in a disreputable light.

impeded by bad health. He had contracted, from a surfeit of stone-fruit, a giddiness and coldness of stomach, which almost brought him to his grave, and the effects of which he felt during his whole life-time.* At one time he was so ill that he visited Ireland, in hopes of experiencing benefit from his native air; but finding no advantage from the change, he again returned to Moorpark, and employed in his studies the intervals which his disorder afforded. It was now that he experienced marks of confidence from Temple, who permitted him to be present at his confidential interviews with King William, when that monarch honoured Moorpark with his visits, a distinction which Temple owed to their former intimacy in Holland, and which he received with respectful ease, and repaid by sound and constitutional advice. Nay, when Sir William's gout confined him to his chamber, the duty of attending the king devolved upon Swift; and it is recorded by all the poet's biographers, that William offered him a troop of horse, and showed him how to cut asparagus the Dutch way. It would be unjust to suppress the additional advantage he acquired in learning, by the royal example, to eat the same vegetable with Dutch economy, on which subject the reader will find a lively anecdote at the bottom of the page.† Other advantages of a more solid nature were, however, held out to his ambition; and he was led to hope that he would be provided for in the church, to which profession he was destined, as well by inclination as by so fair a prospect of preferment.‡ The high trust reposed in him warranted these hopes. For he was employed by Sir William Temple to lay before King William the reasons why his majesty ought to assent to the bill for triennial parliaments; and he strengthened Temple's opinion by several arguments drawn from English history. But the king persevered in his opposition, and the bill was thrown out by the influence of the crown, in the House of Commons. This was the first intercourse that Swift had with courts; and he was wont to tell his friends that it helped to cure him of vanity: having probably anticipated success in his negotiation, and being mortified in proportion by its unexpected failure.

In 1692, Swift went to Oxford for the purpose of taking his master's degree, to which he was admitted on the 5th July in that year. He seems to have been pleased with the civilities he met at Oxford, and observes, that he was ashamed to have been more obliged, in a few weeks, to strangers, than ever he was, in seven years, to Dublin college.‖ The favour of Oxford necessarily implies learning and genius. In the former Swift was now eminent, and in the latter showed the fair promise of an active and enterprising mind. Even in 1691, he informs his friend, Mr. Kendal, that he had "written, and burned, and written again upon all manner of subjects, more than perhaps any man in England."§ Amidst these miscellaneous efforts, poetry was not neglected. The muses met him on their own sacred ground, and it is at Oxford that Swift produced his first verses, (reserving only his claim to any of those contained in the Tripos of Jones.) It is a version of Horace, Book II. Ode 18,¶ which will be found in its place.

'T is true, my cottage, mean and low,
Not built for grandeur, but for ease,
No ivory cornices can show,
Nor ceilings rough with gold displays.

No cedar beams for pomp and state,
(To nature names confest unknown,)
Repose their great and precious weight
On pillars of the Parian stone.

Not dropt an accidental heir
To some old kinless miser's means;
No wealthy vassal's gifts I wear,
Rich purple vests, and sweeping trains;

But virtue and a little sense
Have so endear'd me to the great,
That, thanks to bounteous Providence,
Nor have, nor want I, an estate.

Blest in my little Sabine field,
I'll neither gods above implore,
Nor, since in sneaking arts unskill'd,
Hang on my wealthy friends for more.

From day to day, with equal pace,
Our sliding moments steal away,
Nor is the fleeting moon's increase
Aught but her progress to decay.

Yet you, amused with airy dreams,
Forgetful that the grave is near,
Are buried with your endless schemes
Of pleasant seats and houses here.

The bounds of nature for your mind
Too little seem, and you are poor,
Unless the ocean be confined
T' enlarge your borders on the shore.

* It here becomes the indispensable duty of an editor, briefly to notice the opinion expressed by the learned Dr. Beddoes, who, in the ninth essay of his work, entitled Hygeia, has directly ascribed the vertigo of Swift, with all its distressing consequences, to habits of early and profligate indulgence. And he has argued upon our author's conduct towards Stella and Vanessa, as indicating the inflamed imagination, and the exhausted frame of a premature voluptuary, who still courted pleasures he was unable to enjoy. The same conclusion, Dr. Beddoes is disposed to derive, from the tone of gross indelicacy, of which Swift's writings afford too many proofs. To the hypothesis of this ingenious writer, we may oppose, first, the express declaration of Swift himself, that this distressing malady originated in the surfeit mentioned in the text, a cause which medical professors have esteemed in every respect adequate to produce such consequences. Secondly, His whole intercourse with Stella and Vanessa, indicates the very reverse of an ardent or licentious imagination; and opens the oddness to have been constitutionally inherent, both in mind and person, and utterly distinct from that of one who retains wishes which he has lost the power to gratify. Those who choose to investigate this matter further, may compare Swift's Journal to Stella, with Pope's Letters to the Miss Blounts, in which there really exists evidence of that mixture of friendship, passion, and licentious gallantry, which the learned author of Hygeia has less justly ascribed to the correspondence between Swift and Stella. Lastly, Without raking deeper into such a subject, it may be briefly noticed, that the coarse images and descriptions with which Swift has dishonoured his pages, are of a nature directly opposite to the loose impurities by which the exhausted voluptuary feeds his imagination. The latter courts the seductive images of licentious pleasure; but Swift has indulged in pictures of a very different class, and has dwelt on physical impurities, calculated to disgust, and not to excite the fancy. We may, therefore, safely take Swift's word for the origin of his malady, as well as for his constitutional temperance. And, until medical authors can clearly account for, and radically cure the diseases of their contemporary patients, they may readily be excused from assigning dishonourable causes for the disorders of the illustrious dead.

† The following receipt for his malady, by the celebrated Dr. Ratcliffe, was found among Mr. Smith's papers, endorsed in the Dean's hand:—

"Aug. 24, 1733. *Dr. Ratcliff's Rect. for Deafness, sent by my Lady Manchester.*

"Doctor Ratcliff's prescription for a noisse in the head and deffness, proceeding from a cold moyst humor in the head.

"Take a pint of sack whay, make very clear, halfe sack and halfe water, boyle in it sum plain resel sage and a sprige of Rosemary; take it growing to rest, with thirty or forty drops of spirit of hartshorn, continue it as long as you find benifet by it, expectly the winter season; he may sweln or not with sirop of Cowslips. He ordered allsoe a spice cupp: to be made of clowes, masse, and *pepper mingled finely*, pownded and put betwen too silke, and quilted to wear next the head, and for a man to be sowdd within side his wigg."

‡ This characteristic story is given on the authority of the father of my friend, Mr. M. Weld Hartstonge. Alderman George Faulkner of Dublin, the well known bookseller, happening one day to dine in company with Dr. Leland the historian, the conversation adverted to the illustrious Dean of St. Patrick's. Faulkner, who was the Dean's printer and publisher on many occasions, mentioned, that one day being detained late at the Deanery house, in correcting some proof-sheets for the press, Swift made the worthy alderman stay to dinner. Amongst other vegetables, asparagus formed one of the dishes. The Dean helped his guest, who shortly again called upon his host to be helped a second time; when the Dean, pointing to the alderman's plate, "Sir, first finish what you have upon your plate."—"What, sir, eat my stalks?"—"Ay, sir! King William always eat the stalks!"—"And George," rejoined the historian, (who was himself remarkably proud, and very pompous,) "what, were you blockhead enough to obey him?"—"Yes, doctor, and if you had dined with Dean Swift, *tete-a-tete*, faith, you would have been obliged to eat your stalks too!"

‖ He writes to his uncle, William Swift, 20th November 1692, "I am not to take orders till the King gives me a prebend." See his Works, Vol. XV. p. 257.

§ The passage reminds us of a similar expression in Dryden's prologue to the University of Oxford.

"Oxford to him a dearer name shall be
Than his own mother university:
Thebes did his green unknowing youth engage,
He chooses Athens in his riper age."

Both poets had received some censure from their Alma Mater.

§ Swift's Works, Vol. XV. p. 262.

¶ These verses were copied by Dr. Hill of Dublin, from the original in the possession of Mr. Worrall, who was one of the Dean's curates, and lived in great habits of friendship with him.

"Nay, more, profanely you leap o'er
Your peaceful neighbour's ancient bounds,
Invade the weak, unfriended poor,
And seize his patrimonial grounds.

Expell'd by you from their abodes,
The tender wife and husband fly,
In vain they invocate their gods,
In vain their helpless infants cry.

And yet this dearly bought estate
How quickly must its owner leave!
The wealthy miser's last retreat
And surest portion, is the grave.

What would you more? impartial earth
Wraps in her lap with equal care
The high and low, nor royal birth
Preserves its poor distinctions there.

Not all Prometheus' boasted art
Could ever surly Charon sway,
Nor gold itself work on his heart,
To wake him back into the day.

Proud Tantalus, and all his race,
He holds in chains; the royal kin
In vain implores the smallest grace,
No patient empire his for sin.

Yet, call'd or not, the poor he bears,
And in his last and painful strife,
To his assistance strait repairs,
And carries off his load of life.

Besides these verses, we find Swift attempting another style of poetical composition less favourable to his fame. This produced his Pindaric Odes, the only kind of writing which he seriously attempted without attaining excellence, and which must therefore be accounted among the injudicious efforts of a genius which had not yet become acquainted with its own powers. The undertaking is said to have been pressed upon him by Sir William and Lady Temple, who were admirers of Cowley. But it is reasonable enough to suppose that Swift should have turned voluntarily towards that kind of metaphysical poetry, in which wit (if wit consists in presenting unexpected and ingenious combinations) is the leading and distinguishing feature; and, after all the vituperation which has been heaped upon these odes, they are not, generally speaking, worse than the pindarics of Donne and Cowley, which, in the earlier part of the century, gained these authors unbounded applause. It is said that Swift communicated these poetical exercises to Dryden, whose concise reply,—"Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet,"—he neither forgot nor pardoned. One of the Odes is inscribed to the Athenian Society,* in strains of eulogy of which Swift must have been afterwards ashamed, when he recollected that the Apollo of this English Athens was no other than John Dunton the bookseller. With the exception of these abortive attempts at a species of poetry of which the fashion had passed away, it does not appear that Swift made any efforts towards literary distinction; for the verses addressed to Congreve, November 1693, and those to Sir William Temple, in December following, seem to have been the effusions of private friendship. From the first we learn, that Swift's talents had raised him above the obscurity which attended his first year at Moorpark, and that he was now on friendly terms with Congreve, a man of the brightest comic genius that Britain has produced. The same verses teach us, that he already felt confidence in his powers of satire, and could predict the effects of that "hate to fools," which he afterwards assumed as his principal characteristic.

"My hate—whose lash just Heaven had long decreed,
Shall on a day make sin and folly bleed."

The verses on Sir William Temple's illness and recovery, are of a different mood, and express strongly and pathetically the miseries of the precarious situation under which his proud and independent spirit was then struggling. He thus addresses his muse, which, since Cowley's time, was the established mode in which a poet expressed his complaints:—

"Wert thou right woman, thou should'st scorn to look
On an abandon'd wretch, by hopes forsook;
Forsook by hopes, ill fortune's last relief,
Assign'd for life, to unremitting grief;
For let Heaven's wrath enlarge those weary days,
If hope e'er dawn the smallest of its rays,
Time o'er the happy takes so swift a flight,
And treads so soft, so easy, and so light,
That we the wretched, creeping far behind,
Can scarce th' impression of his footsteps find.—

To thee I owe that fatal bent of mind,
Still to unhappy restless thoughts inclined;
To thee, what oft I vainly strive to hide,
That scorn of fools, by fools mistook for pride;
From thee whatever virtue takes its rise,
Grows a misfortune, or becomes a vice;
Such were thy rules to be poetically great:—
'Stoop not to interest, flattery, or deceit;
Nor with hired thoughts be thy devotion paid;
Learn to disdain their mercenary aid;
Be this thy sure defence, thy brazen wall,
Know no base action, at no guilt look pale;
And since unhappy distance thus denies
T' expose thy soul, clad in this poor disguise;
Since thy few ill-presented graces seem
To breed contempt where thou hast hoped esteem."

These last lines probably allude to the coldness of Sir William Temple, and to a disagreement which began to take place between them. Swift sighed after independence, and seems to have thought that Temple delayed providing for him, from the selfish view of retaining his assistance, now become necessary to him. Temple, on the other hand, regarded his dependent's impatience as if tinctured with ingratitude. He offered him, but with coldness, an employment worth 100*l.* a year, in the office of the rolls in Ireland, of which he was then master. To this Swift answered, that since this offer relieved him from the charge of being driven into the church for a maintenance, he was resolved to go to Ireland to take holy orders. And thus they parted in mutual displeasure; Temple positively refusing to pledge himself by any promise of provision, in the event of his consenting to remain with him; and Swift determined to exert and maintain his independence.

When Swift arrived in Ireland, he found that the bishops, to whom he applied for orders, required some certificate of his conduct during the time he had resided with Sir William Temple. This must have been a grating task; for to obtain such a testimonial, required both submission and entreaty; and, accordingly, Swift appears to have paused nearly five months before endeavouring to procure it.† The submission, however, was at length made, the entreaty listened to, and "Swift's penitentiary letter" formed, probably, the ground-work of reconciliation with his patron. Within less than twelve days after the date of that letter, he must have received the testimonial he desired, for his letters for deacon's orders are dated 18th October 1694, and those for priest's orders on the 13th January following.‡ It seems probable that Sir William Temple added to the certificate desired, some recommendation to Lord Capel, then Lord-deputy of Ireland; for, almost immediately upon taking orders, Swift obtained the prebend of Kilroot, in the diocese of Connor, worth about one hundred pounds a year. To this small living he retired, and assumed the character of a country clergyman.

Swift's life at Kilroot, however, so different from that which he had led with Sir William Temple, where he shared the society of all that were ennobled, either by genius or birth, soon became insipid. In the meanwhile, Temple, who had learned, by the loss of Swift, his real value, became solicitous that he should return to Moorpark. While Swift hesitated between relinquishing the mode of life which he had chosen, and returning to that which he had relinquished, his resolution appears to have been determined by a circumstance highly characteristic of his exalted benevolence. In an excursion from his habitation, he met a clergyman, with whom he

* Swift's Works, Vol. XIV. p. 23.

† Swift's letter to his cousin, Deane Swift, is dated at Moorpark, 3d June 1694, and he then says he left Sir William Temple a month before. The penitentiary letter is dated 6th October following.

‡ Mr. Sheridan believed him to be ordained in the preceding September, but that he was mistaken is obvious from the letter to Sir William Temple, and from the dates of the official certificates of ordination, which are now before the editor.

formed an acquaintance, which proved him to be learned, modest, well-principled, the father of eight children, and a curate at the rate of forty pounds a year. Without explaining his purpose, Swift borrowed this gentleman's black mare, having no horse of his own, rode to Dublin, resigned the prebendary of Kilroot, and obtained a grant of it for this new friend. When he gave the presentation to the poor clergyman, he kept his eyes steadily fixed on the old man's face, which, at first, only expressed pleasure at finding himself preferred to a living; but when he found that it was that of his benefactor, who had resigned in his favour, his joy assumed so touching an expression of surprise and gratitude, that Swift, himself deeply affected, declared he had never experienced so much pleasure as at that moment. The poor clergyman, at Swift's departure, pressed upon him the black mare, which he did not choose to hurt him by refusing; and thus mounted, for the first time, on a horse of his own, with fourscore pounds in his purse, Swift again embarked for England, and resumed his situation at Moorpark, as Sir William Temple's confidential secretary.

These are the outlines of a transaction, upon which, long after Swift's death, malice or madness endeavoured to fix a construction fatal to his reputation. This scandalous falsehood is only mentioned here, that it may never be repeated on any future occasion.*

Swift returned to the house of Sir William Temple rather as a confidential friend, than as a dependant companion. The mark of kindness and confidence which he had exhibited in relinquishing that independence after which he had longed so earnestly, marked at once the generosity and the kindness of his disposition, and Sir William Temple was insensible to neither. He resided with that great man from his return to England in 1695, till Temple's death in 1699, scarce a cloud intervening to disturb the harmony of their friendship. A cold look from his patron, such was the veneration with which Swift regarded Temple, made him unhappy for days;† his faculties were devoted to his service, and, during his last decline, Swift registered, with pious fidelity, every change in his disorder; and concluded the Journal, "He died at one o'clock this morning, (27th January 1698–9,) and with him all that was good and amiable among men." From another memorandum, copied by Thomas Steele, Esq. junior, we have this further character by our author of his early patron: "He was a person of the greatest wisdom, justice, liberality, politeness, eloquence, of his age and nation; the truest lover of his country, and one that deserved more from it, by his eminent public services, than any man before or since: besides his great deserving of the commonwealth of learning; having been universally esteemed the most accomplished writer of his time."

Among the most acceptable services which Swift could render Temple during this period, was his powerful assistance in the dispute concerning the superiority of ancient or modern learning, in which his patron had taken an anxious share, and had experienced some rough treatment from Wotton. This controversy, with other foolish fashions, had passed to England from France, where Fontenelle and Perrault had first ventured to assert the cause of the moderns. Upon its merits it may be sufficient to observe, that the field of comparison is infinitely too wide to admit of precise parallels, or of accurate reasoning. In works of poetry and imagination, the precedence may be decidedly allotted to the ancients, owing to the superior beauties of their language, and because they were the first to employ these general and obvious funds of illustration, which can appear original in those only by whom they were first used. On the other hand, in physical science, which necessarily is gradually enlarging its bounds, both by painful research and casual discovery, and in ethics, where the moderns enjoy the advantages of a pure religion and more free polity, it seems that they have far outshone their predecessors. But there is an ardour in literary controversy which does not rest contented with a drawn battle. The arguments in favour of the moderns were adopted in England by Mr. Wotton, in his Reflections on Ancient and Modern Learning, and indignantly combated by Sir William Temple, in his treatise on the same subject. Among other works of the ancients on which he founded the plea of their pre-eminence, Temple unhappily referred to the Epistles of Phalaris, now generally regarded as spurious, but which he pronounced to exhibit "such diversity of passion, such freedom of thought, such knowledge of life and contempt of death, as breathed in every line the tyrant and the commander." Wotton replied to this treatise, and was seconded by the learned Bentley, who had the double motive of detecting the spurious Phalaris, and of vindicating himself from the charge of incivility, respecting the

* In an edition of the Tatler in six volumes, 1786, executed with uncommon accuracy and care, there occurs a note upon No. 165, which, among other strictures on Swift's history, mentions the following alleged fact:—"Lord Wharton's remarkable words allude, not only to the odium Swift had contracted as the known or supposed author of the Tale of a Tub, &c., but they seem to point more particularly to a flagrant part of his criminality at Kilroot, not so generally known. A general account of this offence is all that is requisite here, and all that decency permits. In consequence of an attempt to ravish one of his parishioners, a farmer's daughter, Swift was carried before a magistrate of the name of Dobbs, (in whose family the examinations taken on the occasion are said to be still extant to this day,) and, to avoid the very serious consequences of this rash action, immediately resigned the prebend, and quitted the kingdom. This intelligence was communicated, and vouched as a fact well known in the parish even now, by one of Swift's successors in the living, and is rested on the authority of the present prebendary of Kilroot, February 6, 1786."

It was not to be supposed, that a charge so inconsistent with Swift's general character for virtue, religion, and temperance, should remain unanswered. Accordingly, a reply was addressed to the Editor of the Gentleman's Magazine, by Theophilus Swift, Esq., who was justly zealous for the honour of his great relative, but it was refused admission on account of its length. An answer is also to be found in Mr. Monck Berkeley's Reliques; and, in both cases, the advocates of Swift, or rather his vindicators, urge the utter improbability of the charge, considering the circumstances of the case. It was shown by Mr. Berkeley, that had such a criminal stigma ever stained the character of Swift, some allusions to it must have been found amid the profusion of personal slander with which, at one time, he was assailed, both in Britain and Ireland. It was further remarked, that had Swift been conscious of meriting such an imputation, his satire upon Dean Sawbridge, for a similar crime, (Swift's Works, Vol. XIV. p. 252.) argues little less than insanity in the author. To which it might have been added, that the same reproach is thrown by Swift on Sir John Browne, in one of the Drapiers. (See his Works, Vol. VII. pages 127, 149, 366.) Above all, the proofs of this strange allegation were loudly demanded at the hand of those who had made public a calumny unknown to the eagle-eyed slander of the age in which Swift lived. To these defiances, no formal answer was returned, but the story was suffered to remain upon record. That this most atrocious charge may no longer continue without an explicit contradiction, I here insert the origin of the calumny, upon the authority of the Rev. Dr. Hutcheson of Donaghadee.

The Rev. Mr. P——r, a successor of Dean Swift in the prebend of Kilroot, was the first circulator of this extraordinary story. He told the tale, among other public occasions, at the late excellent Bishop of Dromore's, who committed it to writing. His authority he alleged to be a Dean Dobbs, who, he stated, had informed him that informations were actually lodged before magistrates in the diocese of Down and Connor, for the alleged attempt at violation. But when the late ingenious Mr. Malone, and many other literary gentlemen, began to press a closer examination of the alleged fact, the unfortunate narrator denied definitely his having ever promulgated such a charge. And whether the whole story was the creation of incipient insanity, or whether he had felt the discredit attached to his tergiversation so acutely as to derange his understanding, it is certain the unfortunate Mr. P——r died raving mad, a patient in that very hospital for lunatics, established by Swift, against whom he had propagated this cruel calumny. Yet, although P——r thus fell a victim to his own rash assertions, or credulity, it has been supposed that this inexplicable figment did really originate with Dean Dobbs, and that he had been led into a mistake, by the initial letters, J. S. upon the alleged papers, which might apply to Jonathan Smedley, (to whom, indeed, the tale has been supposed properly to belong,) or to John Smith, as well as to Jonathan Swift. It is sufficient for Swift's vindication to observe, that he returned to Kilroot, after his resignation, and inducted his successor in face of the church and of the public; that he returned to Sir William Temple with as fair a character as when he had left him; that during all his public life, in England and Ireland, where he was the butt of a whole faction, this charge was never heard of; that when adduced so many years after his death, it was unsupported by aught but sturdy and general averment; and that the chief propagator of the calumny first retracted his assertions, and finally died insane.

† In the Journal to Stella, he says, "Don't you remember how I used to be in pain, when Sir William Temple would look cold and out of humour for three or four days, and I used to suspect a hundred reasons? I have plucked up my spirit since then, faith; he spoiled a fine gentleman."—S.

loan of a manuscript from the King's library to the Honourable Mr. Boyle, then engaged in an edition of the Epistles. This gave occasion to the treatise called Boyle against Bentley, and to the reply of that profound scholar, known by the name of Bentley against Boyle. Swift felt doubly interested in this dispute, first, on account of the share his patron had in the controversy, and secondly, because the literati of Oxford, with whose conduct towards him he had been so highly satisfied, were united against Bentley, and in the cause of his antagonist. The Battle of the Books was the consequence of Swift's interest in behalf of Sir William Temple, and it was probably shown and handed about in manuscript during his lifetime, although it was not printed until some years afterwards. The idea is taken from Coutray's "Histoire Poetique de la Guerre novellement declarée entre les anciens et les modernes," a spirited poem, divided into eleven books, inferior to Swift's work in personal satire and raciness of humour, but strongly resembling the Battle of the Books in the plan and management of the literary warfare. About the same time, Swift appears to have revised and completed his Tale of a Tub, one of his most remarkable productions. The preliminary advertisements of the bookseller in 1704, mention, that both these treatises appear to have been arranged for publication in 1697, the last year of Sir William Temple's life; there is, therefore, reason to believe that his death prevented their being then given to the world.

During this period, Swift's muse did not remain entirely idle. The following nervous verses on the burning of Whitehall, occur in his hand-writing, and with his corrections, among the papers of Mr. Lyons. It is remarkable, that while the first couplet breathes that zeal for the property of the church, which afterwards dictated so many of Swift's publications, the tenor of the whole is completely in unison with revolution principles, and perhaps they are more violently expressed respecting the execution of Charles the First, than would have received the applause of many determined whigs. The rough satirical force of the lines somewhat resembles the poetry of Churchill.

ON THE BURNING OF WHITEHALL, IN 1697.*

This pile was raised by Wolsey's impious hands,
Built with the church's patrimonial lands.
Here bloody Henry kept his cruel court,
Hence sprang the martyrdoms of every sort.
Weak Edward here, and Mary the bigot,
Did both their holy innovations plot.
A fiercer Tudor fill'd the churchman's seat,
In all her father's attributes complete.
Dudley's lewd life doth the white mansion stain,
And a slain guest obscures a glorious reign.†
Then Northern James dishonour'd every room
With filth and palliardisme brought from home.‡
Next the French consort dignified the stews,
Employing males to their first proper use.
A bold usurper next did domineer,
Whirled hence by th' angry demons of the air.
When saunt'ring Charles returned, a fulsome crew
Of parasites, buffoons, he with him drew.
Nay, worse than these fill the pollated hall,
Bawds, pimps, and panders, the detested spawl
Of riots, fancied rapes, the devil and all.§
This pious prince here too did breathe his last,
His certain death on different persons cast.
His wise successor brought a motley throng;
Despising right, strongly protecting wrong
To these assistant herds of preaching cowls,
And troops of noisy, senseless, fighting fools.
Gleeden for this: he heard the dread command,
"Embark, and leave your crown and native land."
He gone, the rank infection still remains,
Which to repeal requires eternal pains,
No force to cleanse it can a river draw,
Nor Hercules could do't, nor great Nassau.
Most greedy financiers, and lavish too,
Swarm in, in spite of all that prince could do;
Projectors, peculats, the palace hold,
Patriots exchanging liberty for gold,
Monsters unknown to this blest land of old.
Heaven takes the cure in hand, celestial fire
Applies the oft-tried remedy of fire;
The purging flames were better far employ'd,
Than when old Sodom was, or Troynovant destroy'd.
The nest obscene of every pampered vice,
Sinks down of this infernal paradise,
Down come the lofty roofs, the cedar barns,
The blended metal to a torrent turns.
The carvings crackle and the marbles rive,
The paintings shrink, vainly the Henries strive,
Propt by great Holbein's pencil, down they fall,
The fiery deluge sweeps and swallows all.
But mark how Providence with watchful care,‖
Did Inigo's famed building spare,
That theatre produced an action truly great
On which eternal acclamations wait;
Of kings deposed, most faithful annals tell,
And slaughter'd monarch's would a volume swell,
Our happy chronicle can show alone
——————————tyrants executed one.¶

Another copy of verses, written about the same period "in a lady's ivory table-book,"** are curious, as the first specimen of that peculiar talent which Swift possessed, of ridiculing the vain, frivolous, and common-place topics of general society.

Meantime, amid the ease of a literary life, and with the prospects which Temple's confirmed friendship appeared to open to him, Swift was imperceptibly laying the foundation for a train of misery, which was to embitter his future years; for it was during his second residence at Moorpark, that he formed his acquaintance with Esther Johnson, better known by the poetical name of Stella. And before entering upon this ominous part of his history, it is necessary to notice some previous circumstances, which have been reserved to this place.

While Swift pursued his studies at Trinity College as a secluded and indigent scholar, his intercourse with female society was probably much limited. On his return to Leicestershire, his mother appears to have had some apprehensions of his forming an imprudent attachment to a young woman of their neighbourhood,†† fears which Swift himself treats as visionary, in a letter to a friend.‡‡ As that letter forms a sort of index to the views with which he frequented female society, and to his plans of settling in life, the reader will excuse an extract. He alludes to his "cold temper, and unconfined humour," as sufficient hinderances to any imprudent attachment. He mentions his resolutions not to think of marriage until his fortune was settled in the world, and hints, that, even then, he would be so hard to please, he might probably put it off till doomsday.§§ But he charges those appear-

* Such is the date upon the manuscript. But Whitehall was burned in April 1698-1; the date therefore must be that of the year in which the verses were composed, not that in which the accident took place.

† Beheading of Queen Mary.

‡ After this a line scratched out,

And here did under the black plaister groan.

§ Originally thus

Of spurious brats, abhorr'd by all.

‖ The Banqueting-house, built upon a plan by the celebrated Inigo Jones, alone escaped the conflagration. It is unnecessary to add, that in front of this structure Charles I. was beheaded.

¶ The last line originally ran

On this day tyrants executed one.

But the first three words are blotted out, and the word "memorandum" written below them.

** Swift's Works, Vol. XIV. p. 82.

†† See a letter to Dr. Worrall, 16th January 1728-9.—"When I went a lad to my mother, after the Revolution, she brought me acquainted with a family, where there was a daughter, with whom I was acquainted. My prudent mother was afraid I should be in love with her; but when I went to London she married an innkeeper in Loughborough, in that county, by whom she had several children."—Swift's Works, Vol. XVII. p. 220. The name of this fair seducer was Betty Jones, who, by her marriage above mentioned, became Mrs. Perkins of the George Inn. Her daughter afterwards claimed Swift's protection, and was befriended by him.

‡‡ Letter to the Reverend John Kendall, dated 11th February 1691-2, Swift's Works, Vol. XV. p. 251.

§§ A singular anecdote is told, which seems to show, that, at a late period of life, he retained his sentiments concerning early marriages. "A young clergyman, the son of a bishop in Ireland, having married without the knowledge of his friends, it gave umbrage to his family, and his father refused to see him. The Dean being in company with him some time after, said he would tell him a story: 'When I was a schoolboy at Kilkenny, and in the lower form, I longed very much to have a horse of my own to ride on. One day I saw a poor man leading a very mangy lean horse out of the town to kill him for the skin. I asked the man if he would sell him, which he readily consented to, upon my offering him somewhat more than the price of the hide, which was all the money I had in the world. I immediately got on him, to the great envy of some of my schoolfellows, and to the ridicule of others, and rode him about the town. The horse soon tired and laid down. As I had no stable to put him into, nor any money to pay

ances of attachment, which his friend had deemed symptoms of passion, to an active and restless temper, incapable of enduring idleness, and, therefore, catching at such opportunities of amusement as most readily occurred, and frequently seeking and finding it in the sort of insignificant gallantry, which he had used towards the girl in question; a habit, he adds, to be laid aside, whenever he began to take sober resolutions, and which, should he enter the church, he would not find it hard to lay down in the porch. Swift proved unable to keep the promise which, doubtless, he had made to himself, as well as to his friend; and it is probably to a habit, at first indulged merely from vanity, or for the sake of amusement, that we are to trace the well-known circumstances which embittered his life, and impaired his reputation.

His next attachment assumed a more serious complexion. It was contracted in Ireland, and the object was Jane Waryng, the sister of his ancient college companion, whom by a cold poetical conceit he has termed Varina. From the letter* which he wrote to that lady, 29th April, 1696, his passion appears to have been deep and serious, with too much of the tragic mood to accord exactly with his account of those petty intrigues, in which

> "Cadenus, common forms apart,
> In every scene had kept his heart;
> Had sigh'd and languish'd, vow'd and writ,
> For pastime, or to show his wit."

On the contrary, the letter to Varina proposes, in the most pressing terms, matrimony as a "just and honourable action, which would furnish health to her, and unspeakable happiness to both." It is a pleading of vehemence and exclamation, containing a solemn offer to forego every prospect of interest for the sake of Varina; and a pathetic complaint, that her love was more fatal than her cruelty. Another letter, which we find addressed to the same lady, is addressed to Miss Jane Waryng (no longer Varina) and is written in a very different tone from the first. Four years had now elapsed, an interval in which much may have happened to abate the original warmth of Swift's passion; nor is it perhaps very fair, ignorant as we are of what had occurred in the interim, to pass a severe sentence upon his conduct, when, after being mortified by Varina's cruelty during so long a period, he seems to have been a little startled by her sudden offer of capitulation. It is, however, certain, that, just when the lover, worn out by neglect, or disgusted by uncertainty, began to grow cool in his suit, the lady, a fault not altogether without example, became pressing and categorical in her inquiries what had altered the style of her admirer's letters. In reply, Swift charges Varina with want of affection, and indifference, states his own income in a most dismal point of view, yet intimates he might well pretend to a better fortune than she was possessed of. He is so far from retaining his former opinion as to the effects of a happy union, that he inquires whether the physicians had got over some scruples they appeared to entertain on the subject of her health. Lastly, he demands peremptorily to know whether she could undertake to manage their domestic affairs, with an income of rather less than three hundred pounds a year; whether she would engage to follow the methods he should point out for the improvement of her mind; whether she could bend all her affections to the same direction which he should give his own, and so govern her passions, however justly provoked, as at all times to resume her good humour at his approach; and, finally, whether she could account the place where he resided, more welcome than courts and cities without him?

* "Cadenus, to his countenance, I began to find out what a foolish bargain I had made, and cried heartily for the loss of my cash; but the Dean, having risen after upon the spot, gave me some relief.' To which the reverend clergyman answered, 'Sir, your story is very good, and applicable to my case; I own I deserve such a rebuke;' and then both fell into a flood of tears. The Dean made no reply, but the next day to the lord-lieutenant, and prevailed on him to give the young gentleman a small living, then vacant, for his immediate support: and not long after brought about a reconciliation between his father and him."

* Swift, Works, Vol. XV. p. 224.

These premises agreed, (as indispensable to please those, who, like himself, were "deeply read in the world,") he intimates his willingness to wed her, though *without* personal beauty or large fortune. It must remain uncertain whether the positive requisites, or the proffered abatements, were least acceptable to the lady; but, under all circumstances, she must have been totally divested of pride and delicacy, if she could, upon such terms, have exacted from her reluctant lover, the faith which he seemed so unwilling to plight. Thus separated Swift and Varina. Much, as we have already noticed, may no doubt have happened, in the course of their correspondence, to alter his opinion of that lady, or lead him to imagine that, in delaying a positive answer to his proposals, she was trifling with his passion. But ere she was dismissed from the scene, he had learned to know one with whom much of the good and evil of his future life was to be inseparably blended.

Esther Johnson, who purchased, by a life of prolonged hopes and disappointed affection, a poetical immortality under the name of Stella, became first known to Swift during his second residence with Sir William Temple. The birth of Stella has been carefully investigated, with the hopes of discovering something that might render a mysterious and romantic history yet more romantic. But there are no sound reasons for supposing that she had other parents than her reputed father and mother, the former a younger brother of a good family in Nottinghamshire, and by profession a merchant in London,—the latter a woman of acute and penetrating talents, the friend and companion of Lady Giffard, Temple's favourite sister, and cherished by her with particular respect and regard until the end of her life. Johnson, the father, died soon after Stella's birth, but Mrs. Johnson and her two daughters were inmates of Moorpark for several years. General interest was taken by all the inhabitants of this mansion, in the progress which little Hetty made in her education. And much of the task of instruction devolved upon Swift, now a man of thirty, who seems to have, for some time, regarded his lovely pupil with the friendship of an elder brother.† But the constant and habitual intercourse of affectionate confidence between the master and the pupil, by degrees assumed a more tender complexion; and it will be presently seen, that when fortune appeared disposed to separate them, they were both unwilling to submit to her dictates. There is little doubt, that the feelings which attended this new connexion, must have had weight in disposing Swift to break off the lingering and cold courtship which he had maintained with Mrs. Jane Waryng. And from this period, the fates of Swift and Stella were so implicated together, as to produce the most remarkable incidents of both their lives.

Four years of quiet and happy residence at Moorpark were terminated by the death of Sir William Temple, in 1698-9. He was not unmindful of Swift's generous and disinterested friendship, which he rewarded by a pecuniary legacy, and with what, he, doubtless, regarded as of much greater consequence, the bequest of his literary remains. These, considering the author's high reputation and numerous friends, held forth to his literary executor an opportunity of coming before the public, in a manner that

† He taught her even the most ordinary parts of education, and in particular, instructed her in the art of writing. Their hands resembled each other in some peculiarities. But though he instructed her in the necessary branches of education, there is evidence he went no further, and that Stella, far from being a learned lady, was really deficient in many of the most ordinary points of information. The editor is possessed of an exact transcript of marginal notes, written by Swift for elucidation of an edition of Milton, 1669, which is inscribed, "The gift of Dr. Jonathan Swift to Mrs. Dingley and Mrs. Johnson, May 1703." The notes are numerous, but the information which they convey is such as could only be useful to persons of a very indifferent education. Thus, Palestine is explained to be the Holy-Land, Rhone and Danau, two German rivers, Pilasters are rendered pillars, Alcides, Hercules; Columbus is designated as he "who discovered America," and Xerxes as having "made a bridge with ships over the Hellespont." It does not seem likely that Swift would have taken all this trouble merely for the illumination of Mrs. Dingley, and the inference plainly must be, that Stella was neither well informed nor well educated.

should excite at once interest and respect. And when it is considered, that all Swift's plans revolved upon making himself eminent as an author, the value of such an occasion to distinguish himself could scarcely be too highly estimated.

The experiment, however, appeared at first to have in a great measure disappointed these reasonable expectations. The works of Temple were carefully edited, with a dedication to King William; and at the same time a petition was presented for Swift, reminding his Majesty of a promise made to Sir William Temple, to bestow on him a prebend of Canterbury or Westminster. Swift has expressed his belief, that the Earl of Romney, who promised to second this petition, did in reality suppress it; and William, when he ceased to reap the benefit of Temple's political experience, was not likely to interest himself deeply in his posthumous literary labours. After long attendance upon court, therefore, Swift's hopes of promotion disappeared, and the revolution principles, which he certainly strongly professed, did not prevent his regarding King William, and his memory, with very little complacency.

SECTION II.

Swift goes to Ireland with Lord Berkeley—His differences with that nobleman—Obtains the living of Laracor—He is displeased with his sister's marriage—His mode of life at Laracor—Mrs. Dingley and Stella come to Ireland—Tisdal makes proposals of marriage to Stella—Swift embarks in politics—His opinion of the affairs of church and state—Tale of a Tub.

Swift, now in the prime of life, and well known both to the great and learned, could not long want an honourable provision, and accordingly received and accepted an invitation to attend the Earl of Berkeley, one of the Lords Justices of Ireland, to that country, in the capacity of chaplain and private secretary. But these plurality of offices gave umbrage to a Mr. Bushe, who had pitched upon the latter situation for himself, and who contrived, under pretence of its incompatibility with the character of a clergyman, to have Swift superseded in his own favour. Lord Berkeley, "with a poor apology," promised to make his chaplain amends, by giving him the first good church-living that should become vacant. But neither in this did he keep his word; for, when the rich Deanery of Derry was in his gift, Bushe entered into a negotiation to sell it for a bribe of a thousand pounds, and would only consent to give Swift the preference, upon his paying a like sum. Incensed alike at the secretary and his principal, whom he supposed to be accessary to this unworthy conduct, Swift returned the succinct answer, "God confound you both for a couple of scoundrels," and instantly left Lord Berkeley's lodgings in the castle.* He had already given vent to his resentment in one or two keen personal satires; and his patron, alarmed for the consequences of an absolute breach with a man of his temper and talents, was glad to reconcile, or at least to pacify him, by presenting him with the rectory of Agher, and the vicarages of Laracor and Rathbeggan. These livings united, though far inferior in value to the Deanery of Derry, formed yet a certain and competent fund of subsistence, amounting to about 230*l.* yearly. The Prebend of Dunlavin being added in the year 1700, raised Swift's income to betwixt 350*l.* and 400*l.*, which was its amount until he was preferred to the Deanery of St. Patrick's. These facts are ascertained from his account-books for the years 1701 and 1702, which evince, on the one hand, the remarkable economy with which Swift managed this moderate income, and on the other, that, of the expenses which he permitted himself, more than one-tenth part was incurred in acts of liberality and benevolence.†

Swift's quarrel with Lord Berkeley did not disturb his intercourse with the rest of the family, in which he retained his situation of chaplain. Lady Berkeley stood high in his opinion, as an amiable and virtuous woman, in whom the most easy and polite conversation, joined with the truest piety, might be observed united to as much advantage as ever they were seen apart in any other persons.‡ The company also of two amiable and lively young ladies of fashion, daughters of the earl,‖ must have rendered the society still more fascinating; and, accordingly, it is during his residence with Lord Berkeley, that Swift appears first to have given way to the playfulness of his disposition in numerous poetical *jeux d'esprit*, which no poet ever composed with the same felicity and spirit. Of this class are the inimitable petition of Mrs. Francis Harris, the verses on Miss Floyd, a young lady of beauty and spirit, who was also an inmate of the family, and some other pieces, written during this period. But the most solemn waggery was the Meditation on a Broomstick, composed and read with infinite gravity, as an existing portion of the Honourable Mr. Boyle's Meditations, which, it seems, Lady Berkeley used to request Swift to read aloud more frequently than was agreeable to him. In such company, and with such amusements, his time glided happily away, and he retained a high regard for the ladies of the family during the rest of his life. Lady Betty Berkeley, in particular, afterwards Lady Betty Germaine, was, to the end of his career, one of his most valuable and most valued correspondents.

During this period of Swift's life, his sister contracted an imprudent marriage with a person called Fenton, to his very high and avowed displeasure, which, Lord Orrery has informed us, was solely owing to his ambition being outraged at her matching with a tradesman. This, however, was by no means the case. Fenton was a worthless character, and upon the eve of bankruptcy, when Swift's sister, against his warm remonstrances, chose to unite her fate to his. And although he retained his resentment against her imprudence, Lord Orrery ought not to have omitted, that, out of his own moderate income, Swift allowed Mrs. Fenton what was adequate to her comfortable support, amid the ruin in which that imprudence had involved her.§

Having now taken leave of Lord Berkeley's family, at least as resident chaplain, Swift, in the year 1700, took possession of his living at Laracor, and resumed the habits of a country clergyman. He is said to have walked down, *incognito*, to the place of his future residence; and tradition has

* Lord Orrery intimates, that, notwithstanding what is above stated, Swift would actually have obtained this preferment, but for the interference of the learned Dr. King. "The rich Deanery of Derry became vacant at this time, and was intended for him by Lord Berkeley, if Dr. King, then Bishop of Derry, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin, had not interposed; entreating that the deanery might be given to some grave and elderly divine, rather than so young a man; because, added the bishop, the situation of Derry is in the midst of Presbyterians, and I should be glad of a clergyman who could be of assistance to me. I have no objection to Mr. Swift. I know him to be a sprightly, ingenious young man; but, instead of residing, I dare say he will be eternally flying backwards and forwards to London; and therefore I entreat that he may be provided for in some other place." *Lord Orrery's Life of Swift*, London, 1752, p. 22. Archbishop King was afterwards himself disappointed of preferment on account of his age. When Dr. Boulter was preferred to be Primate of Ireland, in spite of his claims, as Archbishop of Dublin, King received him seated in his chair, with the sarcastic apology, "My lord, I am certain your grace will forgive me, because you know I am *too old* to rise."

† Account of expenses from Nov. 1, 1700, to Nov. 1, 1701.

Articles per Account,	L.	s.	d.
Shoes and Boots,	3	6	0
A servant's wages, &c.	7	0	0
Washing, &c.	4	5	0
Linen,	5	0	0
Clothes,	12	0	0
Journeys,	12	0	0
J. B.	5	0	0
Accidents,	5	0	0
Horse,	12	0	0
Letters,	1	12	0
Play,	5	0	0
Gifts and charity extraordinary,	10	0	0
Charity common,	2	10	0
Expences common,	17	0	0
	L.100	0	0

‡ This excellent lady was the daughter of Baptist Noel, Viscount Campden, and sister to Edward, first Earl of Gainsborough. She died 30th July, 1719.

‖ Ladies Mary and Elizabeth Berkeley. The former married Thomas Chambers of Hanworth, in the county of Middlesex; the latter Sir John Germaine of Drayton, in the county of Northampton. A third daughter of the Earl, Lady Penelope, died during his residence at Dublin.

§ These particulars concerning Fenton are on the authority of Mr. Theophilus Swift.

recorded various anecdotes* of his journey. He walked straight to the curate's house, demanded his name, and announced himself bluntly "as his master." All was bustle to receive a person of such consequence, and who, apparently, was determined to make his importance felt.† The curate's wife was ordered to lay aside the doctor's only clean shirt and stockings, which he carried in his pocket; nor did Swift relax his airs of domination until he had excited much alarm, which his subsequent kind and friendly conduct to the worthy couple, turned into respectful attachment. This was the ruling trait of Swift's conduct to others; his praise assumed the appearance and language of complaint; his benefits were often prefaced by a prologue of a threatening nature; his most grave themes were blended with ironical pleasantry, and, in those of a lighter nature, deep and bitter satire is often couched under the most trifling levity.

Swift's life at Laracor was regular and clerical. He read prayers twice a week, and regularly preached upon the Sunday. Upon the former occasions the church was thinly attended; and it is said, that the ludicrous and irreverend anecdote of his addressing the church service to his parish clerk, occurred when he found the rest of the congregation absent upon such an occasion. The truth of the story has been, however, disputed, although the friends of Swift allow that it had much of the peculiarity of his vein of humour. The reader will find beneath, the reasoning of Mr. Theophilus Swift upon this curious anecdote, to which there can be but one objection, namely, that Swift was more likely to do such a thing, than Orrery to invent it; and that to Swift, notwithstanding his sincere piety, a jest was irresistibly seductive.‡ On Sundays the church at Laracor was well attended by the neighbouring families; and Swift, far from having reason to complain of want of an audience, attained that reputation which he pronounced to be the height of his ambition, since inquiries were frequently made at his faithful clerk, Roger Coxe,‖ whether the Doctor was to preach that Sunday.

While resident at Laracor, it was Swift's principal care to repair the dilapidations which the church and vicarage had sustained, by the carelessness or avarice of former incumbents. He expressed the utmost indignation at the appearance of the church; and, during the first year of his incumbency, expended a considerable sum in putting it into decent repair. The vicarage he also made comfortably tenantable,§ and proceeded to improve it, according to the ideas of beauty and taste which were at that time universally received. He formed a pleasant garden; smoothed the banks of a rivulet into a canal, and planted willows in regular ranks by its side. These willows, so often celebrated in the Journal to Stella, are now decayed or cut down; the garden cannot be traced; and the canal only resembles a ditch. Yet the parish and the rector continue to derive some advantage, from its having been once the abode of Swift. He increased the glebe from one acre to twenty. The tithes of Effernock, purchased with his own money, at a time when it did not abound, were, by his will, settled for ever on the incumbent of that living.¶

But Laracor had yet greater charms than its willows and canals, the facetious humours of Roger Coxe, and the applause of the gentry of the neighbourhood. Swift had no sooner found his fortune established in Ireland, than it became his wish that Stella should be an inhabitant of that kingdom. This was easily arranged. She was her own mistress, and the rate of interest being higher in Ireland, furnished her with a plausible excuse for taking up her residence near the friend and instructor of her youth. The company of Mrs. Dingley, a woman of narrow income and limited understanding, but of middle age, and a creditable character, obviated, in a great measure, the inferences which the world must otherwise have necessarily drawn from this step. Some whispers so singular a resolution doubtless occasioned; but the caution of Swift, who was never known to see Stella but in presence of a third party, and the constant attendance of Mrs. Dingley, to whom, apparently, he

* Among these may be reckoned the doggerel lines, in which he is said to have commemorated various towns and villages through which he passed in his way to Laracor.

> "Dublin for a city, Dunshaglin for a plow,
> Ruram for a market, Ardbracken for a cow;
> Kells for an old town, Virginia poor,
> Cavan for dirt, and Belturbet for a whore."
>
> *Swiftiana.*

Swift was very much addicted to this sort of proverb-making, as it may be called. In the following couplet on Carlow, I understand the first line is highly descriptive; but the town and inhabitants do not now merit the reproach contained in the second:

> "High church and low steeple,
> Dirty town and proud people."

Many instances of this humour may be observed in the Journal to Stella.

Another anecdote of this journey is preserved by Mr. Wilson; "There were three inns in Navan, each of which claim, to this day, the honour of having entertained Dr. Swift. It is probable that he dined at one of them, for it is certain that he slept at Kells, in the house of Jonathan Belcher, a Leicestershire man, who had built the inn of that town on the English model, which still exists; and, in point of capaciousness and convenience, would not disgrace the first road in England. The host, whether struck by the commanding sternness of Swift's appearance, or from natural civility, showed him into the best room, and waited himself at table. The attention of Belcher seems so far to have won upon Swift as to have produced some conversation. 'You're an Englishman, Sir?' said Swift. 'Yes, sir.' 'What is your name?' 'Jonathan Belcher, sir.' 'An Englishman, and *Jonathan* too, in the town of Kells,—Who would have thought it! What brought you to this country?' 'I came with Sir Thomas Taylor, sir; and I believe I could reckon *fifty Jonathans* in my family.' 'Then you are a man of family?' 'Yes, sir; and I have four sons and three daughters by one mother, a good woman of true Irish mould.' 'Have you long been out of your native country?' 'Thirty years, sir.' 'Do you ever expect to visit it again?' 'Never.' 'Can you say that without a sigh?' 'I can, sir; my family is my country.' 'Why, sir, you are a better philosopher than those who have written volumes on the subject: Then you are reconciled to your fate?' 'I ought to be so; I am very happy; I like the people, and though I was not born in Ireland, I'll die in it, and that 's the same thing.' Swift paused in deep thought for a minute, and then, with much energy, repeated the first line of the preamble of the noted Irish statute—*Ipsis Hibernis Hibernicis!* ('The English settlers are more Irish than the Irish themselves.')"—*Swiftiana*, London, 1804, Vol. I. 58.

† His mode of introducing himself was often whimsical and alarming. The widow of Mr. Watson, a miniature-painter in Dublin, who, herself, followed the same profession, used to mention, that while a girl in her father's house, (a Mr. Hoy, of the county of Wicklow,) a gentleman rode up to the door, was admitted to the parlour where the family were sitting, and held some conversation with Mr. Hoy, probably upon a literary topic, as her father left the room to seek a book referred to. During his absence, the stranger, stealing softly behind her, gave her a smart and unexpected slap on the cheek, saying, at the same time, to the astonished girl, "You will now remember Dean Swift as long as you live;" in which he prophesied very truly. Even in hiring servants, it was his custom to begin by asking them their qualifications for discharging the lowest and most mortifying offices. If they answered tartedly, or expressed themselves affronted, the treaty was ended; if not, he set their submissive replies to the account of their good sense, and usually engaged them.

‡ "I perfectly recollect, that neither my father or Mrs. Whiteway had ever heard the story of 'Dearly beloved Roger,' till Orrery's book made its appearance. I have frequently heard them say so. They allowed it was possible, and not unlike the Dean; but they believed it was an invention of Orrery's, to discredit the Dean's respect for religion. They thought it very singular that such a circumstance, had it been true, should not have been known to them; especially as my father had a considerable estate near Laracor, and resided very much upon it. For myself, I give no credit to the story. I verily believe that Orrery applied a story he had found, to discredit the piety of the Dean." Mr. Swift afterwards found the same story, in the same words, in an old jest-book, printed betwixt 1655 and 1660.

‖ Roger was a man of humour, and merited a master like Swift. When the Doctor remarked that he wore a scarlet waistcoat, he defended himself as being of the church-militant. "Will you not bid for these poultry?" said Swift to his humble dependant, at a sale of farm-stock. "No, sir," said Roger, "They're just a-going to *Hatch*." They were, in fact, on the point of being knocked down to a farmer called Hatch. This humourist was originally a hatter, and died at the age of 80, at Bruky, in the county of Cavan. See *Swift's Works*, Vol. I. p. 9.

§ The house appears, from its present ruins, to have been a comfortable mansion. The present Bishop of Meath, (whom the editor is proud to call his friend,) with classic feeling, while pressing upon his clergy, at a late visitation, the duty of repairing the glebe-houses, addressed himself particular to the Vicar of Laracor, and recommended to him, in the necessary improvements of his mansion, to save as far as possible, the walls of the house which had been inhabited by his great predecessor.

¶ This was not without a touch of his peculiar humour. These tithes, by his will, are devised to his successors in the cure, so long as the Established Church lasted; and to the poor, in case it should be exchanged for any other form of the Christian religion, always excepting from the benefit thereof, Jews, Atheists, and Infidels.

paid equal attention, seem to have put scandal to silence. Their residence was varied with the same anxious regard to Stella's character. When Swift left his parsonage at Laracor, the ladies became its tenants; and when he returned, they regularly retired to their lodgings in the town of Trim, the capital of the diocese, or were received by Dr. Raymond, so often mentioned in the Journal, the hospitable vicar of that parish. Every exterior circumstance which could distinguish an union of mere friendship from one of a more tender nature, was carefully observed, and the surprise at first excited by the settlement of Mrs. Dingley and Stella in a country to which they were strangers, seems gradually to have subsided.* It is, however, highly probable, that between Swift and Stella there was a tacit understanding that their union was to be completed by marriage, when Swift's income, according to the prudential scheme which he had unhappily adopted, should be adequate to the expense of a matrimonial establishment. And here it is impossible to avoid remarking the vanity of that over-prudence, which labours to provide against all possible contingencies. Had Swift, like any ordinary man in his situation, been contented to share his limited income with a deserving object of his affections, the task of his biographers would have been short and cheerful; and we should neither have had to record, nor apologize for, those circumstances which form the most plausible charge against his memory. In the pride of talent and of wisdom, he endeavoured to frame a new path to happiness; and the consequences have rendered him a warning, where the various virtues with which he was endowed, ought to have made him a pattern.

Meanwhile, the risk of ill construction being so carefully guarded against, Stella with her beauty and accomplishments was not long without an admirer. She was then about eighteen, her hair of a raven black, her features both beautiful and expressive, and her form of perfect symmetry, though rather inclined to en bon point. To those outward graces were added good sense, great docility, and uncommon powers both of grave and gay conversation, and a fortune, which, though small, was independent. It is not surprising, therefore, that she should have received an offer of marriage from the Reverend Dr. William Tisdal, a clergyman of talents and respectability, with whom Swift lived upon a familiar and friendly footing. The proposals of the lover were made to Swift, as the lady's guardian, by whose wishes and advice she was determined to be guided; and thus he was apparently reduced either to the necessity of stating his own pretensions to Stella's hand, or of resigning her to a rival. Mr. Deane Swift has here frankly explained and condemned the conduct of his kinsman, which Mr. Sheridan, perhaps for that very reason, has laboured to colour over and justify. According to the former, Swift insisted upon such unreasonable terms for Stella's maintenance and provision, in case of widowhood, that Tisdal was unable to accede to them. Sheridan, on the other hand, assures us, that the refusal came finally from the young lady herself, who, though she showed at first no repugnance to Tisdal's proposal, perhaps with a view to sound Swift's sentiments, yet could not at length prevail upon herself to abandon the hope of being united to him. Tisdal himself suspected Swift did not warmly befriend his suit, as is evident from a letter, dated 20th April, 1704,† in which the latter endeavours, somewhat imperfectly, to justify himself from such an accusation. For considering his express admission, that if his fortune and humour permitted him to think of matrimony, among all persons on earth Stella should be his choice; and considering the close and intimate union which had so long subsisted between them, it requires strong faith to add implicit credit to Swift's next assertion, that so strong a predilection never operated as an impediment to Tisdal's courtship. Nor is it in nature to suppose that he should have been indifferent to the thoughts of one "whom he loved better than his life, a thousand million of times,"‡ passing into the possession of another. It is also remarkable, that when Tisdal is mentioned in the Journal to Stella, it is always with a slight or sneer, and frequently with allusion to some disgusting imperfection. Yet no open breach took place between the rivals, if we may term them so, for they continued to maintain occasional intercourse down to the year 1740, when Tisdal witnesses the Dean's last will. The coarse epigram attached to the following fragment of one of Swift's letters, (never before published,) shows that their correspondence was not uniformly of the most friendly nature.

"Dear Sir,—You desired me to finish some lines you wrote Dunsbaglin:

"How can I finish what you have begun?
Can fire to ripen fruit assist the sun?
Should Raphael draw a virgin's blooming face,
Exert his skill to give it every grace,
And leave the rest to some Dutch heavy drone;
Would you not rather see that face alone?
Or should Praxiteles the marble take,
A Venus' head and neck and shoulders make,
And some rude hand attempt the rest from thence,
Would you not think him void of common sense?
These hints I hope will move you to excuse
The first refusal of my humble muse.
The task I must decline, and think it just
Your piece continue as it is, a Bust.
Since want . . . . . above,
A golden charm . . . . below."
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

[Four lines in the original are here erased, and the words here interlined, only could be made out.]

"Being in a vein of writing epigrams, I send you the following piece upon Tisdal, which I intend to send to all his acquaintance; for he goes from house to house to show his wit upon us, for which I think it reasonable he should have something to throw him in the face.

"UPON WILLIAM TISDAL, D. D.

"When a Roman was dying, the next man of kin
Stood over him gaping to take his breath in.
Were Tisdal the same way to blow out his breath,
Such a whiff to the living were much worse than death.
Any man with a nose would much rather die,
So would Jack, so would Dan, so would you, so would I,
Without a reproach to the Doctor, I think
Whenever he dies, he must die with a stink."—(T.)

From the time that she finally rejected Tisdal's addresses, Stella appears to have considered her destiny as united to that of Swift. She encouraged no other admirer, and never left Ireland, excepting for a visit of five or six months to England, in 1708.

But love or friendship, with its pleasures and embarrassments, were insufficient to occupy Swift's active mind and aspiring disposition. As the eleve of Sir William Temple, he had been carefully instructed in the principles of the English constitution; as a clergyman of the church of England, he was zealous for the maintenance of her rights and her power. These were the leading principles which governed him through life; nor will it be difficult to show, that he uniformly acted up to them, unless in addressing those who confound principle with party, and deem that consistence can only be claimed by such as, with blindfold and indiscriminating attachment, follow the banners and leaders of a particular denomination of politicians. Swift, on the contrary, as he carried into the ranks of the Whigs the opinions and scruples of a high-church clergyman, joined, in like manner, the standard of Harley with those sentiments of liberty, and that hatred of arbitrary power, which became the pupil of Sir William Temple. Such a distinction between opinions in church and state has not frequently existed, the high-churchmen being usually Tories, and the low-

* The English acquaintances of the parties expected a different result. Mr. Thomas Swift, the Dean's "parson cousin," in a letter from Puttenham, Feb. 5, 1708, asks "whether Jonathan be married? or whether he has been able to resist the charms of both those gentlewomen that marched quite from Moorpark to Dublin, (as they would have marched to the North or any where else,) with his resolution to engage him?"

† Swift's Works, Vol. XV. p. 287.

‡ This and similar expressions occur in the Journal.

§ The original fragment is preserved in the Museum of the Dublin Society, Hawkins Street, Dublin. It may have been addressed to Mr. Ludlow, whose family seat of Ardsallagh is not far from Dunsbaglin.

church divines universally Whigs. But in Swift's mind the distinction did exist, and however it might embarrass his political conduct, nothing can be more certain than that he early drew the line, and constantly adhered to it. Even while residing with Sir William Temple, he judged the constancy of Archbishop Sancroft, who refused the oaths to William and Mary, worthy to be celebrated in an ode; while, at the same time, as far as can be safely argued from the Pindaric obscurity of the following stanzas, the poet gave his full approbation to the measure which placed those princes on the throne, so far as it was only a revolution of state:*

"Mistaught, thou tyrant conscience of the great,
Say, why the church is still led blindfold by the state;
Why should the first be seiz'd and laid waste
To mend dilapidations in the last?
And yet the world, whose eyes are on our mighty prince,
Thinks Heaven has cancelled all our sins,
And that his subjects share his happy influence;
Follow the model close, for so I'm sure they should,
But wicked kings draw more examples than the good."

With sentiments thus differing from the Whigs in church affairs, and in temporal matters from the Tories, Swift was now about to assume the character of a political author. The period was the year 1701, when Lords Somers, Oxford, Halifax, and Portland, were impeached by the House of Commons, on account of their share in the partition-treaty. Swift, who beheld the violence of these proceedings with real apprehension, founded his remonstrance to the public upon the experience to be derived from the history of the civil discords in Athens and Rome, where the noblest citizens, and those who had best deserved of the republic, fell successive victims to popular odium, until liberty itself, after degenerating into license, was extinguished by tyranny. This discourse on the contests and dissensions between the nobles and commons in Athens and Rome,† excited much attention. It was ascribed for some time to Lord Somers, and afterwards to Bishop Burnet, who was compelled to disown it publicly, in order to avoid the resentment of the House of Commons. Swift, who was probably in London at the time of publication, had again returned to Ireland, and, in a dispute with the Bishop of Kilmore, who twice told him he was a *young man*, when he pretended to deny that Burnet had written the pamphlet, he was induced to mortify his antagonist by owning the publication. Upon his return to England, in 1702, there no longer remained the same prudential reasons for secrecy; and Swift, without hesitation, avowed himself the author of this popular tract, and became at once intimate with Somers and Halifax, and with the Earl of Sunderland, to whom he had been formerly known.

If we can trust Swift's own averment, he made, upon this occasion, a free and candid avowal of his principles, both in church and state, declaring himself in the former to be a high-churchman, and in the latter a Whig; a declaration which both Lord Halifax and Somers called to mind years afterwards,‡ at the time of Lord Godolphin's removal from office.

Thus wore on what may be considered as the happiest term of Swift's life, which was passed in the society of Stella, and the retreat to his willows at Laracor, varied by frequent excursions to England,§ and a ready reception into the society of the great and of the learned. It was then he formed that invaluable acquaintance with Addison, which party-spirit afterwards cooled, though it could not extinguish, with Steele, with Arbuthnot, and with the other wits of the age, who used to assemble at Button's coffee-house. Of the commencement of this intercourse, Sheridan has given a characteristic and whimsical account.‖ It was cemented by

* The following severe lines on Dr. Sherlock's original refusal to take the oaths, and subsequent compliance with the revolution government, have much of Swift's spirit, and occur in the collection from which so many of his unpublished poems have been rescued:

From the Lansdowne Manuscript, Trinity College, Dublin, "Whimsical Medley," vol. I. Appendix, pages 52, 238.

"TO DR. SHERLOCK, ON HIS NOT TAKING THE OATHS.

"Since at the tavern I can't meet you,
With paper embassy I greet you,
T' advise you not yourself t' expose
By a refusal of the oaths;
In spite of fellowship and pupils,
To weigh your conscience out in scruples.
If, as you Queen's-men must believe,
Two nays make one affirmative;
Why, in the name of the predicaments,
And all your analytic sense,
Will you deny poor affirmations
In their turns, too, to make negations?
This postulatum any pate
Will grant, that's not prejudicate.
Nay, tis' argument, I can assure you,
Appears to some *a fortiori*,
Hoc dato et concesso, thus I
In Bardipton blunderbuss ye.
He who to two things takes an oath,
Is by the last absolved from both;
For each oath being an affirmation,
Both, as 't was own'd, make a negation.
Thus scientifically you see
The more you're bound, the more you're free.
As jugglers when they knit one more
Undo the knot they tied before.
I admire that your Smiglesian under-
Standing, should make so great a blunder,
As roundly to aver *subjectio*
Wern't cousin-german to *protectio*:
Nay more, they're relatives, unless I
Mistake Tom Hobs's *secundum esse*.
I've hopes that you have slyly taken
The oaths elsewhere, to save your bacon.
So spark, by country clap half undone,
Takes coach and steals a cure at London."

In the "Anthologia Hibernica," for December, 1794, vol. IV. Mercier, Dublin, page 457, there occurs the following

EPIGRAM ON DR. SHERLOCK.

"Regibus obsequium dum binis obligat unum,
Jurat utroque unam, prodit utroque fidem.
Quid mirum? Si sit semper jurare paratus;
Cum per quos jurat tres habet ille Deos."

Translated.

"The same allegiance to two kings he pays,
Swears the same faith to both, and both betrays.
No wonder, if to swear he's always free,
That has two Gods to swear by more than we."

† Swift's Works, volume III. p. 201.

‡ The passage is remarkable, and deserves to be quoted at length. "It was then I began to trouble myself with the differences between the principles of Whig and Tory; having formerly employed myself in other, and I think much better speculations. I talked often upon this subject with Lord Somers; told him that having been long conversant with the Greek and Latin authors, and therefore a lover of liberty, I found myself much inclined to be what they call a Whig in politics; and that besides, I thought it impossible upon any other principle, to defend or submit to the Revolution; but as to religion, I confessed myself to be a high-churchman, and that I could not conceive how any one, who wore the habit of a clergyman, could be otherwise. That I had observed very well with what insolence and haughtiness some lords of the high-church party treated not only their own chaplains, but all other clergymen whatsoever, and thought this was sufficiently recompensed by their professions of zeal to the church: That I had likewise observed, how the Whig lords took a direct contrary measure, treated the persons of particular clergymen with particular courtesy, but showed much contempt and ill-will for the order in general: That I knew it was necessary for their party, to make their bottom as wide as they could, by taking all denominations of Protestants to be members of their body: That I would not enter into the mutual reproaches made by the violent men on either side; but that the connivance or encouragement given by the Whigs to those writers of pamphlets who reflected upon the whole body of the clergy, without any exception, would unite the church to one man to oppose them, and that I doubted his lordship's friends did not consider the consequence of this."—*Swift's Works*, vol. III. 187.

‖ From Swift's Journal these visits appear to have occurred at least once yearly.

§ Though the greatness of Swift's talents was known to many in private life, and his company and conversation much sought after and admired, yet was his name hitherto little known in the republic of letters. The only pieces which he had then published, were "The Battle of the Books," and "The Contests and Dissensions in Athens and Rome," and both without a name. Nor was he personally known to any of the wits of the age, excepting Mr. Congreve, and one or two more, with whom he had contracted an acquaintance at Sir William Temple's. The knot of wits used at this time to assemble at Button's coffee-house; and I had a singular account of Swift's first appearance there from Ambrose Philips, who was one of Mr. Addison's little senate. He said that they had for several successive days observed a strange clergyman come into the coffee-house, who seemed utterly unacquainted with any of those who frequented it; and whose custom it was to lay his hat down on a table, and walk backward and forward at a good pace for half an hour or an hour, without speaking to any mortal, or seeming in the least to attend to any thing that was going forward there. He then used to take up his hat, pay his money at the bar, and walk away without opening his lips. After having observed this singular behaviour for some time, they concluded him to be out of his senses; and the name that he went by among them, was that of "the mad parson." This made them

the appearance of that celebrated work, the Tale of a Tub, which was first published in 1704.

This celebrated production is founded upon a simple and obvious allegory conducted with all the humour of Rabelais, and without his extravagance.* The main purpose is to trace the gradual corruptions of the Church of Rome, and to exalt the English reformed church at the expense both of the Roman Catholic and Presbyterian establishments. It was written with a view to the interests of the high-church party, and it succeeded in rendering them the most important services; for what is so important to a party in Britain, whether in church or state, as to gain the laughers to their side. But the raillery was considered, not unreasonably, as too light for a subject of such grave importance; and it cannot be denied, that the luxuriance of Swift's wit has, in some parts of the Tale, carried him much beyond the bounds of propriety. Many of the graver clergy, even among the Tories, and particularly Dr. Sharpe, the Archbishop of York, were highly scandalized at the freedom of the satire; nor is there any doubt that the offence thus occasioned, proved the real bar to Swift's attaining the highest dignities in the church. King and Wotton, in their answers to the Tale, insisted largely upon the inconsistence between the bold and even profane turn of the satire, and the clerical character of the reputed author. For similar reasons, the Tale of a Tub was hailed by the infidel philosophers on the Continent, as a work well calculated to advance the cause of scepticism; and, as such, was recommended by Voltaire to his proselytes, because the ludicrous combinations which are formed in the mind by the perusal, tend to lower the respect due to revelation. Swift's attachment to the real interests of religion are so well known, that he would doubtless rather have burned his manuscript, than incurred the slightest risk of injuring them. But the indirect consequences of ridicule, when applied to subjects of sacred importance, are more extensive, and more prejudicial than can be calculated by the author, who, with his eye fixed on the main purpose of his satire, is apt to overlook its more remote effects.

The Tale of a Tub had for some years attracted the notice of the public, when Dr. Thomas Swift, already mentioned as Swift's relation and fellow-student at Trinity College, set up pretensions to a share in that humorous composition. These he promulgated, in what he was pleased to entitle, "A Complete Key to the Tale of a Tub," printed in 1710, containing a flimsy explanation of the prominent points of the allegory, and averring the author to be "Thomas Swift, grandson to Sir William Davenant, and Jonathan Swift, cousin-german to Thomas Swift, both retainers to Sir William Temple." *Our* Swift, it may be easily imagined, was not greatly pleased by an arrangement, in which his cousin is distinguished as a wit, and an author by descent, and he himself only introduced as his relative; and still less could he endure his arrogating the principal share of the composition, and the corresponding insinuation, that the work had suffered by his cousin Jonathan's inability to support the original plan. The real author, who, at the time the Key appeared, was busied in revising a new edition of the book, wrote a letter to his bookseller, Benjamin Tooke, sufficiently expressive of his feelings.† "I have just now your last, with the complete Key. I believe it so perfect a Grub-street piece, it will be forgotten in a week. But it is strange that there can be no satisfaction against a bookseller for publishing names in so bold a manner. I wish some lawyer could advise you how I might have satisfaction; for at this rate there is no book, however vile, which may not be fastened on me. I cannot but think that little parson-cousin of mine is at the bottom of this; for having lent him a copy of some part of, &c. and, he showing it, after I was gone for Ireland, and the thing abroad, he affected to talk suspiciously, as if he had some share in it. If he should happen to be in town, and you light on him,

more than usually attentive to his motions; and one evening, as Mr. Addison and the rest were observing him, they saw him cast his eyes several times on a gentleman in boots, who seemed to be just come out of the country, and at last advanced toward him as intending to address him. They were all eager to hear what this dumb mad parson had to say, and immediately quitted their seats to get near him. Swift went up to the country gentleman, and in a very abrupt manner, without any previous salute, asked him, "Pray, sir, do you remember any good weather in the world?" The country gentleman, after staring a little at the singularity of his manner, and the oddity of the question, answered, "Yes, sir, I thank God, I remember a great deal of good weather in my time."—"That is more," said Swift, "than I can say; I never remember any weather that was not too hot, or too cold; too wet or too dry; but, however God Almighty contrives it, at the end of the year 'tis all very well." Upon saying this, he took up his hat, and without uttering a syllable more, or taking the least notice of any one, walked out of the coffee-house; leaving all those who had been spectators of this odd scene staring after him, and still more confirmed in the opinion of his being mad.—*Sheridan's Life of Swift.*

There follows another anecdote, of which I am happy to give, upon the authority of Dr. Wall of Worcester, who had it from Dr. Arbuthnot himself, a less coarse edition than that which is generally told. Swift was seated by the fire; there was sand on the floor of the coffee-house; and Arbuthnot, with a design to play upon this original figure, offered him a letter which he had been just addressing, saying, at the same time, "There—sand that:"—"I have got no sand," answered Swift, "but I can help you to a little *gravel*." This he said so significantly, that Arbuthnot hastily snatched back his letter, to save it from the fate of the capital of Lilliput. Their acquaintance had not then, however, ripened into intimacy; for when Arbuthnot's name first occurs in the Journal to Stella, it is not rightly spelled, and he is mentioned as a stranger.

* Among the Dean's books, sold by auction 1745, was an edition of Rabelais' works, with remarks and annotations in his own hand. This, could it be recovered, would be a work of no little interest, considering that the germ, both of the Tale and of Gulliver's Travels, may be traced in the works of the French Lucian. Swift was not, indeed, under the necessity of disguising his allegory with the buffoonery and mysticism affected by Rabelais; but the sudden and wide digressive excursions, the strain of extraordinary reading and uncouth learning which is assumed, together with the general style of the whole fable, are indisputably derived from the humourous philosopher of Chinon. A strange passage, which Quevedo has put into the mouth of a drunken bully, may, in the opinion of Mr. T. Swift, have suggested the noted ridicule on transubstantiation. It occurs in the tenth chapter of the History of Paul the Sharper.

While on this subject, the Editor cannot suppress his opinion, that Swift's commentators have, in some instances, over-trained his allegory, and attempted to extort deep and recondite allusions, from passages where the meaning lay near the surface. Thus, the wars between the Eolists and the monster Moulinavent, appear to mean nothing more than that the fanatics, described under the former denomination, spent their time in combating imaginary spiritual obstacles to their salvation, as the distempered imagination of Don Quixote converted wind mills into giants.

† Dr. Thomas Swift's pretensions are thus arrogantly set forth in a sort of preface to the key, on the occasion of writing the Tale of a Tub.

"A preface of the bookseller to the reader, before the Battle of the Books, shows the cause and design of the whole work, which was performed by a couple of young clergymen in the year 1697; who, having been domestic chaplains to Sir William Temple, thought themselves obliged to take up his quarrel, in relation to the controversy then in dispute between him and Mr. Wotton, concerning Ancient and Modern Learning.

"The one of them began a defence of Sir William under the title of the Tale of a Tub; wherein he intended to couch the general history of Christianity, showing the rise of all the remarkable errors of the Roman Church, in the same order they entered, and how the Reformation endeavoured to root them out again, with the different temper of Luther from Calvin, (and those more violent spirits,) in the way of his reforming. His aim was to ridicule the stubborn errors of the Romish church, and the humours of the fanatic party; and to show that their superstition has somewhat very fantastical in it, which is common to both of them, notwithstanding the abhorrence they seem to have for one another.

"The author intended to have it very regular, and withal so particular, that he though' not to pass by the rise of any one single error, or its reformation. He designed at last to show the purity of the church in the primitive times; and consequently how weakly Mr. Wotton passed his judgment, and how partially, in preferring the modern divinity before the ancient, with the confutation of whose book he intended to conclude. But when he had not yet gone half way, his companion, borrowing the manuscript to peruse, carried it with him to Ireland, and having kept it seven years, at last published it imperfect; for indeed he was not able to carry it on after the intended method: for divinity, though it chanced to be his profession, had been the least of his study. However, he added to it the Battle of the Books, wherein he effectually pursues the main design of lashing Mr. Wotton; and having added a jocose epistle dedicatory to my Lord Somers, and another to Prince Posterity, with a pleasant preface, and interlarded with four digressions:—1. Concerning critics;—2. In the modern kind;—3. In praise of digressions;—4. Concerning the use and improvement of madness (with which he was not unacquainted) in a commonwealth; concludes the book with a fragment of the first author's, being a Mechanical Account of the Operation of the Spirit, and which he intended should have come in about the middle of the Tale, as a preliminary to Jack's character.

"Having thus shown the reasons of the little order observed in the book, and the imperfectness of the Tale, it is so submitted to the reader's censure."—*A Complete Key to the Tale of a Tub* London, 1714, 12mo. 3d edit.

I think you ought to tell him gravely, 'That if he be the author, he should set his name to the,' &c., and rally him a little upon it; and tell him, 'if he can explain some things, you will, if he pleases, set his name to the next edition.' I should be glad to see how far the foolish impudence of a dunce would go." Swift's Works, Vol. XV. p. 363.

After all, as there is seldom any falsehood without some slight tincture of sophisticated truth, it is possible that Swift, who was neither a polemical divine nor a logician, may have used his parson-cousin's accomplishments in these sciences, to save him some labour and research, and on such communication, the conceited pendant may have rested his claim to a share in composing this satirical master-piece.* But, although Swift resented his cousin's presumption, he was himself far from openly avowing the production. From Tooke the bookseller, to whom he was transmitting the additions made in the edition 1711, it was, of course, impossible to conceal it; and Faulkner pretended, that in the latter part of Swift's life, he owned it to him also, in direct terms. But, as the Dean maintained the strictest reserve upon the subject with his intimate friends, it can scarce be supposed he should be unnecessarily communicative to a person in Faulkner's situation. The following anecdote may be depended upon. Mrs. Whiteway observed the Dean, in the latter years of his life, looking over the Tale, when suddenly closing the book, he muttered, in an unconscious soliloquy, "Good God! what a genius I had when I wrote that book!"—an exclamation which resembles that of Marlborough, in a similar declension of faculties, when, gazing on his own portrait, he uttered the pathetic reflection, "That was once a man." Mrs. Whiteway begged the volume of the Dean, who made some excuse at the moment, but, on recurrence of her birthday, he presented her with the book, inscribed "From her affectionate cousin." On observing the inscription, she ventured to say, "I wish, sir, you had said, 'the gift of the author.'" The Dean bowed, smiled good-humouredly, and answered, "No, I thank you," in a very significant manner.†

Notwithstanding the silence of the real author, and the usurped title of Dr. Thomas Swift, no one appears to have entertained any doubt upon the subject; and the society of the vicar of Laracor was assiduously cultivated by men of the first distinction for birth and talents. Of its effect in this respect, Swift was himself sufficiently conscious, and points it out to Stella, though with the ambiguity he generally used in writing concerning his own publications, as the source of his favourable reception with Lord Oxford's ministry. "They may talk of the *you know what*, but, Gad, if it had not been for that, I should never have been able to get the success I have had; and if that helps me to succeed, then that *same thing* will be serviceable to the church." But long before high-churchmen acknowledged its merit, the author of this extraordinary performance had been caressed by those of the opposite party, with whom he coincided in temporal, though not in ecclesiastical politics. These were Lord Somers, Lord Halifax, the Earl of Pembroke, and Bishop Burnet, among the statesmen; and among the learned and witty, Addison, Steele, Philips, Anthony Henley,‡ and Tickell.

Among the friendships thus acquired, the love and intimacy of Addison were particularly valued by Swift; and when they spent their hours together, they never wished for the entrance of a third person. A copy of Addison's travels, presented by him to our author, is inscribed "To Dr. Jonathan Swift, the most agreeable companion, the truest friend, and the greatest genius of his age, this book is presented by his most humble servant, the author."‖ Nor was Swift backward in expressing similar sentiments towards his distinguished contemporary. He mentions him repeatedly in his correspondence, as a most excellent person, and his own most intimate friend.§ It is painful to reflect, that friendship between two men of such eminent talents should have been chilled by their difference in political opinions. But the placid and gentle temper of Addison appears to have avoided those extremities which took place between Swift and Steele, and thus there was an opening for the revival of their intercourse at a subsequent period, a circumstance hitherto unnoticed by Swift's biographers.

The powers which had acquired for Swift these friends and this station in society, were taxed for the support and extent of his fame. He appears to have designed, about this time, to engage in the controversy concerning the deistical opinions expressed in Dr. Tindal's Rights of the Christian Church, and had collected materials for a severe and scalping answer to that once famous publication. Swift was afterwards not unwilling to have it thought that these remarks, (which were never finished,) were not only levelled against the opinions of infidels and latitudinarians, but involved an indirect attack upon the state Whigs, among whom these latitudinarians chiefly sheltered their heretical opinions. But he has at this period recorded himself, in the conclusion of his verses to Ardelia, as "a Whig, and one who wears a gown;" a memorable line, expressive that the principles which then ruled his mind, were an attachment to the liberties of his country in state politics, and to the rights of his order in those of the church. These points, however reconcilable in themselves, were, in general estimation, usually regarded as in opposition to each other; a high-church Whig was a political character, of which all parties refused to recognize the existence. Swift saw and felt the difficulty of preserving consistency in the eyes of the public, and busied himself, according to his own account, with projects for the uniting of parties, which he perfected over night, and destroyed in the morning. One tract, however, the "Sentiments of a Church of England Man, with respect to Religion and Government," escaped this condemnation, and was published in 1708. It contains a statement concerning the national religious establishment, fair, temperate, and manly, unless where it may be thought too strongly to favour the penal laws against non-conformity. In civil politics, the revolution principles are strongly advocated; and the final conclusion is, that "in order to preserve the constitution entire in church and state, whoever has a true value for both, would be sure to avoid the extremes of Whig, for the sake of the former, and the extremes of Tory, on account of the latter." But moderation in politics, however reasonable in itself, and though recommended by the powers of Swift, has been always too cold for the temper of the English nation. All that they could or would understand from the sentiment above expressed, was, that the author was disposed to leave the political party with which he had hitherto acted, and was anticipating an apology for uniting with the Tories. And these suspicions were confirmed

* Thomas Swift was afterwards Rector of Puttenham in Surrey, and published a sermon in 1710, entitled "Noah's Dove, an Exhortation to Peace." This sermon some knavish bookseller reprinted under the title of Dr. Swift's sermon, that it might be attributed to the real author's illustrious relative. See Swift's Works, vol. II. p. 410. This confusion of persons and productions gave occasion to the Earl of Oxford's raillery, who used to tease Swift, by calling him Dr. Thomas.

† This anecdote is given on the authority of Mr. Theophilus Swift. The volume was in Mr. T. Swift's possession till very lately. The Dean had corrected, with his pen, all the abbreviations and elisions which were ordinary in the beginning of the century, by replacing *it is* for *'tis*, *the end* for *th' end*, and the like, but without any other alterations. On the blank leaf was written, "To Mrs. Martha Whiteway, a present on her birth-day, May 29, 1735, from her affectionate cousin, JONATH. SWIFT."

‡ The proprietor of the Grange in Hampshire, to whom Garth dedicated the Dispensary. Several of his letters occur in the early part of Swift's correspondence. He was a man of great wit and humour, and was distinguished as the author of a letter to the Tatler, under the character of old Downes the prompter, in which he ridicules the administration which was just formed by the Earl of Oxford, under the allegory of a change of managers at the theatre. About this Swift and he probably differed, when Henley, whose wit sometimes bordered on profaneness, pronounced "That Jonathan would be a beast for ever, after the order of Melchisedec."

‖ From the obliging information of Mr. Theophilus Swift.

§ See his Works, Vol. XV. p. 324.

in the eyes of the party which entertained them, when he published, in 1708–9, the "Letter upon the Sacramental Test," opposing, by every argument of reason and ridicule, which his prompt imagination should supply, any relaxation of this important legal disability. The author, indeed, for some time remained unknown; and Swift, in a letter to Archbishop King, even affects to complain of the misrepresentation which he himself undergoes in that celebrated tract.* But the world was not long deceived. The chaplain of Lord Wharton, and others, soon discovered the real author; and to this circumstance he traces the commencement of the coolness betwixt him and his friends of the Whig party.†

Meanwhile Swift displayed his zeal for the interest of the church of England, by his actions, as well as by his writings. Queen Anne, upon the motion, it is said, of Bishop Burnet, had made, in 1703–4, a grant of the first fruits and tenths,‡ to augment the maintenance of the poor clergy of England. The clergy of Ireland were naturally desirous to obtain the same boon; but hitherto their various applications had been rejected. In 1708, Swift, who had been an active member of the Irish convocation in the preceding year, was employed by Archbishop King, and the rest of the Irish prelacy, to solicit the remission of the first-fruits. He made his application to Lord Godolphin, by the encouragement of Lord Sunderland, Lord Somers, Mr. Southwell, and other leading members among the ministry. But it was ineffectual. The grant of the first fruits and tenths in England, had not been attended with the expected consequences of reconciling the clergy to the ministers, by whom the favour was bestowed, and the lord treasurer showed little inclination to repeat so expensive an experiment. Yet he intimated to Swift, that the grant *might* be obtained, on condition the Irish clergy were disposed to make such acknowledgments "as they ought;" or, as he reluctantly explained the phrase, better acknowledgments than had been made by the church of England. Swift's inference was, that Godolphin suspected the clergy to be *Tories* in the English sense, that is, hostile to the revolution and settlement of the crown; a prepossession which rendered his commission desperate. And though he afterwards was put into better hopes by Lord Pembroke, yet his first opinion proved just, and nothing was done in the matter till the administration of Harley. While acting as solicitor in this business, Swift appears, from his correspondence, to have resided in England from February 1707–8, until the end of April 1709.

During his residence at London, Swift was not altogether negligent of his own interest. Considering himself as useless in Ireland, "in a parish with an audience of half a score," he was willing to have accepted the office of secretary of embassy, had Lord Berkeley gone as ambassador to Vienna. But this purpose was disappointed by Lord Berkeley's age and infirmities, which did not permit him to undertake the office. There was also a plan suggested, perhaps by Colonel Hunter, governor of Virginia, to send out Dr. Swift as bishop of that province, to exercise a sort of metropolitan authority over the colonial clergy. But neither did this appointment take place. Thus disappointed, Swift was still entitled to look for preferment, through the interest of those powerful persons who had professed themselves his friends, and who, about this time, had themselves received promotion. Lord Pembroke was named high admiral, Lord Somers president of the council, and Lord Wharton lord-lieutenant of Ireland, with whom Addison went over as secretary. Some hopes, accordingly, Swift seems to have entertained; for he takes the pains about this time to assure Archbishop King, that no preferment which he might receive from the government should lead him to flinch in his attachment to the interests of the established church. From a letter to Addison also, to be quoted in the next section, it seems that Swift expected, either the prebendary of Dr. South, then supposed to be dying, for which Halifax deeply pledges his interest, or some such sinecure as the post of historiographer. But it is one thing to expect promotion on fair and honourable terms, and another to supplicate for it in a mean and abject manner. And to suppose, as has been insinuated by one writer, that Swift mentioned from Lord Somers a recommendation to Lord Wharton, to be his chaplain, and that his subsequent union with the Tories, was owing to Wharton's scornful refusal to countenance a fellow of no character,‖ would require very different proof from the assertion of an individual, that he had seen letters, which in his opinion warranted the conclusion. The allegation which charges such a character with meanness and servility, inconsistant with the whole tenor of his life, requires better evidence than a reference to vouchers, neither quoted nor produced; for there are few who will not rather believe the reporter to have been misguided by prejudice or mistaken in judgment, than that Swift should, in this instance, have departed from the proud and stern tone of independence, which rejected the patronage of Temple in his youth, and vindicated in his age the liberties of Ireland.§ Swift himself, indeed,

* Swift's Works, Vol. XV. p. 223.

† Memoirs relative to the change of ministry, Swift's Works, Vol. III. p. 190.

‡ This was a tax imposed originally upon church-livings, for maintenance of the crusade: it continued to be levied as a branch of the papal revenue, until the time of Henry VIII., when it was seized upon by that monarch, and settled by Parliament as a part of the income of the crown for ever. The tenths averaged near 11,000*l.* yearly; and the first-fruits about 5000*l.* This fund, though so considerable, was never applied to any national purpose, but usually employed to gratify the court-favourites of the day.

‖ This strange account is given in the curious and excellent edition of the Tatler, already quoted in p. 2, and rests on the sole authority of Dr. Salter of the Charter-house. It is in these words: "Lord Somers recommended Swift, at his own very earnest request, to Lord Wharton, when that earl went lieutenant to Ireland, in 1708, but without success, and the answer Wharton is said to have given, was never forgotten or forgiven by Swift, who seems to have laid the foundation of that peculiar rancour, with which he always mentions Lord Wharton. I saw and read two letters of Jonathan Swift, then Prebendary of St. Patrick, Dublin, to Lord Somers; the first, earnestly entreating his favour, pleading his poverty, and professing the most ardent attachment to his lordship's person, friends, and cause; the second, entirely, lodging Lord Somers' kindness, in having recommended him, and concluding with the like professions; not more than a year before Swift deserted Lord Somers and all his friends, writing a pamphlet on the contrary side, and, as he boasts himself, libelling all the junto round. I saw also the very letters which Lord Somers wrote to Lord Wharton, in which Swift is very heartily and warmly recommended, and I well remember the short and very smart answer Lord Wharton is said to have given, which, as I remember, Swift never forgave or forgot. It was to this purpose, 'My dear lord, we must not prefer or countenance these fellows; we have not character enough our selves.'"

Such are the words of a letter by Dr. Salter, addressed to the Editor of the Gentleman's Magazine, then conducted by Mr. Cave, a zealous Presbyterian, and in no degree friendly to the memory of Swift; and by whom it seems to have been coupled with the story of the rape at Kilroot, mentioned in the last section: a note avowed, that any explanation from a friend of Swift's would be received and inserted. A defence, founded upon the circumstances of evidence already noticed, was transmitted to the Magazine by Mr. Theophilus Swift, but refused admittance, as being too long. Both stories were then inserted in the elaborate and curious edition of the Tatler, in the notes to which they may be found, vol. V. p. 165. Mr. George Monck Berkeley makes the following pertinent queries on the sort of evidence here adduced: "We are told, Dr. Salter saw these letters. But where did he see them? In whose possession were they? How did he know they were genuine, &c.? Was he sure Lord Wharton made the reply ascribed to him? Did he see that in writing or did he take it on report?" To these questions, which occur in the Literary Relikes, p. 41, no answer has been made, though the date of the second edition is 1792. It has, however, been pointed out to the present editor, by a person of high rank, that Dr. Salter, having been college tutor to the Earl of Hardwicke, son to the chancellor, may have seen such a correspondence as he pretends to quote, among Lord Somers' papers, which came into the chancellor's hands by his marriage with a niece of Lord Somers. These papers were lent to the Honourable Philip Yorke, and destroyed by a fire at Lincoln's Inn, from which he himself narrowly escaped. But this, it is obvious, must be matter of mere supposition, and Dr. Salter's silence to Mr. Monck Berkeley's challenge has still its full weight.

§ Mr. Monck Berkeley thus sums and refutes the evidence which is advanced from Swift's own correspondence to support the legend of Dr. Salter:—

"Swift says," according to the note in the Tatler, "that, at the request of Archbishop Tennison, and several Irish bishops, the chaplaincy was refused to him, and given to Dr. Lambert. He says that Lord Somers wrote to Lord Wharton. He says that he expects the chaplaincy; seems displeased at the preference shown to Dr. Lambert; positively denies to Archbishop King having made any application for the chaplaincy. He does the

informs us, that Lord Somers pressed upon him a letter to be carried by him to the Earl of Wharton, which he long declined to receive, and for some time delayed to deliver, and that, when he did deliver it, no consequence followed in his favour. Thus far, therefore, parties are at one; and it only remains to inquire, whether the favour of Lord Somer's intercession was asked with servility, or so granted, that, notwithstanding its proving totally ineffectual, the circumstance of its existence is sufficient to fix the brand of ingratitude upon Swift's character, for the reflections he has cast upon Lord Somers in the Examiner. On the first point, the reader may look at a letter of Lord Halifax, on the subject of Swift's promotion in the church, and consider whether the individual, whose lack of preferment is stated by that nobleman to be a shame to himself and his whole party, and who is there expressly promised the survivance of Dr. South's prebendary, was likely to have occasion to apply to Lord Somers in the degrading manner which Dr. Salter has intimated. Whether Swift acted justly in doubting the sincerity of Lord Somers, we have no means of determining; but we know that his lordship's intercession was totally ineffectual; and that is a circumstance which seems strange, if it were indeed so earnest as Dr. Salter informs us. That Swift should have expected the chaplaincy from Lord Wharton, through the mediation of Lord Somers, argues no unreasonable confidence in the friendship of that great statesman, who had sought him out, and courted his company; and that, when disappointed of those hopes, he was angry both with Somers and Wharton, and considered it as owing to a juggle betwixt them, only proves, that, like the rest of mankind, he was irritated by disappointment; and by the neglect of those friends who could certainly have served him, had their intentions been as serious as their professions were fair. And if mere promises, whether fulfilled or neglected, bind to gratitude those in whose favour they are made, it is a better reason for their being liberally dispensed by courtiers and statesmen, than any which has been assigned for so general a practice. Upon the whole, we do no injustice to the relators of this tale, in refusing credence to allegations unsupported by evidence,—brought forward so many years after Swift's death,—inconsistent with the whole tenour of his life and character,*—and depending merely upon the report of a self-constituted and prejudiced reporter.

The publications of Swift, during this period, were not entirely confined to the feverish subject of politics. His "Project for the Advancement of Religion," published in 1709, made a deep and powerful sensation on all who considered national prosperity as connected with national morals. It may in some respects be considered as a sequel of the humorous argument against abolishing Christianity. Several of Swift's biographers affect to discover a political tendency in the treatise; but excepting the complaint against the contempt of the clergy, which circumstances had then rendered more common, from their very generally entertaining Tory principles, it is difficult to trace any opinion which could give offence, even to the spleen of faction. The main argument, of taking away the wicked from before the throne, that it might be established in righteousness, is obviously more laudable than capable of application to practical use; and Swift's plan of censors or inspectors, who should annually make circuits of the kingdom, and report, upon oath, to the court or ministry, the state of public morals, would, from the natural frailty of human nature, be gradually converted into a most oppressive abuse. With better chance of practical and effectual reform, the author recommends to the court, to discourage characters of marked and notorious impiety; to revise, with more attention to moral and religious qualifications, the lists of justices of peace; to suppress the gross indecency and profaneness of the stage; and to increase the number of churches in the city of London. The last of these useful and practical hints alone was attended to; for, in the subsequent administration of Harley, fifty new churches were erected in the city of London, almost avowedly upon the suggestion of this pamphlet. The treatise was dedicated, in an elegant, yet manly and independent style of eulogy, to Lady Berkeley, whose character, as we have already noticed, was justly venerated by the author. It was very favourably received by the public, and appears to have been laid before Queen Anne by the Archbishop of York, the very prelate who had denounced to her private ear the author of the Tale of a Tub, as a divine unworthy of church preferment. The work was also commended in the Tatler, as that of a man whose virtue sits easy about him, and to whom vice is thoroughly contemptible,—who writes very much like a gentleman, and goes to heaven with a very good mien.

A lighter species of literary amusement, occasionally occupied Swift's time during this part of his life, and gave exercise to his peculiar talent of humour. Astrologers, though no longer consulted by princes and nobles, as was the case but a century before, retained still a sort of empire over the minds of the middling and lower classes, whom their almanacs instructed, not only in the stated revolutions of the planetary system, but in the fit times of physic and blood-letting,—the weather to be expected in particular months,—and, though expressed with due and prophetic ambiguity, in the public events which should occur in the course of the year. Among these empirics, one John Partridge, (if that was indeed his real name,†) had the fortune to procure a ludicrous immortality, by attracting the satire of Swift. This fellow, who was as ignorant and impudent as any of his canting fraternity,

sense to Dr. Sterne. Lastly, he calls Lord Somers a false, deceitful peer!"

"As I readily admit," says Mr. M. Berkeley, in reply, "the exactness of these quotations, I shall proceed to inquire what they prove. The first extract proves nothing but that Swift was persecuted by a parcel of right reverend blockheads. The second extract proves, that Lord Somers applied for the chaplaincy, but no mention is made of its having been done at the request of Swift. The third extract proves, that he expected the chaplaincy, which, after the recommendation of Lord Somers, he might very reasonably do. The fourth extract proves, that to Swift, as to the rest of the world, a disappointment was unpleasant. The fifth extract proves, that he never did apply for the chaplaincy. The sixth extract also proves, that no application was made for the chaplaincy. The seventh extract proves, that he thought of Lord Somers as most people did who knew him." *Literary Reliques, Introduction*, p. 43. With exception of the disparagement thrown on the character of Somers, which few readers will readily admit, it seems difficult to draw any other conclusion from the correspondence of Swift, than that of Mr. Monck Berkeley. Certainly it is not sufficient to establish a story destructive of any individual's reputation, that the accused party has given a different relation of the transaction, altogether inconsistent with the defamatory and malignant inferences of the accuser. And since it becomes necessary to balance the reputation of the reporters of these various editions of the same story, the editor is compelled to add, upon the authority of the late excellent Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore, that the assertion of Dr. Salter, by itself, was by no means fit to support an anecdote otherwise deficient in evidence.

* Johnston's authority might indeed be quoted in support of the fact. But that willing evidence goes a little too far, since he informs us in his history, p. 426, that Jonathan Swift was actually preferred by Lord Wharton to be one of his chaplains, which he repaid by libelling his benefactor in the Examiner, under the character of Vores.

† Little is known of Partridge's private history, except from an altercation betwixt him and one Parker, which, of course, involved much personal abuse. According to his adversary, Partridge's real name was Hewson, a shoemaker by trade, (which particular at least is undoubted,) but by choice a confederate and dependant of old Gadbury, one of the greatest knaves who followed the knavish trade of astrology. In 1679, Partridge commenced business for himself, publishing two or three nonsensical works upon his imaginary science. He also practised physic, and styled himself Physician to his Majesty. But in King James' time, his almanacs grew so smart on Popery, that England became too hot for him; and, accordingly, John Dunton found him, with other refugees, in Holland. He returned at the Revolution, and married the widow of the Duke of Monmouth's tailor, who finally deposited him in the grave, which had so long gaped for him, in the year 1715, and adorned his monument, at Mortlake in Surrey, with the following epitaph:—"*Johannes Partridge, astrologus, et medicinæ doctor, natus est apud East Sheen, in comitatu Surry, 18 die Januarii, anno 1644, et mortuus est Londini, 24 die Junii, anno 1715. Medicinam fecit duobus Regibus unique Reginæ; Carolo scilicet Secundo, Willielmo Tertio, Reginæque Mariæ; Creatus Medicinæ Doctor Lugduni Batavorum.*" *Granger*, vol. IV. p. 105. Ed. 1804. Granger further acquaints us, that, in the Miscellanea Lipsiensia, Tom. II. p. 763, the obituary for 1715, distinguishes, among other deaths, ex ordine philosophorum, "Johannes Partridge Astronomus et Astrologus in Anglia famigeritissimus."

besides having published various astrological treatises, was the editor of an almanac, under the title of Merlinus Liberatus. Swift, in ridicule of the whole class of impostors, and of this man in particular, published his celebrated "Predictions for the year 1708, by Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.," which, amongst other prognostications, announced, with the most happy assumption of the mixture of caution and precision, affected by these annual soothsayers, an event of no less importance than the death of John Partridge himself, which he fixed to the 29th of March, about eleven at night. The wrath of the astrologer was, of course, extreme, and, in his almanac for 1709, he was at great pains to inform his loving countrymen, that Squire Bickerstaff was a sham name, assumed by a lying, impudent fellow, and that, "blessed be God, John Partridge was still living, and in health, and all were knaves who reported otherwise."* This round denial did not save him from further persecution. The Vindication of Isaac Bickerstaff appeared, with several other treatises upon a subject which seems greatly to have amused the public. At length poor Partridge, despairing, by mere dint of his own assertions, to maintain the fact of his life and identity, had recourse, in an evil hour, to his neighbour, Dr. Yalden, who stated his grievances to the public in a pamphlet, called "Bickerstaff Detected, or the Astrological Imposter convicted," in which, under Partridge's name, he gave such a burlesque account of his sufferings, through the prediction of Bickerstaff, as makes one of the most humorous tracts in this memorable controversy. In 1710, Swift published a famous prediction of Merlin, the British wizard, giving, in a happy imitation of the style of Lily, a commentary on some black-letter verses, most ingeniously composed in enigmatical reference to the occurrences of the time. There were two incidental circumstances worthy of notice in this ludicrous debate: 1*st*, The Inquisition of the kingdom of Portugal took the matter as seriously as John Partridge, and gravely condemned to the flames the predictions of the imaginary Isaac Bickerstaff. 2*dly*, By an odd coincidence, the company of stationers obtained, in 1709, an injunction against any almanac published under the name of John Partridge, as if the poor man had been dead in sad earnest. Swift appears to have been the inventor of the jest, and the soul of the confederacy under whose attacks Partridge suffered for about two years; but Prior, Rowe, Steele, Yalden, and other wits of the time, were concerned in the conspiracy, which might well have overwhelmed a brighter genius than the ill-fated Philo-math.

But the most memorable consequence of the predictions of Isaac Bickerstaff,† was the establishment of the Tatler, the first of that long series of periodical works, which, from the days of Addison to those of Mackenzie, have enriched our literature with so many effusions of genius, humour, wit, and learning. It appears that Swift was in the secret of Steele's undertaking from the beginning, though Addison only discovered it after the publication of the sixth number. By the assumption of the name of Isaac Bickerstaff, which an inimitable spirit of wit and humour had already made so famous, the new publication gained audience with the public, and obtained, under its authority, a sudden and general acceptance. Swift contributed several papers, and numerous hints to carrying on the undertaking, until the demon of politics disturbed his friendship with the editor.

These literary amusements, with the lines on Partridge's supposed death, the verses on Baucis and Philemon, those on Vanburgh's house at Whitehall, with some other light pieces of occasional humour, seem chiefly to have occupied Swift's leisure about this period. Yet the controversy with Partridge, and these other levities, are better known to the general reader, than the laboured political treatises which we shall have occasion to mention in the next section.

To conclude the present chapter, it is only necessary to resume, that Dr. Swift, dissatisfied with the inefficient patronage of those ministerial friends from whom he had only received compliments, promises, and personal attentions, returned to Ireland early in summer 1709, and, estranging himself from the court of the lord-lieutenant, resumed his wonted mode of life at Laracor. The corrections and additions intended for his new edition of the Tale of a Tub, probably occupied great part of his leisure, as we find him corresponding upon that subject with Tooke, the bookseller. He seems also to have meditated the publication of a volume of Miscellanies.‡ But his literary occupations were broken in upon by domestic affliction, for, in May, 1710, he received the news of his affectionate mother's death, after long illness. "I have now," he pathetically remarks, "lost my barrier between me and death. God grant I may live to be as well prepared for it as I confidently believe her to have been! If the way to heaven be through piety, truth justice, and charity, she is there."‖

SECTION III.

Swift's Journey to England, in 1710—His quarrel with the Whigs, and union with Harley and the administration—He writes the Examiner—The character of Lord Wharton—And other political tracts—Obtains the First-Fruits and Twentieth-Parts for the Irish Clergy—His correspondence with Archbishop King—His intimacy with the Ministers—The services which he renders to them—Project for improving the English Language—His protection of Literary Characters—Difficulties attending his church preferment—He is made Dean of St. Patrick's—And returns to Ireland.

SWIFT had now become more than doubtful of those well-grounded views of preferment, which his interest with the great Whig leaders naturally offered. He resided at Laracor during the greater part of Lord Wharton's administration; saw the lieutenant very seldom when he came to Dublin, and entered into no degree of intimacy with him or his friends, excepting only with Addison. Such is his own account of his conduct, which he prepared for publication at a time when hundreds were alive and upon the watch to confute any inaccuracy in

* The secret of Bickerstaff's real name was probably for a time well kept, for poor Partridge, unwilling, as an astrologer, to appear ignorant of any thing, thus opens manfully on a false scent, in a letter, dated London, 2d April, 1708, addressed to Isaac Manley, post-master of Ireland, who, to add to the jest, was a particular friend of Swift, his real tormentor. The letter is preserved in the valuable edition of the Tatler, 1786, vol. V, where the appendix contains a very full account of the unlucky astrologer.

"OLD FRIEND,

"I don't doubt but you are imposed upon in Ireland also, by a pack of rogues, about my being dead: the principal author of it is one in Newgate, lately in the pillory for a libel against the state. There is no such man as Bickerstaff; it is a sham name, but his true name is Pettie; he is always in a garret, a cellar, or a jail; and therefore you may by that judge, what kind of reputation this fellow hath to be credited in the world. In a word he is a poor, scandalous, necessitous creature, and would do as much by his own father, if living, to get a crown: but enough of such a rascal. I thank God I am very well in health; and at the time he had doomed me to death I was not in the least out of order. The truth is, it was a high flight at a venture, hit or miss. He knows nothing of astrology, but hath a good stock of impudence and lying. Pray, sir, excuse this trouble, for no man can better tell you I am well than myself; and this is to undeceive your credulous friends that may yet believe the death of your real humble servant,

"JOHN PARTRIDGE."

† Swift is said to have taken the name of Bickerstaff from a smith's sign, and added that of Isaac, as a Christian appellation of uncommon occurrence. Yet it was said a living person was actually found who owned both names.

‡ See his correspondence on this subject, in his Works, vol. XV. p. 364. On the subject of his Miscellanies, he had, so far back as 1708, made the following memorandum —

SUBJECTS FOR A VOLUME.

Discourse on Athens and Rome.
Bickerstaff's Predictions.
Elegy on Partridge.
Letter to Bishop of K[illala.]
Harris's Petition.
Baucis and Philemon.
Reasons against abolishing Christianity.
Essay on Conversation.
Conjectures on the Thoughts of Posterity about me.
On the present taste of Reading.
Apology for the Tale, &c.
Vanburgh's House
The Salamander.
Epigram on Mrs. Floyd.
Meditation on a Broomstick.
Sentiments of a Church of England Man.
Part of an answer to Tindal.
History of Van's House.
Apollo outwitted. To Ardelia.
Project for Reformation of Manners.
A Lady's Table-book.
Critical Essay.—N.

‖ Swift's Works, vol. XV. p. 356.

his statement.* He adds, that upon an approaching change in the political administration, Lord Wharton affected of a sudden greatly to caress him, which he imputes to a wish of rendering him odious to the church party.

The fall of that ministry, which had conducted with so much glory the war upon the continent, was caused, or at least greatly accelerated, by one of those explosions of popular feeling peculiar to the English nation. Swift, with all his genius, had in vain taught the doctrine of moderation; but Sacheverell, with as little talent as principle, at once roused the whole nation, and became himself elevated into a saint and a martyr, by a single inflammatory sermon. He was carried in procession through the land,

"Per Gratum populos, mediasque per Elidis urbem
Ibat ovans——"

and wherever the doctor appeared, arose a popular spirit of aversion to the Whig administration, and all who favoured the dissenters. Swift was probably no indifferent spectator, while the interests of the high-church party began to predominate over the power of those whose opinions in state policy had been avowedly his own. He did not, however, interfere in the controversy; and we learn from a passage in his journal, that although he afterwards interceded for Sacheverell with Harley's administration, it was without esteem for the man, or favour to those principles of which the doctor was the champion.† The following letter,‡ which was written by Swift to Addison, upon the impending change of administration, seems to indicate that his slight expectations of promotion still rested upon the Whigs, and upon Lord Somers in particular. There is, however, to use a phrase of his own, some refinement in the epistle; for while Swift asks Addison's advice whether he should come to London, he had, in all probability, already determined on his journey, as he set out upon the first day of September following.

"DUBLIN, August 22, 1710.

"I looked long enough at the wind to set you safe at the other side, and then ***** our conduct, very unwilling for fear you [*about two lines are effaced*] up to a post-horse, and hazard your limbs to be made a member. I believe you had the displeasure of much ill news almost as soon as you landed. Even the moderate Tories here are in pain at these revolutions, being what will certainly affect the Duke of Marlborough, and consequently the success of the war. My lord-lieutenant asked me yesterday, when I intended for England? I said I had no business there now, since I suppose in a little time I should not have one friend left that had any credit; and his excellency was of my opinion.‖ I never once began your [*task*] since you [*left this*] being perpetually prevented by all the company I kept, and especially Captain Pratt, to whom I am almost a domestic upon your account. I am convinced that, whatever government come over, you will find all marks of kindness from any Parliament here, with respect to your employment;§ the Tories contending with the Whigs which should speak best of you. Mr. Pratt says, he has received such marks of your sincerity and friendship, as he never can forget; and, in short, if you will come over again, when you are at leisure, we will raise an army, and make you king of Ireland.¶ Can you think so meanly of a kingdom, as not to be pleased that every creature in it, who hath one grain of worth, has a veneration for you? I know there is nothing in this to make you add any value to yourself; but it ought to put you on valuing them, and to convince you that they are not an undistinguishing people. On Thursday, the Bishop of Clogher, the two Pratts, and I, are to be as happy as Ireland will now give us leave; we are to dine with Mr. Paget at the Castle, and drink your health. The bishop showed me the first volume of the small edition of the Tatler, where there is a very handsome compliment to me; but I can never pardon the printing the news of every Tatler—I think he might as well have printed the advertisements. I knew it was a bookseller's piece of craft, to increase the bulk and price of what he was sure would sell; but I utterly disapprove it. I beg you would freely tell me whether it will be of any account for me to come to England. I would not trouble you for advice, if I knew where else to ask it. We expect every day to hear of my lord president's** removal; if he were to continue, I might, perhaps, hope for some of his good offices. You ordered me to give you a memorial of what I had in my thoughts. There were two things, Dr. So———th's prebend†† and sinecure, or the place of historiographer. But if things go on in the train they are now, I shall only beg you, when there is an account to be depended on for a new government here, that you will give me early notice, to procure an addition to my fortunes. And, with saying so, I take my leave of troubling you with myself.

"I do not desire to hear from you till you are out of [*the*] hurry at Malmsbury.‡‡ I long till you have some good account of your Indian affairs, so as to make public business depend upon you, and not you upon that. I read your character in Mrs. Manly's noble Memoirs of Europe.§§ It seems to me, as if she had about two thousand epithets and fine words packed up in a bag; and that she pulled them out by handfuls, and strewed them on her paper, where about once in five hundred times they happen to be right.

"My lord-lieutenant, I reckon, will leave us in a fortnight; I led him, by a question, to tell me he did not expect to continue in the government, nor would, when all his friends were out. Pray take some occasion to let my [*Lord*] Halifax know the sense I have of the favour he intended me."

Swift's departure for England was, however, nearer than this letter announces. The hopes which were now entertained that Queen Anne would once more favour the high interest, had already extend-

* Memoirs relating to the change in the Queen's ministry, Swift's Works, vol. III. p. 190. There is also an appeal to Stella on this subject, in the Journal, vol. II. p. 254. "I am resolved, when I come, (to Ireland, namely,) to keep no other company, but M. D. You know I kept my resolution last time; and, except Mr. Addison, conversed with none but you and your club of Beaux and Stoytes."

† See an account of his solicitation in behalf of Sacheverell's brother, in his Works, vol. III. p. 20, 21; and the following characteristic story told by Sheridan:—"Afterwards, in the year 1713, not after the three years silence imposed upon the doctor by the House of Lords, in consequence of his impeachment, had expired, Swift procured for him the Rectory of St. Andrew's, Holborn, in the following whimsical manner:—Upon that living's becoming vacant, he applied for it in behalf of Sacheverell, to Lord Bolingbroke; who seemed not at all disposed in his favour, calling him 'a busy, meddling, factious fellow, one who had set the kingdom in a flame.' To which Swift replied, 'It is all true, my lord: but let me tell you a story. In a sea-fight, in the reign of Charles II., there was a very bloody engagement between the English and Dutch fleets; in the heat of which, a Scotch seaman was very severely bit by a louse on his neck, which he caught, and stooping down to crack it, just as he had put himself in that posture, a chain shot came and took off the heads of several sailors that were about him; on which he had compassion on the poor louse, returned him to his place, and bid him live there at discretion: for, said he, as thou hast been the means of saving my life, it is but just I should save yours.' Lord Bolingbroke laughed heartily, and said, 'Well then, the louse shall have the living for your story.' And accordingly he was soon after presented to it."—*Sheridan's Life of Swift.*

‡ The original is among Mr. Tickell's manuscripts. The words in italics are filled up from conjecture.

‖ Yet Swift must have then expected the commission from the bishops, which was granted a week afterwards. His answer to Lord Wharton must therefore be considered as evasive.

§ Addison had been recently made keeper of the records in Ireland, with an augmented salary.

¶ This reminds us of an expression in the Journal to Stella. "Mr. Addison's election has passed easy and undisputed; and I believe, if he had a mind to be chosen king, he would hardly be refused."

** Somers.

†† The celebrated Dr. South, Prebendary of Westminster, was then very infirm, and far advanced in years. He survived, however, until 1716, and died aged 83. On the subject of Swift's expectations, see Halifax's letter, Swift's Works, vol. XV. p. 346.

‡‡ For which borough Addison was a candidate.

§§ "Memoirs of Europe towards the close of the eighth century, written by Eginardus, secretary and favourite of Charlemagne, and done into English by the translator of the New Atalantis." In this scandalous lampoon, Addison is introduced under the name of Maro.

ed themselves to Ireland, and it was thought by the clergy of that kingdom, a propitious season for renewing their suit for remission of the first-fruits and twentieth-parts, in which they had formerly been unsuccessful. The Bishops of Ossory and Killaloe were employed to solicit a favourable answer to this supplication, and, by a letter from the prelates of Ireland, dated 31st August 1710, Swift was united with them in commission, with a provision, that, in case the bishops should leave London before bringing the business to effect, the charge of further solicitation should entirely devolve upon him.* On the 1st September, therefore, Swift left Ireland, and on the 9th of the same month reached London, where he was at once plunged into that tide of public business, of which his Journal to Stella affords such a singular record.

This extraordinary diary is addressed ostensibly to Mrs. Dingley, as well as Stella; but there is no doubt that all the unbounded confidence and tenderness which it exhibits, were addressed to the latter alone. It is a wonderful medley, in which grave reflections and important facts are at random intermingled with trivial occurrences and the puerile jargon of the most intimate tenderness. From Stella, nothing is to be either concealed or disguised; and as the Journal is written during the hurry of every day's occurrences, it rather resembles the author's thoughts expressed aloud, as they passed through his mind, than a connected register of his opinions. What it wants, however, in system and gravity, it gains in authenticity and interest, for the readiness with which the author's pen expresses, in the "little language," every whim which crossed his brain, vouches for his ample and unreserved confidence:—a circumstance which ought to propitiate the offended gravity of those deep critics, who deem the publication of these frolicsome expansions of the heart and spirits derogatory to the character of a great and distinguished author. With gratitude, therefore, for the light afforded upon our author's habits, opinions, and actions, by a record at once so minute and so authentic, we proceed to trace, by its assistance, the principal events of his life during this its most busy period.

Swift arrived in London, already prepossessed with a strong feeling of the neglect which he had experienced from the Whig administration. His old friends, however, appeared ravished to see him; offered apologies for the mode in which he had been treated, and caught at him as at a twig when they were drowning. The influence of Swift's talents upon the public opinion had already been manifested, and the Whigs were doubtless unwilling that their weight should be cast into the opposite scale. Godolphin alone despised to court in his fall the genius which he had neglected while possessed of power. His reception of Swift was short, dry, and morose; and he, who thought he deserved the contrary from a minister whose principles he had professed and supported, departed, almost vowing revenge.† With Somers, also, he seems at this juncture to have quarrelled. He saw him on his arrival in London, but it was for the last time. This great statesman used some efforts to convince him, that he was serious in his recommending him to Lord Wharton's favour, and had written twice to that nobleman on the subject without receiving an answer. To this Swift answered, that he never expected any thing from Lord Wharton, and that Wharton knew he understood it so. In short, he retained his opinion, that he had been treated with duplicity by Lord Somers, nor does he ever appear to have retracted it. To his literary friends his arrival was as acceptable as ever. He resumed his intimacy with Addison and Steele, but refused to pledge Lord Halifax, when he proposed as a toast the "resurrection of the Whigs," unless he would add, "and their reformation." Thus indifferent to the interests of the falling ministry, Swift was still astonished, and shocked at the bold steps taken by the court, in removing so many great statesmen from employment, and promised himself to be an unconcerned spectator of the struggles which such measures were likely to occasion. But let no man promise on his own neutrality. By 1st October, he had written a lampoon on Lord Godolphin;‡ and on the 4th, he was for the first time presented to Harley; and it is remarkable, that, on the very same day, he refused an invitation from Lord Halifax, thus making his option between those distinguished statesmen.§

Harley had been prepared to meet Swift as one whose political tenets resembled his own, (for he also had been bred up in revolution principles,) but who was now a discontented person, ill used, forsooth, being "Whig enough," by the last administration. He was received, accordingly, with all that kindness and respect which statesmen know so well how to show towards those whose attachment they deem worth securing. In the same paragraph which acquaints Stella with this first interview with the new prime minister, Swift announces that he has given his lampoon against Godolphin to the press, and already threatens "to go round with them all." They met, therefore, with mutual views of union, Swift anxious to avenge the neglect with which he had been treated by the Whigs, and to advance the mission of which he was the solicitor, and Harley desirous of bringing to the support of the new administration an author of talents so formidable and so popular. By Harley, Swift was introduced to St. John, (afterwards Lord Bolingbroke,) and the intercourse which he enjoyed with these ministers approached to intimacy with a progress more rapid than can well be conceived in such circumstances.¶

* Swift has been injuriously charged with having intruded himself into the management of this matter, less from any real concern for its success, than to serve his own interested purposes of self-aggrandizement. The leading fact on which this accusation is founded, is, that, whereas the Bishops of Ossory and Killaloe had their expenses defrayed while engaged in this solicitation, Swift was, on the contrary, left to carry on the warfare on his own charges. And hence it is shrewdly concluded that he must have had some interested purpose of his own to serve, by undertaking an office which could be attended with no other direct reward than the pleasure of advancing his character among his brethren, and essentially serving the church establishment, of which he was a zealous member. To this argument, it seems unnecessary to reply, especially as Swift's nomination appeared natural and proper on so many accounts. His talents could not surely be doubted, nor his zeal, nor his opportunities of obtaining access to the great, nor his acquaintance with the business in which he had formerly been agent.

Indeed, the state of the affair obviously required different management, and more earnest attention than it had yet received. The grant had been first unsuccessfully solicited from Godolphin. It was then submitted to Lord Wharton, while lord-lieutenant of Ireland, in the form of an address and memorial from the Irish convocation. But Wharton, irritated at a dispute which occurred in the lower house of convocation, in which he conceived himself to be insulted in the person of his chaplain, refused to interest himself in the petition submitted to him, and thus the matter was given up as desperate. Here, therefore, the matter rested, and it required both attention and dexterity to put it once more in motion.

† See Swift's Works, Journal, vol. II. p. 10; and Letter to Archbishop King, vol. XV. p. 374.

‡ Sid Hamet's Rod; composed on occasion of Godolphin's breaking his treasurer's staff, in a manner not very respectful to the queen, his mistress.

§ Mr. Deane Swift has the following note upon Swift's connection with Lord Halifax:—"What obligation Swift had to that lord, and his party, may be seen by his endorsement on a letter, dated Oct. 6, 1709. 'I kept this letter as a true original of courtiers, and court promises.' And in the first leaf of a small printed book, entitled, 'Poesies Chretiennes des Mons. Jolivet,' he wrote these words, 'Given me by my Lord Halifax, May 3, 1709. I begged it of him, and desired him to remember it was the only favour I ever received from him or his party."—S.

¶ The following passages in the Journal to Stella, with the dates, mark how rapidly Swift passed from acquaintance to intimate friendship, and a conformity of views and interests:—

"Oct. 4, 1710.—Mr. Harley received me with the greatest respect and kindness imaginable, and appointed me an hour, two or three days after, to open my business to him."

"Oct. 7.—I had no sooner told him my business, but he entered into it with all kindness; asked me for my powers, and read them; and read likewise the memorial I had drawn up, and put it into his pocket to show the queen: told me the measures he would take; and, in short, said every thing I could wish. Told me he must bring Mr. St. John and me acquainted; and spoke so many things of personal kindness and esteem, that I am inclined to believe what some friends had told me, that he would do every thing to bring me over. He desired me to dine with him on Tuesday; and, after four hours being with him, set me down at St. James' coffee-house in a hackney coach.

"I must tell you a great piece of refinement in Harley. He charged me to come and see him often; I told him I was loth to trouble him, in so much business as he had, and desired I might have leave to come at his levee; which he immediately refused, and said, 'That was no place for friends.'"

But the assistance of Swift was essential to the existence of the ministry, and ample confidence was the only terms on which it could be procured. That which might be called properly the Tory party, by whose influence the new ministers had obtained and now held their station, differed in many essential points of doctrine, both from Harley and St. John, in so far, at least, as the principles of the latter were then understood. Both these statesmen had been members of Godolphin's administration, from which they had seceded in 1708, yet, having once belonged to it, they could not be supposed at once to rush to the opposite extremes of passive obedience and divine hereditary right. Still they were under the necessity of availing themselves of the drift of popular opinion, as a boatman benefits by the current which bears him towards his haven, managing meanwhile, by sail and oar, so to moderate and control its impulse, that it shall neither hurry him beyond the point proposed, nor dash him against the adjacent cliffs. Under such difficulties the talents of Swift, to mould and moderate the tone of public feeling, became of the last importance to the new rulers; and hence Harley laid aside his reserve, and St. John his levity, to vie in courtesy towards an author, whose principles in church and state had hitherto been those of moderation, and who combined the power of expressing and supporting his sentiments, in a manner at once forcible and adapted to the capacity of the public. Swift, on the other hand, beheld the triumph of the church establishment, and saw with pleasure, that the affairs of state were to be conducted by men, whose tenets were ostensibly as favourable to liberty as his own. He saw, besides, an opportunity of wreaking his vengeance on those by whom he had been overlooked in the plenitude of their power; and, from the influence of those mixed motives, enlisted himself with heart and hand, under the banners of the new ministers.

The first and most urgent point in which they required his assistance, was the conduct of the Examiner, a periodical paper, which St. John himself, Prior, Dr. Freind, King, and other Tory writers, had already commenced, as the organ of the new rulers. Thirteen numbers had been published, and the want of a regular and responsible editor was already visible. The thirteenth number was an avowed and violent defence of the doctrine of hereditary right, in its most absurd extent.* This was a subject on which they were willing to avoid committing themselves, and caution was the more necessary, as Addison had already, in a paper called the Whig Examiner, assumed the task of replying to and exposing the arguments of their Coryphæus. But three weeks ere Swift entered the field of controversy, it was relinquished by his illustrious contemporary.† The moderate and gentle disposition of Addison was ill suited for the virulence of personal debate; and if he withdrew from it when he learned that Swift was about to take the field, it is neither an imputation on his talents nor his courage, that he should have avoided a contest at once doubtful, harassing, and invidious. It was the avowed purpose of this publication, "to censure the writings of others, and to give all persons a rehearing, who had suffered under any unjust sentence of the Examiner," and during the existence of the work, the task was accomplished with great energy and little mercy. Not only Sacheverell, but Prior, and St. John himself, were attacked, and severely satirized. The Whig Examiner was succeeded by the Medley, on the same side of the question, a periodical paper composed by Oldmixon, and revised by Mainwaring. The first number appeared 5th October, 1710, and the last, being number XLV., is dated 6th August, 1711, during which period the authors maintained a constant warfare with the Examiners.‡ This last publication was conducted by Swift, from the thirteenth to the forty-fifth and forty-sixth numbers, or from 10th November, 1710, to 14th June, 1711, a space of seven months, during which time, in the language of Homer, he bore the battle upon his single shield, and by the vigour of his attack, and dexterity of his defence, inspired his own party with courage, and terrified or discomfited those champions who stept from the enemy's ranks for the purpose of assailing him. Unrestrained by those considerations which probably influenced the gentler mind of Addison, he engaged in direct personal controversy, and, not satisfied with directing his artillery on the main body of the enemy, he singled out for his aim, particular and well-known individuals. Wharton, whose character laid him too open to such an attack, was the first of those victims; Sunderland, Godolphin, Cowper, Walpole, and Marlborough himself, became the butts of his satire; but he is least justifiable where it is exerted against Lord Somers, whose services to his country, independent of ancient friendship and undeniable virtues, ought to have silenced such reproaches as had no better foundation than private scandal.‖

It was not, however, in the Examiner alone, that Swift manifested his zeal for Harley's administration: with a readiness and versatility almost inconceivable, he assumed every shape which could give courage to his friends, and perplex or annoy their opponents. His ready talent for popular poetry was laid under liberal contribution; and Sid Hamet's Rod was succeeded by a variety of pamphlets and lampoons, composed or corrected by Swift, whose effect upon the public mind, while they had all the raciness of fresh and current personal satire, may be guessed by the amusement which they continue to afford the reader, when many innuendoes are lost, and others can only be understood through the labour of the commentator.§ His resentment against Lord Wharton he again indulged, in the "Short Character" of that nobleman, with some account of his government. The character was drawn in the keenest strokes of satire; and it seems only to have grieved the writer, that the facts imputed to the lord-lieutenant, being rather morally flagitious than legally criminal, afforded no grounds for the impeachment with which Wharton had been threatened by the predominant Tories. He also published "Remarks upon a Letter to the seven Lords who examined Greg," a tract designed to vindicate Harley's character, whom the spirit of party endeavoured to implicate in a treasonable correspondence, which that person, a clerk in his office, had maintained with the public enemy.

While thus actively engaged in political controversy, Swift did not omit to solicit the cause for which he had been deputed from Ireland. The interest which he enjoyed with the new ministers, together with their wish to be considered as benefactors to the church, soon obtained for the Irish clergy the long solicited grant of the first-fruits. But before this satisfactory result of Swift's mission was known in Ireland, the bishops (slow, it would seem, in political intelligence) had adopted an idea, that, from his former intimacy with the Whig party, he would be no agreeable intercessor with those now in power, and therefore recalled his commission, under the pretext of putting the whole affair

* Oct. 10.—Harley tells me he has shown my memorial to the queen, and seconded it very heartily; because, said he, the queen designs to signify it to the bishops of Ireland in form, and take notice that it was done upon a memorial from you; which he said he did to make it look more respectful to me. I believe never was any thing compassed so soon; and purely done by my personal credit with Mr. Harley; who is so excessively obliging, that I know not what to make of it, unless to show the rascals of the other party that they used a man unworthily who had deserved better. He speaks all the kind things to me in the world.—Oct. 14. I stand with the new people ten times better than ever I did with the old, and forty times more caressed."

* This was No. XIII. of the original edition of the Examiner. Set being omitted in the republication of that paper, the first number composed by Swift came to rank as No. XIII., which had originally been No. XIV.

† Dr. Johnson overlooked this circumstance when he represented the controversy as conducted between Swift and Addison personally. The last Whig Examiner is dated 12th October, 1710, and No. XIII. of the Examiner, the first written by Swift, is dated 26th November, at the distance of about three weeks.

‡ Oldmixon himself states, that the Medley was proposed by Mr. Mainwaring, and was written by that gentlemen, Steele, Henley, Kennet, and himself, who had upon his hands the chief labour.—*History of England*, p. 464.

‖ See Examiner, No. 28. Swift's Works, vol. III. p. 378.

§ See a list in the Appendix.

into the hands of the Duke of Ormond. Swift was naturally offended and disgusted at being encountered with such a requital, at the very moment when he had achieved the object of his mission, and had a right to expect the thanks of the convocation. It is the subject of a correspondence with Archbishop King, in which that prelate makes some reluctant and awkward excuses for the treatment which Swift had received from his brethren. Indeed, all the letters which pass between these distinguished men, exhibit much more formality and respect, than real friendship and kindness.* And, finally, when Swift expected that the archbishop would propose some mode of requiting the services which the church owed him upon this occasion, he received a curious letter of advice, in which King recommends to him, (needlessly, surely,) first, to push his present interest with government into obtaining some preferment that might make him easy; and, secondly, after an obhque hint that his literary hours had been hitherto but idly employed, he advises his correspondent to look in to Dr. Wilkin's "Heads of Matters," contained in his "Gift of Preaching," and thence select some serious and useful theological subject, and so to manage it as to be of use to the world. Swift considered this letter as a sort of covered insult; and replied to the first part, that though his interest was as great at court as ever belonged to one of his level, he would never solicit for himself, whatever he had done for others; to the second, that to advise him to become useful to the church, by his writings, while his own fate was totally uncertain, was to ask a man floating at sea, what he meant to do when he came ashore. But, notwithstanding these petty feuds, the archbishop and Swift continued on terms of civility, and occasional correspondence, until the death of the prelate; and King is mentioned with high commendation in an "Essay on the use of Irish manufactures," and other treatises of the author.

Swift was now the constant friend and associate of Harley and St. John; the moderator in their disputes; the assistant of their counsels; the sharer and enlivener of their social moments,—and that upon a footing of freedom and independence usually unknown in such relations. He not only spurned at the proposal of pecuniary remuneration for his literary labours, but made the offer itself a cause of quarrel with Mr. Harley.† He even rejected the situation of chaplain, when offered to him by the same statesman.‡ And he assumed and maintained the right of an independent friend, to take umbrage at the slightest shadow of caprice in those to whom he was so ardently attached. Indeed, it was probably the exercise of this intimacy, and the display of power which it implied, which were the chief gratifications received by Swift, from the high situation which he occupied during this administration; for a contempt of rank, and a marked neglect of the ceremonials it requires, were carried by him to the verge of affectation. This was doubtless an error, and one which leaves room to suspect, that the advantages which he studiously undervalued, held, in truth, more than their just proportion in his estimate. The whim of publicly sending the prime minister into the House of Commons to call out the first secretary of state, only to let him know that he would not dine with him if he dined late; the insisting that a duke should make him the first visit, merely because he was a duke;—these, and other capricious exertions of despotic authority over the usual customs of society, are unworthy of Swift's good sense and penetration. In a free country, the barriers of etiquette between the ranks of society are but frail and low, the regular gate is open, and the tax of admittance a trifle; and he who, out of mere wantonness, overleaps the fence, may be justly supposed not to have attained the philosophical indifference to the circumstance of being born in the excluded district. The conduct of Swift, in this particular, did not escape the satirists of the opposite party,‖ who scrutinized, with a jealous and un-

* There are many indications of this want of cordiality. King attacks, with great vehemence, the short character of the Earl of Wharton, which he probably suspected to be Swift's. He appears to have regarded our author's character as too volatile, nor did he (though of high-church principles) heartily approve of Harley's administration. He was accused of maliciously applying a quotation from the story of Piso, in Tacitus, to the wound which Harley received from Guiscard. And although Swift, upon that occasion, stifled the report, and vindicated the archbishop, yet it appears from his Journal, that he, in some degree, believed it. See his Works, vol. XV. p. 431. While Swift also was anxious to press upon King the services which Harley, at Swift's intercession, had rendered the church, in the matter of the first-fruits, the archbishop endeavours to escape from his conclusion, and to transfer great part of the merit to the Duke of Ormond. Ibid. vol. II. p. 331. Afterwards Swift had several debates with King on the subject of his jurisdiction over the deanery of St. Patrick's, and on other subjects. Ibid. vol. XVII. p. 110.

† Feb. 6, 1710. "Mr. Harley desired me to dine with him again to-day, but I refused him; for I fell out with him yesterday, and will not see him again till he makes me amends."

Feb. 7. "I was this morning early with Mr. Lewis of the secretary's office, and saw a letter Mr. Harley had sent him, desiring to be reconciled; but I was deaf to all entreaties, and have desired Lewis to go to him, and let him know that I expected further satisfaction. If we let these great ministers pretend too much, there will be no governing them. He promises to make me easy, if I would but come and see him; but I won't, and he shall do it by message, or I will cast him off. I will tell you the cause of our quarrel when I see you, and refer it to yourselves. In that he did something, which he intended for a favour, and I have taken it quite otherwise, disliking both the thing and the manner, and it has heartily vexed me; and all I have said is truth, though it looks like jest: and I absolutely refused to submit to his intended favour, and expect further satisfaction."

In a subsequent part of the Journal he acquaints Stella with the cause of quarrel, which was the offer of a bank note of fifty pounds.

‡ "My Lord Oxford, —— by a second hand, proposed my being his chaplain, which I, by a second hand, excused. I will be no man's chaplain alive." Works, vol. II. p. 276. And he elsewhere declares his reason for refusing was, that it did not become him to engage in a state of dependence. Vol. V. p. 15.

JOURNAL TO STELLA, April 1, 1711. "I dined with the secretary, who seemed terribly down and melancholy; which Mr. Prior and Lewis observed as well as I; perhaps something has gone wrong; perhaps there is nothing in it."

April 3. "I called at Mr. Secretary's to see what the d—— ailed him on Sunday; I made him a very proper speech, told him I observed he was much out of temper; that I did not expect he would tell me the cause, but would be glad to see he was in better; and one thing I warned him of, never to appear cold to me, for I would not be treated like a school-boy; that I had felt too much of that in my life already, (meaning from Sir William Temple;) that I expected every great minister who honoured me with his acquaintance, if he heard or saw any thing to my disadvantage, would let me know in plain words, and not put me in pain to guess by the change or coldness of his countenance or behaviour; for it was what I would hardly bear from a crowned head; and I thought no subject's favour was worth it; and that I designed to let my lord keeper and Mr. Harley know the same thing, that they might use me accordingly. He took all right; said I had reason; vowed nothing ailed him, but sitting up whole nights at business, and one night at drinking; would have had me dine with him and Mrs. Masham's brother, to make up matters; but I would not: I don't know, but I would not. But indeed I was engaged with my old friend Rollinson; you never heard of him before."

‖ Among these is the author of a rare tract, who, in the preface, thus enlarges upon Swift's habit of reversing the usual ceremonials of society, and gives, probably, no inaccurate account of his levee:—"Charging Patrick, his footman, never to present any service; giving notice that all petitions be delivered to him on the knee; sitting to receive them like a triton in a scene of wreck, where, at one view, according to Patrick's fancy in disposing of them, you might have seen half shirts and shams, rovelers, decayed night-gowns, snuff swimming upon gruel, and bottles with candles stuck in them, ballads to be sung in the street, and speeches to be made from the throne; making rules of his own to distinguish his company, which showed that he was greater than any of them himself. For, if a lord in place came to his levee, he would say, 'Prithy, lord, take away that damn'd chamber pot, and sit down.' But, if it were a commoner only, or an Irish lord, he would remove the implement himself, and perhaps ask pardon for the disorder of the room, swearing that he would send Patrick to the devil, if the dog did not seem to be willing to go to him of himself.

"'Twas after the invention of this art that he had the quarrel with the ambassador about place, and that he quitted the quarrel (as one would have thought) to discourse on the virtue of new-laid eggs.

"A new laid egg is better for the stomach than dates, or Daffy's elixir, or saffron: 'tis a very fit diet to be used in drawing up a manifesto; 'tis as good as opium in causing pleasant dreams; Lord Bacon saith it nourisheth as it passes the oesophagor; and Pythagoras proposed it might be worshipped as a god. In the end, after many flights of this kind, he concluded with a bitter and hearty curse upon all the various and different species of weasels.

"About a year and a month after this, he was heard to make some self-denying promises in prayer, that, for the time to come, he would stint himself to two or three bottles in an evening; that he would keep himself clean, changing his shirt often, as other good men do; that he would never play at ombre, or make songs again upon a Sunday, if his prayers were immediately granted. But on the other hand, he threatened, that, if ever there were any delay made in it, he would never pray again as long as he lived. No! he vowed to God that he would not.

"It is not known what it was that he desired, nor can there be any conjecture made of it. But this has been taken notice of

friendly eye, both his life, habits, and manners. The most curious of these specimens of dislike and apprehension, occurs in the diary of Bishop Kennet, a zealous Whig, who, in the state and patronage assumed by Swift, as well as in his favour for the poetry of *one Mr. Pope, a Papist*, saw little else than the speedy introduction of Popery and the Pretender. The picture is powerfully drawn, though with a coarse and invidious pencil:—"1713. Dr. Swift came into the coffee-house, and had a bow from every body but me. When I came to the antichamber to wait before prayers, Dr. Swift was the principal man of talk and business, and acted as a master of requests. He was soliciting the Earl of Arran to speak to his brother the Duke of Ormond, to get a chaplain's place established in the garrison of Hull, for Mr. Fiddes, a clergyman in that neighbourhood, who had lately been in jail, and published sermons to pay fees. He was promising Mr. Thorold to undertake with my lord-treasurer, that, according to his petition, he should obtain a salary of 200*l.* *per annum*, as minister of the English church at Rotterdam. He stopped F. Gwynne, Esq., going in with the red bag to the queen, and told him aloud he had something to say to him from my lord-treasurer. He talked with the son of Dr. Davenant to be sent abroad, and took out his pocket-book and wrote several things, as *memoranda*, to do for him. He turned to the fire, and took out his gold watch, and telling him the time of the day, complained it was very late. A gentleman said, 'he was too fast.'—'How can I help it,' says the doctor, 'if the courtiers give me a watch that won't go right?' Then he instructed a young nobleman, that the best poet in England was Mr. Pope, (a Papist,) who had begun a translation of Homer into English verse, for which, 'he must have them all subscribe; for,' says he, 'the author *shall not* begin to print till *I have* a thousand guineas for him.' Lord-treasurer, after leaving the queen, came through the room, beckoning Dr. Swift to follow him: both went off just before prayers."

"Nov. 3.—I see and hear a great deal to confirm a doubt, that the Pretender's interest is much at the bottom of some hearts; a whisper that Mr. Nelson had a prime hand in the late book for hereditary right; and that one of them was presented to majesty itself, whom God preserve from the effect of such principles and such intrigues!"

It has been suggested by Swift's noble biographer, that this humour of predominating over those whose rank was superior to his own, impeded his rise in the church, and even limited his intercourse with the administration of 1710, to a seeming rather than a real confidence. "His spirit," says Lord Orrery, "for I would give it the softest name, was ever untractable. The motions of his genius were often irregular. He assumed more the air of a patron than of a friend. He affected rather to dictate than advise." This is the language of one who felt that the adventitious distinctions of rank sunk before the genius of Swift; and who, though submitting to the degradation during the Dean's life, in order to enjoy the honour of calling himself his friend, was not unwilling, after the death of that friend, to indemnify himself for the humiliation which he had sustained in the course of their intercourse. The following passage, when it is considered, that Swift, of whom it treats, was one of the most keen and penetrating of mankind, jealous even to punctilio of frank and cordial reciprocity of confidence in the friendships which he formed with the great, appears yet more fantastical and groundless. "He was elated with the appearance of enjoying ministerial confidence. He enjoyed the shadow, the substance was detained from him. He was employed, not trusted; and at the same time he imagined himself a subtile diver, who dexterously shot down into the profoundest regions of politics; he was suffered only to sound the shallows nearest the shore, and was scarce admitted to descend below the froth at the top. Perhaps the deeper bottoms were too muddy for his inspection."* It had been kind of his lordship, in elucidation of this metaphorical tirade, to have given us some glimpse into those profound regions of state policy, which the sagacity of Swift did not enable him to fathom. Without such light we can only attach one interpretation to these expressions, namely, that the ministry of Queen Anne had determined upon the restoration of the line of Stuart, as the ultimate purpose of their government. In this supposed case, certainly Swift was not of their counsel. But if a scheme so desperate was ever meditated, it could be by St. John alone, when, placing himself at the head of the violent Tory and Jacobite party, he broke off all friendship with Harley; and such a plan could only have been formed after Swift had retired to Letcombe, where there was no opportunity of entrusting it to him, if, indeed, his acquiescence could have been expected, in a project so contrary to his well-known principles. As for the other depths of state policy, pure or muddy, deep or shallow, which were sounded by Queen Anne's last ministry, they are now well known to history; and a short deduction of Swift's labours in the cause of that government, will plainly show how intimately they were then known to him.

The first and most pressing danger of the new ministers, arose from the difficulty they experienced in restraining the impetuosity of the Tory party, who had, indeed, borne them into power, but who watched, with an eye of doubt and jealousy, ministers whom their superior talents for public business, rather than ardent party zeal, had recommended to the situations they held. Hence a schism arose among the majority of the House of Commons, and a numerous body of country members, under the title of the October Club, formed themselves into an association for controlling the government and hurrying matters to extremity against the obnoxious members of the opposite party. The talents of Swift were employed to appease a discontent which was hastily ripening into mutiny, and his "Advice humbly offered to the members of the October Club," had the desired effect of softening some, and convincing others, until the whole body of malcontents were first divided and finally dissolved. The treatise is a masterpiece of Swift's political skill, judiciously palliating those ministerial errors which could not be denied, and artfully intimating those excuses, which, resting upon the disposition of Queen Anne herself, could not, in policy or decency, be openly pleaded. Such were his services during this first crisis in the new administration. But another still more perilous was rapidly approaching.

The very existence of Harley's administration rested upon the possibility of making peace with France; and as such necessity was but too obvious to that wily nation, she seized the opportunity of endeavouring to regain by negotiation, what she had lost by the victorious arms of Marlborough. The mind of the public, therefore, was to be prepared, not for such a peace as might have justly been expected to conclude a war of distinguished success; but for such terms as France might be induced to grant from the dread of over-playing her own game, and so becoming the means of destroying the very administration on whose continuance the prospect of peace depended. For this purpose, Prior was despatched to Paris, and Swift undertook to pave the way for peace, by representing that England was the dupe of her allies, and bore almost the whole burden of the war, of which they reaped the exclusive advantage. A light and humorous pamphlet, professing to give an account of Prior's journey, but in truth a mere fiction from beginning to end, was first published to amuse the credulous, and perhaps gradually to reconcile the public mind to the possibility of a peace with France. But the design was more gravely prosecuted in the celebrated treatise upon the "Conduct of the Allies," and in the "Remarks upon the Barrier Treaty." The

that within some time after he left the town, and that he has not been heard of since."

Preface to "A Treatise upon the Modes, or a Farewell to French Kicks. London, 1715."

* Orrery's Remarks on the Life of Swift, 1753. p. 90.

reasoning in these pieces was most judiciously adapted to the prejudices of the English people. Neither the pride nor the good sense of the nation would have endured any arguments drawn from the uncertain fortunes of war, or from the state of the present campaign. But they listened with greedy ear to reasoning which assured them that the triumphs of English valour brought only honour to the country, while the Whig ministry at home exhausted the finances of Britain, and the Dutch and Germans abroad, by a train of gross encroachment and imposition, broke every article of the treaty, and treated England with insolence and contempt, at the very time she was gaining towns, provinces, and kingdoms for them, at the price of her own ruin, and without the slightest prospect of national interest. The treatise on the "Conduct of the Allies," appeared on the 27th November 1711, while the question of peace and war was depending before Parliament. Four editions were devoured by the public in the space of a week, and perhaps no production of the kind ever produced so strong an effect upon general opinion. It was the text-book from which the ministerial members in the House of Commons quoted their facts, and drew their arguments; while the Whigs, on the contrary, threatened to bring the author to the bar of the House of Lords, where, by the junction of Lord Nottingham, that party had acquired a temporary superiority. But Swift did not upon this occasion gain the painful distinction of proscription, to which he was afterwards repeatedly subjected. While Walpole and Aislabie harangued against him, the ministers employed the pen which they had found so forcible, in drawing up the celebrated "Representation of the House of Commons on the State of the Nation," and the subsequent "Address of Thanks to the Queen," two state-papers of the utmost importance.

While thus extending and confirming his interest with the party which was in power, it followed, almost necessarily, that Swift became gradually estranged from those friends with whom he had formerly been familiar. The coldness which arose between him and Addison, may be traced from passages in the Journal, and seems to have commenced on the part of the latter. Indeed, when politics occasion dissension between two men of generous spirit, he who is opposed to the party in power is for that single reason the most ready to take offence. Swift had used every effort, consistent with the line of political conduct which he had adopted, to propitiate his friends of the Whig party. Congreve, Rowe, and Philips, experienced in their turn the benefits of his intercession, and it appears that he was really anxious to have been of service to Steele. Against this ardent and ready writer the ministers entertained a deep antipathy. He had published in his Tatler a very poignant satire against the new administration, [written by Henley,] in which, under the allegory of a change of management at a theatre, Harley is represented as a deep intriguer, who had worked himself into the direction of the stage, to the extirpation of the good old British actors, and the introduction of foreign pretenders. This and similar attacks upon government, occasioned Steele being deprived of his office of Gazetteer. It is stated by Swift, and I have found it no where contradicted, that he interceded with ministers at this crisis in behalf of Steele, who, through his intercession, was permitted to retain his other post of commissioner of stamp-duties. So far, therefore, the balance of obligation was against Steele. But, as usually happens in such cases, that author's warm interference in politics drew upon him personal abuse in several papers of the Examiner, which was then the official organ of the ministerial party. These Steele seems to have imputed, in part at least, to the influence of his alienated friend; and in the Guardian, No. fifty-three, he alludes to Swift with assumed contempt, and classes him as a reputed author of the Examiner along with Mrs. Manley, of whose character in the same sentence, he pronounces the infamy: Swift adds, that he charged him with infidelity, but the passage was afterwards softened or omitted. This was the first open blow,—a blow for which no occasion was given, unless we suppose, with the annotator of the Tatlers, that Swift, although not at that time the editor of the Examiners, either countenanced or failed to expunge those personal reflections of which Steele complained. Swift, who appears keenly to have felt the insult, wrote a letter of exculpation to Addison, in which he disclaimed all concern with the Examiner; declared himself a stranger to the author, and charged Steele with injustice and ingratitude in attacking, without any previous request of explanation, a friend, at whose entreaty and intercession he had been suffered to retain his office. This produced a petulant reply from Steele, in which he told Swift that the ministers "laughed at him," if they made him believe they had kept Steele in his office at his intercession; that if Swift had ever spoken in his favour, he was glad he had treated him with respect, although he still believed he was an accomplice of the Examiner; and he accuses Swift of duplicity and evasion, in his mode of denying that connexion. To this Swift returned a very angry vindication, in which he alleged, that, through his interest the lord-treasurer had appointed a meeting with Steele, without requiring him to sacrifice any friend or principle, but that Steele had broken his appointment; and he adds, that he himself had not the least hand in writing any of the Examiners; had never exchanged a syllable with the supposed author (Oldisworth) in his life, nor ever seen him above twice, and that in mixed company.* Under this explanation, the blame of the open breach must remain with Steele, who, excited by a groundless suspicion, attacked in public the friend who had struggled in private to protect his interests, and that without soliciting either amicable explanation or apology. Modern editors have indeed doubted, with Steele, the truth of Swift's assertions, of his being totally unconnected with the Examiner; and an attempt has been made to glean evidence to the contrary, from his Journal to Stella, in which he mentions, upon different occasions, correcting the pieces of inferior agents, and conducting in secret the subordinate paper warfare which was maintained between the parties. But the admittance of such reasoning would make Swift as justly liable for the whole scurrility, without exception, (and it was no small quantity,) with which the Tory pamphleteers of the time bespattered the opposite party. Besides, if the Journal be taken for evidence, it will appear from that authority, that the Examiners were not under Swift's control, for he regrets not being able to soften the reflections which they cast upon Marlborough.† A suspicion, therefore, of so vague a nature, furnishes no ground for disputing the solemn averment of Swift himself, who, as he lay under no obligation to Steele, was not surely under temptation to pledge himself unnecessarily to a direct and positive falsehood. That he interceded for Steele is certain; and why he should be suspected of privately injuring by libels the man whom he had endeavoured to serve, will require both proof and explanation, ere it can be recorded to the prejudice of Swift's character. It is, however, deeply to be regretted, that, in their subsequent controversy, Swift should have so totally forgotten their former friendship in their present animosity.

Meantime, if, in one instance, a friend had misconstrued his attempts to serve him, he was successful in the acquisition of others, who united with him in their sentiments on public affairs. The formation of the Society of Brothers, consisting of men of the first rank and most eminent talents among the Tories, who agreed to call themselves by that fraternal title, was accomplished under his

* This is confirmed by what he tells Stella, whom he was under no temptation to deceive:—"He (Oldisworth) is an ingenious fellow, but the most confounded vain coxcomb in the world, so that I dare not let him see me, nor an acquainted with him."—This was on the 12th March 1712-13, just before his breach with Steele.—See his Works, vol. III. p. 152.

† Swift's Works, vol. II. p. 490.

auspices. It was by their assistance, that, in the midst of political faction, and during much business, more or less dependent upon his personal labour, Swift meditated a task so gigantic as to limit and fix the English tongue by a general standard, to be ascertained by a society resembling the French Academy. The antiquities of our language had been no part of Swift's study; and he obviously shows an ignorance of the leading fact, that the present speech of England did not, properly speaking, exist as a language until about the time of Edward III., when mutual convenience had accomplished a compound betwixt the French, which was the exclusive dialect of the nobles, and the Saxon, which was spoken by the inferior orders. The golden period of our language he conceives to have been from the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth, until the breaking out of the civil war in 1642. Yet those who consider, on the one hand, the comparative poverty of the English of that period, and on the other the quaint affectations which have since become obsolete, will see no better reason for fixing upon the age of Elizabeth, than on any which has succeeded it, as the most improved period of the English tongue. The subsequent enlargement of science has rendered a proportional addition to our vocabulary altogether indispensable; and phrases at first introduced as the language of philosophy, are aptly and properly employed in oblique and metaphorical senses, until they become a part of our ordinary speech. And this gradual progress of improvement, of enlargement at least, must continue to influence our language, until the pitch of national improvement shall be attained and passed, and until authors, as well as the public, to whom they address themselves, shall look back unanimously toward the compositions of some particular period, as what must ever be the objects of their imitation, but never of their successful rivalry. An era like this seems to have taken place, both in Spain and Italy, where the necessity of composing in the same language, and upon the same plan which was used by their ancestors, has indeed fixed the dialect, but has, at the same time, neutralized the genius of those writers by whom it is to be employed. The utility, therefore, of a society whose statutes should fix down the present generation to use the very language, which, under different circumstances, and when knowledge was less generally diffused, was used by their forefathers, may be greatly questioned. Of the practicability of the scheme, Dr. Johnson has justly observed, that every man would have been willing, and many would have been proud, to disobey the decrees of the proposed academy, and that the institution being renewed by successive elections, would, in a short time, have differed from itself. There is but one mode in which the man of literature can contribute to the purity and stability of language, and in this the success of Swift himself has been at least equal to all that might have been expected from his projected institution. This can only be by such careful selection of words, and sedulous attention to style, as may attract at once the approbation of his contemporaries, and become the object of imitation to his successors. It is upon the permanent popularity of an author alone, that his influence upon the speech of succeeding ages can be founded; and when that popularity rests upon the sure basis of literary merit, his language will remain current and intelligible, not only from its own purity, but because it is used in writings with which it would be a disgrace not to be intimately acquainted.

Swift's letter to the lord-treasurer upon this subject was published in May, 1712, and the reception it met with might have convinced the author for what a refractory class of subjects he was proposing a legislation and constitution. Various answers were published to his proposal, all tending to impugn the authority of the institution, ere it was yet embodied, and several intimating, with the usual candour of disputants, that the chief purpose of the author was to create for himself an office of power and of profit;* for such is the alchemy of faction, whether literary or political, that it can extract scandal out of circumstances the most innocent or laudable. Meanwhile the lord-treasurer, according to his wonted custom, gave fair promises, but nothing more: and thus fell to the ground a proposal in which, as in many other cases, an inadequate remedy is proposed for an evil, which, if indeed it be a real one, is inherent in the progressive state of society. There is every reason to think, that Swift was deeply interested in the success of his scheme; and it is probable that a small vocabulary, entitled, "An Explanation of difficult English words," may have been compiled by him on this occasion. The manuscript is imperfect, and of little value, unless in point of curiosity.†

The Letter on the English Language is the only purely literary publication which Swift had leisure to produce during this bustling period; for the republication of the Miscellanies, which took place in 1711, contains nothing new. They were published for John Morphew, without Swift's name, and apparently without his knowledge, but in a respectable form, and with a preface, indicating the author, and apologizing for the liberty of giving these pieces to the world without his consent. We have seen that Swift himself designed such a publication, but he had probably given up his purpose when he found himself engaged in writing political tracts, which would arrange but indifferently with "The Contents in Athens and Rome." He disowns Morphew's Miscellanies in his Journal, yet expresses his doubts that Tooke, with whom he had corresponded on the subject of such a publication, was at the bottom of the undertaking. There may still be some room to believe, considering his habitual and mysterious circumspection on these occasions, that the book was not absolutely a piracy.

We cannot account the history of the peace of Utrecht, which was undertaken by Swift about this time, a purely literary composition. The ministers, who had designed to lay the foundation of their power in that treaty, soon saw themselves assailed from the vantage-ground which it afforded to the opposition. Swift, whose popular arguments had reconciled the people to the prospect of a peace, was now required to conciliate their good opinion of its conditions. His work, afterwards enlarged into a history of the four last years of Queen Anne's reign,

* At the end of the 25th Medley, 28th May, 1712, appeared the following singular notice:—"In a few days will be published an

improvement of the Reverend Dr. Jonathan Swift's late Proposal to the Most Honourable the Lord High Treasurer, for correcting, improving, and ascertaining the English tongue; wherein, besides abundance of other particulars, will be more clearly shown, that, to erect an academy of such men, who, (by being no Christians,) have unhappily prevented their ecclesiastical preferment; or, (by being buffoons and scandal-bearers,) can never expect the employment of an envoy from those who prefer such services at home, to the doing them no service abroad; and that to give them good pensions, is the true and only method towards the end proposed, in a letter to a gentleman, who mistook the doctor's project." And, in the succeeding Medley, was this advertisement: "Whereas, since my last, there has been published a very ingenious pamphlet, entitled, Reasons for not correcting, &c., which was advertised in my paper of Monday last, and was intended to be published the Monday following."

† It was found among Dr. Lyons' manuscripts, and is now before the editor. It seems to have occupied some time and attention, as it is alphabetically arranged, and additions occur from space to space upon the blank pages. It is, however, obvious, as in the notes upon Milton, either that the Dean had a mean opinion of those to whom the vocabulary was addressed, or else that words derived from the Latin had been in very rare use at that period. A few examples, taken at random, will make this evident.

A.

Abbreviation, a shortening.
Abbett, to stand by, to defend.
Abrogate, to disannul, make void, cancel.
Accession, a coming or arriving to.
Accumulate, to heap up, &c.

B.

Bacchanals, drunken feasts of Bacchus.
Baleful, dismal.
Ballot, the balls that votes are given by in Venice.
Battalia, order of battle, &c.

C.

Cabal, a private club or company.
Cadence, the tone, or accent, or sound.
Cajole, to flatter, wheedle, &c. &c.

The vocabulary, so far as preserved, only reaches letter N, and may contain from a thousand to fifteen hundred words.

was accordingly commenced, and, from various passages in his Journal, appears to have occupied much of his time about this period. But Oxford and Bolingbroke, who now quarrelled upon every occasion, could not agree upon the light in which particular incidents were to be represented, and the publication was postponed against the opinion of the author, who conceived it might have been of considerable service to the ministerial cause.*

If Swift was himself interrupted in the career of general literature, no part of his character is more admirable than his zeal in assisting and bringing forward all who seemed to cultivate its arts with success. He relieved the necessitous, he supported the dependant, and insisted that more distinguished genius should receive from his powerful friends, that kindness and distinction to which it is so well entitled. Congreve, a Whig in politics, and who apprehended being deprived of his office under government, was treated by Harley, at Swift's request, with such marked regard and assurance of protection, as excited his astonishment, while it allayed his apprehensions.† "And thus," says Swift, with the complacence of conscious virtue, "I have made a worthy man easy, and that's a good day's work."‡ He obtained also for the amiable Parnell, that prompt attention which is most flattering to the modesty of merit. At court, he contrived that the lord-treasurer should make the first advances to the man of letters, and thus, as he boasts to Stella, made the minister desire to be acquainted with Parnell, not Parnell with the minister.‖ Pope, who was now labouring on his Homer, experienced that warm and effectual support which is acknowledged in the preface to the Iliad;§ and the foundation was laid of the memorable friendship, which lasted until the conclusion of their lives. It was by Swift's interest that Gay was made known to Lord Bolingbroke, and obtained his patronage. Arbuthnot, although he needed not our author's recommendation, having established himself by his professional merit, enjoyed in the most intimate degree the pleasure and advantage which were afforded by his society. Berkeley, afterwards the celebrated Bishop of Cloyne, owed to Swift those introductions which placed him in the way of promotion. "This, I think," said Swift upon that occasion, "I am bound to, in honour and conscience, to use all my little credit towards helping forward men of worth in the world."¶ In like manner, he recommended Rowe to a post under government; and although Prior, with whom he lived in strict intimacy, had no occasion for his services, during the reign in which he flourished as a political character of eminence, yet, in that which followed, he received, during his distresses, the most effectual support from Swift's experienced friendship. With such literary friends and associates, Swift might well despise the abuse of Dennis, Oldmixon, and Smedley, endure the enmity of Steele, and even the estrangement of Addison.** His attention was kindly and willingly extended, even where literary merit was less remarkable. Dr. King, notwithstanding his having been Swift's personal antagonist,†† was made Gazetteer through his influence. Draper and others were relieved under the pressure of poverty; and Harrison was placed in a situation to have advanced his fortune, had life been spared to him. The early death of this young man, who had been recommended to Swift by Addison, was bewailed by his patron in terms which, from their plain and affecting simplicity, show how deeply he was interested in those whom he honoured by his protection.‡‡

The benefit of Swift's protection was not limited to literary characters. All his friends, and even the friends of those friends, who had occasion for his good offices, Bernage, Beaumont, and many others, had the benefit of his intercession. He made the fortune of Barber, the printer, who became afterwards lord-mayor of London, and a man of great wealth. He recommended Dr. Freind to be physician-general in the army in Spain. In short, he laid the basis of that list of upwards of forty persons, including many of the highest respectability, both in point of fortune and talents, whom he had a right afterwards to consider as his debtors, and, according to their conduct towards him, to distinguish into the classes of grateful, ungrateful, and dubious. In short, as he expresses it in his Journal to Stella, he found himself able to forward the interest of every one, excepting only his own.

While, indeed, Swift enjoyed so ample a power over the fortune of others, his own, to the surprise of the public, and no doubt to his internal disappointment, remained entirely stationary. The ministers, who admitted him to their inmost confidence, and shared with him at once their hours of business and of relaxation, appeared to have forgotten, while disposing of numerous church preferments, that the chief pillar of their cause, so far as it depended upon influence over the public mind, was only an Irish vicar, with the aid of a very poor prebendary. Swift, who disdained to solicit the advancement which he considered as his due, seems to have imputed for a time the delay of its arrival to the habits of procrastination peculiar to Harley, and to the unwillingness of the ministry to raise him to such a dignified situation in the church, as might limit in its consequence his opportunities of affording them assistance in their politics. But when in their intimacy they called him Jonathan, and he retorted that he supposed they would leave him Jonathan as they

* In his letter to Miss Vanhomrigh, 8th July, 1713, he says, "I verily think if the thing you know of had been published just upon the peace, the ministry might have avoided what has since happened." Vol. XIX. p. 334.

† Journal to Stella, 22d June, 1711. Works, vol. II. p. 291.

‡ Of this, among many others, take the following instances; Journal, Feb. 12, 1712. "I dined to-day with our society, the greatest dinner I have ever seen. It was at Jack Hill's, the Governor of Dunkirk. I gave an account of sixty guineas I had collected, and am to give them away to two authors to-morrow. And lord-treasurer has promised me one hundred pounds to reward some others."—13th. "I was to see a poor poet, one Mr. Diaper, in a nasty garret, very sick. I gave him twenty guineas from Lord Bolingbroke, and disposed the other sixty to two other authors." In that of March 30th, "I was naming some time ago, to a certain person, another certain person, that was very deserving, and poor, and sickly; and the other, that first certain person, gave me one hundred pounds to give the other. The person who is to have it never saw the giver, nor expects one farthing, nor has the least knowledge or imagination of it; so I believe it will be a very agreeable surprise; for I think it a handsome present enough. I paid the 100l. this evening, and it was a great surprise to the receiver."

‖ Journal to Stella, 31st January, 1712-13. "I contrived it so that lord-treasurer came to me, and asked, (I had Parnell by me,) whether that was Dr. Parnell, and spoke to him with great kindness." Swift's Works, vol. III. p. 106. Dr. Delany has given the anecdote too high a colouring, and certainly injured the grace of the compliment, by supposing that Swift made Lord Oxford, "in the height of his glory, walk with his treasurer's staff from room to room through his own levee, inquiring which was Dr. Parnell." *Observations on Orrery's Remarks*, p. 28. The attention was in the real case simple and delicate; in the other it would have been affected and ostentatious.

§ See p. 25.

¶ Journal, 12th April, 1713. Swift's Works, vol. III. p. 169.

** The coldness between those great characters, seems to have commenced on Steele's account. 23d October, 1710, Swift expressed his wishes to Addison to mediate with the ministers in Steele's favour, but his offer was dryly received. See Works, vol. II. p. 57. On the 14th December, (Ibid. p. 112,) the breach seems to have grown wider, for Swift observes, "Mr. Addison and I are different as black and white, and I believe our friendship will go off by this damned business of party. He cannot bear seeing me fall in so with the ministry; but I love him still as much as ever, though we seldom meet." And again on the following day, (p. 114,) he blames Addison as having been the means of preventing Steele's accommodation with the ministry. And shortly after the estrangement, for it cannot be termed a quarrel, reached its highest point, "I called at the coffee-house, where I had not been in a week, and talked coldly awhile with Mr. Addison; all our friendship and dearness are off; we are civil acquaintance, talk words of course, of when we shall meet, and that's all. Is it not odd? but I think he has used me ill, and I have used him too well, at least his friend Steele." Addison and Swift, however, continued to meet occasionally, notwithstanding their difference, and a foundation was luckily left for the reconciliation which afterwards took place between them.

†† See p. 16, and Swift's Works, vol. X. p. 28.

‡‡ "14th. I took Parnell this morning, and we walked to see poor Harrison. I had the hundred pounds in my pocket. *I told Parnell I was afraid to knock at the door; my mind misgrave me.* I did knock, and his man in tears told me his master was dead an hour before. Think what grief this is to me! I could not dine with lord-treasurer, nor anywhere else, but got a bit of meat towards the evening. No loss ever grieved me so much; poor creature! Pray God Almighty bless you. Adieu. I send this away to-night, and I am sorry it must go while I am in so much grief."

found him, the expression indirectly implied expectation as well as reproach; nor did all the kindness and complacence of the lord-treasurer prevent Swift from expressing peevishness on the delay which occurred in making some honourable provision for his future life.* But there was a lion in the path, and the ministers were deficient in the power necessary to do in Swift's favour what we must suppose they had sincerely at heart. The real obstacle was the prejudice entertained by Queen Anne against the warmest literary supporter of her administration. All princes are necessarily educated in ceremonials and formalities, and those of weaker minds seldom can stir beyond their magic circle. Queen Anne was of the latter description, and was hence led to consider a breach of decorum, or a departure from professional character and etiquette, as equivalent to a heinous offence against morals. Swift was now to experience the truth of Atterbury's prophecy, made while the author of the Tale of a Tub was yet unknown. "He hath reason to conceal himself because of the profane strokes in that piece, which would do his reputation and interest in the world more harm than his wit can do him good."† While the author was generally accounted a Whig, Sharpe, Archbishop of York, who was in many respects Queen Anne's spiritual counsellor, conceived he was at once discharging his conscience and serving the high church party, by painting the Tale of a Tub as a ridicule upon religion in general, and the writer as little better than an infidel, who at once had disgraced his sacred order by profligate levity, and sapped the foundations of revealed religion: a scoffer, in short, and a deist, altogether undeserving of church preferment. This was a mode of reasoning, which, besides that the first part of the charge was not actually void of truth, was otherwise exactly adapted to the capacity and temper of a princess, who alleged as one reason for changing her prime minister, that he had appeared before her in a tie-wig instead of a full bottom. The prejudice which Sharpe's representation excited, appears to have been deeply imprinted upon the queen's mind from the beginning of Harley's administration. For although the lord-treasurer proposed as a natural consequence of Swift's high favour with the ministers that he should be presented to the queen, yet the introduction was delayed, and at length laid aside, without any reason being assigned,‡ a circumstance which plainly implied, that the queen declined so far to grace the author of the Tale of a Tub. But if the reasoning or importunity of the ministers could have overcome the scruples of the queen in this particular, Swift's imprudent zeal in their behalf, had roused against him a more formidable enemy than the Archbishop of York, and passions much more irritable and vindictive than mere zeal for clerical decorum. Queen Anne, jealous of again being subjected to the domination of a single favourite, which had been so severely exercised by the Duchess of Marlborough, now divided her confidence betwixt Mrs. Masham, the patroness of the Tories, and the Duchess of Somerset, who was inclined towards the opposite faction; and with the petty craft of a weak mind, amused herself by balancing the strength of the contending parties against each other, in order that both might be sensible of their dependence on her personal favour. Swift, although perfectly aware that such was the queen's line of policy, and that the rude shocks, which the ministers received in the House of Lords, arose entirely from the influence of the Duchess of Somerset, was rash enough to suppose that the evil could be remedied, by holding up the favourite, whose secret influence was so powerful, as an object of satirical contempt. With this view, and using the same medium of satire which had been successful in the case of the sapient Partridge, and of Merlin's prediction,‖ he wrote the "Windsor Prophecy." In that satire the duchess is ridiculed for the redness of her hair, and upbraided as having been privy to the murder of her first husband. It may be doubted which imputation she accounted the most cruel insult, especially since the first charge was undeniable, and the second only arose from the malice of the poet. The prophecy was printed and about to be published, but Mrs. Masham, more alive than the ministers to the danger of offending the queen, prevented this consummation of Swift's imprudence. The impression was nevertheless brought to the club of Brothers; and as each of the sixteen members took twelve copies, it was, to use a legal phrase, so complete an utterance, as altogether to defeat the purpose of Mrs. Masham's caution.§ Having thus given a mortal offence to a favourite, of whom he has himself recorded, that she had more personal credit than all the queen's servants put together; Swift was not long of feeling the effects of her resentment. He remained stationary, like a champion in a tale of knight-errantry, when, having surmounted all apparent difficulties, an invisible but irresistible force prevents him from the full accomplishment of the adventure. The promises of the ministers were in the meanwhile reiterated, and doubtless with the sincere purpose of their fulfilment. An opportunity occurred of making them good, by appointing Swift to the see of Hereford, which became vacant by the death of Dr. Humphry Humphreys, on the 20th November, 1712. There seems little doubt that the lord-treasurer recommended his friend to the vacant mitre; and a letter from Lord Bolingbroke, dated during the vacancy of the bishopric, certainly relates to the same proposal. It is warm, cordial, and friendly in the highest degree.¶ But the prejudice excited

* He expresses himself to Stella on his hopes of preferment at first with great caution. 16th January, 1710-11. "It is the last really I shall ever make, but I hope it will turn to some account. I have done more for these, and I think they are more honest than the last: however, I will not be disappointed. I would make M. D. and me easy, and I never desired more." See his Works, vol. II. p. 145. 24th January. "My new friends are very kind, and I have promises enough, but I do not count upon them." Ibid. p. 160. May 23d, 1711. "To return without some mark of distinction, would look extremely little, and I would likewise gladly be somewhat richer than I am." Ibid. p. 471. From a passage, July 1st, 1711, it would seem Stella had grown impatient, had expressed regret at his journey, and considered him as ill used by ministers, for he says in their vindication, "I had no offers of any living. Lord Keeper told me some months ago, he would give me one when I pleased, but I told him I would not take any from him, and the secretary told me the other day, he had refused a very good one for me; but it was in a place he did not like, and I know nothing of getting any thing here, and if they would give me leave, I would come over just now." Ibid. p. 312.

† Letter to Bishop Trelawney.

‡ The ministers expressed a resolution that Swift should preach before the Queen, (See Swift's Works, vol. II. p. 111,) and Harley mentioned his intention of introducing him. But neither of these incidents took place. January, 1710-11. "Mr. Harley of late has said nothing of presenting me to the queen.—I was overseen when I mentioned it to you. He has such a weight of affairs on him, that he cannot mind all; but he talked of it three or four times to me, long before I dropt it to you."

It has, however, been said, that the Dean received from the queen the beautiful seal with an Apollo and Pegasus. But this donation is extremely improbable, and the seal is mentioned in his will, as the gift of the Countess of Granville.

‖ Among the books in Swift's library, with notes in his own hand-writing, occurs a copy of Nostrodamus's true Prophecies, commented by Theoph. Garencieres, London, 1672. He probably consulted such works to catch the mystical and emblematical style of the ancient soothsayers.

§ Journal to Stella, 9th December, 1711. "My prophecy is printed, and will be published after Christmas day. I like it mightily; I don't know how it will pass. I believe every body will guess it to be mine, because it is somewhat in the same manner with that of Merlin, in the Miscellanies." 26th December. "I called at noon at Mrs. Masham's, who desired me not to let the Prophecy be published, for fear of angering the queen about the Duchess of Somerset; so I wrote to the printer to stop them. They have been printed, and given about, but not sold." And a little lower, he says, "I entertained our society at the Thatched House tavern to-day at dinner; but brother Bathurst sent for wine, the house affording none. The printer had not received my letter, and so he brought us a dozen apiece of the Prophecy; but I ordered him to part with no more. It is an admirable good one, and people are mad for it." From a letter to Mr. Tickell, written several years afterwards, Swift appears to have been fully aware of his imprudence, in suffering this piece to get abroad, and mentions it as a "thing which no friend would publish." See his Works, vol. XIX. p. 289.

¶ Thursday morning, two o'clock, January 5, 1712-13. "Though I have not seen, yet I did not fail to write to lord-treasurer. Non tua res agitur, dear Jonathan; it is the treasurer's cause; it is my cause; it is every man's cause who is embarked on our bottom. Depend upon it, that I never will neglect any opportunity of showing that true esteem, that sincere affection, and honest friendship for you, which fill the heart of your faithful friend, BOLINGBROKE." Swift's Works, vol. XVI. page 23.

I conceive Hereford to have been the object in view for Swift

by the representations of the Archbishop of York, powerfully supported by the entreaties and tears of the Duchess of Somerset, prevailed against the united influence of ministers, who seldom united in any thing, and the name of Swift was added to the list of clergymen recommended to Queen Anne for promotion in the church, against whom she stated her objection, that they were too violent in party.

At length he began to feel that his situation was awkward, and became desirous either of receiving some preferment suited to the figure which he had made in public life, or of taking permission to retire to Ireland, at the risk of sacrificing all future hope of preferment, and encountering what he equally dreaded, the condolence of those who might affect to pity him.* After sundry insinuations that the lord-treasurer showed more personal kindness than attention to his interest, he at length expressed himself positively determined to relinquish labouring in the service of the ministers. "I will contract," he says, "no more enemies, at least I will not embitter worse than I have already, till I have got under shelter, and the ministers know my resolution."† At this time three Irish deaneries, a canonry of Windsor, and other church-livings in England, chanced to be vacant. On being informed that the warrant for the deaneries was filled up without mention of his name, Swift immediately announced his positive purpose of retiring, desiring Mr. Lewis to inform the lord-treasurer that he took nothing ill of him, but his failure to inform him, as he had promised to do, if he found the queen would do nothing for him; a remarkable passage, which shows that Swift was now fully sensible of the fatal influence which obscured his prospects of promotion. Thus pressed, Oxford, with the concurrence of the Duke of Ormond, then lord-lieutenant, proposed that Dr. Sterne should be removed to the Bishopric of Dromore, in order to vacate for Swift that Deanery of St. Patrick's, the name of which has since become a classical sound, because connected with his memory. Sterne had no apparent interest of his own, and was rather obnoxious to the Duke of Ormond. The circumstance, therefore, of his being promoted to the higher dignity, while Swift, with all his influence, only gained that from which Sterne was removed, indicates a capitulation between the queen and her ministers, in which the latter, finding their influence too low to obtain a mitre for their candidate, were contented to compound by procuring his appointment to a wealthy deanery. A last effort was made by the joint interest of Oxford and Lady Masham, to exchange St. Patrick's for a prebendary of Windsor. But the remonstrances of the prime minister, and the entreaties, even the tears of the favourite, were unavailing; and Swift, galled by the difficulty which attended his promotion, could only console his pride by the consideration, that a bishop had been created against great opposition, and without any interest of his own, in order to make way for his gaining the best deanery in Ireland. It is remarkable, that, neither during the agitating period when this business was in dependance, nor at any other time, did Swift suffer himself to glance a sarcasm at Queen Anne, or at her memory.‡ And this is the more striking, as he seems to have lost patience with his friend Oxford, even while he was sensible he laboured all he could to overcome the prejudices against his character in the royal breast. This respectful moderation is a strong contrast to the offence which he afterwards expressed against Queen Caroline for much slighter neglect. But in the former case, Queen Anne's favour for the church, and for the ministers with whom Swift lived in such intimacy, seems to have subdued his resentment for her personal dislike.‖

The warrant for the Deanery of St. Patrick's was signed 23d February, and Swift set out for Ireland early in June 1713, to take possession of a preferment, which he always professed to consider as at best an honourable exile. It must have been indeed unexpected, that his unexampled court favour should all terminate is his obtaining a deanery in a kingdom remote from those statesmen who equally needed his assistance, and delighted in his society. Nor can we doubt that he was disappointed, as well as surprised, since at one time he held his services too essential to the administration, to allow them even to create him a bishop in Ireland.§

To the very last, he confesses he thought the ministry would not have parted with him, and could only conclude, that they had not the option of making a suitable provision for him in England.¶

at this period, because the vacancy corresponds with the date of the above letter, and because it is twice mentioned by Swift, in his Journal, about the same period. 7th January 1712-13. "The Bishop of Ossory will not be Bishop of Hereford, to the great grief of himself and wife." 20th January. "Our English bishopric is not yet disposed of." Vol. III. p. 92, 100. Upon the whole, I have no doubt that at this time occurred the incidents mentioned by Mr. Sheridan. "The ministers, he states, had recommended Swift to the queen, to fill a vacant bishopric. But the Duchess of Somerset, who entertained an implacable hatred against him, determined to move heaven and earth to prevent his promotion taking place. She first prevailed on the Archbishop of York to oppose it, whose remarkable expression to the queen was, 'That her majesty should be sure that the man whom she was going to make a bishop was a Christian.' But as he could give no better colour for this surmise, than that Swift was supposed to be the author of the Tale of a Tub, the bishop was considered as acting officiously, out of too indiscreet a zeal, and his interposition was of no avail. The Duchess then went in person to the queen, and throwing herself on her knees, entreated, with tears in her eyes, that she would not give the bishopric to Swift; at the same time presenting to her that excessively bitter copy of verses, which Swift had written against her, called, 'The Windsor Prophecy.' The queen, upon reading them, was stung with resentment at the very severe treatment which he had given to a lady, who was known to stand highly in her favour, and as a mark of her displeasure, passed Swift by, and bestowed the bishopric on another." The see of Hereford was given to Philip Bisse, translated from that of St. David's.

* 4th March, 1712-13. "Tisdal's a pretty fellow as you say; and when I come back to Ireland he will condole with me with abundance of secret pleasure. I believe I told you what he wrote to me, that 'I have saved England and be Ireland.' But I can bear that." Swift's Works, vol. III. p. 125.

† 28th Dec. 1712. "I dined with lord-treasurer, who chid me for being absent three days. Mighty kind with a p——; less of civility, and more of interest." Swift's Works. vol. III. p. 82. 8th Feb. 1712-13. "He chides me if I stay away but two days together. What will this come to? Nothing. My grandmother used to say,

"More of your lining,
And less of your dining."—Vol. III. p. 129.

‡ The following line can hardly be considered as an exception:—

——— "By an old [murderess?] pensioned,
A crazy prelate, and a *royal prude*."

In the same piece he mentions, in very different terms, the intrigues of Archbishop Sharpe and the Duchess of Somerset:—

"York is from Lambeth sent to tell the queen,
A dangerous treatise writ against the spleen;
Which by the style, the matter, and the drift,
'Tis thought could be the work of none but Swift.
Poor York! the harmless tool of others' hate;
He sues for pardon, and repents too late.
Now angry Somerset her vengeance vows,
On Swift's reproaches for her murder'd spouse;
From her red locks her mouth with venom fills,
And thence into the royal ear distils."

It is remarkable, that, in two passages of his Journal to Stella, Swift intimates that the Archbishop of York had expressed a strong wish to be reconciled to him; but it does not appear that they ever met. Delaney, after expressing his surprise that Swift should ever have been represented as an infidel, mentions, as if it consisted with his own knowledge, "It will be some satisfaction to the reader, as I doubt not it was to Swift, (though no reparation of the injury,) to know that the archbishop lived to repent of this injury done to Swift, expressed great sorrow for it, and desired his forgiveness."—*Observations upon Lord Orrery's Remarks, &c.* p. 271.

‖ Bolingbroke always affirmed, that the queen had no unfavourable impression of Swift, and that he had been assured by herself, that neither the Archbishop of York, nor any one else, had prejudiced her against him. He represented the whole as an invention of Lord Oxford, to keep Swift to his deanery in Ireland. Dr. King shrewdly observes, "If Lord Bolingbroke had hated the Earl of Oxford less, I should have been readily inclined to believe him."—*King's Anecdotes*, p. 61. Indeed, no adequate reason can be assigned, why Oxford should have impeded the promotion of his most zealous friend and active partizan. Bolingbroke meant it to be inferred, perhaps, that Swift was likely to take his side and desert Oxford, when they came to an open rupture. But Swift's subsequent behaviour affords no room for such a belief.

§ Journal, May 29, 1711. "We hear your Bishop Hickman is dead; but nobody here will do anything for me in Ireland, so they may die as fast or slow as they please." Swift's Works, vol. II. p. 278. Hickman, Bishop of Derry, was succeeded by Dr. Hartstonge, translated from the see of Ossory.

¶ Journal, 18th April 1713. "Neither can I feel joy at passing my days in Ireland; and I confess I thought the ministry would not let me go; *but perhaps they cannot help it.*" Swift's Works, vol. III. p. 189.

SECTION IV.

Swift takes possession of his Deanery—Is recalled to England to reconcile Harley and St. John—Increases in favour with Oxford—Engages again in Political Controversy—Writes the Public Spirit of the Whigs—A reward offered for the discovery of the Author—The dissensions of the Ministers increase—Swift retires to the Country—Writes Thoughts on the Present State of Affairs—Writes to Lord Oxford on his being Displaced—And retires to Ireland on the Queen's Death—His reception—His Society—The interest he displayed in the misfortunes of his Friends.

THE biographers of Swift have differed in their account of Swift's reception as Dean of St. Patrick's. According to Lord Orrery, it was unfavourable in the extreme. He was shunned by the better class, hissed, hooted, and even pelted by the rabble. This is contradicted by Delany and Sheridan, who argue on the improbability of his experiencing such affronts, when the high-church interest, which he had so ardently served, was still in its zenith. Indeed, there is no doubt, that Lord Orrery's account is greatly exaggerated, or rather that his lordship has confounded the circumstances which attended Swift's first reception, with those of his final retirement to his deanery after the death of the queen. Yet, even on his first arrival, his reception was far from cordial. Many, even among his own order, beheld with envy the Vicar of Laracor elevated by mere force of talents to a degree of power and consequence seldom attained by the highest dignitaries of the church; and they scarce forgave him for his success, even in the very negotiation of which they reaped the benefit. "I remit them," says Swift, with indignant contempt, "their first fruits of ingratitude, as freely as I got the others remitted to them."* He had also more legitimate enemies. The violent Whigs detested him as an apostate from their party; the dissenters regarded his high-church principles with dread and aversion; and both had at that time considerable influence in the city of Dublin.†

The temper and manners of Swift were ill-qualified to allay these prejudices. In assuming his new offices, with perhaps too much an air of authority, he soon provoked opposition from the Archbishop of Dublin, and from his own chapter; and he was thwarted and disappointed both in his arrangements with his predecessor, and in the personal promotions which he wished to carry through for his friends. Besides, he had returned to Ireland a dissatisfied, if not a disappointed man, neither hoping to give nor receive pleasure, and such unhappy expectations are usually the means of realizing themselves. His intimate friendship with Vanessa already embittered the pleasure of rejoining Stella; and it was therefore no wonder, that, after hurrying from Dublin to his retirement at Laracor, he should write to the former in the following strain of despondency.

"I staid but a fortnight in Dublin, very sick, and returned not one visit of a hundred that were made me; but all to the Dean, and none to the Doctor. I am riding here for life; and I think I am something better. I hate the thoughts of Dublin, and prefer a field-bed, and an earthen-floor, before the great house there, which they say is mine."—"At my first coming, I thought I should have died with discontent, and was horribly melancholy while they were installing me, but it begins to wear off, and change to dulness."‡ He writes Archbishop King in the same strain of discontented melancholy,‖ and it is still more strongly expressed in his verses, Vol. XII. p. 335.

While Swift was in a state of seclusion, so different from the bustling scene in which he had been for three years engaged, he received from the Tory administration the most anxious summons, pressing his instant return to England. Swift had early observed to Harley and St. John, that the success and stability of their government depended upon their mutual confidence and regard for each other. But this was soon endangered by a variety of minute grounds of mistrust, as well as by the differing genius of these two statesmen. Oxford was slow, mysterious, and irresolute; St. John vehement, active, and irregularly ambitious. The former was desirous of engrossing from his colleague, not only his essentials of ministerial power, but all its outward show and credit; the latter was ambitious of sharing the honours as well as the fatigues of public employment. These dissensions sometimes smouldered in secret, sometimes burst out into open flame; were frequently suppressed, but never extinguished. The disunion became visible to Swift, so early as within the first six months of their administration,§ and in about four months after it, it was apparent both to friends and enemies.¶ While the increase of this unkindness became more and more apparent, Swift, at the risk of compromising his own influence with both, though his fortune appeared dependent on its subsistence, hesitated not to undertake the precarious and thankless office of mediating between them. In verse and in prose, by conversation and writing, by serious advice and jocular remonstrance, he endeavoured to alarm his powerful friends upon the hazards into which they were hurried by their dissensions. He reminded the minister, in the verses entitled "Atlas," of the danger of attempting to conduct the whole government, without the confidential assistance of his colleagues; with St. John he frankly expostulated upon the absolute necessity of his acting cordially with the lord-treasurer; and he was so far successful, upon more than one occasion, as to bring about a seeming and temporary reconciliation.** But, ere he left England, the evil which he had twice patched up, as he expresses himself, with the hazard of all his credit, became more evident than ever; and he

* Swift's Works, vol. II. p. 300.

† The following copy of verses occur in the Works of Jonathan Smedley, and are said to have been fixed on the door of St. Patrick's Cathedral on the day of Swift's instalment:—

"To-day, this temple gets a Dean,
Of parts and fame uncommon;
Used both to pray, and to profane,
To serve both God and Mammon.

When Wharton reign'd, a Whig he was;
When Pembroke, that's dispute, sir;
In Oxford's time, what Oxford pleased,
Non-Con, or Jack, or Nenter.

This place he got by wit and rhyme,
And many ways most odd;
And might a bishop be in time,
Did he believe in God.

For High-Church men and policy
He swears he prays most hearty;
But would pray back again, to be
A Dean of any party.

Four lessons, Dean, all in one day!
Faith! it is hard, that's certain;
'T were better hear thy own Peter say,
G—d d—n, thee, Jack and Martin.

Hard! to be plagued with Bible, still,
And prayer-book before thee:
Hadst thou not wit, to think, at will,
On some diverting story?

Look down, St. Patrick, look, we pray,
On thine own church and steeple;
Convert thy Dean on this great day,
Or else, God help the people!

And now, where'er his Deanship dies,
Upon his tomb be 'graven;
A man of God here buried lies,
Who never thought of Heaven."

‡ The letter is dated Laracor, 8th July, 1713. Swift's Works, vol. XIX. p. 334.

‖ "I can tell your grace nothing from Dublin. I was there between business and physic, and paid no visits, nor received any, but one day." Letter, 16th July, 1713. Swift's Works, vol. XVI. p. 52.

§ Journal, 27th April, 1711. "I am heartily sorry to find my friend the secretary stand a little tickish with the rest of the ministry; there have been one or two disobliging things that have happened. I will, if I meet Mr. St. John alone on Sunday, tell him my opinion, and beg him to set himself right, else the consequences may be very bad, for I see not how they can well want him neither, and he would make a troublesome enemy." Swift's Works, vol. II. p. 246.

¶ "The Whigs whisper, that our new ministry differ among themselves, and they begin to talk out Mr. Secretary; they have some reasons for their whispers, although I thought it was a greater secret. I do not much like the posture of things; I always apprehended, that any falling out would ruin them, and so I have told them several times." Ibid. vol. II. p. 344.

** See Swift's Works, vol. III. p. 48, 88, 87.

was scarce settled in Ireland, before a hundred letters, from different quarters, recalled him to resume the hopeless task of ineffectual mediation. He obeyed the call so hastily, that he did not even take leave of the Archbishop of Dublin, at which that prelate was so much offended, that he threatened to take measures for obliging Swift to reside at his deanery;* and it was probably his influence, aided by the envy of the inferior clergy, that prevented Swift from being in his absence chosen prolocutor of the House of Convocation;† an honour with which he would obviously have been much pleased, though he declined to solicit it.

Upon Swift's arrival at London, he found that the disagreement between the ministers approached near to an explosion, and that he himself was the only mutual friend who would venture to mediate between them. There is reason to think his remonstrances produced some temporary effect. Meanwhile, he was once more engaged in the general contest of politics, and was not long without experiencing some of the perils of that envenomed warfare.

Swift's principal antagonists, on this occasion, had both been old friends. The first was Burnet, whom, in an ironical preface to the Bishop of Sarum's introduction to the third volume of the History of the Reformation, he treats as one whom he delighted to insult; upbraiding the venerable champion, who had produced a pamphlet as a precursor of his folio, with his mighty haste to take the field as a skirmisher, "armed only with a pocket pistol, before his great blunderbuss could be got ready, his old rusty breast-plate scoured, and his cracked head-piece mended."‡ It does not appear that Burnet ever noticed this harsh and disrespectful treatment, nor does Swift's name occur in that history of his own times, where he commemorates so many individuals of inferior note; and the Dean finally recorded the bishop's character as that of a man of generosity and good-nature, but who at last became party-mad, and saw Popery under every bush.

Swift's controversy with Steele was longer, fiercer, and attended by more serious consequences for both parties. We gave an account of their rupture, p. 26; and it now was increased to a public controversy. In the Guardian, No. 128, Steele had attacked the ministers for negligence in enforcing that stipulation of the treaty of Utretcht, which respected the demolition of Dunkirk, and being then about to be elected Member of Parliament for Stockbridge, he pursued the subject in a pamphlet, entitled "The Importance of Dunkirk Considered," in a letter to the bailiff of that borough. Swift, with less feeling of their ancient intimacy than of their recent quarrel, appears readily and eagerly to have taken up the gauntlet. His first insulting and vindictive answer is entitled "The Importance of the Guardian Considered," in which the person, talents, history, and morals of his early friend, are the subject of the most scrimonious raillery; and where he attempts to expose the presumption of Steele's pretensions to interfere in the councils of princes, whether as a publisher of Tatlers and Spectators, and the occasional author of a Guardian; or from his being a soldier, alchemist, gazetteer, commissioner of stamped papers, or gentleman-usher. Besides this diatribe, there appeared two others, in which Swift seems to have had some concern;‖ and a ludicrous paraphrase on the first ode of the second book of Horace, in ridicule of Steele, which is entirely his composition. It is to Steele's honour, that although he appears to have rushed hastily, and without due provocation, into the quarrel with Swift, he did not condescend to retort these personalities. He was then engaged, with the assistance of Addison, Hoadley, Lechmere, and Marshall, in the composition of a pamphlet called the Crisis, intended to alarm the public upon the danger of the Protestant succession, and the predominating power of France. This treatise was brought forward with a degree of pomp and parade, which its contents hardly warrant, being chiefly a digest of the acts of parliament respecting the succession, mixed with a few comments, of which the diction is neither forcible, elegant, nor precise; while, by the extraordinary exertions made to obtain subscriptions, it was plain that the relief of the author's necessities was the principal object of the publication. The opportunity did not escape Swift, who published his celebrated comment under the title of "The Public Spirit of the Whigs, set forth in their generous encouragement of the author of the Crisis; with some observations on the seasonableness, candour, erudition, and style of that treatise." In this pamphlet, Steele was assailed by satire as personal and as violent as in the former. Still, however, he remained unmoved, and his only reply was moderate and dignified. In defence of himself and his writings, before the House of Commons, among several passages in former publications, from which he claimed the honours due to a friend of virtue, he quoted the favourable character given in the Tatler of the project for the Advancement of Religion, and of its author, with the following simple and manly comment: "The gentleman I here intended was Dr. Swift. This kind of man I thought him at that time: we have not met of late, but I hope he deserves this character still." As it seldom happens that two intimate friends can descend to personal altercation without possessing means of mutual reproach, most readers will be of opinion, that Steele's forbearance, under gross provocation, deserved a better requital than the severe verses, entitled, "John Dennis the Sheltering poet's invitation to Richard Steele, the secluded party-writer and member, to come and live with him in the Mint."§ Dennis' share of the satire was undoubtedly and amply deserved, by his own scurrilities against Swift;¶ though the wit of the piece, as directed against Steele, is no apology for its cruelty. But, in political hostility, Swift had the attributes of Homer's champion,

> "Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,
> Jura negat sibi nata, nihil non arrogat armis."

Meanwhile, ere the controversy had ceased between those two eminent literary characters, the strong talons of power had well nigh pounced upon both, like the kite upon the puny duellists in the old fable.

Of Steele it is only necessary to say, that, by the

* Swift's Works, vol. XVI. p. 73. † Ibid. p. 67.

‡ Swift's Works, vol. IV. p. 147.

‖ The "Character of Richard Steele, Esquire, with some remarks by Toby, Abel's Kinsman, 1713." Swift's Works, vol. V. p. 441. Swift was the supposed author of this piece, which is, however, with more probability, ascribed to Dr. Wagstaffe, under his directions. It is certain that Steele bestowed more attention upon it than on most of the satirical shafts by which he was assailed; and, from a particular expression, I conceive that he ascribed it, at least in a considerable degree, to Swift. "I think I know the author of this, and to show him I know no revenge, but in the method of heaping coals on his head by benefits, I forbear giving him what he deserves, for no other reason, but that I know his sensibility of reproach is such, that he would be unable to bear life itself, under half the ill language he has given me." *The Englishman, No. 57, being the close of the paper so called.* Swift himself alludes to the sensitiveness of disposition here imputed to him, as having been an attribute of his earlier character. "I was originally as unwilling to be libelled as the nicest man can be, but having been used to such treatment ever since I unhappily began to be known, I am now grown hardened." See his letter to Dr. Jinny, 8th June, 1738, in his Works, vol. XVIII. p. 6.

The other satire against Steele, is "A Letter from the facetious Dr. Andrew Tripe at Bath, to the venerable Nestor Ironside, 1714." See this tract, in which Arbuthnot probably had some share, Swift's Works, vol. IV. p. 279.

§ Swift's Works, vol. XII. p. 331.

¶ Of which the following is perhaps too ample a specimen: "By thy wonderful charity, thou canst be nothing but a scandalous priest, hateful to God, and detestable to man, and agreeable to none but devils; who makest it thy business to foment divisions between communities and private persons, in spite of that charity, which is the fundamental doctrine of that religion which thou pretendest to teach. How amazing a reflection is it, that in spite of that divine doctrine, the Christian world should be the only part of the globe embroiled in endless divisions! From whence can this proceed, but from priests like thee, who are the pest of society and the bane of religion? But it is not enough to say thou art a priest; it is time to point out what priest thou art: thou art a priest who madest thy first appearance in the world like a dry joker in controversy, a spiritual buffoon, an ecclesiastical jack-pudding, by publishing a piece of waggish divinity, which was writ with a design to banter all Christianity." What follows is too shocking for transcription, and only proves, that all the mighty mad raved in the person of John Dennis. The whole piece, which is entitled a Letter to the Examiner, may be found in Dennis' Letters, 2 vols. 1731.

violence of a predominating majority, it was resolved that the papers called the Sequel of the Englishman and the Crisis were scandalous and seditious libels, and that Richard Steele, Esq. for his offence in writing them, be expelled the House of Commons. By a singular coincidence, his antagonist, Swift, experienced the frown of authority at the same juncture. About this time the Scottish peers were greatly displeased with the court, and their discontent was fomented by the celebrated John, Duke of Argyle, who now openly opposed the ministers with whom he had once acted. Steele, therefore, both in the Englishman and in the Crisis, omitted no opportunity of panegyrizing the Scottish nation, and extolling the wisdom of the Union. Swift, who disliked the Scots, and had quarrelled with Argyle,* did not lose an opportunity of feeding full his grudge against both. In the "Public Spirit of the Whigs" the Scots are characterized as "a poor fierce northern people;" the Union treated rather as a measure of state necessity flowing out of the Scottish act of security, than as that which was of itself desirable;† and the Duke of Argyle was glanced at as one of those Scottish nobles who appeared to be very zealous for dissolving the Union, although their whole revenues before that period would have ill maintained a Welsh justice of peace; and although they had since gathered more money than any Scotsman who had not travelled could form an idea of. It was besides stated, that the number of the Scottish nobility, joined to their poverty, was a great and necessary evil of the Union, and that to account it a benefit, as Steele had done in the Crisis, were as if, when a person of quality had married a portionless woman of inferior rank, it should be maintained as an advantage, that she brought him as numerous a family of relations and servants as he had of his own. These expressions were highly resented in the upper House of Parliament. Lord Wharton, who certainly owed Swift little favour, made complaint to the House, and, being joined by a majority, the lord-treasurer was obliged to temporize and disown the pamphlet, and reprobate the expressions complained of. The offensive passage, which occupied about four pages, was hastily cancelled in the second edition; but this *amende honourable* had nearly come too late. Morphew the bookseller, and Barber the printer, were ordered into custody of the black rod. The former declared he knew nothing of the author, and Barber refused to answer any questions that might criminate himself. But Wharton, exclaiming that the House had nothing to do with the bookseller or printer, further than they could be made the instruments of discovering "the villanous author of that false and scandalous libel," proposed that Barber and his servants should be closely examined, and freed from those personal consequences, which they alleged as a reason for declining to give an answer. But the *finesse* of the ministers prevented a course of proceeding which must have led to the discovery of Swift. They directed a prosecution against Barber personally, which rendered it impossible to examine him in evidence against the author.‡ The resentment of the peers, and particularly of the Scottish nobles, was rather increased than allayed by this pretended sacrifice, which they considered in its true light of an evasion. The latter went in a body to the queen, headed by the Duke of Argyle, and required, that, in satisfaction for the affront which they had sustained, a proclamation should be issued, offering a reward for the discovery of the author of the alleged libel. The same was moved by Wharton in the House of Lords; and a proclamation, proposing a reward of 300*l.* was issued accordingly. No one was in doubt as to the real author; but Swift, conscious of the protection of Oxford, exhibited no symptoms of alarm, though shunned by many of his former friends, who now conceived him to be singled out for prosecution. Meantime Lord Oxford indemnified Morphew and Barber by a sum of money (150*l.*) sent anonymously to Swift for the purpose of being conveyed to them; quashed, it would seem, the offer of a private informer to discover the author of the libel, provided he could be assured of the reward;‖ and finally, by discharge of the prosecution against Barber, when the clamour excited by the pamphlet was somewhat abated, consigned the whole matter to oblivion.

Swift's favour with the lord-treasurer, Oxford, had now ripened into the closest intimacy. How dearly Swift loved that statesman, in whom there were many qualities deserving of such attachment, appears from a thousand expressions in his letters and Journal. The despair which he expressed at his being wounded by Guiscard is like that of a brother mourning for a brother.§ Swift retained to his dying day, as a sacred relic, the penknife with which the wound was inflicted;¶ and it would seem, that, on one occasion, he secured his friend's life from a dangerous attempt of the same kind, at the hazard of his own.

This strange accident made much noise at the time, but has been unnoticed by Swift's numerous biographers. While the lord-treasurer was dressing, a packet was delivered, the appearance of which excited the suspicion of Swift. He opened it with great precaution, and it was found to contain, according to the first account, three pistols, cocked

* "How loved, how valued once, avail'd him not!"

Swift's original respect for the duke is evident from many passages in the Journal, as well as from an elegant letter, addressed to the duke while commanding in Spain, dated April 16, 1711.

The reader will find something of the quarrel between Argyle and Swift, in Swift's Works, vol. XVI. p. 24.

† This was a favourite opinion with Swift, who enlarges upon it in the Examiner. See his Sarmatian Apologue in the 19th No. of the Examiner, in his Works, vol. III. p. 316. Also his remarkable assertion concerning Lord Somers,—"Neither shall I ever forget, that he readily owned to me that the Union was of no other service to the nation, than by giving a remedy to that evil which my Lord Godolphin had brought upon us by persuading the queen to pass the Scotch act of security."—*Memoirs relating to the Change of the Queen's Ministry.* Ibid. p. 178.

‡ This is the transaction to which Swift alludes in the lines upon himself, the concluding line of which former biographers have not explained particularly;—

"Now through the realm a proclamation spread
To fix a price on his devoted head.
While innocent he scorns ignoble flight,
His watchful friends preserve him by a *sleight*."
Swift's Works, vol. XII. p. 317.

It appears, however, that Swift did meditate flight in case discovery had taken place. In the letter to his friend in Ireland, about renewing his license of absence, dated 29th July, 1714, he says, "I was very near wanting it some months ago with a witness," which can only allude to the possibility of his being obliged to abscond.—Ibid. vol. XIX. p. 273.

‖ Swift's Works, vol. XVI. p. 108, 104.

§ Swift's Works, Journal, vol. II. p. 200, 287.

¶ Mr. Deane Swift has thus described the weapon:—

"I have seen," says Mr. Swift, "the pen-knife, with a tortoise shell handle, and when it was shut it was just about the length of a man's little finger. But, as the blade was broken within half an inch of the handle, by the violence of the blow, against one of the ribs of the earl, the doctor had a hole drilled through that part of the blade which was broken off, and another hole through that part of the piece which remained in the handle, and by that contrivance they were both held together by a little silver chain."

Dr. Delany, in a pamphlet published in 1756, containing some other remarks upon Mr. Deane Swift's life of his great relative, gave, in very rude terms, an absolute contradiction to the above account, affirming that the knife, with the clothes which the lord-treasurer wore when he received the wound, were preserved as relics by the family of Oxford. In this last circumstance Delany's statement has since proved true, but it was not so when made, and afforded no ground for the unlovil terms in which he controverted Mr. Deane Swift's averment, since the knife was only given to the Oxford family after the Dean's death, and the publication of Delany's pamphlet. Dr. Lyons gives a minute account of the circumstance in a letter now before the editor, dated 8th March, 1783, and addressed to Deane Swift, Esq.:—

"I have been honoured with the receipt of yours, dated 29th January, by the hands of my much esteemed friend and neighbour, Mrs. Swanton, together with your animadversions on Dr. Delany's erroneous account of that vile assassin Guiscard's penknife, with which he attempted to take away the life of Lord-Treasurer Harley.

"After the death of my ever to be honoured and admired friend and patron, Dr. Swift, I took care of that knife, and also of the first plaster that was taken off the wound, both which the good Dean had preserved, and did afterwards wrap them together in a paper, with a short account of the villain's attempt. In 1760, when my private affairs accasioned my journey to London, I took this relic with me, in order to put it into the hands of Lord Oxford, or some branch of that noble family, to be delivered to him and being one day invited by Alderman Harley, when Lord-Mayor, to dine at the Mayoralty House, I gave him the said knife, &c., to be given to the said Earl of Oxford, which knife he was much pleased to see, and did promise to put it into his lordship's hand very shortly, as he expected to see him soon. I left London quickly after, and heard no more since."

and charged, with a string attached so as to discharge them when the box should be opened. But afterwards the three pistols proved to be the barrels of large ink-horns filled with powder, connected with a pistol-lock for striking fire. This story was ridiculed by the Whigs, under the name of the band-box plot, and they did not hesitate to allege that Swift, the lucky discoverer, was also the ingenious deviser of the machine. But if the imputation had been just, there seems no reason why he should have disgraced his contrivance by the use of such ridiculous implements, since, though he had employed real pistols, he might easily have avoided danger in opening a box of which he knew the contents beforehand. Swift has himself assured Stella, that his life was actually in danger, and that he had saved that of the minister; and there appears no good reason for refusing our belief to both assertions. The attempt of Guiscard, and a much more melancholy and unfortunate example of our own time, may serve to convince us, that the life of a first minister may be endangered or destroyed by attempts as improbable as atrocious.

Swift was trusted by Oxford in his private as well as public affairs. He was supposed to have assisted in the negotiations which preceded the alliance between the lord-treasurer's eldest son, and the only child of the Duke of Newcastle, and in the arrangements which followed for division of the duke's inheritance betwixt her and Lord Pelham, the male heir. This was a point which Oxford had so greatly at heart, that Bolingbroke afterwards termed it the ultimate end of his administration.* Swift, upon this joyful occasion, wrote the poetical address to Lord Harley on his marriage.† But his sympathetic friendship is still more deeply manifested in his letter to the lord-treasurer on the death of his daughter, the Marchioness of Caermarthen, than which there is nothing in the English language more beautifully and feelingly expressed.‡ And the constancy of his attachment, at the most distressing period of Oxford's life, was such as well made good the manly expressions of regard with which, on retiring from London, he bade his lordship farewell. "When I was with you, I have said, more than once, that I would never allow quality or station made any real difference between men. Being now absent and forgotten, I have changed my mind: you have a thousand people who can pretend they love you, with as much appearance of sincerity as I; so that, according to common justice, I can have but a thousandth part in return of what I give. And this difference is wholly owing to your station. And the misfortune is still the greater, because I loved you so much the less for your station; for, in your public capacity, you have often angered me to the heart; but, as a private man, never once."‖

The favour of Swift appears now to have been greater than ever, and most of the Irish affairs of consequence were determined by his advice and opinion.§ It was the general opinion, that he would soon be promoted to a bishop's see; and Lord Nottingham, on whom he had reflected severely in many of his satirical productions,¶ took an opportunity of retaliation when the celebrated schism bill was depending in the House of Lords. Adverting particularly to an enactment, that all teachers of youth should be licensed by the bishop or archbishop of the diocese, he proceeded thus:—"My Lords, I have many children, and I know not whether God Almighty will vouchsafe to let me live to give them the education I could wish they had; therefore, my Lords, I own I tremble when I think that a certain divine, who is hardly suspected of being a Christian, (meaning, as we read in the annals, Dr. Swift,) is in a fair way of being a bishop, and may one day give license to those who shall be intrusted with the instruction of youth."** And it appears from different passages in his correspondence, that the hopes of Swift's friends coincided with the fears of his enemies, respecting his expected promotion; and that there were expectations held out of a living in Yorkshire, to be obtained through the influence of Lord Keeper Harcourt. These hopes and fears, however, were so far disappointed, that Swift failed in obtaining a boon of much less consequence, though then essential to his comfortable settlement in life.

The debts which he was obliged to incur at entering upon his deanery, were very considerable, amounting to at least a thousand pounds, an expense which he was unprepared to undergo. He therefore seems to have considered himself entitled, when accepting a promotion so much beneath the character in which he had acted, to be at least indemnified of the charges of induction;†† and, in his own peculiar manner, he stated that the queen should either pay up this debt for him, or hang him, since he had deserved the one or the other.‡‡

The lord-treasurer, with his usual procrastination, or from motives of public economy, jested on the subject, but did nothing, and Swift's situation must have been embarrassing to any one of less determined prudence. On his return to England, after his instalment, he addressed to Oxford that celebrated and beautiful imitation of Book I. epistle vii., and sat. vi. Book II. of Horace, with which every

* "In the management of this disagreeable business (Lord Harley's marriage, and the division of the inheritance of the Duke of Newcastle,) the treasurer had the help of a priest's craft as well as his own, and it was said a good deanery was the reward of the Reverend Doctor's pains-taking in that pious negotiation." Oldmixon's History, p. 564. This is invidiously recorded; nor is there any ground for the assertion, supposing, which is highly probable, that the fact of Swift being consulted in the negotiation is in itself well-grounded.

† See his Works, vol. XIV. p. 114. It is worthy of observation that four lines in this poetical congratulation, which were erased by the author, have been restored, and I think with taste and judgment, by his kinsman, Mr. Deane Swift. The lines are those in italics which conclude the following quotation:

"Thus the bright Empress of the Morn
Chose for her spouse a mortal born,
The goddess made advances first,
Else what aspiring mortal durst.
Though like a virgin of fifteen,
She blushes when by mortals seen,
Still blushes and with speed retires,
When Sol pursues her with his fires."

‡ Swift's Works, vol. XVI. p. 78.

§ Swift's Works, vol. XVI. p. 136.

¶ See the Letters of Lord Primate Lindsay, Sir Constantine Phipps &c., Earl of Anglesea, &c., in his correspondence at this period ‖‖ His Works, vol. XVI.

¶ See the "Excellent New Song, being the intended Speech of a famous Orator against Peace," (Swift's Works, vol. XII. p. 285,) of which Walpole complained in the House of Commons, and pronouncing it to be written by Swift *and his Whimsical Club*, threatened to bring him to account for it. See also "Tolland's Invitation to Dismal," a name bestowed on Nottingham from the gravity of his physiognomy. Nottingham was also assailed repeatedly in the Examiner and other satirical pieces, and in a ballad called the "Hue and Cry after Dismal." To return these attentions, Nottingham seems, more than once, to have invoked the vengeance of the House of Lords against the author of this annoyance:

"Now Finch alarms the Lords: He hears for certain
This dangerous priest has got behind the curtain,
Finch, famed for tedious elocution, proves
That Swift oils many a spring which Harley moves."
Verses by Swift on himself. Ibid. vol. XII. p. 314.

** Oldmixon's History, p. 564.

†† Journal, April 23, 1713. "I thought I was to pay the cost for the house, but the Bishop of Clogher says 800*l.*; first-fruits, 200; and so, with patent, 1000*l.* in all; so that I shall not be the better for the deanery these three years. I hope in some time they will be persuaded to give me some money here to clear off these debts. I will finish the book I am writing, before I can go over, and they expect I shall pass next winter here, and then I will drive them to give me a sum of money."—Swift's Works, vol. III. p. 137.

Again, 16th May, 1713. "I shall be ruined, or at least sadly cramped, unless the Queen will give me a thousand pounds. I am sure she owes me a great deal more. Lord-treasurer rallies me upon it, and I believe intends it, but *quando?*" Vol. III. p. 161. In a letter to Lord Keeper Harcourt, May, 1713, he hints at the same subject: "Lord-treasurer uses me barbarously, appoints to carry me to Kensington, and makes me walk four miles at midnight. He laughs when I mention a thousand pounds which he gives me, though a thousand pounds is a very serious thing."—Ibid. vol. XVI. p. 38.

‡‡ This we learn from the following memorandum of Dr. Birch: 'The Rev. Mr. Orr, Archdeacon of Ferns, gave me an account of a letter of Swift's, which has never been published, to Lord Bolingbroke. It was dated in July 1713, from his living of Laracor, complaining of his being left by his friends in Ireland, and telling his lordship that he should remind him of David's prayer, which the lord-treasurer would direct him to the Psalm and verse for, 'Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell.' That when he returned to England, he would certainly petition the queen for the thousand pounds she had promised him; for that she ought to pay him that thousand pounds, or hang him, for he had deserved either the one or the other."

reader must be familiar. The intention was to complain of the expenses attending his preferment,

"——————— all vexations,
Patents, instruments, obligations,
First fruits, and tenths, and chapter-treats,
Dues, payments, fees, demands, and cheats,
The wicked laity's contriving,
To hinder clergymen from thriving."

It contains even a more plain intimation of his difficulties.

"Poor Swift, with all his losses vext,
Not knowing where to turn him next,
Above a thousand pounds in debt,
Takes horse ——————,

As well as

"Lewis, the Dean will be of use;
Stand for him up, take no excuse;
Or let it cost five hundred pound,
No matter where the money 's found,
It is but so much more in debt,
And that they ne'er consider'd yet."*

All these hints of the loss he was actually sustaining, seem to have been lost upon Oxford, and only attracted Bolingbroke's attention, at a time when his power was tottering, and his favour inefficient. Swift's solicitude on this subject has been quoted as derogating from the high tone of independence assumed by him, on refusing the sum formerly offered by the treasurer; and it has been alleged that both cases were exactly parallel, unless in so far as the amount made a difference. But it must be considered, that three years public services had been remunerated with a professional situation of no common description of dignity indeed, and future emolument, but attended, in the mean time, with such an immediate expense, as must have embarrassed for life, perhaps, a man of less economy, and which reduced Swift to great temporary inconvenience. The grant of a sum of money, therefore, to render a preferment, which in every respect was beneath his pretensions, instantly productive and effectual, could no more be considered as an eleemosynary gratuity, than the acceptance of the deanery itself could be termed inconsistent with his having refused to be Lord Oxford's chaplain. Such grants have frequently been made in every department of the public service, and differ widely from the secret service-money doled out to party writers, from time to time, in proportion to the satisfaction which they afford to their patrons.

In another particular Swift was to undergo disappointment. He was still busy with his History of the Peace of Utrecht, and became disposed to extend it into a general account of Queen Anne's reign. With the view of obtaining access to materials, and perhaps of gratifying a wish long since entertained,† he was desirous to be named historiographer. The appointment is in the gift of the lord high chamberlain. But Swift, who seems to have had some reason for disliking the Duke of Shrewsbury,‡ whom he terms a person of no steadiness or sincerity, and by whom the office was held, endeavoured to supersede the necessity of applying to him, by presenting a direct memorial to Queen Anne.§ His experience in courts might have taught him the jealousy entertained of official patronage, but he probably conceived, that his influence with ministers would surmount, in his particular case, all obstacles arising from it. He was mistaken. Oxford and Bolingbroke, each busied in preparing for an impending struggle, did not choose to excite the chamberlain's dislike, by encroaching on his rights of office; and Shrewsbury, to whom Swift made no personal application, filled up the situation with a dependant of his own.‖

The dissensions among the ministers seem to have interrupted the meetings of the Society of Brothers. But Swift had formed, in its stead, the celebrated Scriblerus Club, an association rather of a literary, than a political character. Oxford and St. John, Swift, Arbuthnot, Pope, and Gay, were the members. It was the well known object of their united powers, to compose a satire upon the abuse of human learning. Part of their labours has been preserved in the Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus, which gave name to the society, and part has been rendered immortal by the travels of Lemuel Gulliver; but the violence of political faction, like the storm that spares the laurel no more than the cedar, dispersed this little band of literary brethren, and prevented the accomplishment of a task for which talents so various, so extended, and so brilliant, can never again be united.

Oxford and Bolingbroke, themselves accomplished scholars, patrons and friends both of the persons and of the genius thus associated, led the way, by their mutual animosity, to the dissolution of the confraternity. Their discord had now arisen to the highest pitch, and was scarce veiled under the thin forms of official intercourse. Swift again tried the force of humorous expostulation in his fable of the Fagot,¶ where the ministers are called upon to contribute their various badges of office, to make the bundle strong and secure. With infinite delicacy the poet omitted all mention of Bolingbroke; the animosity between Oxford and him was too rankling a wound to endure being tickled. But all was in vain; and at length, tired of this scene of murmuring and discontent, quarrel, misunderstanding, and hatred, the Dean, who was almost the only common friend who laboured to compose these differences, made a final effort, of which the result shall be given in his own words to Lord Oxford, son of the statesman: "When I returned to England, I found their quarrels and coldness increased. I laboured to reconcile them as much as I was able; I contrived to bring them to my Lord Masham's, at St. James'. My Lord and Lady Masham left us together. I expostulated with them both, but could not find any good consequences. I was to go to Windsor next day with my lord-treasurer: I pretended business that prevented me; expecting they would come to some [reconciliation.] But I followed them to Windsor, where my Lord Bolingbroke told me, that my scheme had come to nothing. Things went on at the same rate; they grew more estranged every day. My lord-treasurer found his credit daily declining. In May, before the queen died, I had my last meeting with them at my Lord Masham's. He left us together; and therefore I spoke very freely to them both, and told them, 'I would retire, for I found all was gone.' Lord Bolingbroke whispered me, 'I was in the right.' Your father said, 'All would do well.' I told him, 'That I would go to Oxford on Monday, since I found it was impossible to be of any use.'"**

Nothing, indeed, was now left for Swift, but to execute the resolution he had repeatedly announced, of retreating from the scene of discord, without taking part with either of his contending friends. He set out for Oxford on the Monday succeeding his ineffectual interview, and from thence went to the house of the Reverend Mr. Gery, at Upper Letcombe, Berkshire, where he resided for some weeks in the strictest seclusion. His feeling of this melancholy change, from all that was busy and gay, to the dulness and uniformity of a country vicarage, is expressed in a letter to Miss Vanhomrigh.†† The secession of Swift from the political world excited the greatest surprise—the public wondered,‡‡—the party writers exulted in a thousand ineffectual libels, discharged against the retreating champion of the

* Swift's Works, vol. XII. pp. 313, 322.

† See his Letter to Addison, p. 21.

‡ This was erroneously applied to the Earl, afterwards Duke of Kent, in the first edition. But he was out of office at the time, and succeeded by the Duke of Shrewsbury.

§ See his Memorial, in his Works, vol. XVI. p. 168.

‖ In a letter to Pope, mentioning the post of historiographer, as designed for him, he adds, "but as it was at the disposal of a person who had not the smallest share of steadiness or sincerity, I disdained to accept it." Swift's Works, vol. XVI. p. 345. This can only imply, he might have had it for asking it of the lord chamberlain, for it is certain he did apply to the queen by memorial, and was displeased with Bolingbroke for not obtaining it for him. See his Works, vol. XVI. p. 151, 153, 156, 179, and compare them with the above passage.

¶ Swift's Works, vol. XII. p. 318.

** Swift's Works, vol. XIX. p. 74.

†† June 8, 1714. Works, vol. XIX. p. 336.

‡‡ See Pope's Letter, 18th June, 1714, Swift's Works, vol. XVI. p. 121, and that of Thomas Harley, 19th June, 1714. Ibid. p. 123.

high church,*—and his friends conjured him in numerous letters, to return and reassume the task of a peace-maker. This he positively declined, but he seems to have meditated the extraordinary plan of an appeal to the public, at least to the Tory part at large, against those errors on which the administration seemed splitting asunder.

With this view he composed the "Free Thoughts on the State of Public Affairs," in which it is remarkable, that, although he loved Oxford far better than Bolingbroke, and indeed better than any other man who lived, yet almost the whole censure expressed in the piece falls to the share of that statesman. His affectation of mystery, his want of confidence in his colleagues, his temporizing with the opposite party, and maintaining many of the Whigs in office, are noticed at length, and with some severity. The infatuation of the internal dissension of the ministers, compared to a ship's crew quarrelling in a storm, or when within gun-shot of the enemy, is the only particular in which Bolingbroke shares the blame with Oxford. The measures recommended as a remedy for the imminent danger, are such as suited the headlong audacity of the former, rather than the slow and balancing policy of Harley. These are, *1st*, to achieve a complete predominance of the Tory party, by an absolute exclusion of the dissenters, termed the open enemies of the church of England, from every degree of power, civil or military; a disqualification to be extended likewise to all Whigs and low-church men, affirmed to be her secret adversaries, unless promotion be earned by a sincere reformation. This great work was to be accompanied by a new modelling of the army, especially of the royal guards, which are pronounced fitter, in their existing state, to guard a prince to the bar of a high-court of justice, than to secure him on the throne. *2dly*, After a thorough, and doubtless a sincere disavowal of the exiled branch of the house of Stuart, it is strongly recommended that all secret intercourse between any party in England and the court of Hanover be broken off; that the visits of the presumptive heir, and his claims to be called to Parliament, be no longer pressed upon the queen without her permission; and that the electoral prince should be required to declare his utter dislike of factious persons and principles, more especially of the party who affected to be peculiarly zealous for his rights, and to avow himself entirely satisfied with her majesty's proceedings at home and abroad. This was bold, daring, uncompromising counsel, better suited to the genius of him who gave it than to that of the British nation, and most likely, if followed, might have led to civil war. The treatise was, however, sent by Swift to his friend Charles Ford, and, with great precaution, through a circuitous channel, and, under a feigned name, transmitted by him to Barber the printer. Barber, being patronized by Bolingbroke, showed the manuscript, upon his own authority, to that statesman, who lost no time in making such additions and alterations, as were calculated to render it still more unfavourable to Oxford, and more suitable to his own political intrigues. On learning that such alterations were made, Swift, whose intention it had ever been to preserve the most perfect neutrality betwixt his great friends, and, if possible, to reunite them, but by no means to assist the one to the prejudice of the other, commissioned Ford to demand back the manuscript. It was recovered from the secretary of state and the typographer, after some hesitation, delay, and difficulty. And thus, the publication of this tract, which undoubtedly might have produced a great, though perhaps a dangerous effect, at that critical period, was laid entirely aside. He seems to have meditated another political pamphlet at the same time, apparently the memoirs relating to the change of ministry in 1710. But it must have been in some what a different form from that in which it was finally published.†

Meantime every post brought Swift from various quarters, and with varying comments, accounts of the successful intrigues of Bolingbroke. It is curious to compare the differing lights in which this same facts are placed by his correspondents, as affected by their own feelings or interest. Lewis adheres to the falling fortunes of Oxford,—Ford seems half disposed to worship the apparently rising star of Bolingbroke,—Arbuthnot, like Swift, blames both, and laments the consequences of their division. Bolingbroke himself omitted no means of conciliating Swift to the revolution which he was about to accomplish in the cabinet. He wrote to the Dean in the kindest terms of friendship; and when Arbuthnot reminded him of the memorial for the post of historiographer, he exclaimed, that to have suffered Swift, who had deserved so well of them, to have the least uneasy thought about such matters, would be among the eternal scandals of their government.‡ His good intentions, however, were in that case frustrated, as the lord chamberlain had, three weeks before, bestowed the office upon another.§ But, to manifest his own zeal for Swift's interest, Bolingbroke caused an order on the treasury to be signed by the queen for the thousand pounds which Swift had in vain solicited from Oxford, and this he did during his short ministry of three days. The warrant, indeed, was rendered nugatory by the queen's death, but the good will of St. John was equally manifested. At the same time Lady Masham, by whose secret influence Oxford had been displaced, wrote to conjure Swift, by his charity and compassion for the queen, not to desert her cause at this crisis, but to stay, and be assured his advice would not be thrown away on thankless and indifferent ears.‖ Barber also was commissioned by Bolingbroke to inform Swift he would reconcile him with the Duchess of Somerset, place him on a right footing with the queen, and, what perhaps might have been an equal temptation, that it was intended to comply with his advice by making a complete sweep of those Whigs who had been left in office. These flattering proposals seemed to be attended with instant benefit, and to open a prospect full upon the path of honour, ambition, and preferment. But almost the same post brought an affecting letter from Lord Oxford, the disgraced minister, now going alone to his country-seat in Herefordshire, and requesting Swift, if he had not tired him in their *tete-a-tete* parties, to throw away so

* One of these, which exhibits a good deal of humour, was called, "A Hue and Cry after Dean Swift, containing a copy of his Diary," &c. It is reprinted in his Works, vol. XVI. p. 200. It will surprise the reader, in perusing this, how closely the libeller has touched many of Swift's real habits; and the circumstance serves to show, more plainly than a thousand general allegations, that even the most private particulars concerning him, had been for some years the object of public attention. His minute register of petty expenses, and the little shifts he adopted to diminish them, are mimicked very much in the style of his own Journal, and two or three circumstances in the Diary happened to coincide whimsically enough with the actual fact. *1st*, He left Ford to settle for his handkerchiefs: Compare the Diary, Ibid. vol. XVI. p. 204, Saturday, with p. 157 of the same volume. *2dly*, If he did not borrow money of his bookseller, as in the Diary, (*ibidem*,) he seems to have made such an arrangement with Barber, his printer, who tells him all his bills shall be answered, p. 132. And though he did not then take exclusively to reading the civil wars of England, (*ibidem*,) yet, after the decline of his faculties, it was the only work he perused, and he read it thrice over. In two particulars the Diary misrepresents his habits. Swift never appears to have smoked tobacco, and certainly never used wine, nor any liquor, to excess.

The following notice of Swift occurs in a poem on the late Examiner, which appeared about this time.

ON THE LATE EXAMINER.

"O Jonathan! of merry fame,
As Swift in fancy as in name,
Here lie, as thou hast often done,
Thy holy mothers pious son;
Deprived of paper, pen, and ink,
And, what is worse, deprived of drink;
For lo! thy idol Ox, thy Staff and Rod,
As thou would'st say, are dropp'd by God," &c.

Political Merriments, 1714.

† On the 14th August, 1714, Ford writes, "I suppose Barber has given you an account of Lord Bolingbroke's pamphlet, (*i. e.* the Free Thoughts, of which Bolingbroke had detained the manuscript.) I long for the other." Swift's Works, vol. XVI. p. 199; and p. 216, 14th Sept., Swift writes to Bolingbroke, "The ——— take this country; it has in three weeks spoiled two as good sixpenny pamphlets as ever a proclamation was issued out against."

‡ Letter from Arbuthnot, Swift's Works, vol. XVI. p. 151.

§ Mr. Maddox. See Ford's Letter, ibidem, p. 156.

‖ Swift's Works, vol. XVI. p. 168.

much time on one who loved him, as to attend him upon the melancholy journey. To Swift's immortal honour, he paused not a moment, but wrote to solicit a renewal of his license for absence, then on the point of expiring, not that he might share the triumph and prospects to which he was invited by the royal favourite and the new prime-minister, but in order to accompany his beloved friend and patron to neglect and seclusion.* "I meddle not with his faults, as he was a minister of state," are his manly expressions; "but you know his personal kindness to me, was excessive; he distinguished and chose me above all men when he was great; and his letter to me the other day was the most moving imaginable."† It lessens not the merit of this sacrifice, that, within three days, fate closed the prospects of the Tory party by the death of Queen Anne, when the accession of George I. confounded the triumphant Bolingbroke and the disgraced Oxford in common peril and proscription.

Swift, under a shock sudden and overwhelming to his party in general, and deeply fraught with personal hatred to so active a partisan as himself, lost neither presence of mind, courage, nor perseverance. He gave the bold opinion, that it was yet possible to rally the Tories, providing common misfortune could unite those whom success had separated. He exhorted Bolingbroke to place himself at the head of the high-church party; and, like a veteran who assumes his arms to succour in peril the standard from which he had retired while it was victorious, he offered his own services in the field of political contest in the beginning of winter.‡ It was on this occasion that Arbuthnot used the memorable expression,—"Dean Swift keeps up his noble spirit, and, though like a man knocked down, you may behold him still with a stern countenance, and aiming a blow at his adversaries."§ But the spirit of the Tories was totally broken, as is well described in a desponding letter of Lewis.¶ And on the subject of reconciliation, Bolingbroke avowed such an inveteracy of hatred against Oxford, that he would rather have laid down his own life, than made common cause with him in defending that of both. His flight, and that of Ormond, with the imprisonment of Oxford, Wyndham, Prior, and others, completed the discomfiture and dispersion of Queen Anne's last ministry. These events took place when Swift himself, under the frown of power, had sought refuge in Ireland from the evils and dangers which impended over all the late ministers and their adherents.

It was now he experienced that height of unpopularity which the narrative of Lord Orrery has somewhat anticipated. The Irish Protestants, remembering the civil wars of 1689 and 1690, looked with utter abhorrence on all who were suspected of being favourable to the interest of the house of Stuart. This was the charge brought against Queen Anne's late ministry by their successors; it was countenanced by a remarkable passage in the declaration of the Chevalier de St. George, expressing the good intentions of his sister in his favour, when prevented by death; and, if limited to Bolingbroke's intrigues, that statesman's subsequent conduct, as well as Ormond's, gave it great probability. But the spirit of party made no distinction. All who had favoured the high-church interest were involved in a sweeping charge of Jacobitism, of which calumny Swift had his share. Libels on libels were showered against him; the rabble insulted him as he walked the street; and even young men of rank forgot his station and their own so far as to set the same example of wanton brutality. Nor was this the worst evil of his situation.¶ His former friends, including many who owed him civility and gratitude, paid court to the opposite party, by treating him with rudeness and insult.** He was obliged to secure his papers against the researches of government;†† and it would seem that a packet, addressed to him from the Duke of Ormond's chaplain, was seized by a messenger. The slight authority upon which it is affirmed that Dean Swift actually absconded, lest he should be made answerable for the treasonable contents, may justly be neglected, since no steps were taken against a man so obnoxious to government, who would scarcely have been overlooked, had there occurred any grounds on which he could be made personally responsible.‡‡ That he was considered, however, as a person disaffected, and liable to accusation, is evident from an expression of his old correspondent, Archbishop King, who seems to have yielded to no one in the art of conveying a sarcasm under the mask of a friendly wish or amicable caution. "We have a strong report

* A letter to a friend in Dublin, now published for the first time, in the edition of Swift's Works to which these Memoirs are prefixed (Vol. XIX. p. 272,) shows that this proposal was not made in ceremony, but that Swift actually applied for license of absence to attend his patron. The direction is lost, but it was probably addressed to Archdeacon Walls, as in another letter to him, (Ibid. vol. XVI. p. 190,) he mentions having corresponded with him on the subject.

† Letter to Miss Vanhomrigh. Swift's Works, vol. XIX. p. 340.

‡ Swift's Works, vol. XVI. p. 189.

§ Swift's Works, vol. XVI. p. 214.

¶ Swift's Works, vol. XVI. p. 191.

¶ Such disgraceful occurrences occasioned the following petition to the House of Lords, on the wanton aggression of one of their members:

"The humble PETITION of JONATHAN SWIFT, D. D. and Dean of the Cathedral of St. Patrick's, Dublin,

"Most humbly sheweth,

"THAT your petitioner is advised by his physicians, on account of his health, to go often on horseback; and there being no place in winter so convenient for riding as the strand toward Howth, your petitioner takes all opportunities that his business or the weather will permit, to take that road: That in the last session of Parliament, in the midst of winter, as your petitioner was returning from Howth with his two servants, one before and the other behind him, he was pursued by two gentlemen in a chaise, drawn by two high-mettled horses, in so violent a manner, that his servant, who rode behind him, was forced to give way, with the utmost peril of his life; whereupon your petitioner made what speed he could, riding to the right and left above fifty yards to the full extent of the said road; but the two gentlemen driving a light chaise, drawn by fleet horses, and intent upon mischief, turned faster than your petitioner, endeavouring to overthrow him: That by great accident your petitioner got safe to the side of a ditch, where the chaise could not safely pursue; and the two gentlemen stopping their career, your petitioner mildly expostulated with them; whereupon one of the gentlemen said, damn you, is not the road as free for us as for you? and calling to his servant who rode behind him, said, Tom, (or some such name,) is the pistol loaden with ball? To which the servant answered, Yes, my lord, and gave him the pistol. Your petitioner often said to the gentleman, Pray, sir, do not shoot, for my horse is apt to start, by which my life may be endangered. The chaise went forward, and your petitioner took the opportunity to stay behind. Your petitioner is informed, that the person who spoke the words above-mentioned, is of your lordship's house, under the style and title of Lord Blaney; whom your petitioner remembers to have introduced to Mr. Secretary Addison, in the Earl of Wharton's government, and to have done him other good offices at that time, because he was represented as a young man of some hopes, and a broken fortune: That the said Lord Blaney, as your petitioner is informed, is now in Dublin, and sometimes attends your lordship's house. And your petitioner's health still requiring that he should ride, and being confined in winter to go on the same strand, he is forced to inquire from every one he meets, whether the said lord be on the same strand; and to order his servants to carry arms to defend him against the like, or a worse insult, from the said lord, for the consequences of which your petitioner cannot answer.

"Your petitioner is informed by his learned counsel, that there is no law now in being, which can justify the said lord, under colour of his peerage, to assault any of his majesty's subjects on the king's highway, and put them in fear of their lives, without provocation, which he humbly conceives, that by only happening to ride before the said lord, he could not possibly give.

"Your petitioner, therefore, doth humbly implore your lordships, in your great prudence and justice, to provide that he may be permitted to ride with safety on the said strand, or any other of the king's highways, for the recovery of his health, so long as he shall demean himself in a peaceable manner, without being put into continual fears of his life, by the force and arms of the said Lord Blaney."

** Among these, Sir Thomas Southwell, one of the commissioners of the revenue, often mentioned as a friend in Swift's Letters and Journal, distinguished himself by answering Swift, when he had addressed him on some ordinary occasion of business, "I'll hold you a groat, Mr. Dean, I do not know you." Afterwards, when created Lord Southwell, he expressed regret for his conduct during the heat of party, and attempted to regain Swift's acquaintance, by saluting him with great politeness. But the Dean retorted his rudeness, prefaced by his own cant phrase, "I'll hold you a groat, my lord, I do not know you."

†† See his Works, vol. XVI. p. 224.

‡‡ The authority for the whole story is but slender. Tindal, in his Continuation of Rapin, copies, without quoting, the words of Oldmixon, and Oldmixon refers to the Annals of Boyer. "Posterity," says Oldmixon, "will be in amazement to find not one of these libellers made an example." And undoubtedly, posterity has been induced, from that very circumstance, greatly to doubt the grounds on which the historian has accused them.

that my Lord Bolingbroke will return here and be pardoned: certainly it must not be for nothing. I hope he can tell no ill story of you."* This unfriendly hint the Dean repels with the most indignant spirit. "I should be sorry," he commences, "to see my Lord Bolingbroke following the trade of an informer, because he is a person for whom I have always had, and still continue, a very great love and esteem. And as to myself, if I were of any importance, I should be very easy under such an accusation, much easier than I am to think your grace imagines me in any danger. I am surprised your grace could think, or act, or correspond with me for some years past, while you must needs believe me a most false and vile man, declaring to you, on all occasions, my abhorrence of the Pretender, and yet privately engaged with a ministry to bring him in. I always professed to be against the Pretender, and am so still. And this is not to make my court, which I know is vain, for I own myself full of doubts, fears, and dissatisfactions, which I think on as seldom as I can: Yet, if I were of any value, the public may safely rely on my loyalty, because I look upon the coming of the Pretender as a greater evil than any we are likely to suffer, under the worst Whig ministry that can be found."†

It would be in vain to waste more words on this accusation, excepting that no one had more reason to dread the accession of a Catholic prince than the determined champion of the church of England; nor could a counter-revolution, which must have been achieved by foreign aid, and supported by arbitrary and military authority, have been so odious to any one as to the resolved and undaunted defender of the liberties of Ireland. His manuscript notes upon Addison's Freeholder, a paper designed to support the government during the insurrection of 1715, indicate, indeed, compassion for the insurgents, and no great respect for the reigning family, but intimate no approbation of the Jacobite principles, nor any wish for a restoration of the Stuart line. It is true, that, to be even the apologist of these unfortunate persons, might, in the rigorous judgment of more zealous partisans, misbecome one who professed himself a Whig, though without modern refinements. If this be judged an inconsistency, it must be considered as one of those which frequently occur from the accidental collision of human passions with political principle. But, excepting in these momentary flashes of satire, if we examine the whole tenour of Swift's life, writings, and opinions, there cannot be an action, or line, or sentiment, derived from his history, writings, or letters, to countenance the charge of Jacobitism with which he was at this period of his life so generally slandered.

The imputation of disaffection has often the same effect with the reality, especially in a provincial capital, where the retainers of party endeavour to supply their deficiency in real importance, by zeal, clamour, and intolerance. Swift seems, therefore, for some time, to have been secluded from the society of the great, powerful, and distinguished; and the companion of Oxford and Bolingbroke, of Prior, Pope, Gay, had to select his society from the men of kindred taste in his own order, with a few of more elevated rank, who either had the sense and spirit to "forsake politics for wit," or were not disinclined to high-church politics. Delany has enumerated several of these in a passage, where he repels with equal success and indignation, the assertion of Orrery, that Swift delighted in company of low rank, and parasitical manners. He mentions, that Swift's principal companions, the Grattans, seven brethren of high honour, in their various walks of life,‡ as generally acquainted, and as much beloved as any family in England, their ally, the Rev. Mr. Jackson, George Rochfort, and Peter Ludlow, both gentlemen of accomplishments, and, what Lord Orrery might think more material, of good birth, and easy fortune. He also enumerates Dr. Walmsley, Dr. Helsham, Dr. Sheridan, Mr. Stopford, afterwards Bishop of Cloyne, and himself; and what he says of Rochfort and Ludlow, may apply to most of Swift's society. "Greater companions he might have conversed with, but better he neither did, nor could."‖

Amusing his leisure in this society, Swift had yet too much time remaining to reflect on his own disappointments, and the calamity of those who had lately been engaged with him on the public stage. Like a seaman wrecked upon a solitary island, we find him constantly lamenting the misfortunes and danger of the associates from whom he was divided,—longing for their society,—undervaluing, in his grief for their separation, the safety and the solitude which had fallen to his own lot. His thoughts were ever turning to "his friends in exile, or the Tower;" nor did he omit all that was in his power to manifest his sympathy with their distress, at every risk to his own person and fortune. He corresponded with Lord Bolingbroke, even while in banishment, through bad report, and good report. He offered consolation to Lady Masham, and to the yet more unfortunate Duchess of Ormond. But to Oxford, his patron and his friend, then imprisoned in the Tower, and threatened with impeachment for high treason, Swift manifested that affection which only generous and noble minds can feel, and which glows highest when it most compromises the safety of him by whom it is displayed. He claimed it as his right to offer his service and attendance during his friend's imprisonment—he entreated it as a boon: "It is the first time," are his striking words, "I ever solicited you in my own behalf, and if I am refused, it will be the first request you ever refused me."§ Oxford seems to have declined an offer, which, without being useful to him, could only have involved a noble and disinterested friend in suspicion and danger. But the generosity and self-devotion by which it was dictated, should be equally remembered in Swift's favour, and silence for ever the obscure and unproved calumnies, which are inconsistent with the very nature of such a mind. He writes to Pope in this melancholy strain, "You know how well I loved both Lord Oxford and Lord Bolingbroke, and how dear the Duke of Ormond is to me: Do you imagine I can be easy while their enemies are endeavouring to take off their heads? *I nunc, et versus tecum meditare canoros.*"—And after an account of his living in the most secluded manner with a few servants, in the corner of a vast unfurnished house, he describes his amusements to be the task of defending his small dominions against the archbishop, and endeavouring to reduce his rebellious choir. *Perditur*, is the melancholy summing up, *perditur ductor hæc misero lux.*

If it be possible that any one should peruse these pages, to whom the wayward history of Swift's domestic misfortunes are altogether unknown, such a reader may be surprised, that, endowed with a competence which his economy was speedily increasing into opulence, he had not now at length relieved the tedium of celibacy, and diverted his painful reflections upon public affairs, and the fate of his friends, by seeking domestic comfort and society in a union with Stella, who had forsaken England on his account, and towards whom so much affection is expressed in the earlier part of his Journal. But the fate of a third person was now entwined with theirs, and the misfortunes which followed must be the subject of an uninterrupted narrative.

* Swift's Works, vol. XVI. p. 268.

† Swift's Works, vol. XVI. p. 269.

‡ The eldest lived on his paternal fortune. One was a physician, one a merchant, and afterwards lord-mayor of Dublin; one was head master of a free school, with a large appointment, and the remaining three were clergymen. "Do you not know the Grattans?" said Swift to Lord Cartaret, when he came over as lord-lieutenant; "then pray obtain their acquaintance. The Grattans, my lord, can raise ten thousand men." This was one of the instances in which Swift showed his desire of enhancing the importance of his friends. He alluded to the great popularity of the family, and Cartaret seems to have found his report just, since Dr. Grattan was named physician to the lord-lieutenant and his family. He wrote to the Duke of Dorset concerning the Grattans, making use of the same phrase. See his Works, vol. XVIII. p. 492.

‖ Delany's Observations, p. 86.

§ Swift's Works, vol. XVI. p. 282.

SECTION V.

Swift's first Acquaintance with Miss Vanhomrigh—She follows him to Ireland—Swift's Marriage with Stella—Death of Miss Vanhomrigh—Poem of Cadenus and Vanessa—Swift's Studies during his retirement from 1714 to 1720—His system of Life and Amusements—Engages in Irish Politics—His Proposal for Encouragement of Irish Manufactures—and other Tracts—Drapier's Letters—Swift's subsequent popularity.

At the period of Swift's residence in England, he was possessed, in an eminent degree, of many of the qualities which are the surest passports to female favour. He was not only a man of the highest talents, but he enjoyed, in full extent, all the public notice and distinction which the reputation of such talents can confer. He moved in the highest circles, was concerned in the most important business of the time, and had all the advantage of a name blown wide abroad in the world. In private society, the varied richness of his conversation, the extent of his knowledge, his unequalled powers of wit and humour, even the somewhat cynical eccentricities of his temper, joined to form a character equally interesting from its merit and originality. His manners, in these his better days, were but slightly tinged with the peculiarities which afterwards marked them more unpleasantly, and his ease and address were such as became the companion of statesmen and courtiers:

"He moved, and bow'd, and talked with too much grace,
Nor show'd the passion in his gait or face."

Thus accomplished, Swift was readily admitted to the intimate society of many of the most beautiful and accomplished women of the age. His correspondence with the unfortunate Mrs. Long, shows how well he knew to support the character of a favourite of the fair. The friendship of Lady Betty Germain, of Mrs. Barton, of the Countess of Winchelsea, the Duchess of Ormond, Lady Masham, and many other ladies eminent for beauty or accomplishments, rank or fashion, evinces how high he stood in the estimation of those by whom it is almost every man's ambition to be distinguished. But these enviable talents of pleasing became, through an unfortunate contingence, the means of embittering, if not of abridging, the life of the possessor.

Amongst the families in London where Swift was chiefly domesticated, was that of Mrs. Vanhomrigh, a widow lady of fortune and respectability, who had two sons and two daughters.* The eldest daughter was Esther Vanhomrigh, better known by the poetical appellation of Vanessa. On her personal charms we are left in some uncertainty, since Cadenus has said little upon that topic, and, by other authorities, they have been rather depreciated.† But, when Swift became intimate in the family, she was not yet twenty years old, lively and graceful, yet with a greater inclination for reading and mental cultivation than is usually combined with a gay temper. This last attribute had fatal attractions for Swift, who, in intercourse with his female friends, had a marked pleasure in directing their studies, and acting as their literary Mentor; a dangerous character for him who assumes it, when genius, docility, and gratitude, are combined in a young and interesting pupil. From several passages in the Journal, Swift's constant and intimate familiarity in the Vanhomrigh family is manifest; and it is plain also, he soon felt that his acquaintance with Miss Esther was such as must necessarily give pain to Stella. While Vanessa was occupying much of his time, and much doubtless of his thoughts, she is never once mentioned in the Journal directly by name, and is only twice casually indicated by the title of Vanhomrigh's eldest daughter. There was, therefore, a consciousness on Swift's part, that his attachment to his younger pupil was of a nature which could not be gratifying to her predecessor, although he probably shut his own eyes to the consequences of an intimacy which he wished to conceal from those of Stella. Miss Vanhomrigh, in the meanwhile, sensible of the pleasure which Swift received from her society, and of the advantages of youth and fortune which she possessed, and ignorant of the peculiar circumstances in which he stood with respect to another, naturally, and surely without offence either to reason or virtue, gave way to the hope of forming a union with a man, whose talents had first attracted her admiration, and whose attentions, in the course of their mutual studies, had, by degrees, gained her affections, and seemed to warrant his own. It is easy for those who look back on this melancholy story, to blame the assiduity of Swift, or the imprudence of Vanessa. But the first deviation from the straight line of moral rectitude is, in such a case, so very gradual, and, on the female side, the shades of colour which part esteem from affection, and affection from passion, are so imperceptibly heightened, that they who fail to stop at the exact point where wisdom bids, have much indulgence to claim from all who share with them the frailties of mortality. The imprudent friends continued to use the language of friendship, but with the assiduity and earnestness of a warmer passion, until Vanessa rent asunder the veil, by intimating to Swift the state of her affections; and in this, as she conceived, she was justified by his own favourite, though dangerous maxim, of doing that which seems in itself right, without respect to the common opinion of the world. We cannot doubt that he actually felt the "shame, disappointment, guilt, surprise," expressed in his celebrated poem, though he had not courage to take the open and manly course, of avowing those engagements with Stella, or other impediments, which prevented him from accepting the hand and fortune of her rival. Perhaps he was conscious that such an explanation had been too long delayed, to be now stated without affording grounds for the heavy charge of having flattered Miss Vanhomrigh into hopes, which, from the nature of his own situation, could never be gratified. This remorseful consciousness, too, he might feel when looking back on his conduct, though until then he had blindly consulted his own gratification in seeking the pleasure of Vanessa's society, without being aware of the difficulties in which they were both becoming gradually entangled. Without, therefore, making this painful but just confession, he answered the avowal of Vanessa's passion, at first in raillery, and afterwards by an offer of devoted and everlasting friendship, founded on the basis of virtuous esteem. Vanessa seems neither to have been contented nor silenced by the result of her declaration, but, to the very close of her life, persisted in endeavouring, by entreaties and arguments, to extort a more lively return to her passion, than this cold proffer was calculated to afford. It is difficult to ascertain when this eclaircissement took place, but it seems to have preceded Swift's departure for Ireland to take possession of his deanery, though it must certainly have been made after obtaining that preferment.‡ The effect of his increasing intimacy with the fascinating Vanessa, may be plainly traced in the Journal to Stella, which, in the course of its progress, becomes more and more cold and indifferent,—breathes fewer of those aspirations after the quiet felicity of a life devoted to M. D. and the willows at Laracor, uses less frequently the affectionate jargon, called the "little language," in which his fondness at first displays itself,—and, in short, exhibits all the symptoms of waning affection. Stella was neither blind to the altered style of his correspondence, nor deaf to the rumours which were wafted to Ireland. Her letters are not preserved, but, from several passages of the Jour-

* She was the daughter of Mr. Stone, the commissioner, and widow of Bartholomew Vanhomrigh, a Dutch merchant, who had been commissary of stores for King William, during the Irish civil wars, and afterwards master-master-general, and commissioner of the revenue. Notwithstanding his having enjoyed a large income, and purchased forfeited estates to the value of 12,000*l.* in Ireland, he did not leave above 16,000*l.* to be divided amongst his children at his death. His widow and family settled in London about 1709, and had a house in Bury-street, St. James'. Their vicinity to Swift's lodgings, and connection with Ireland, probably first led to the intimacy which afterwards proved so fatal.

† Lord Orrery says Vanessa was not handsome: but it is certain he spoke only of her by report. Mr. Berwick has a picture of one of the Miss Vanhomrighs, but whether of Vanessa or her sister is, I believe, doubted.

‡ The name Cadenus is an anagram of Decanus.

nal, it appears, that they intimated displeasure and jealousy, which Swift endeavours to appease. But there are two passages, in particular, worthy of notice, as illustrative of the history of Stella and Vanessa. The first occurs when Swift obtains the Deanery of St. Patrick's. "If it be worth 400*l.* a year," he says, "overplus shall be divided . . . . besides usual . . ."* an imperfect phrase, which, however, implies, that his relation with Stella was to continue on its former footing, and that she was only to share the advantage of his promotion, by an increase of her separate income. This hint was probably designed to bar any expectations of a proposal of marriage. Another ominous sentence in the Journal is the following intimation: "His (Mr. Vanhomrigh's) eldest daughter is come of age, and going to Ireland to look after her fortune, and get it into her own hands."† This plan, which Miss Vanhomrigh afterwards accomplished, boded no good to the unfortunate Stella.

Upon Swift's return to Ireland, we may guess at the disturbed state of his feelings, wounded at once by ungratified ambition, and harrassed by his affection being divided between two objects, each worthy of his attachment, and each having great claims upon him, while neither was likely to remain contented with the limited return of friendship in exchange for love, and that friendship, too, divided with a rival. The claims of Stella were preferable in point of date, and, to a man of honour and good faith, in every respect irresistible. She had resigned her country, her friends, and even hazarded her character, in hopes of one day being united to Swift. But, if Stella had made the greater sacrifice, Vanessa was the more important victim. She had youth, fortune, fashion; all the acquired accomplishments and information in which Stella was deficient; possessed at least as much wit, and certainly higher powers of imagination. She had, besides, enjoyed the advantage of having in a manner compelled Swift to hear and reply to the language of passion. There was, in her case, no Mrs. Dingley, no convenient third party, whose presence in society and community, in correspondence, necessarily imposed upon both a restraint, convenient perhaps to Swift, but highly unfavourable to Stella. Vanessa could address Swift directly in her own name, and, as he was obliged to reply in the same manner, there is something in the eloquence of affection that must always extort a corresponding answer. There is little doubt, therefore, that Swift, at this time, gave Vanessa a preference in his affection, although, for a reason hereafter to be hinted, it is probable, that the death or removal of one of those far-famed rivals would not have accelerated his union with the other. At least we are certain that, could the rivals have laid jealousy and desire to sleep, the lover's choice would have been to have bounded his connection with both within the limits of Platonic affection. That he had no intention to marry Vanessa, is evident from passages in his letters, which are inconsistent with such an arrangement, as, on the other hand, their whole tenour excludes that of a guilty intimacy. Before leaving England, he acquainted her with his determination to forget everything there, and to write as seldom as he could; and in the same letter he expresses his doubts of ever visiting England again,—doubts which implied a gross insult, had he at any time held out a prospect of their union, but something still more villanous, if we suppose the parties to have passed the limits of innocence.‡ On the other hand, his conduct, with respect to Stella, was equally dubious. So soon as he was settled in the deanery-house, his first care was to secure lodgings for Mrs. Dingley and Stella, upon Ormond's Quay, on the other side of the Liffy; and to resume, with the same guarded caution, the intercourse which had formerly existed between them. But circumstances soon compelled him to give that connection a more definite character.

Mrs. Vanhomrigh was now dead. Her two sons survived her but a short time, and the circumstances of the young ladies were so far embarrassed, by inconsiderate expenses, as gave them a handsome excuse for retiring to Ireland, where their father had left a small property near Celbridge. The arrival of Vanessa in Dublin excited the apprehensions of Swift, and the jealousy of Stella. However imprudently the Dean might have indulged himself and the unfortunate young lady, by frequenting her society too frequently during his residence in England, there is no doubt that he was alive to all the hazards that might accrue to the reputation and peace of both, by continuing the same intimacy in Dublin. But the means of avoiding it were no longer in his power, although his reiterated remonstrances assumed even the character of unkindness.‖ She importuned him with complaints of neglect and cruelty, and it was obvious that any decisive measure to break their correspondence would be attended with some such tragic consequence, as, though late, at length concluded their story. Thus engaged in a labyrinth, where perseverance was wrong, and retreat seemed almost impossible, Swift resolved to temporize, in hopes, probably, that time, accident, or the mutability incident to violent affections, might extricate himself and Vanessa from the snare in which his own culpable imprudence had involved them. Meanwhile, he continued to bestow on her those marks of regard which it was impossible to refuse to her feelings towards him, even if they had not been reciprocal. But the conduct which he adopted as kindest to Miss Vanhomrigh, was likely to prove fatal to Stella. His fears and affections were next awakened for that early favourite, whose suppressed grief and jealousy, acting upon a frame naturally delicate, menaced her health in an alarming manner. The feelings with which Swift beheld the wreck which his conduct had occasioned, will not bear description. Mrs. Johnson had forsaken her country, and clouded even her reputation, to become the sharer of his fortunes, when at their lowest; and the implied ties by which he was bound to make her compensation, were as strong as the most solemn promise, if indeed even promises of future marriage had not been actually exchanged between them. He employed Dr. St. George Ashe, Bishop of Clogher, his tutor and early friend, to request the cause of her melancholy, and he received the answer which his conscience must have anticipated—it was her sensibility to his recent indifference, and to the discredit which her own character had sustained from the long subsistence of the dubious and mysterious connection between them. To convince her of the constancy of his affection, and to remove her beyond the reach of calumny there was but one remedy. To this communication Swift replied, that he had formed two resolutions concerning matrimony:—one, that he would not marry till possessed of a competent fortune; the other, that the event should take place at a time of life which gave him a reasonable prospect to see his children settled in the world. The independence proposed, he said, he had not yet achieved; being still embarrassed by debt; and, on the other

* Swift's Works, vol. III. p. 158.

† Journal, 15th August, 1711, Ibid. vol. II. p. 331.

‡ Swift's Works, vol. XIX. p. 234.

‖ The effect which such severity produced upon a character of Miss Vanhomrigh's ardent cast, will be best illustrated from her own words, in a letter to Swift, dated 1714. "You bid me be easy, and you would see me as often as you could. You had better have said, as often as you could get the better of your inclination so much; or as often as you remember there was such a one in the world. If you continue to treat me as you do, you will not be made uneasy by me long. It is impossible to describe what I have suffered since I saw you last. I am sure I could have borne the rack much better than those killing, killing words of yours. Sometimes I have resolved to die without seeing you more; but those resolves, to your misfortune, did not last long. For there is something in human nature, that prompts one so to find relief in this world, I must give way to it: and beg you would see me, and speak kindly to me; for I am sure you'd not condemn any one to suffer what I have done, could you but know it. The reason I write to you, is because I cannot tell it to you should I see you. For when I begin to complain, then you are angry; and there is something in your looks so awful, that it strikes me dumb. O! that you may have but so much regard for me left, that this complaint may touch your soul with pity! I say as little as ever I can; did you but know what I thought, I am sure it would move you to a tender me, and believe, I cannot help telling you this and live."

head, he was past that term of life after which he had determined never to marry. Yet he was ready to go through the ceremony for the ease of Mrs. Johnson's mind, provided it should remain a strict secret from the public, and that they should continue to live separately, and in the same guarded manner as formerly. To these hard terms Stella subscribed; they relieved her own mind, at least, from all scruples on the impropriety of their connection; and they soothed her jealousy, by rendering it impossible that Swift should ever give his hand to her rival. They were married in the garden of the deanery, by the Bishop of Clogher, in the year 1716.*

Immediately subsequent to the ceremony, Swift's state of mind appears to have been dreadful. Delany, (as I have learned from a friend of his relict,) being pressed to give his opinion on this strange union, said, that about the time it took place, he observed Swift to be extremely gloomy and agitated, so much so, that he went to Archbishop King, to mention his apprehensions. On entering the library, Swift rushed out with a countenance of distraction, and passed him without speaking. He found the Archbishop in tears, and upon asking the reason, he said, "You have just met the most unhappy man on earth; but on the subject of his wretchedness, you must never ask a question."† Swift secluded himself from society for some days. When he reappeared, his intercourse with Stella and Mrs. Dingley was resumed, with the same guarded and cautious attention, to prevent the slightest suspicion of a more intimate union with the former, as if such intimacy had not now been legal and virtuous. Stella, therefore, continued the beloved and intimate friend of Swift; the regulator of his household and table on public days, although she only appeared there as an ordinary guest; the companion of his social hours, and his comforter in sickness;—but his wife only in name, and even that nominal union a secret from the world. Thus situated, Stella continued to experience, in some degree, the inconveniences attached to a situation so doubtful; for though she was known to several ladies, yet their intercourse was rather formal than friendly, and her intimacies lay entirely with Swift's male friends. The obliging friend of Mrs. Delany,‡ whom I have al-

* The Bishop of Clogher, it is said, informed Bishop Berkeley of this secret, and by Berkeley's relict it was communicated to Mr. Monck Berkeley. See the inquiry into the life of Swift, in his Literary Reliques, p. 36. But I must add, that if, as affirmed by Mr. Monck Mason, Berkeley was in Italy from the period of the marriage to the death of the Bishop of Clogher, this communication could not have taken place. Dr. Madden told the same story to Dr. Johnson, upon the authority of Dr. Sheridan, to whom Stella unfolded the secret shortly before her death. And neither Mrs. Whiteway, nor any of Swift's intimate friends, excepting Dr. Lyon, doubted the fact of this unhappy marriage. Mrs. Sican's authority may also be added to the list of witnesses.

Since the first edition of this work appeared, some curious and elaborate notices concerning Swift's life have appeared in the History of the Cathedral of Saint Patrick's, Dublin, by William Monck Mason, Esq., who expresses his total disbelief of the prevailing report of a private marriage between Mrs. Esther Johnson and the Dean, with many strictures on the credulity of those previous biographers of Swift, by whom it had been received as probable. It must be conceded to both parties, in such a controversy, that it respects a doubtful and dark transaction, entered into by two persons, whose exact situation and feelings, with respect to each other, could only be known with precise accuracy to themselves. It was also a transaction in which the Dean is said to have exacted the closest secrecy; and that all which is known with respect to it, has rather transpired by the various channels indicated above, than become the subject of direct and positive evidence. It is therefore not wonderful, that the degree of testimony which establishes in the mind of one person a strong probability, may be of little weight in the opinion of another. Still, however, a report so distinctly traced to Sheridan, Delany, and Mrs. Whiteway, Swift's nearest intimates and friends, will have great weight with persons who consider the question without prepossession. The opinion expressed by Dr. Lyon is, however, certainly entitled to insertion, although the present editor is still of opinion, that it is almost entirely founded upon an argument *ex absurdo*, which might have been very applicable to any other individual, but does not apply to so singular a person as Swift, and whose circumstances had placed in a very uncommon situation with respect to Stella on the one hand, and Vanessa on the other. An argument which sets out by obliging us to believe nothing with respect to Swift irreconcilable with the "common rules" from which he claimed emancipation for "nobler minds," would either prove that Vanessa and Stella had never existed, or that Swift had never placed himself, with respect to those ladies, in the painful predicament which seems to have broken the heart of both, and to have gone far to breaking his own. Mr. Monck Mason's opinion is thus stated.

"Notwithstanding Dr. Delany's sentiments of Swift's marriage, and notwithstanding all that Lord Orrery and others have said about it, there is no authority for it but a hear-say story, and that very ill founded. It is certain that the Dean told one of his friends, whom he advised to marry, that he himself never wished to marry at the time he ought to have entered into that state; for he counted it as the happiest condition, especially towards the decline of life, when a faithful, tender friend, is most wanted. While he was talking to this effect, his friend expressed his wishes to have seen him married: the Dean asked why? 'Because,' replied the other, 'I should have had the pleasure of seeing your offspring; all the world would have been pleased to have seen the issue of such a mother.' The Dean smiled, and denied his being married, in the same manner as before, and said he never saw the woman he intended to be married to. The same gentleman, who was intimate with Mrs. Dingley for ten years before she died, in 1743, took occasion to tell her that such a story was whispered of her friend Mr. Johnson's marriage with the Dean, but she only laughed at it as an idle tale, founded only on suspicion. Again, Mrs. Brent, with whom the Dean's mother used to lodge in Dublin, in the dean's time, and who was his own housekeeper after he settled in Dublin, in 1719, and who, for her many good qualities in that station, was much confided in, never did believe there was a marriage between those persons, notwithstanding all that love and fondness that subsisted between them; she thought it was all Platonic love, and she often told her daughter Ridgeway so, who succeeded her in the same office of housekeeper. She said that Mrs. Johnson never came alone to the deanery, that Mrs. Dingley and she came always together, and that she never slept in the house if the Dean was there, only in time of his sickness, to attend him, and see him well taken care of; and during this course of her generous attendance, Mrs. Dingley and she slept together, and, as soon as he recovered, they returned to their lodgings on Ormond's Quay. These ladies slept, two other times, at the deanery, at an * * * * pleasant house, and near his garden called Elizabeth's vineyard, and that was for those months in 1726 and 1727 which he spent in England. It chanced that she was indisposed at the deanery, and it added much to his affliction that he was not at the deanery, for fear of defamation in case of her dying in his house, whether he was at home or abroad. Had he been married, he could not have lived in a state of separation from her, he loved her so passionately; for he admired her upon every account that can make a woman amiable or valuable as a companion for life. Is it possible to think that an affectionate husband could first have written, and then have used, those several prayers, by a dying wife with whom he never cohabited, and whose mouth must have been filled with reproaches for denying her all conjugal rites for a number of years, nay, from the very period (1716) that is pretended to be the time of the marriage? Would he have suffered his wife to make a will, signed Esther Johnson, and to demise 1500*l.* away from him, of which 1000*l.* is enjoyed by the chaplain of Stevens' hospital for the sick, and accept of a gold watch only, as a testimony of her regard for him?—If he could direct, or rather command her, to leave her fortune as he pleased, it is probable he would have directed the application towards the future support of lunatics, which was the species of charity he thought most worthy the attention of the public. Is it not probable that two gentlemen of honour and fortune, still living, who knew them both intimately, and who were, her executors, would have known of a marriage, if there was one? And yet they always did, and do positively declare, they never had cause to suspect they were married, although they were in company with both one thousand times; they saw proof of the warmest friendship, and any love but connubial love. If she made him a present of a book, you may read in the title-page these words—and so he distinguished every book she gave him:

'Esther Johnson's gift to
Jonathan Swift—1719.'

Would he deny his marriage with a lady of good fortune at that time, when he says 'she had a gracefulness somewhat more than human, in every motion, word, and action?'"

The reader must judge of the force of this reasoning, compared with the circumstances brought together in the text, and form the best opinion which he can upon an event which, take it either way, is enveloped in mystery and inconsistency.

† It is proper to state, that Delany's inference from this circumstance, was a suspicion that Swift, after his union with Stella, had discovered that there was too near a consanguinity between them, to admit of their living together, and that he had then been stating the circumstance to the Archbishop. But it does not appear that the words used by the prelate necessarily indicated a connection of this kind, and there are positive proofs that none such could possibly exist. The connection was supposed to depend upon Sir William Temple, of whom the legend pronounced both Swift and Stella to be illegitimate children. It is needless to dwell upon the improbability that such a relationship should have been a secret to both parties, during their intimacy of so many years, and yet should all at once have become known to them upon their marriage in Ireland, when their parents were dead, and when they were at a distance from all persons who could be supposed the confidants of Sir William Temple's intrigues. It is enough to say, that Swift's parents resided in Ireland from before 1665, until his birth, in 1667, and that Temple was residing, as ambassador in Holland, from April 1666, until January 1668. As for Stella, her mother being introduced into Sir William Temple's family, after her husband's death, by the compassionate friendship of Lady Gifford, there is every reason to suppose, that she was never even seen by Temple, until the future wife of Swift was two or three years old. We must, therefore, seek some other reasons for Swift's distress, and the expressions of King, than the construction assigned to them by Delany.

‡ When I say that the lady from whom I have this information is equally distinguished for high rank, eminent talents, and the soundest judgment, I regret, as much as Mr. Mason can do, that a dislike on her part to any thing approaching to appearance be-

ready mentioned, says, that Stella "went with Mrs. Dingley to Dr. Delany's villa on Wednesdays, when his men-companions dined, before he was married to my friend. She (Mrs. Delany) once saw her by accident, and was struck with the beauty of her countenance, and particularly with her fine dark eyes. She was very pale, and looked pensive, but not melancholy, and had hair black as a raven." This slight sketch of Stella, from the recollection of the venerable Mrs. Delany, will probably interest the reader as much as the Editor.*

If flattery and fame could have made up for domestic happiness, Stella might have been satisfied. Every year, on her birth-day, the Dean addressed her in a copy of verses, in which the most elegant compliments were bestowed with an affectation of bluntness, which seemed only to warrant for their sincerity.† But they contain frequent insinuations of angry passions, and virtues which

"————Suspended wait,
Till time has open'd reason's gate."

Hints which too plainly imply, that their unsatisfactory state of union neither lulled jealousy nor resentment to silence. These complaints of Stella's temper occur most frequently in the poems which precede the death of Vanessa, and the reason is sufficiently apparent. Under the impression of such feelings, she is said to have composed the following lines:‡

ON JEALOUSY.

"O shield me from his rage, celestial Powers!
This tyrant that embitters all my hours.
Ah Love! you've poorly play'd the hero's part;
You conquer'd, but you can't defend my heart.
When first I bent beneath your gentle reign,
I thought this monster banish'd from your train:
But you would raise him to support your throne,
And now he claims your empire as his own;
Or tell me, tyrants, have you both agreed
That where one reigns, the other shall succeed?"

The mind pauses on this mysterious story, with an anxious wish to ascertain its secret causes: and though time and death have destroyed the perfect clew to the labyrinth, a few speculations may be hazarded from the facts, so far as they are ascertained. The reasons alleged by Swift himself for the extraordinary conditions which he attached to his marriage, seem merely ostensible; at least they are such as never influenced any reasonable being in the same situation; for they resolve into a desire to conceal from the world his having had the weakness to break two private resolutions concerning matrimony, of which resolutions the world could know nothing. Terror for the effects the news of his marriage might produce on the irritable feelings of Vanessa, and a consciousness that his long concealment of the circumstances which led to it, placed his conduct towards her in a culpable point of view, must be allowed as one chief motive for the secrecy enjoined upon Stella. This dread would be increased to anguish, if we supposed that he married Mrs. Johnson to satisfy his own honour, and her conscience, while his heart was secretly devoted to her rival. But had such been the only cause of his distress of mind, and of the injunctions of secrecy laid upon Stella, that secrecy would have ceased to be necessary, after Vanessa was no more. A struggle there might have been between his pride and his affection; but it seems reasonable to suppose that the latter would have been victor, where the former had so little to support it. There remains a conjecture which can only be intimated, but which, if correct, will explain much of Swift's peculiar conduct in his intercouse with the female sex. During that period of life when the passions are most violent, Swift boasts of his "cold temper." Since that time, the continual recurrence of a distressing vertigo was gradually undermining his health. It seems, in these circumstances, probable, that the continence which he observed, may have been owing to physical, as well as moral causes. Were such the case, he might seek the society of Vanessa, without the apprehension of exciting passions, to which he was himself insensible; and his separation from Stella, after marriage, might be a matter equally of choice, or of necessity. This much, at least, is certain, that if, according to a saying which Swift highly approved, desire produces love in man, we cannot find any one line in Swift's writings or correspondence, intimating his having felt such a source of passion;‖ nor indeed is there a single anecdote of his life recorded, which indicates his having submitted to what he irreverently terms "that ridiculous passion which has no being but in play-books or romances."§ In his youth he sought female society merely as a relaxation from unpleasant thoughts, and from Stella and Vanessa, he seems at a later period, to have required no other proof of affection than the pleasures of intimate friendship, enlivened by female wit, and softened by female sensibility. The qualities for which he extols both his celebrated favourites are uniformly mental, and not only so, but such as are rather of a masculine character, as courage, frankness, constancy, and sincerity; rather than delicacy, sensibility, and ardour of affection. In short, he praises in his female friends those attributes chiefly which are most frequently met with in the other sex, and appears embarrassed, rather than gratified, by the superior ardour of passion with which his temperate predilection was returned. He has himself characterised his affection for Vanessa as void of passion:

"His conduct might have made him styled
A father, and the nymph his child.
That innocent delight he took
To see the virgin mind her book,
Was but the master's secret joy
In school to hear the finest boy."

And Stella he has thus addressed:

"Thou, Stella, wert no longer young,
When first for thee my harp I strung;
Without one word of Cupid's darts,
Of killing eyes, or bleeding hearts:
With friendship and esteem possest,
I ne'er admitted love a guest."¶

If such was the goal of his expectations and hopes, he may have considered his regard for Vanessa, as no breach of his faith to Stella, until taught by the unrestrained declaration of the former, as well as by their mutual rivalry, that the coldness of his own temper had prevented him from estimating the force of passion in those who became his victims.**

fore the public, prevents me from adding her name.—See *History of Saint Patrick's.*

* The only portrait of Stella known to exist, is in possession of my kind and respected friend, the Rev. Mr. Berwick. Dr. Tuke of St. Stephen's Green has a lock of her hair, on the envelope of which is written, in Dean Swift's hand—"Only a woman's hair." If Stella was dead, as is most probable, when Swift laid apart this memorial, the motto is an additional instance of his striving to veil the most bitter feelings under the guise of cynical indifference.

† Swift's Works, vol. XVI. p. 302. *et seq.*

‡ I say *said* to have composed, because there is room to suppose Stella received assistance, (from Delany probably,) both in theme, and the much more beautiful verses addressed to Swift on his birth-day. Swift's Works, vol. XIV. p. 514.

‖ The sense of decency which uniformly gave way before the slightest temptation to exercise his wit, would scarce have restrained him from expressing voluptuous, as well as disgusting ideas; and that he has no where done so, but uniformly expatiated on those of an opposite tendency, is perhaps the strongest confirmation of the conjecture expressed in the text.

§ Swift's Works, vol. IX. p. 214.

¶ From the following lines a different inference might be drawn. But although signed with the initials of the celebrated Drapier, I do not believe they came from his pen.

INSCRIBED IN STELLA'S PRAYER BOOK.

"When, dearest maid! with heavenly zeal possess'd,
In thy fair hand these pious leaves are press'd;
While thy soft eyes devotion's glances wear;
And thy dear lips repeat the affecting prayer,
Would'st thou Heaven's pity to thy suit incline,
Oh! by its pity learn, and answer mine." M. B.

From the Gentleman's Magazine, vol. VIII. for March, 1738, p. 155.

** It must not be suppressed, that Mr. Monck Berkeley mentions, with some hesitation, a report, which, if true, would totally destroy the hypothesis in the text, although supported by the opinion of Sheridan. Richard Brennan, the servant in whose arms Swift breathed his last, informed Mr. Berkeley, that, when he was at school, there was a boy boarded there, who was commonly reported to be the Dean's son, by Mrs. Johnson. He added, that the boy dined at the Deanery on Sundays, and was permitted to amuse himself in the Deanery yard, and that he died soon after Mrs. Johnson. Inquiry into Swift's life, p. 36. Admitting these

After his marriage with Stella, Swift seems to have redoubled his anxiety to moderate the passion of Vanessa into friendship, or to give it, if possible, a new direction. The secret husband of another, he could not but be conscious how ill it became him to remain the object of such ardent affection. He introduced to her notice Dean Winter, a gentleman of character and fortune, as a candidate for her hand; but she rejected the proposal in the most peremptory manner. She was also unsuccessfully addressed by Dr. Price, afterwards archbishop of Cashell. At length, about the year 1717, she retired from Dublin to her house and property near Celbridge, to nurse her hopeless passion in seclusion from the world. Swift seems to have foreseen and warned her against the consequences of this step. His letters uniformly exhort her to seek general society, to take exercise, and to divert, as much as possible, the current of her thoughts from the unfortunate subject which was preying upon her spirits. He even exhorts her to leave Ireland. But these admonitions are mingled with expressions of tenderness, greatly too warm not to come from the heart, and too strong to be designed merely to soothe the unfortunate recluse. Until the year 1720, he never appears to have visited her at Celbridge; they only met when she was occasionally in Dublin. But in that year, and down to the time of her death, Swift came repeatedly to Celbridge; and, from the information of a most obliging correspondent, I am enabled to give an account of some minute particulars attending them.

Marley Abbey, near Celbridge, where Miss Vanhomrigh resided, is built much in the form of a real cloister, especially in its external appearance. An aged man (upwards of ninety by his own account) showed the grounds to my correspondent. He was the son of Mrs. Vanhomrigh's gardener, and used to work with his father in the garden when a boy. He remembered the unfortunate Vanessa well, and his account of her corresponded with the usual description of her person, especially as to her *en bon point*. He said she went seldom abroad, and saw little company: her constant amusement was reading or walking in the garden. Yet, according to this authority, her society was courted by several families in the neighbourhood, who visited her, notwithstanding her seldom returning that attention; and he added, that her manners interested every one who knew her. But she avoided company, and was always melancholy, save when Dean Swift was there, and then she seemed happy. The garden was to an uncommon degree crowded with laurels. The old man said, that when Miss Vanhomrigh expected the Dean, she always planted, with her own hand, a laurel or two against his arrival. He showed her favourite seat, still called Vanessa's Bower. Three or four trees, and some laurels, indicate the spot. They had formerly, according to the old man's information, been trained into a close arbour. There were two seats and a rude table within the bower, the opening of which commanded a view of the Liffey, which had a romantic effect, and there was a small cascade that murmured at some distance. In this sequestered spot, according to the old gardener's account, the Dean and Vanessa used often to sit, with books and writing materials on the table before them. And the verses composed among such objects, by that unfortunate lady, will perhaps help us to guess at the subject of their classical interviews.

may have been such a boy, and that he met with kindness from the Dean, the inference is only that drawn by a witness from the lowest and most prejudiced of the common people, and is totally opposite to all which is recorded of Swift and Stella, by the numerous intelligent, and doubtless inquisitive persons by whom they was surrounded. In one of the letters to Mr. Tickell, which are now for the first time published, Swift himself bears a curious testimony to the distance which was maintained between him and Stella. It is dated 7th July, 1726, ten years after their marriage: "I wonder how you could expect to see her in a morning, which, of her oldest acquaintance, have not done these dozen years, except once or twice in a journey." Swift's Works, vol. XIX. p. 256. To other improbabilities may be added, that so penurious as Swift should provide no otherwise for his only child than to board him in a school, where so mean a person as Stella's humble was a scholar.

AN ODE TO SPRING.

"HAIL, blushing goddess, beauteous Spring,
Who in thy jocund train dost bring
Loves and Graces, smiling hours,
Balmy breezes, fragrant flowers,
Come, with tints of roseate hue,
Nature's faded charms renew.
"Yet why should I thy presence hail?
To me no more the breathing gale
Comes fraught with sweets, no more the rose
With such transcendent beauty blows,
As when Cadenus blest the scene,
And shared with me those joys serene.
When, unperceived, the lambent fire
Of friendship kindled new desire;
Still listening to his tuneful tongue,
The truths which angels might have sung,
Divine impreat their gentle sway,
And sweetly stole my soul away.
My guide, instructor, lover, friend,
(Dear names!) in one idea blend;
O! still conjoin'd, your incense rise,
And waft sweet odours to the skies."

AN ODE TO WISDOM.

"O PALLAS! I invoke thine aid!
Vouchsafe to hear a wretched maid,
By tender love depreat;
'T is just that thou should'st heal the smart
Inflicted by thy subtle art,
And calm my troubled breast.

No random shot from Cupid's bow,
But by thy guidance, soft and slow,
It sunk within my heart;
Thus, Love being arm'd with Wisdom's force,
In vain I try to stop its course,
In vain repel the dart.

O Goddess! break the fatal league,
Let Love, with Folly and Intrigue,
More fit associates find!
And thou alone, within my breast,
O! deign to soothe my griefs to rest,
And heal my tortured mind."

Vanessa, besides musing over her unhappy attachment, had, during her residence in this solitude, the care of nursing the declining health of her younger sister, who at length died about 1720. This event, as it left her alone in the world, seems to have increased the energy of her fatal passion for Swift, while he, on the contrary, saw room for still greater reserve, when her situation became that of a solitary female, without the society or countenance of a female relation. But Miss Vanhomrigh, irritated at the situation in which she found herself, determined on bringing to a crisis those expectations of a union with the object of her affections, to the hope of which she had clung amid every vicissitude of his conduct towards her. The most probable bar was his undefined connection with Mrs. Johnson, which, as it must have been perfectly known to her, had, doubtless, long excited her secret jealousy: although only a single hint to that purpose is to be found in their correspondence, and that so early as 1713, when she writes to him, then in Ireland, "If you are very happy, it is ill-natured of you not to tell me so, *except 'tis what is inconsistent with mine.*" Her silence and patience under this state of uncertainty, for no less than eight years, must have been partly owing to her awe for Swift, and partly perhaps to the weak state of her rival's health, which, from year to year, seemed to announce speedy dissolution. At length, however, Vanessa's impatience prevailed, and she ventured on the decisive step of writing to Mrs. Johnson herself, requesting to know the nature of that connection. Stella in reply, informed her of her marriage with the Dean; and, full of the highest resentment against Swift for having given another female such a right in him as Miss Vanhomrigh's inquiries implied, she sent to him her rival's letter of interrogation, and, without seeing him, or awaiting his reply, retired to the house of Mr. Ford, near Dublin. Every reader knows the consequence. Swift, in one of those paroxysms of fury to which he was liable, both from temper and disease, rode instantly to Marley Abbey. As he entered the apartment, the sternness of his countenance, which was peculiarly formed to express the fiercer passions, struck the unfortunate Vanessa with such terror, that she could scarce ask whether he would not sit down. He answered by flinging

a letter on the table, and, instantly leaving the house, mounted his horse and returned to Dublin. When Vanessa opened the packet, she only found her own letter to Stella. It was her death-warrant. She sunk at once under the disappointment of the delayed, yet cherished hopes, which had so long sickened her heart, and beneath the unrestrained wrath of him for whose sake she had indulged them. How long she survived this last interview is uncertain, but the time does not seem to have exceeded a few weeks. In the meanwhile, she revoked a will made in favour of Swift, and settled her fortune, which was considerable, upon Mr. Marshal, afterwards one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas in Ireland, and Dr. Berkeley, the celebrated philosopher, afterwards Bishop of Cloyne.* A remarkable condition is said to have accompanied her bequest: that her executors, namely, should make public all the letters which had passed between the testator and Swift, as well as the celebrated poem of Cadenus and Vanessa. It is said that Berkeley, from friendship to Swift, and Marshal, influenced by Berkeley's opinion, or perhaps dreading to bring on himself the displeasure of the celebrated satirist, resolved to disobey this injunction; and every biographer of Swift has hitherto recorded either the apology or censure of Vanessa's executors. But the truth is, that Miss Vanhomrigh's will contains no such injunction, so that if it at all existed, it must have been delivered in a manner and at a time when Berkeley, honourable and virtuous as he was, felt himself entitled to dispense with obeying it. He probably thought, that giving publicity to the romantic expressions of Vanessa's passion, could only gratify idle or malignant curiosity, exasperate the sufferings of Swift, which were already beyond endurance, and perhaps expose to evil construction the reputation of his benefactress. Such might be the reasoning of Berkeley, supposing that Vanessa really enjoined this extraordinary posthumous revenge. But as the report, however uniform, is certainly inaccurate in ascribing a place to such a condition in Vanessa's will, it may be well doubted whether it is better founded in the general point of its existence.

Bishop Berkeley is said to have destroyed the original letters of this celebrated correspondence. But a full copy remained in possession of Judge Marshal, and, after his death, some mutilated extracts found their way to the public. By the friendship of Mr. Berwick, the editor is enabled to fill up this curious desideratum in Swift's correspondence, which gives him the more pleasure, as any sinister interpretation of the former imperfect extracts, which, as was natural, were taken from those passages that expressed most warmth of passion, will be in a great measure confuted by the entire publication. The tone of feeling is lowered by the context, and those passages, which, taken by themselves, might appear suspicious, especially while what was suppressed was left to imagination, are much modified, when restored to their place among grave maxims of advice, and trifling passages of humour. At any rate, all from which any inference, favourable or unfavourable, can be deduced, is now at length before the public. There are no fragments produced, from which suspicions may be excited, and no blanks remain to be filled up by the suggestions of detraction. If the correspondence proves less interesting than the reader might have expected, the admirers of Swift will be gratified with the confutation which the letters afford of the evil reports first propagated by Lord Orrery.

The sum of the evidence which they afford seems to amount to this,—that while residing in England for years, and at a distance from Stella, Swift incautiously engaged in a correspondence with Miss Vanhomrigh, which probably at first meant little more than mere gallantry, since the mother, brother, and sister, seem all to have been confidants of their intimacy. After his journey to Ireland, his letters assume a graver cast, and consist rather of advice, caution, and rebuke, than expressions of tenderness. Yet neither his own heart, nor the nature of Vanessa's violent attachment, permit him to suppress strong, though occasional and rare indications of the high regard in which he held her, although honour, friendship, and esteem, had united his fate with that of another. It would perhaps have been better, had their amours never become public; as that has, however, happened, it is the biographer's duty to throw such light upon them, as Mr. Berwick's friendship has enabled him to do; in order that Swift's conduct, weak and blameable as it must be held in this instance, may at least not suffer hereafter, from being seen under false or imperfect lights.

Although the letters were suppressed, Cadenus and Vanessa was given to the world soon after Miss Vanhomrigh's death. In this extraordinary poem, it seems to have been the intention of the author to soothe the passion which the unfortunate Miss Vanhomrigh was unable to subdue. One passage in it has given rise to inferences yet more fatal to Swift's character than can be deduced from the preceding narrative, or the perusal of the correspondence between the two lovers. It begins with the well-known lines,—

> "But what success Vanessa met,
> Is to the world a secret yet," &c.

To what purpose these lines were introduced, whether from Swift's usual vein of humour, which never could resist a jest, or whether they were meant jocularly to intimate the danger attending the intimacy between Cadenus and Vanessa, it were in vain to inquire. But to brand Swift as a seducer, and Miss Vanhomrigh as his victim, on account of a single passage, not only detached, but, if interpreted in so sinister a manner, at variance with all the rest of the poem, requires the cold-blooded ingenuity of Lord Orrery. Every other line of the poem ascribes to Vanessa a passion, which had virtue for its foundation and object; and a similar picture is exhibited in the following lines, addressed by Swift to Vanessa, long after the date of his celebrated poem:—

> "Nymph, would you learn the only art
> To keep a worthy lover's heart:
> First, to adorn your person well,
> In utmost cleanliness excel;
> And though you must the fashions take,
> Observe them but for fashion's sake;
> The strongest reason will submit
> To virtue, honour, sense, and wit;
> To such a nymph, the wise and good
> Cannot be faithless, if they would;
> For vices all have different ends,
> But virtue still to virtue tends;
> And when your lover is not true,
> 'T is virtue fails in him, or you.
> And either he deserves disdain,
> Or you without a cause complain.
> But here Vanessa cannot err,
> Nor are these rules applied to her,
> For who could such a nymph forsake,
> Except a blockhead or a rake?
> Or how could she her heart bestow,
> Except where wit and virtue grow?"

The letters of Miss Vanhomrigh preserve the same tone, and plead, in extenuation of her uncontrollable affection, the high moral character of its object. The reproaches, too, which they occasionally contain, are uniformly of coldness, not of desertion; nor do her expostulations, like those of a forsaken paramour, upbraid her lover with the wreck of her fame and virtue, in the tone of Virgil's deserted heroine:—

> "————Te propter eundem,
> Extinctus pudor et qua sola sidera adibam,
> Fama prior ————"

On the contrary, Swift, under Vanessa's pen, remains a matchless model of virtue, just and perfect in every thing, but in want of tenderness: the picture, in short, usually drawn by a male lover of the relentless mistress. It is the language of the most romantic attachment, but without the least tincture of criminal desire. Nay, in allusion, doubtless, to

* Dr. Berkeley had been known to the Vanhomrigh family in London, by the introduction of Swift, but had not seen Miss Esther Vanhomrigh since she came to Ireland. Her succession amounted to about eight thousand pounds.

her rash declaration, she seems to take to herself, as the cause of their distress, those reproaches, which she was sensible she had no cause to impute to the perfidy of her lover. "Oh," she exclaims, "how have you forgot me! You endeavour by severities to force me from you, nor can I blame you; for, with the utmost distress and confusion, I behold myself the cause of uneasy reflections to you. Yet I cannot comfort you, but here declare, that 'tis not in the power of time or accident to lessen the inexpressible passion which I have for ——." This remarkable and decisive passage proves, that it was the unrequited passion of Vanessa, not the perfidy of Cadenus, which was the origin of their mutual misery; for she states Swift's unhappiness as arising from her love, and declares herself, at the same time, incapable of abating her affection. Enough of blame will remain with Swift, if we allow that he cherished, with indecisive yet flattering hope, a passion which, in justice to himself and Vanessa, he ought, at whatever risk to her feelings and his own, to have repressed as soon as she declared it. The want of firmness which this conduct required, made every hour of indecision an act of real cruelty, though under the mask of mercy, and while it trained his victim towards the untimely grave which it prepared, ruined at the same time his own peace of mind.*

Upon the death of Miss Vanhomrigh, Swift, in an agony of self-reproach and remorse, retreated into the south of Ireland, where he spent two months, without the place of his abode being known to any one. When he returned to Dublin, Stella was easily persuaded to forgive him, judging, probably, that the anguish he had sustained was a sufficient expiation for an offence which was now irremediable. We turn with pleasure from this painful but necessary detail, to trace Swift's occupation from the time of his settlement in Ireland, in 1714-15, till his first appearance as an Irish patriot, in 1723.

The business of the cathedral employed, doubtless, a considerable part of his leisure, embroiled as it was for some time by the resistance of his chapter, and the unfriendly interference of Archbishop King. But prejudices against the Dean wore off, as the rectitude of his intentions, and his disinterested zeal for the rights and welfare of the church, became more and more evident. He soon obtained such authority in his chapter, that what he proposed was seldom disputed; after which, the business of leases and renewals, consulting old records and compiling new ones, could not occupy any great portion of his time. There is every reason to believe, that, during these five or six years, Swift dedicated many hours to study. Herodotus, Philostratus, and Aulus Gellius, seem particularly to have engaged his attention, as he has written his opinion concerning each of them in the blank leaves of the volume.† While such were his studies, we cannot suppose that the more pleasing paths of classical learning were neglected, even if we had not learned that the study of Lucretius was a favourite amusement during his residence at Gaulstown. But a list of books in his library, marked with his own manuscript remarks, affords the most authentic record of his taste in reading.‡

* It is singular that another female appears to have been inspired with a violent passion for Swift's person, in consequence of admiring his talents. The following "distracted scroll," as the writer well terms it, is literally copied from the anonymous original among Mr. Smith's papers.

FROM SACHARISSA TO ——

"Thursday Morning, Four o'clock.

"If I was not thoroughly convinced that the author of this distracted scroll will for ever be sunk in oblivion, I would choose death in any shape, even before I saw your god-like form; for believe me, my passion first got birth by perusing your inimitable writings.

"If women were allowed to speak their thoughts, I would glory in my choice, and spread your fame (if possible) further than those narrow limits of the earth.

"'Tis my misfortune to be in the care of persons who generally keep youth under such restraint, as won't permit them to publish their passion though never so violent, and such I must confess mine for you to be. Could you conceive the many pangs, the many different pangs I feel, I flatter myself you would lighten the insupportable burthen of my love, by generously bearing a part. When I consider to whom I speak, that 'tis to the divine, immortal Swift, I am confounded at my vanity; but, alas! the malignity of my disorder is so great, that my love soon gets the better of the award and homage I render even to his name; but certain it is, if you don't flatter this absurd but sincere passion of mine, I must expect death as the just reward of my presumption; and be assured if it were any but yourself, I would cheerfully suffer that, before I would have my passion returned with disdain, and as I expect no other from you, beg you'll publish it in Faulkner's Journal, under what fictitious name you please; for if I have the happy understanding I shall distinguish your writings (under every and any disadvantages) from any other; (inscribe it to Sacharissa) you may easily imagine with what impatience I shall expect Friday; I can't add how much I am yours till the arrival of my doom.

SACHARISSA."

† For his character of Herodotus, dated 6th July, 1728, see his Works, vol. IX. p. 273. From a Paris edition of Philostratus, 1608, Mr. Theophilus Swift copied the following note from the Dean's autograph. "In hoc libro, nugis, portentis, ac mendaciis undique scatente, nonpauca aparsim inveniet lector, nec illepida nec inutilia: quæ autem mihi maxime arriserunt, ea punctulis quibusdam ad marginem appositis annotavi. Nov. 8, 1715. JON. SWIFT." The passages marked are but few.

The Dean's copy of Aulus Gellius, edited by Gronovius, An. 1706, was in the possession of the late Mr. Theophilus Swift, and is now in that of E. L. Swift, Esquire. It bears the following inscription, in the hand-writing of Erasmus Lewis. "Beneficium dando accepit qui Digno dedit. E. L." To which the Dean subjoins, "Domum Amici, de me optime meriti, Erasm. Lewis, April 10, 1719." On a blank leaf occurs the following character of the work, given, as it appears, upon a second perusal.

"Post longum temporis intervallum, secundâ vice perlegi hunc librum; et certè, mediante Fortuna, consultum optimè videtur autoris famæ, quod excerptis abundat e libris jamdiu deperditis, et quod linqua Latina apud annos M. manet in pretio. Supposemus enim hodiernum aliquem Scriptorem, Gallicum puta, Italicum vel Anglicanum, centones undique conrasos vernaculè scriptos in volumen congessisse, et critica quædam adjutasse in nonnulla vocabula cujusque linguæ; certè nil concipi possit futilius aut ineptius: Opus igitur aliquanti æstimo, autorem nihili."

"Quod ad commentatorem Gronovium attinet, magni nominis (ut dicitur) in hujusce generis eruditione: cave temerè speres ab eo lucem in difficultatibus enodandis; totum enim tempus insumit vel variantes lectiones confundendo, vel lectorem ad alios autores referendo; vel denique Oisellium quendam convitiis insectando. "J. SWIFT.

"Nov. 1, 1719."

‡ This list is extracted from

A Catalogue of Books, the Library of the late Rev. Dr. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin. To be sold by auction. The time and place for the sale of them will be inserted in the Dublin Journal.—N. B. The books marked thus * have remarks and observations on them in the hand of Dr. Swift. Dublin, printed for George Faulkner, in Essex-street, 1745, 8vo."

OCTAVO ET INFRA.

8 Memoirs de la Minorité de Louis XIV. Villefranche, 1688.
24 Virgilii Poemata, cum Scholiis H. Stephani. Cura Pax. Steph. 1589.
25 Boetii Consolationes Philosophiæ, cum notis Vallini. Lugd. Bat. 1656.
26 Vidæ Poemata. Oxon. 1791.
28 Justini Historia, cum emendationibus Jan. Fabri. Salmur. 1672.
33 Valerii Maximi Dicta et Facta memorabilia, cum notis Lipsii. Amsterdam, 1647.
42 Rabelais, ses Œuvres. Lyon, 1558.
43 Eutropius et Paulus Diaconus de Gestis Romanis, cum annot. Eliæ Veneti. Paris, 1544.
46 Taciti Opera. Amsterdam, 1649.
65 Bernier, ses Voyages. Amsterdam, 1699, 2 tomes.

FOLIO.

78 Platonis Opera, Gr. Lat. cum comment. Jo. Serrani. Cura Hen. Stephani. 1578, 3 vol.
81 Xenophontis Opera, Gr. Lat. cum notis; Studio Leunclavii et Porti. Paris, 1625.
88 Philostrati Lemnii Opera, Gr. L. studio Fed. Morelli. Paris, 1608.
91 Strabonis Geographi, Gr. Lat. studio Casauboni et Xylandri. Paris, 1620.
92 Herodoti Historia, Gr. Lat. studio Valle et Sylburgii. Cura Pauli Stephani, 1618.
94 Stidas Lexicon, Gr. Lat. studio Æm. Porti. Col. All. 1619. 2 vol.
95 Dionis Cassii Romana Historia, Gr. L. studio Xylandri. Cura Hen. Steph.
105 Historiæ Augustæ Scriptores sex, cum notis, studio Claud. Salmasii. Paris. 1620.

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111 Satyre Menippée de la Vertu du Catholicon d'Espagne. 1621.
115 Jollyvet, ses Poesies Chrétiennes. Utrecht, 1700.
132 Boileau, ses Œuvres. Amsterdam, 1697, 2 vol.

QUARTO.

202 Hobbes Opera Philosophica. Amst. 1668, 2 vol.
215 Auli Gellii Noctes Atticæ, cum notis; studio Friderici et Gronovii. Lugd. Bat. 1706.
223 Antiquæ Musicæ Auctores, Gr. Lat. cum notis. Meibomi. Elzev. Amst. 1652, 1 & 2 vol.
238 Anthologia Epigrammata Græcorum. Cura Hen. Stephani. 1566.

FOLIO.

266 Earl of Clarendon, his history of the Grand Rebellion. Oxford, 1707, 3 vol. large paper.
355 Hobbes his Leviathan, or Matter and Form of a Common wealth. London, 1651.

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276 Child, his Discourse on Trade. London, 1668.
302 Marvel, the Rehearsal transposed. Lond. 1672.

These studies, however, were unequal to occupy the spare time which Dublin gave to Swift after his constant labour in the politics of London. It has been generally thought, and with great probability, that the outline of Gulliver's Travels was drawn during this period. There are many circumstances which favour this opinion. The germ of this celebrated work is to be found in the travels of Martinus Scriblerus, which was sketched, probably, before danger and proscription had dispersed the literary club. The exasperated spirit with which the Dean viewed public affairs in Great Britain after the death of Queen Anne, coincides with many of the satirical touches of the Travels. Besides, a letter from Vanessa contains an allusion to the adventure of Gulliver with the Ape in Brobdignag, and from the same correspondence we learn, that Swift was, in 1722, engaged with the perusal of voyages and travels, studies congenial to the composition of the Travels. He told Mrs. Whiteway, what he afterwards in substance told the world in person of the captain, that he had borrowed the sea terms in Gulliver from the old voyagers, which he had fully perused. All which circumstances favour the opinion, that the Voyages of Gulliver were sketched during the period of which we treat, though, in the state in which they were published, they bear reference to politics of a later date.

Swift's lighter literary amusements were such as arose from his habits of society. These habits appear to have been very regular. He boarded himself, for the sake of economy, with Mr. Worrall, whose wife preserved that neatness and good order which was particularly agreeable to him. But he kept two public days at the Deanery weekly. We can see, that, according to the manner of the times, and the practice of his predecessor, Dean Sterne, Swift's entertainments were accounted rather economical, although his guests, so far as conviviality was consistent with decorum, were welcomed with excellent wine. Swift, who used to declare he was never intoxicated in his life, had nevertheless lived intimately with those at whose tables wine was liberally consumed, and he was not himself averse to the moderate use of it.* In some respects, however, his mode of life ill-suited the poorer clergy, who expected more frequent hospitality at the Deanery, and their disappointment exposed Swift to some obloquy. His best defence is, that he received his preferment on such terms as involved him considerably in debt, and that his parsimony never interfered with the calls of justice, or of benevolence. During all his life, there was a struggle between the rigour of his habitual economy, and his sense of justice, which led sometimes to instances of very ridiculous accuracy, in adjusting his conduct, so as to compound matters between them. The story of his giving Pope and Gay, after a narrow calculation of what a supper would have cost him, half a crown a piece for the expense which they had spared him in coming after they had supped, is an excellent example.† Delany informs us, in like manner, that when Lady Eustace, or other women of rank, dined at the Deanery, Swift allowed them a shilling a head to provide for their own entertainment, and used to struggle hard that only sixpence should be allowed for the brat, as he called Miss Eustace, afterwards Mrs. Tickell. And when he dined with his poorer friends, he insisted upon paying his club as at a tavern, or house of public entertainment.‡ The social party who assembled round him at the Deanery, were naturally led to exert themselves for his amusement, and the verses of Sheridan, Delany, and other literary friends, provoked his own replies, and lightened his more severe studies. In this contest of ingenuity, Sheridan seems to have been both witty himself, and the cause of wit in others. His simplicity and characteristic absence of mind were tempered with so much humour and readiness of repartee, that his company was invaluable to the Dean, and their friendship was never interrupted until the increasing irascibility and violence of Swift overcame the patience and offended the honest pride of his respectful friend. Delany was a character of a different description. He had

* Dr. King says Swift drank about a pint (English measure) of claret after dinner, which the doctor, himself very abstemious, considered as too much.

† The anecdote is given by Spence in the words of Pope. "Doctor Swift has an odd, blunt way, that is mistaken by strangers for ill nature—'T is so odd that there is no describing it but by facts. I'll tell you one that first comes into my head. One evening Gay and I went to see him: you know how intimately we were all acquainted. On our coming in, 'Heyday, gentlemen, (says the Doctor,) what's the meaning of this visit! How came you to leave all the great lords that you are so fond of, to come hither to see a poor Dean?'—'Because we would rather see you than any of them.'—'Ay, any one that did not know so well as I do, might believe you. But since you are come, I must get some supper for you, I suppose.'—'No, Doctor, ye have supped already.'—'Supped already, that's impossible! why, it is not eight o'clock yet.—That's very strange! but if you have not supped, I must have got something for you.—Let me see, what should I have had? a couple of lobsters; ay, that would have done very well; two shillings—tarts a shilling; but you will drink a glass of wine with me, though you supped so much before your usual time only to spare my pocket.'—'No, we had rather talk with you than drink with you.'—'But if you had supped with me, as in all reason you ought to have done, you must then have drank with me.—A bottle of wine, two shillings,—two and two is four, and one is five; just two and sixpence apiece. There, Pope, there's half a crown for you, and there's another for you, Sir; for I won't save any thing by you, I am determined.'—This was all said and done with his usual seriousness on such occasions; and, in spite of every thing we could say to the contrary, he actually obliged us to take the money."

‡ There is a most excellent letter, (now published for the first time in the edition of Swift's Works to which these Memoirs are prefixed, vol. XVIII. p. 252.) in which the Dean introduces himself in the third person, as a stranger, to the hospitality of the Rev. Mr. Blachford, and settles with great minuteness the allowance with which he proposes to compensate the expense of his reception.

309 La Bruyere, Les Caractères ou les Mœurs de ce Siècle, avec le Clef, Tome I. et II. et Ouvrage dans le gout de Theophraste et de Pascal. Amst. 1697.

QUARTO.

330 Horatii Opera, ad fidem optimorum exemplarium. Cant. 1699.
337 Virgilii Opera, ad fidem optim. exemp. *ib.* 1701.
338 Terentii Comœdiæ, ad fidem optim. exemp. *ib.* 1701.
340 Doctor Gibbs's Translation of the Psalms, with Dr. Swift's jests upon it. Lond. 1701.

FOLIO.

361 Procopii Arcana Historia, Gr. Lat. cum notis, studio Alemanni. Lugd. Bat. 1623
368 Nieuhovii Legatio Batavica ad Magnum Tartariæ Chamum, Latine, per Geo. Hornium. Amst. 1668.
384 Nostradamus's true Prophecies, commented by Theoph. Garencieres. London, 1672.
385 Philip de Comines, his History, translated by Tho. Danett, *ib.* 1614.
386 Herbert, *Edw. Lord*, Life of King Henry VIII. *ib.* 1649.
387 Polybii Opera, Gr. Lat. cum comment. studio Casauboni, Et Æneas de Obsidione tolerando, Gr. Lat. studio ejusdem. Paris, 1609.
388 Epiphani Episcopi Constant. Opus contra Hæreses. Basil, 1545.
374 Machiavel's Works. London, 1695.
375 Burnet, *Thomas*, his Theory of the Earth. *ib.* 1697.
377 Lawd's Relation of his Conference with Fisher. *ib.* 1639.
378 Herbert, *Thomas*, his Travels. *ibid.* 1634.
381 Harrington's Commonwealth of Oceana. *ibid.* 1656.
382 Meursii Historia Danica et Belgica. Amst. 1638.
383 Helvici Theatrum Histor. et Chronologicum. Oxon. 1651.
384 Livii Historia Romana, cum annot. variorum. Paris, 1635.
385 Isocratis Opera, Gr. Lat. cum annot. studio Hier. Wolfii. Basil, 1570.

OCTAVO ET INFRA.

419 Doleman's Conference about the next Succession. Lond. 1681.
420 Proceedings of the House of Commons, in impeaching the Earl of Clarendon. 1700.
421 Hale, *Sir Matthew*, History of the Common Law of England. Savoy, 1713.
440 Cotton's Virgil's Travestie. Dublin, 1728.
442 Tasso's Recovery of Jerusalem, by Fairfax. Dublin, 1728.
443 Garth's Dispensary. London, 1699.
422 Miscellanies in Prose and Verse, by Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope. Lond. 1727, 4 vol.
426 Dr. Swift's Works. Dublin, 1734, &c. 6 vol.
432 Dr. Swift's Gulliver's Travels. Lond. 1726, 2 vol. large paper.

QUARTO.

507 Speeches in the Parliament met 3d Nov. 1640. Lond. 1641.
513 Select Epistles of Horace, translated, imperfect.
514 L'Estrange's Dissenters' Sayings, and other Pamphlets. Lond. 1681, &c.
519 Pope's Works, vol. II. containing his Epistles and the Dunciad. *ib.* 1735.

FOLIO.

561 Bodin, ses six Livres de la Republique. Paris, 1579.
562 Davila's History of the Civil Wars of France. Lond. 1647.
569 Thuani Historia sui Temporis, cum continuatione. Aurel. 1620, 4 vol.
606 Baronii Annales Ecclesiastici. Antwerp, 1629, 12 vol.
627 Bacuni, Fran. Opera omnia. Lond. 1630.
628 Stobæi Sententiæ. Gr. Lat. studio Gesneri. Basil, 1549.
632 Morery's Historical, Geographical, and Poetical Dictionary, improved. London 1694, 8vo.
634 Letters of Sir William Temple while he was ambassador abroad, from 1665 to 1671 inclusive, MS.

OCTAVO.

548 Ludlow's Memoirs, vol. III. Switzerland, 1699.

risen from a low origin by the distinction due to his learning and genius. But prouder, more cautious, or more interested than Sheridan, he kept aloof from that horseplay of raillery which passed between the latter and the Dean, and which unavoidably lowers, in a certain degree, the man whose good humour is contented to submit to it. He made court to the Dean by verses less humorous, but more elegant than those of Sheridan, and he also had his answer in the style which he used. The distinction which the Dean made between them is obvious, from his exhorting Delany to impress on Sheridan the sense of propriety and self-respect in which he thought him deficient. Yet, though the guarded caution of Delany commanded more respect, the honest and precipitate good humour of Sheridan deserved better of Dean Swift, than that the former should have been exalted over him for an example. The high opinion expressed of Delany in the piece to which we refer,* was afterwards in some respects qualified, as may be seen in the next section. Stella was active too in this poetical strife. It has been doubted whether she actually finished the verses to which her name is prefixed; but if she really wrote the last verse in the epitaph on Demar, the usurer, she wrote by far the best lines in the poem.

Gaulstown House, the seat of Lord Chief Baron Rochfort, where Swift sometimes resided for months at a time, gave variety to these exercitations. The Chief Baron, it would seem, was not very friendly to the existing government, so that epilogues, songs, and other vehicles of political satire, abounded at his mansion. Besides these, Swift indulged himself in a humorous poetical record of the occupations of the family and visiters, which gross and stupid malice afterwards construed into a lampoon. The author's vindication we reserve till we find him charged with a similar offence. But Dean Percival, whom he had rallied severely in the poem, was so much affected as to attempt a poetical reply, which, besides being very scarce, contains such a curious account of Swift's house-keeping and hospitality, though obviously viewed with a malignant eye, that it deserves being preserved in a note.†

* Verses to Mr. Delany. Swift's Works, vol. XIV. p. 122.

† The following lampoon is mentioned by Swift in a letter to Mr. Cope, 8th October, 1722. The provocation given to Dean Percival was a reflection upon his pedantry and his wife's housewifery. Swift says, "Dean Percival has answered the other Dean's Journal in Grub-street, justly taxing him for avarice and want of hospitality. Madam Percival absolutely denies all the facts; insists that she never made candles of dripping; that Charley never had the chincough, &c." See his Works, vol. XVI. p. 392. The first part of Percival's verses allude to the housekeeping at the Deanery, while Sterne held that preferment.—

A DESCRIPTION,

IN ANSWER TO THE JOURNAL. DUBLIN, 1722.

"NEAR St. Sepulchre's stands a building
Which, as report goes, ne'er had child in:
The house is large, and to adorn her,
From garret down to chimney corner,
The upper chambers were well lined
With antique books and books new coin'd;
Which plainly show'd its founder's head
With learning of all sorts supplied.
The house on every part was stored
To entertain the greatest lord;
Nor did the poorest meet disdain,
But fill'd his belly with his brain.
The kitchen grate, like Vesta's altar,
Had fire in't whene'er you call'd, sir.
There were appointed vestal dames
To stir up the devouring flames.
On these were laid fat pigs and geese,
All beasts and fowls for sacrifice.
The sea itself could not escape,
For fish of all sorts here would gape
And bleed, seals, salmons, lobsters, cods,
To gratify the hungry gods;
And, to drive off the mind's dejection,
Wit flew about, but no reflection;
To keep the spirits in vibration,
Wine join'd with wit for the libation.
The Dean was small, his soul was large;
He knew his duty to discharge,
He loved his chapter, treated all
His dignitaries, vicars choral,
From Taffboy down to little Worrall.
In short, he lived, and that's what few can
Justly report of Swift our new Dean.
He sometimes to a chapter goes
With saucy strut and turn'd-up nose,
Leans on his cushion, then he'll bid ye,
Hearken to what all know already.
Perhaps he'll sneer or break a jest,
But de'il a bit to break your fast.
Go when you please, let the clock strike
What hour it will, 'tis all alike.
Some country Preb. comes just at one
In hopes to dine, and so begone.
The Dean appears—"I'm glad to see you,
Pray tell what service I can do you.
Be quick, for I am going out."
The hungry Levite's vexed no doubt,
To be thus baulk'd; tucks up his gown,
Makes a low scrape, and so to town:
Is welcome there, so makes a shift
To drink a glass and rail at Swift.
But of this farce you'll know the reason,
You shall, I'm sure it can't be treason.
He dines abroad you think—mistaken,
He dines at home on sprouts and bacon.
Besides, his two chief slaves are missing,
To boil his drink and broil his grisking,
Pert Jack and Robin, I mean Grattan,
As suppliant slaves as e'er had hat on;
Such slaves as these you know delights him
Who're sure to trudge when he invites 'em;
And that 's as often as in his kitchen
A fire is made to broil a pigeon.
The seventeenth of March each year,
The chapter meets to make good cheer.
The Dean's allowed five pounds or more,
To entertain about half a score.
You're sure to meet a handsome dish,
Of salmon, or some other fish;
A dish of soup, a leg of mutton,
By servants are the table put on;
A plate with puddings then next comes,
One plain, one almond, t'other plumbs:
The second course adorns the table,
With loin of beef most formidable;
A sallad, with a dish of fowl,
Of this huge treat makes up the whole.
Now if some critic should accost him,
And ask how much this dinner cost him,
He could not say that he had lost
Any great matter by the roast;
The treat, just as the Dean bespoke it,
Put two pound ten into his pocket.
Besides, the fragments of the feast
Will feed his house a week at least.
As for himself, with draggled gown,
Poor-curate-like, he'll trudge the town,
To eat a meal with punster base,
Or buffoon call him, if you please.
Sometimes to Gallstown he will go,
To spend a month or two, or so,
Admires the baron, George and 's spouse,
Lives well, and then lampoons the house.
Thus far our bard in doggerel rhyme,
In the Dean's kitchen spent his time;
He 's dull, because there is no fire,
Or wine, his rustic muse t' inspire.
But let's proceed from these poor tricks
O' th' kitchen to his politics.
They stare, and thinks he knows as well
All depths of state as Machiavel.
It must be so, since from him flows,
Whate'er the Earl of Oxford knows.
He swears the project of the peace
Was laid by him in Anna's days.
The South Sea ne'er could have miscarried
As he contrived, but others marr'd it:
Thus he goes on two hours and more,
And tells the same thing o'er and o'er.
The darkest plots he can unravel,
And split them ope from the head to th' navel,
What dire effects o'er bandbox lover'd,
Venice preserved, the plot's discover'd.
Venice here stands for's great Mæcenas,
The Earl of Oxford, not Æneas.
And yet when all is done and said,
A Tale of a Tub fills up his head.
Thus having given a description,
Of this great wit and politician,
I now surrender my commission."

‡ Swift's Works, vol. XIX. p. 274.

The Dean's correspondence also occupied a good part of his leisure. It was chiefly confined to Tory friends, as his acquaintance was dropped by those of differing sentiments in party matters. With such conduct, it is pleasing to contrast the generosity of Addison, who took this period of adversity to renew that intimacy which had been broken off, while the Tories were triumphant. He intimated to Swift, through the Bishop of Derry, that it was his generous intention and earnest wish, that party should give way to friendship; and the Dean's answer to this overture, now first made public, was at the same time an elegant congratulation upon Addison's being made Secretary of State. "Three or four more such choices," he said, "would gain more hearts in three weeks, than the harsher measures of government in as many years."‡ But the death of Addison broke off their renewed correspon-

dence, after some kind letters had been exchanged. Swift found a valuable successor in Tickell the post, surviving friend and literary executor of Addison. He was secretary to the Lords Justices of Ireland, an office of high trust, and he often employed the interest which it gave him in compliance with Swift's recommendations. The Dean does not seem to have approved or shared the resentment of his friend Pope against Mr. Tickell, but maintained an intimate and friendly intercourse with him till his death.*

From these studies and amusements the Dean was roused in the year 1720, and again appeared on the stage as a political writer, no longer, indeed, the advocate and apologist of a ministry, but the undaunted and energetic defender of the rights of an oppressed people. No nation ever needed more a patriotic defender than Ireland at this period. The portion of prosperity which she had enjoyed under the princes of the house of Stuart, had been interrupted by a civil war, the issue of which sent the flower of her native gentry, as well as her best and bravest soldiers, into foreign exile. The Catholic part of the community laboured under disqualifications of various kinds, and, above all, under a suspicion of disaffection, the most insurmountable incapacity of all. They sought their safety in remaining quiescent, well aware that every complaint originating with them would be construed into the murmurs of rebellion. The Irish Protestants, or, as Swift loves to term them, the English settled in Ireland,† were divided among themselves into Whigs and Tories, Churchmen and Dissenters, and a hundred lesser factions, fomented by petty political leaders, who found their interest in dissensions, which raised them into notice and consequence. England, whose councils have been sometimes too easily swayed by a narrow-souled, and short-sighted mercantile interest, availed herself of the unhappy state of the sister kingdom, to degrade her into a subdued province, instead of strengthening the empire by elevating her into an integral part. The power of legislating for Ireland was assumed by the English Parliament, though contrary to principle and precedent; and it was so exercised, as to fetter, as far as possible, the commerce of the kingdom, and render it subordinate to, and dependent upon, that of England. The statutes of 10th and 11th William III. prohibited the exportation of all Irish woollen goods, excepting into England and Wales, and thus, at once, ruined the woollen manufactories of Ireland, worth upwards of an annual million, and drove the staplers into a smuggling trade with France, by which the Irish wool was exported to that country, to the great benefit of the manufactures recently established in Picardy. Ireland did not want patriots to state these grievances. Molyneux, the friend of Locke, and of liberty, published, in 1698, "The Case of Ireland's being bound by Acts of Parliament in England, stated;" in which he showed, with great force, that the right of legislation, of which England made so oppressive a use, was neither justified by the plea of conquest, purchase, or precedent, and was only submitted to from incapacity of effectual resistance. The temper of the English House of Commons did not brook this remonstrance. It was unanimously voted that these bold and pernicious assertions were calculated to shake the subordination and dependence of Ireland; as united and annexed for ever to the crown of England; and the vote of the House was followed by an address to the queen, complaining that, although the woollen trade was the staple manufacture of England, over which her legislature was accustomed to watch with the utmost care, yet Ireland, which was dependent upon, and protected by England, not contented with the linen manufacture, the liberty whereof was indulged to her, presumed also to apply her credit and capital to the weaving of her own wool into woollen cloths, to the great detriment of England, &c. &c. &c. Not a voice was raised in the British House of Commons, to contradict maxims equally impolitic and tyrannical, and which were much more worthy of the monopolizing corporation of some peddling borough, than of the enlightened senate of a free people. In acting upon these commercial restrictions, wrong was heaped upon wrong, and insult was added to injury, with this advantage on the side of the aggressors, that they could intimidate the injured people of Ireland into silence, by raising, to drown every complaint, the cry of rebel and of Jacobite.

These evils Swift beheld with all the natural ardour of a disposition which rose in opposition to tyranny. "Do not," said he to Delany, "the corruptions and villanies of men eat your flesh and exhaust your spirits?"‡ The fire, in the words of the inspired writer, burned within him, and in 1720, he gave vent to his indignation in the short treatise, entitled, "A Proposal for the universal Use of Irish Manufactures, &c., utterly rejecting and renouncing every thing wearable that comes from England."§ In appreciating the courage of Swift in recommending a measure so obnoxious to the principles upon which Ireland had hitherto been governed, we must remember he was himself a marked and even a proscribed man, intimately connected with the measures of that minister, whose period of power was now usually termed *the worst of times*. The system of non-importation, which he recommends as a just retort upon the engrossing spirit of English commerce, was likely to excite hatred and alarm among the powerful bodies, who, from self-interest or prepossession, took an interest in the monopoly; and there were unfortunately both judges and courts of justice with whom that alarm would have fearful influence. And all these risks Swift was contented to incur, for the sake of a country to which he came as to a land of banishment; which had received him with public expressions of insult and contumely; and to which, on every occasion, he expressed a rooted aversion. He incurred them, also, without the possibility of any other reward than attends the conscience of a patriot who has discharged his duty.

The storm which he had dared, was not long of bursting. It was intimated to Lord Chief-Justice Witshed by "a person in great office," that Swift's pamphlet was written for the purpose of setting the two kingdoms at variance, and it was recommended that the printer should be prosecuted with the uttermost rigour. Whitshed was not a person to neglect such a hint; and the arguments of government were so successful, that the grand juries of the county and city presented the Dean's tract as a seditious, factious, and virulent libel. Waters, the printer, was seized, and forced to give great bail. But upon his trial, the jury, though some pains had been bestowed in selecting them, brought him in not guilty; and it was not until they were worn out by the threats of the lord chief-justice, who detained them eleven hours, and sent them out nine times to reconsider their verdict, that they at length, reluctantly, left the matter in his hands by a special verdict. But the measures of Whitshed were too violent to be of real service to the government. Men's minds revolted against his iniquitous conduct, and the trial of the verdict was deferred from term to term, until the arrival of the Duke of Grafton, the lord-lieutenant. A *noli prosequi* was then granted, which left the advantage, if not the honour of victory, with Swift and the patriots of Ireland. He failed not to improve it; for, as a victorious ge

* By the obliging communication of Major Tickell, the descendant and representative of the poet, the edition to which these Memoirs are prefixed is enlarged by several letters which passed between Swift and his ancestor.

† Nothing is more remarkable in all Swift's writings than his anxiety to draw a line between the native Irish, and the English settled in Ireland. See the Drapier's Letters, Swift's Works, vol. VI. p. 453, also vol. XIX. p. 97, and other passages of his works. Swift, patriot as he was, was prejudiced on this subject by birth, and by his situation as a dignitary of the Protestant church. But it was also prudent to make such a distinction, to avoid the clamour against Papists and Jacobites.

‡ Delany having replied in the negative. "Why," answered the Dean in a fury, "how can you help it?" "Because I am commanded to the contrary," rejoined his friend,—"Fret not thyself, because of the ungodly."

§ Swift's Works, vol. VII. p. 276.

neral sends off his light troops in pursuit of a routed enemy, he persecuted Lord Chief-Justice Whitshed, and Godfrey Boate, a judge of the King's Bench, who had also distinguished himself in the trial of the printer, by such an unrelenting train of lampoons and epigrams, as at once made his satirical powers dreaded, and excited, against the offenders and their memory, the odium which their conduct had deserved.

The proposal of a National Bank next alarmed the vigilance of the Dean. This scheme, however useful when the principles of commercial credit are established and understood, was made at a time when chimerical schemes of every possible kind were circulated in such abundance, as if it had been the intention of the projectors to gage the utmost extent of human credulity. Not only were public trading companies proposed for the most ridiculous and extravagant purposes, as introducing the breed of asses, (which seems to have been unnecessary at that period,) sweeping the streets, maintaining bastard children, &c., but one ingenious projector actually obtained subscriptions to a large extent, and some advance in ready money upon each, for a project, the object of which he declined to explain further, than by promising a return to the adventurers of cent. per cent. At such a crisis, and when the petition to Parliament for a bank was but supported by a few obscure stock-jobbers, Swift saw it could only produce national disappointment and distress, and wrote three or four satirical essays, burlesquing the proposal itself, and ridiculing those who had subscribed to it. The Irish parliament being of the Dean's opinion, the project was rejected in the ensuing session.*

The execution of one Elliston, a noted street robber, gave Swift an opportunity of exercising that remarkable versatility of composition, by which he could assume any character which he chose to personate. The effect of this piece was to put an end, for many years, to the practice of street-robbery; for, being received as genuine by the companions of the sufferer, they really believed, as there asserted, that he had left a list of their names to be proceeded against, if they did not relinquish their evil courses.† Some other trifles were published by the Dean about this time, and in general the eyes of the people of Ireland began to be turned towards him, as one who was not likely to be silent in asserting her rights. But his opposition to Wood's project raised him at once to the summit of popularity, and forms one of the most remarkable points in his history.

There being a deficiency of copper coinage in Ireland, the king, in 1723, granted to William Wood, upon certain conditions, the patent right of coining halfpence and farthings to the extent of 108,000*l.*, to be current in that kingdom. Abstractedly, there could be no objection to this mode of supplying the want of copper, provided the coinage was of proper weight and quality. But the patent had been obtained in what may be termed a surreptitious manner, through the influence of the Duchess of Kendal, the mistress of George I., to whom Wood had promised a share of the profits. It was passed without consulting either the lord-lieutenant or privy-council of Ireland; and, in devolving upon an obscure individual the right of exercising one of the highest privileges of the crown, the dignity of the kingdom was disgracefully compromised. The Irish parliament felt the insult, and caught the alarm; and the family of Broderick, then almost the chief of the Whig interest, from conviction, or from dislike to the lord-lieutenant, or from a mixture of these motives, threw their weight into the scale of opposition, and, by their countenance, secured those who made it from the charge of disaffection. While the struggle was impending, the voice of Swift was heard in the celebrated Drapier's Letters,—strong in argument, and brilliant in humour, but unequalled in the address with which those arguments are selected, and that humour applied. It cannot be supposed that he really considered Wood's project, simply and abstractedly, as of a ruinous, or even dangerous tendency. There was, doubtless, a risk of abuse; but, setting that apart, the supply of copper money which it provided was advantageous, and even necessary to Ireland. Nor was the hazard of Wood's misusing the patent so great, but what might easily be guarded against. The halfpence of William Wood were remarkably handsome, and well executed, as appears from the engraving prefixed to the Drapier's letters,‡ the gift of the learned Dr. Hill of Dublin to the editor: and they were proved by the experiments at the mint, under the direction of Sir Isaac Newton, to equal, or exceed, in weight, purity, and value, coins of the same denomination in England. That the coinage was exposed to be counterfeited, is an evil incidental to current money of every description; but precautions were taken that the patentee himself should not lower its value, by the nomination of a comptroller on the part of the crown, to inspect and assay from time to time the copper, whether coined or uncoined. It may be doubtful whether, in the abstract, a more economical and unexceptionable mode of supplying the acknowledged want of copper money in Ireland, could have been devised by government.

But, as already hinted, the danger and dishonour of the measure lay in its application to Ireland in its existing state. Within the last thirty years, repeated and oppressive steps had been taken to reduce this ancient kingdom, though still retaining the outward insignia of national legislation and sovereignty, into the condition of a conquered province, where she had neither friend, patron, nor representative.‖ The aphorism that Ireland was, and ought to be, dependent on Britain in this servile sense, had not only been loudly pronounced, with a denunciation of vengeance against those who should dare to deny it, but it had been already acted upon. Ireland was subjected to a commercial slavery, which left neither her credit, her commodities, nor her revenue at her own disposal; and how long the civil and domestic freedom of her people might be spared, was a question which seemed to depend on the moderation of those who usurped the right of being her legislators. Such was the condition of the kingdom when Wood's scheme was brought forward; a measure, therefore, of far less importance in its real merit, than as it necessarily involved the grand question of the servitude or independence of Ireland. That the king should, without the consent either of the Irish parliament or privy council, delegate a branch of his prerogative to a private projector, give, as it were in farm, to an ordinary contractor or mechanic, the exercise of a privilege, which has, in every country, been deemed a peculiar and unalienable attribute of regal power, indicated such a contempt for the very form of independence, that, where decency was so little consulted, the patriots of Ireland were justified in apprehending consequences still more fatal, and more arbitrary. The language of Wood himself, who imprudently boasted of his favour with Walpole, and threatened that his coin should be imposed upon the Irish by force, if rejected upon fair terms, was at once irritating and alarming. The formality of a viceregal court, the supposed representative of majesty, and depositary of the executive power in Ireland, would only in future be necessary to hold levees, and give birth-day balls, while the essential exercise of the royal prerogative might be exercised in England, or leased out by wholesale to adventurers and projectors, with power to them, like the farmers-general of France, to call in military assistance where opposition required it. Thus, deprived alike of the power of making and of executing her own laws, the kingdom must have remained mocked with the semblance of a court, a parliament, and a free government; forms serving only to irritate the people with the recollection of the rights which

* Swift's Works, vol. VI. p. 300.

† Ibid. p. 314.

‡ Swift's Works, vol. VI.

‖ And all this in despite, not only of national law and reason, but of the express maxim adopted so early as the reign of Richard III. *Hibernia habet parliamentum et faciunt leges: et nostra statuta non ligant eos quia non mittunt milites ad parliamentum.*

were no longer protected or enforced. Such was the state of Ireland; and the inference which might fairly be drawn from the disrespectful and unceremonious manner in which the sovereign's right of coinage was exercised in the case of William Wood. But to have proclaimed this truth, would have been construed into a misdemeanour, little short of high treason; and Swift had in recollection the example of Molyneux, as well as his own narrow escape on the publication of his "Proposal for encouraging Irish Manufactures." He took his ground, therefore, with infinite address and caution, and confined himself, in opening the controversy, to the objections which applied to Wood's project in detail, cautiously veiling the grand question of national right, which was necessarily involved in the discussion.

The first three letters of M. B., Drapier in Dublin, dwell, therefore, upon arguments against Wood's halfpence, derived from their alleged inferiority in weight and value, and the indifferent or suspicious character of the projector himself. These arguments, also, had the advantage of being directly applicable to the grosser apprehensions of the "tradesmen, shopkeepers, farmers, and country people," to whom they are professedly addressed. Such persons, though incapable of understanding, or being moved by the discussion of a theoretical national right, could well comprehend, that the pouring into Ireland a quantity of copper coinage, alleged to be so base in denomination, that twelve pence were not intrinsically worth more than a penny, must necessarily drain the country of gold and silver, and occasion great individual loss, as well as national distress. The bitter and satirical passages against Wood himself were also well adapted to the taste of the vulgar, whose callous palate is peculiarly excited by the pungency of personal satire. Whether Swift himself believed the exaggerated reports which his tracts circulated, concerning the baseness of the coin, and the villany of the projector, we have no means of discovering. Once satisfied of the general justice of his cause, he may have deemed himself at liberty to plead it by such arguments as were most likely to afford it support, without rigid examination of their individual validity, or, (which is most likely,) like most warm disputants, he may himself have received, with eager faith, averments so necessary to the success of his plan. But it is certain, that, in these first three letters, the king, the minister, the mistress, and the British privy-council, are not mentioned, or treated with studied respect; while the whole guilt and evil of the scheme are imputed to the knavery of William Wood, who, from an obscure ironmonger, had become an avaricious and unprincipled projector, ready and eager to ruin the whole kingdom of Ireland, in order to secure an exorbitant profit to himself.

The ferment produced by a statement so open to the comprehension, and so irritating to the feelings of the nation at large, became unspeakably formidable. Both the Irish Houses of Parliament joined in addressing the Crown against Wood's scheme. Parties of all denominations, whether religious or political, for once united in expressing their abhorrence of the detested half-pence. The tradesmen to whom the coin was consigned, refused to receive them, and endeavoured, by public advertisement, to remove the scandal of being concerned in the accursed traffic. Even Wood's near relatives were compelled to avert public indignation, by disavowing all concern with his contract.* Associations were formed for refusing their currency; and these extended from the wealthy corporation of Dublin down to the hawkers and errand-boys, who announced to their employers, that they would not receive, nor offer in change, Wood's drossy halfpence, since they could "neither get news, ale, tobacco, nor brandy, for such cursed stuff." The matter being thus adopted by the mob, they proceeded according to their usual custom; made riotous processions, and burned the unfortunate projector in effigy. In short, such was the state of the public mind, that it was unsafe for any one to be supposed favourable to Wood's project.

Swift, finding the people in a disposition so favourable for the maintaining their rights, did not suffer their zeal to cool for lack of fuel. Not satisfied with writing, he preached against Wood's halfpence. One of his sermons is preserved, and bears the title "On doing good." It verifies his own account, that he preached not sermons, but political pamphlets. At his instigation, also, the grand-jury, and principal inhabitants of the liberty of St. Patrick's, joined in an association for refusing this odious coin.† Besides the celebrated Drapier's Letters, he supplied the hawkers with a variety of ballads and prose satires, seasoned with all the bitterness and pungency of his wit, directing the popular indignation against the contractor, without sparing some very intelligible innuendoes against his patrons and abettors in England.‡ By such means the timid

* See the advertisement of John and Daniel Molyneux, ironmongers, (Swift's Works, vol. VI. p. 427;) one of whom I take to have been Wood's brother-in-law. Ibid. vol. VII. p. 83. The following is a similar disclamation now before me:

"ADVERTISEMENT.

"Whereas I, Thomas Handy, of Meath Street, Dublin, did receive by the last packet, from a person in London, to whom I am an entire stranger, bills of lading for eleven casks of Wood's halfpence, shipped at Bristol, and consigned to me by the said person on his own proper account, of which I had not the least notice until I received the said bills of lading.

"Now I, the said Thomas Handy, being highly sensible of the duty and regard which every honest man owes to his country and to his fellow-subjects, do hereby declare, that I will not be concerned, directly or indirectly, in entering, landing, importing, receiving, or uttering any of the said Wood's half-pence, for that I am fully convinced, as well from the addresses of both houses of Parliament, as otherwise, that the importing and uttering the said half-pence will be destructive to this nation, and prejudicial to his Majesty's revenue.

"And of this my resolution I gave notice by letter to the person who sent me the bills of lading, the very day I received them, and have sent back the said bills to him. "THO. HANDY.

"Dublin, 29th August, 1724."

† "Dublin, August 29, 1724. This day, the grand-jury, and the rest of the inhabitants of the liberty of the Dean and Chapter of St. Patrick's, Dublin, attended the Dean of St. Patrick's, with the following declaration, which they read to him, and desired that he would give orders to have it published.

"The Declaration of the Grand-Jury, and the rest of the inhabitants of the Liberty of the Dean and Chapter of St. Patrick's, Dublin.

"We, the grand-jury, and other inhabitants of the liberty of the Dean and Chapter of St. Patrick's, Dublin, whose names are underwritten, do unanimously declare and determine, that we never will receive or pay any of the half-pence or farthings already coined, or that shall hereafter be coined, by one William Wood, being not obliged by law to receive the same; because we are thoroughly convinced by the addresses of both Houses of Parliament, as well as by that of his Majesty's most honourable privy-council, and by the universal opinion of the whole kingdom, that the currency of the said halfpence and farthings would soon deprive us of all our gold and silver, and therefore be of the most destructive consequence to the trade and welfare of the nation."

‡ The edition to which these Memoirs are prefixed, contains several of these pieces, not before published, particularly

Tom Punsibi's (*i. e.* Sheridan's) Dream. Vol. VI. p. 455.
Wood's Confession to the Mob. Vol. VII. p. 90.
A first and second Letter from a Friend to the Right Honourable ———, (Lord Chief-Justice Whitshed.) Vol. VI. p. 467.
A Letter to William Wood, Esq. from his only friend in Ireland. Vol. VII. p. 79.
A Letter to William Wood from a Member of that Society of Men, in derision, called Quakers. Ibid. p. 78.
Wood's revived; or a short defence of his proceedings in London, Bristol, &c., in reference to the kingdom of Ireland. 1725. Ibid. p. 58.
The true state of the case between the kingdom of Ireland of the one part, and Mr. William Wood of the other part. By a Protestant of Ireland. Ibid. p. 64.

Of the poetical pieces in this controversy, the following, believed to be from Swift's pen, are, for the first time, reprinted, from hawkers' copies, or broadsides, as they are called.

Epigram, in answer to the Dean's Verses on his own Deafness. Vol. XII. p. 391.
Verses addressed to the Citizens, and signed M. B. Ibid. p. 492.
An excellent Song upon the Grand-Jury. Ibid. p. 491.
Upwards of fifty excellent Verses in addition to the "Serious Poem upon William Wood." Ibid. p. 286.—They seem to have been omitted in the Dean's works on account of their reflecting on the Duchess of Kendal, and were retrieved from the original broadside.

Besides the tracts in prose, and satires in verse, which the Dean poured out in such profusion, the following, and probably many other pieces, appeared, by different hands.

PROSE.

Considerations on the attempts made to pass Wood's Coin.
Reasons, showing the Necessity the People of Ireland are under to refuse Wood's Coinage.
Both reprinted in the first collected edition of the Drapier's Letters.

were encouraged, the doubtful confirmed, the audacious inflamed, and the attention of the public so riveted, to the discussion, that it was no longer shocked at the discussion of the more delicate questions which it involved; and the viceroy and his advisers complained, that any proposition, however libellous and treasonable, was now published without hesitation, and perused without horror, providing that Wood and his halfpence could be introduced into the tract. The Duke of Grafton (then lord-lieutenant) found himself unable to stem the popular torrent; and it became evident, that the scheme, if enforced, would occasion a civil war.

In this emergency, Walpole was not wanting to himself. His first object was, if possible, to appease the general ferment, by such a composition, as to the extent of the proposed issue of coin, as would leave unquestioned the assumed right to utter it. He therefore endeavoured to let the scheme drop gradually, by a proclamation which limited the issue of halfpence to 40,000*l.* instead of 108,000*l.* And when this failed, he contrived, by a bold turn of political intrigue, to impose the task of enforcing Wood's project, and subduing the discontent of the Irish, upon a rival statesman, who was supposed to have had no small share in obstructing the one, and fomenting the other. This was the celebrated Lord Carteret, then secretary of state, learned, accomplished, eloquent, ambitious, and a personal favourite of his sovereign. He had maintained a war of intrigue in the interior of the cabinet, against Walpole, and his brother-in-law, Townsend; and by caballing with the Brodericks, and furnishing, it was said, the private history of the mode in which Wood's patent was obtained, he had greatly encouraged the discontents of Ireland, trusting that all the odium would be imputed to Walpole. But his interest in the cabinet gradually sunk before that of his rival, who, unable, perhaps, to remove Carteret entirely from office, enjoyed the refined revenge of sending him to Ireland as lord-lieutenant, in the room of the Duke of Grafton, with the injunction of carrying on Wood's project if it were possible; but otherwise with permission to drop it, by the suspension or surrender of the patent. But ere Carteret arrived on the scene, to extinguish the fire which he himself had fanned, the discussion had begun to assume its real character.

It was now obvious, from the temper of Ireland, that the true point of difference between the countries might safely be brought before the public. In the Drapier's fourth letter, accordingly, Swift boldly treats of the royal prerogative, of the almost exclusive employment of natives of England in places of trust and emolument in Ireland; of the dependency of that kingdom upon England, and the power assumed, contrary to truth, reason, and justice, of binding her by the laws of a Parliament in which she had no representation. It is boldly affirmed, (though in terms the most guarded,) that the revolutions of England no further affected Ireland, than as they were consonant to freedom and liberty; and that, should an insurrection fix a new prince on the throne of the sister kingdom, the Irish might still lawfully resist his possessing himself of theirs. The threats of the English ministers to enforce the currency of Wood's halfpence by violent measures, are next alluded to; and the Drapier concludes this part of his reasoning in the following very marked passage: "The remedy is wholly in your own hands, and, therefore, I have digressed a little, in order to refresh and continue that spirit so seasonably raised among you, and to let you see, that, by the laws of God, of Nature, of Nations, and of your Country, you are, and ought to be, as free a people as your brethren in England."

This tract pressed at once upon the real merits of the question at issue, and the alarm was instantly taken by the English government. The necessity of supporting their domination devolved upon Carteret, who was just landed; and, accordingly, a proclamation was issued, offering 300*l.* reward for the discovery of the author of the Drapier's fourth letter, described as a wicked and malicious pamphlet, containing several seditious and scandalous passages, highly reflecting upon his majesty and his ministers, and tending to alienate the affections of his good subjects in England and Ireland from each other. Harding, the printer of the Drapier's Letters, was thrown into prison, and a prosecution directed against him, at the instance of the Crown. Swift, bold in the merit of his cause, and in the support of the people, was not to be appalled by this menacing procedure: He went to the levee of the lord-lieutenant, burst through the circle with which he was surrounded, and, in a firm and stern voice, demanded of Lord Carteret the meaning of these severities against a poor industrious tradesman, who had published two or three papers, designed for the good of his country. Carteret, to whom Swift was personally well known, and who could have no doubt of his being the author of the Drapier's Letters, evaded the expostulation, by an apt and elegant quotation from Virgil:

> "Res dura, et regni novitas, me talia cogunt
> Moliri.———"

The courtly circle, astounded at the daring conduct of Swift, were delighted and reassured by the lord-lieutenant's presence of mind and urbanity.

Two other anecdotes occurred, which served to show the bold, stern, and uncompromising temper of the Dean. The first is well known: A servant, named Robert Blakely, whom he intrusted to copy out, and convey to the press the Drapier's Letters, chanced one evening to absent himself without leave. His master charged him with treachery, and, upon his exculpation, insisted that at least he neglected his duties as a servant, because he conceived his master was in his power. "Strip your livery," he commanded, "begone from the Deanery instantly, and do the worst to revenge yourself that you dare do." The man retired, more grieved that his master doubted his fidelity, than moved by this harsh treatment. He was replaced at the intercession of Stella; and Swift afterwards rewarded his fidelity, by the office of verger in the cathedral of St. Patrick's. The other anecdote bears, that while Harding was in jail, Swift actually visited him in the disguise of an Irish country clown, or *spalpeen*. Some of the printer's family or friends, who chanced to visit him at the same time, were urging him to earn his own release by informing against the author of the Drapier's Letters. Harding replied steadily, that he would rather perish in jail before he would be guilty of such treachery and baseness. All this passed in Swift's presence, who sat beside them in silence, and heard, with apparent indifference, a discussion which might be said to involve his ruin. He came and departed without being known to any one but Harding.

When the bill against the printer of the Drapier's Letters was about to be presented to the grand-jury, Swift addressed to that body a paper entitled "Seasonable Advice," exhorting them to remember the story of the league made by the wolves with the sheep, on condition of their parting with their shep-

Some Considerations on the Attempts made to pass Mr. Wood's Brass Money in Ireland. By a lover of his Country. 1724. Four pages folio.

A speech for an Irish Commoner. A broadside.

A Letter from the Right Honourable ———, to the Reverend N. N.—Noticed in a subsequent note. Broadside.

Seasonable advice to M. B., Drapier; occasioned by his Letter to the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount Molesworth.—Also hereafter mentioned. Broadside.

VERAX.

A true Character of the Wooden Monster, Arch-enemy to Ireland. By no Friend to William Wood.

> "To draw a tinker, esquire, and an ape,
> With lively strokes, deformity, and shape," &c.

Remarks upon the Report of the Committee of the Lords of his Majesty's Most Honourable Privy-Council, in relation to Mr. Wood's Halfpence. By Samuel Owens, Locksmith. Broadside.

> "Vulcan, my Muse, to me describe
> Hibernia's case, without a bribe," &c.

A New Poem, *ascribed* to the Honourable the Gentlemen of the late Grand Jury. Broadside.

> "As shipwreck'd passengers, when got to shore,
> One time rejoice," &c.

herds and mastiffs, after which they ravaged the flock at pleasure. A few spirited verses addressed to the citizens at large, and enforcing similar topics, are subscribed by the Drapier's initials, and are doubtless Swift's own composition. Alluding to the charge that he had gone too far in leaving the discussion of Wood's project to treat of the alleged dependence of Ireland, he concludes in these lines:—

> "If, then, oppression has not quite subdued,
> At once, your prudence and your gratitude;
> If you yourselves conspire not your undoing,
> And don't deserve, and won't draw down your ruin;
> If yet to virtue you have some pretence;
> If yet you are not lost to common sense,
> Assist your patriot in your own defence.
> That stupid cant, He want too far, despise,
> And know, that to be brave, is to be wise:
> Think how he struggled for your liberty,
> And give him freedom whilst yourselves are free."*

At the same time was circulated the memorable and apt quotation from scripture, by a Quaker:—"And the people said unto Saul, shall JONATHAN die, who has wrought this great salvation in Israel? God forbid: As the Lord liveth, there shall not one hair of his head fall to the ground; for he hath wrought with God this day. So the people rescued Jonathan that he died not."† Thus admonished by verse, law, and scripture, the grand-jury assembled. It was in vain that the same Lord Chief-Justice Whitshed, who had caused the Dean's former tract to be denounced as seditious, and procured a verdict against the printer, exerted himself strenuously upon this similar occasion. The hour of intimidation was past, and the grand-jury, conscious of what the country expected from them, brought in a verdict of *ignoramus* upon the bill. Whitshed, after demanding, unconstitutionally, and with indecorous violence, the reasons of their verdict, could only gratify his impotent resentment, like his prototype Scroggs, on a similar occasion, by dissolving the grand-jury. They returned into the mass of general society, honoured and thanked for the part which they had acted, and the chief-justice, on the contrary, was execrated for his arbitrary conduct.‡ Such means would injure a good cause, and, unless supported by tyrannical force, can never prop a bad one. The next grand-jury of the county and city of Dublin presented Wood's scheme as a fraud and imposition on the public, and omitted not to express their gratitude to those patriots by whom it had been exposed. Three other Drapier's Letters were published by Swift, not only in order to follow up his victory, but for explaining more decidedly the cause in which it had been won. The fifth letter is addressed to Lord Molesworth, and has for its principal object a justification of the former letters, and a charge of oppression and illegality, founded upon the proceedings against the author and printer. The sixth letter is addressed to Lord Chancellor Middleton, who strenuously opposed Wood's project, and resigned his office in consequence of the displeasure of the court being expressed on account of such resistance. It is written in the Dean's person, who pleads the cause of the Drapier, and, from several passages, does not appear anxious to conceal this identity. This also relates chiefly to the conduct of Whitshed, and the merits of the prosecution against Harding. The seventh letter, though last published, appears to have been composed shortly after the fourth. It enters widely into the national complaints of Ireland, and illustrates what has been already mentioned, that the project of Wood was only chosen as an ostensible and favourable point on which to make a stand against principles of aggression, which involved many questions of much more vital importance. This letter was not published until the Drapier's papers were collected into a volume. Meantime Carteret yielded to the storm,—Wood's patent was surrendered,—and the patentee indemnified by a grant of 3000*l.* yearly, for twelve years. Thus victoriously terminated the first grand struggle for the independence of Ireland.

The eyes of the kingdom were now turned with one consent on the man, by whose unbending fortitude and pre-eminent talents this triumph was accomplished. The Drapier's head became a sign, his portrait was engraved, woven upon handkerchiefs, struck upon medals, and displayed in every possible manner, as the liberator of Ireland. A club was formed in honour of the patriot, who held regular meetings to commemorate his excellencies, study his doctrines, and carouse to his health.‖ In all this, Swift's popularity did not probably exceed that of other patriots, who, at some decisive and critical period, have had the fortune to render a striking service to their country. Nor is it singular that the Dean's memory should, after death, be honourably and tenderly cherished by the nation which he did so much to rescue from subjection. But the period between the deeds on which a patriot rests his fame, and the time when they are recorded on his tombstone, is but rarely distinguished by the unclouded and steady glow of uniform popularity. History affords, in all countries, too many instances of the mutability of public favour, and exhibits a long list of those benefactors of nations who have heard the songs composed in their praise turned into libellous parodies, and the acclamations of their countrymen exchanged for as loud and general shouts of reprobation or derision. To the honour of the warm-hearted and generous people for whom he exposed his safety, the sun of Swift's popularity shone unclouded even after he was incapable of distinguishing its radiance. While he was able to go abroad, a thousand popular benedictions attended his steps, and if he visited a town where he was not usually resident, his reception resembled that of a sovereign prince. The slightest idea of personal danger to THE DEAN, (for by that title he was generally distinguished,) aroused a whole district in his defence; and when, on one occasion, Walpole meditated his arrest, his proposal was checked by a prudent friend, who inquired if he could spare ten thousand soldiers to guard the messenger who should execute so perilous a commission. His foibles, though of a kind which seems peculiarly obnoxious to the observation and censure of the vulgar, were overlooked with the pious respect paid by filial affection to the imperfections of a parent. The governors of Ireland, from the courtly Carteret to the haughty Dorset, even while disliking his politics, if not his person, saw themselves under the necessity of respecting his influence, and temporizing with his zeal. And as he was mourned in his last stage of imbecility, and followed to the grave by the lamentations of his people, so there have been few Irish authors who have not since that period paid to the memory of Swift that tribute of gratitude, which is so peca-

* See the whole address, Swift's Works, vol. XII. p. 489.

† 1 Samuel, chap. xiv. 54th verse.

‡ See two spirited letters addressed to him, probably by the Dean's friend and legal adviser, Robert Lindsay, whose counsel he had used during the whole controversy.—Swift's Works, vol. VI. p. 467. And he received another broad hint of his unconstitutional proceeding, by publication of the Resolutions of the House of Commons in 1680, declaring the discharging of a grand-jury, before the end of the term, or assizes, arbitrary, illegal, and destructive to public justice. Ibid. p. 466. There is room to believe that his death, which speedily followed, was hastened by the various affronts which were heaped upon him. See Boulter's Letters. But Swift was determined to gibbet his very memory, and vindicates himself for doing so. Vol. VII. p. 178.

‖ To the Drapier's Club we owe the first collection of the Drapier's Letters, published by Faulkner at their desire, under the following title:—"Fraud Detected; or, the Hibernian Patriot, containing all the Drapier's Letters to the people of Ireland on Wood's coinage, &c., interspersed with the following particulars, viz.—1. The Addresses of the Lords and Commons of Ireland against Wood's coin.—2. His Majesty's answer to the said addresses.—3. The report of his Majesty's most honourable Privy-Council.—4. Seasonable advice to the Grand Jury.—5. Extract of the votes of the House of Commons of England, upon breaking a grand-jury.—6. Considerations on the attempts made to pass Wood's coin.—7. Reasons showing the necessity the people of Ireland are under, to refuse Wood's coinage. To which are added, Prometheus, a poem. Also, a new poem to the Drapier; and the songs made at the Drapier's Club in Truck Street, Dublin, never before printed. With a preface explaining the usefulness of the whole."—Dublin: Reprinted and sold by George Faulkner, in Pembroke Court, Castle Street, 1725, 12mo.

This publication contains five songs to the honour of the Drapier, to which some others might be added from the [illegible] before the Editor. But they would only show the zeal and affectionate [illegible] of the worthy members of the Drapier's Club at Taylor's, Truck Street without doing any credit to their literary talents.

larly his due. One of the latest, as well as the most eloquent panegyrics which have decorated his monument, occurs in "A Sketch of the State of Ireland, past and present," published in 1810. With the just and concise character of the Dean of St. Patrick's, viewed as an Irish patriot, we close the present section.

"On this gloom one luminary rose, and Ireland worshipped it with Persian idolatry; her true patriot—her first, almost her last. Sagacious and intrepid—he saw, he dared; above suspicion, he was trusted; above envy, he was beloved; above rivalry, he was obeyed. His wisdom was practical and prophetic—remedial for the present, warning for the future; he first taught Ireland that she might cease to be a despot. But he was a churchman. His gown impeded his course, and entangled his efforts,—guiding a senate, or heading an army, he had been more than Cromwell, and Ireland not less than England. As it was, he saved her by his courage—improved her by his authority—adorned her by his talents—and exalted her by his fame. His mission was but of ten years; and for ten years only did his personal power mitigate the government; but though no longer feared by the great, he was not forgotten by the wise; his influence, like his writings, has survived a century; and the foundations of whatever prosperity we have since erected, are laid in the disinterested and magnanimous patriotism of Swift."

SECTION VI.

Swift retires to Quilca—His friendship for Sheridan—He visits England—Has an audience of Walpole—Becomes known at the Prince of Wales' Court—Returns to Ireland and publishes Gulliver's Travels—He revisits England—And is recalled by Stella's indisposition—Her death—Swift breaks with the Court and Minister—His writings on Irish affairs—He quarrels with Lord Allen—Is intimate with Carteret—A Letter is forged in his name to the Queen—His Miscellaneous Prose Writings about this period—His Poems—His residence at Gossford with Sir Arthur Acheson, and the Verses which were written there.

WHEN Wood's project appeared to be on the verge of being abandoned, Swift, as if desirous of escaping from the popular applause which hailed him from every quarter, retreated with Mrs. Dingley and Mrs. Johnson to Quilca, a small country-house belonging to his intimate friend Dr. Sheridan, in a wild and sequestered situation, about seven miles from the town of Kells. In this retirement, where the want of accommodation became the subject of one or two of those pieces of humour, which he has called *family trifles*, he remained for several months. He seems to have meditated a final blow at Wood and his halfpence; but hearing the patent was resigned, he stopped the publication of the intended treatise. This was probably the seventh letter, which did not appear until the Dean's works were collected, in 1735. Meanwhile, the inadvertence of his friend Sheridan engaged him in a very troublesome affair, in which Swift laboured hard to protect and assist him.

Dr. Sheridan, highly respectable for wit, learning, and an uncommon talent for the education of youth, and no less distinguished by his habits of abstraction and absence, and by a simplicity of character which ill suited with his worldly interest, had been Swift's friend of every mood and of all hours, since the Dean's final retirement into Ireland. A happy art of meeting and answering the raillery of his friend, and of writing with facility verses upon domestic jests or occasional incidents, amused Swift's lighter moments, while Sheridan's sound and extensive erudition enlightened those which were more serious. It was in his society that Swift renewed his acquaintance with classical learning, and perused the works which amused his retirement. In the invitations sent to the Dean, Sheridan was always included; nor was Swift to be seen in perfect good humour, unless when he made part of the company. Indeed, Sheridan understood the Dean's temper so well, and knew so happily how to arrest, by some sudden stroke of humour, those fits of violent irritability to which Swift's mind was liable, as his outward frame was to those of vertigo, that he was termed, among their common friends, the David who alone could play the evil spirit out of Saul. Swift was not insensible of the value of such a friend, nor unwilling to repay his services by every means in his power. His high rank and character enabled him to promote the flourishing state of Sheridan's school, which was then the first in the kingdom. But the improvidence of the generous but imprudent teacher, frustrated the kind intentions of his patrons; for with a wife and increasing family, his expenses kept pace with his income; and Swift saw with regret that nothing but a removal from the capital would prevent his being ultimately in distressed circumstances. With this friendly purpose, the Dean obtained from the Lord-Primate Lindsay, an offer of the richly endowed school of Armagh for Sheridan. But the specious arguments of some persons who pretended to be the well wishers of this unsuspicious and single-hearted character, prevailed upon him to decline this offer. He had leisure to reflect upon his folly, when, some years afterwards, the same individuals countenanced another school in opposition to his, and at length compelled him to abandon Dublin.* But before this event took place, Swift had availed himself of another opportunity to serve him.

Lord Carteret, notwithstanding the prosecution of Harding, and the proclamation offering a reward for the discovery of the Drapier, was a friend of Swift, and so far coincided in his political opinions, as to be a secret enemy of Walpole. Thus it was twice Swift's singular fortune to have proclamations sent forth against him, under the authority of ministers, who were not only his personal friends, but who approved in secret of the very treatises against which their public manifestoes were fulminated. Besides, Carteret felt that he had been sent to Ireland only to exercise a nominal vice-sovereignty, while the real power was lodged with the primate Boulter, and he was not averse to form a sort of independent party to balance, in some degree, those violent ministerialists by whom he was watched and surrounded. Accordingly, Swift had afterwards occasion, in one of his most happy ironical compositions, to vindicate the lord-lieutenant from the charge of conferring favours and preferments upon persons disaffected to the king's government.

Through the recommendation of Swift, and from Carteret's own disposition to encourage learning, of which he was a perfect judge, Dr. Sheridan was named one of the lord-lieutenant's chaplains, and presented with a small living near Cork. But, alas! while thus mounted on the first round of the ladder of preferment, he had the inadvertence to kick it from beneath him. When he went to Cork to be inducted in his living, Sheridan undertook to preach for Archdeacon Russel of that city, and, without considering that it was the anniversary of the accession of the House of Hanover, he selected a sermon, which had for the text, "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." It proved, at least, an evil day for Sheridan, who, as Swift expressed it, shot his fortune dead by chance-medley with this single text, Richard Tighe, a man, according to the Dean, of no great dimensions, either of body or mind, but mighty in zeal for the House of Hanover and Protestant succession, carried the report full speed to the Castle of Dublin, exaggerating the offence, by alluding to Sheridan's suspected disaffection. Swift, on the other hand, exerted every effort to save his friend from the too probable consequences of this inadvertence. He applied to the lord-lieutenant himself, and to Mr. Tickell, distinguished by his poems, whose friendship was a legacy from Addison to Swift, and who was now secretary to the lords-justices.† But Car-

* In answer to a letter, (Swift's Works, vol. XVIII. p. 446,) in which Sheridan complains of his insidious friends, who lulled him asleep until they stole his school into the hands of a blockhead, Swift says, "I own you have too much reason to complain of some friends, who, next to yourself, have done you most hurt: whom I still esteem and frequent, although I confess I cannot heartily forgive. Yet certainly the case was not merely personal malice to you (although it had the same effects) but a kind of I know not what job, which one of them has heartily repented. I suspect Delany to be the person here indicated. He had no good will to Sheridan.

† See Swift's Works, vol. XVI. p. 488. Vol. XIX. p. 284.

teret durst not adventure to give such scandal to the ruling party, as the overlooking this important misdemeanour might have implied. Sheridan was therefore disgraced at the vice-regal court, and struck from the list of chaplains. He was in part consoled by the generosity of Archdeacon Russel, who, considering himself as having given occasion to his misfortune, had the munificence to present him with the manor of Drumlane, worth one hundred and fifty pounds yearly. But the demerits of the informer were never pardoned or forgotten by Swift, who made a vow, and kept it well, to persecute Tighe with satire, and never to quit him living or dead.*

This misfortune of Sheridan embittered the Dean's residence at Quilca, which was otherwise agreeable. His time was chiefly spent in acting as Sheridan's bailiff, overseeing his labourers, and executing plans of improvement for the pleasure of surprising him when vacation permitted him to visit the country.† His literary employment was the finishing, correcting, amending, and transcribing Gulliver's Travels, to be published, he intimates, so soon as he could find a printer courageous enough to venture his ears.‡ He admitted Sheridan to this secret labour;‖ but when Tickell expressed curiosity to see the treatise on which he was at work, he frankly informed him, that it totally disagreed with his notions of persons and things, and, as if conscious of writing to a secretary of state, he adds, it would be impossible for Mr. Tickell to find his treasury of waste papers without searching nine houses, and then sending to him for the key.§ Having completed this celebrated work, the Dean resolved, for the first time since the death of Queen Anne, to revisit England, a purpose which he accomplished in spring, 1726.

Bolingbroke, now returned from his exile, Pope, Arbuthnot, Gay, Bathurst, and other old friends, received him with open arms, and with the melancholy pleasure of sailors who meet after a shipwreck, from which they have escaped by different means.

Amongst these friends, Pope, although not by any means the earliest, appears gradually to have become the most intimate. The Dean resided chiefly in his house at Twickenham, and an acquaintance which had begun in Queen Anne's reign, between the protected poet and the patron, gradually ripened into intimate and equal friendship. Their characters were in some respects opposite, but these very points of opposition were such as removed the possibility of rivalry.

Pope's character and habits were exclusively literary, with all the hopes, fears, and failings, which are attached to that feverish occupation,—a restless pursuit of poetical fame. Without domestic society, or near relations; separated by weak health and personal disadvantages from the gay; by fineness of mind and lettered indolence, from the busy part of mankind; surrounded only by a few friends, who valued those gifts in which he excelled, Pope's whole hopes, wishes, and fears, were centered in his literary reputation. To extend his fame, he laboured indirectly, as well as directly; and to defend it from the slightest attack, was his daily and nightly anxiety. Hence the restless impatience which that distinguished author displayed under the libels of dunces, whom he ought to have despised, and hence too the venomed severity with which he retorted their puny attacks. Swift also was irritable and satirical, but from different causes. He never assumed, and probably disdained the character of a mere man of letters, whose sufferings or enjoyments depended upon the public reception of his works. His writings he only valued in so far as they accomplished the purpose for which they were written, and was so far from seeking the reputation which they might have attracted to the author, that he, almost in every instance, sent them into the world without his name. Hence he felt no jealousy of contemporary authors, and was indifferent to the criticism with which his treatises were assailed, unless in so far as it affected the argument which they were designed to support. Bred under Temple, the favourite of Oxford, and now the patriotic champion of Ireland, his hopes and fears were for the political interests which he espoused; his love was for party-friends, and his hatred and vengeance for political opponents. His feelings were those of a statesman, not of an author, and had been exalted from the cause of a party, to be fixed upon the liberties of a nation. The pecuniary emoluments of literature Swift seems never to have coveted, and therefore readily abandoned to Pope the care of selecting and arranging their fugitive pieces into three volumes of Miscellanies, as well as the profit which might arise from the publication. He himself was engaged in matters of more momentous importance.

We have observed, that Walpole, now the omnipotent prime-minister, had violently assaulted Swift in the House of Commons, during the ministry of Oxford. Of this the Dean retained no vindictive recollection; for, during the whole controversy about Wood's project, he treated the character of Walpole with considerable respect: and now, upon arriving in London, after having dined with Sir Robert, upon invitation, he obtained an interview with him upon business, for the purpose of representing to him the distressed state of Ireland. The interview was granted through the mediation of the celebrated

* Swift's Works, vol. VII. p. 289, and the various satires against Tighe, entitled Mad Mullinix and Timothy, Tim and the Fables, Tom and Dick, Dick a Maggot, Clad all in Brown, Dick's Variety, vol. XII. p. 402. *et sequen.*; besides repeated mention of him under the title of Dick Fitz-Baker and Pistorides, epithets bestowed on Tighe because he was descended from a contractor who supplied Oliver Cromwell's army with bread.

† Of this the younger Sheridan has recorded a whimsical instance. The Dean had a mind to surprise the Doctor, on his next visit, with some improvements made at his own expense. Accordingly he had a canal cut of some extent, and at the end of it, by transplanting some young trees, formed an arbour, which he called *Stella's bower*, and surrounded some acres of land about it with a dry-stone wall, (for the country afforded no lime,) the materials of which were taken from the ground, which was very stony. The Dean had given strict charge to all about him to keep this secret, in order to surprise the Doctor on his arrival; but he had in the meantime received intelligence of all that was going forward. On his coming to Quilca, the Dean took an early opportunity of walking with him carelessly toward this new scene. The Doctor seemed not to take the least notice of any alteration, and, with a most inflexible countenance, continued to talk of indifferent matters. "Confound your stupidity," said Swift in a rage, "why, you blockhead, don't you see the great improvements I have been making here?"—"Improvements! Mr. Dean; why, I see a long bog-hole out of which I suppose you have cut the turf; you have removed some of the young trees, I think, to a worse situation; as to taking the stones from the surface of the ground, I allow that is a useful work, as the grass will grow the better for it; and placing them about the field in that form, will make it more easy to carry them off."—"Plague on your Irish taste," says Swift; "this is just what I ought to have expected from you; but neither you nor your forefathers ever made such an improvement; nor will you be able, while you live, to do any thing like it."

The Doctor was resolved to retaliate on the Dean the first opportunity. It happened when he was down there in one of his vacations, that the Dean was absent for a few days on a visit elsewhere. He took this opportunity of employing a great number of hands to make an island in the middle of the lake, where the water was twenty feet deep; an arduous work in appearance, but not hard to be executed in a place abounding with large stones upon the surface of the ground, and where long heath grew every where in great plenty; for, by placing quantities of those stones in large bundles of heath, the space was soon filled up, and a large island formed. To cover this, a sufficient quantity of earth and green sods were brought, and several well-grown osiers, and other aquatics, were removed to it. The Doctor's secret was better kept than Swift's; who, on his return, walked toward the lake, and, seeing the new island, cried out in astonishment, "Bleigh! how the water of the lake is sunk in this short time to discover that island of which there was no trace before!"—"Greatly sunk, indeed," observed the Doctor with a sneer, "if it covered the tops of those osiers." Swift then saw he had been fairly taken in, and acknowledged the Doctor had got the better of him, both in his stratagem, and the beauty of his improvement.

‡ Letter to Pope, 29th September, 1725, Swift's Works, vol. XVII. p. 3.

‖ He tells him in a letter, 11th September, 1725, "You will every day find my description of Yahoos more resembling." Works, vol. XVI. p. 484.

§ Letter to Mr. Tickell, 7th July, 1726, Swift's Works, vol. XIX. p. 290. He appears to have been anxious to enforce this article upon Mr. Tickell; for he writes to Sheridan, 8th July, 1726, "Our friend at the castle wrote to me about two months ago, to have a sight of these papers, &c., of which I brought away a copy. I have answered him, that whatever papers I have, are conveyed from one place to another, through nine or ten hands, and that I have the key. If he should mention any thing of papers in general, either to you or the ladies, and that you can bring it in, I would have you and them confirm the same story, and laugh at my humour in it," &c. Works, vol. XVII. p. 40

Earl of Peterborow, and took place on 27th April, 1726. The Dean stated at length the grievances of Ireland, being all that could contribute to render a nation poor and despicable: the nation being controlled by laws, to which her legislature did not consent; their manufactures interdicted, to favour those of England; their trade cramped and ruined by prohibitions; the natives studiously excluded from all places of honour, trust, or profit; while the conduct of those to whom the government was delegated, lay under no other check than might arise from her own sense of justice. But Walpole was prepossessed against any statement of the affairs of Ireland that might come from Swift. Ere the Dean had left that kingdom, the primate Boulter, to whom Walpole chiefly confided the efficient power in Irish affairs, had written to the English minister in the following terms: "The general report is, that Dean Swift designs for England in a little time; and we do not question his endeavours to misrepresent his Majesty's friends here, wherever he finds an opportunity; but he is so well known, as well as the disturbances he has been the fomenter of in this kingdom, that we are under no fear of his being able to disserve any of his Majesty's faithful servants, by any thing that is known to come from him: but we could wish some eye were had to what he shall be attempting on your side of the water."* Thus prepossessed against all that might come from the author of the Drapier's Letters, Walpole turned a deaf ear to the grievances of Ireland; and complaining that the king derived little revenue from that kingdom, proceeded to enlarge upon the opinions which he had adopted from its governors, in a manner which Swift deemed inconsistent with the notions of liberty, which Britons have ever considered as the inheritance of a human creature. The minister and patriot parted on terms of mutual civility, but without having made the least impression upon each other's opinions. Swift, on the following morning, wrote the substance of their conference in a letter to Lord Peterborow, requesting his lordship to put it into the hands of Sir Robert Walpole. It need scarce be remarked, that the most brazen effrontery would not have ventured in such a letter, to be so communicated, to conceal or misrepresent what had passed between them; and that the account so given, and never contradicted, must contain the genuine record of this remarkable conversation.

An unworthy use was made of this interview, and of Swift's having accepted the previous invitation of Walpole; as if he had meant to barter his principles, and offer the minister the support of his pen, on condition of his being preferred in England. This charge requires a short investigation; for it was countenanced, to a certain extent, by Walpole, and zealously promulgated by his partizans. Had such an offer been made, it must have been worse than folly in Walpole to refuse the assistance of Swift, while he was expending very large sums to reward the political treatises of Arnal and Henley; so that, considering the well known sagacity of the minister, as well as his unscrupulous mode of charming opposition to silence, by the ready mode of corrupt influence, we may conclude, that the offer not being accepted proves that it never was made. It is certain, indeed, that Swift would willingly have received from Walpole an opportunity of exchanging, and even at considerable disadvantage, his Irish deanery for some English living, which might have provided for his usual expenditure, and placed him for life in England. But this was uniformly opposed by the prime-minister, not because he disdained to purchase the support of Swift's pen, but because he had little hopes of laying him under such a weight of obligation, as might have prevented the risk of its being employed to his prejudice. Swift had declared, he was neither offered, nor would have received preferment, excepting on such conditions as would never be given to him. This is perfectly consistent with his desire to exchange the deanery of St. Patrick's for an English living; a transaction which might have been arranged on terms of such advantage to his successor as should lay Swift under no obligation, and leave his political conduct free and unfettered. If he would not accept of a bishopric but on his own terms, he could be hardly disposed to barter his independence, merely to be translated to a worse living in England, than he already possessed in the sister country. And admitting that Walpole retained no memory of former quarrels, he may have believed it by no means his interest to bring Swift to England, unless upon such terms as would have made him entirely his own. Bolingbroke and Pulteney gave him enough of disturbance, without their forces being augmented by the keenest satirical writer of the age, whose friendships and principles were likely to engage him against the ministers of George I. Walpole, however, might have acted more wisely, by at once, and generously, doing what must have gratified Swift, and trusted to his sense of justice and honour. It is certain, that Pulteney's civilities had as yet failed to engage the Dean in the politics of England; and in Swift's reply to the advice which Pope delicately insinuates, deprecating his involving himself in party disputes, and exhorting him to write only for truth, honour, and posterity, he seems to acquiesce in its propriety.† But ancient friendship for Bolingbroke, and new causes of resentment against Walpole, combined to effect a change of his resolution.

Notwithstanding the coldness of the premier, Swift might hope to accomplish the desired change of residence by means of patronage more illustrious, though, in reality, less efficient than that of Walpole. The Prince of Wales, afterwards George II., and his consort, the princess, now kept a sort of court at Leicester House, and were endeavouring to form an interest separate from that of the king and his minister. For this purpose they courted such Whigs as were discontented with the court, and bestowed countenance, and indulgence even, upon the dejected Tories. The princess had also a taste for literature, which she indulged by summoning around her men of genius and learning, whose society the prince endured at least, though he was far from enjoying it. Pope, Gay, and Arbuthnot, were frequent and assiduous attendants on this little court. Their immediate protectress, however, was not the princess, but rather the celebrated Mrs. Howard, who filled the twofold situation of confidante of Caroline and mistress to the prince. It would seem, that, possessed of this double claim to favour, her interest could only be limited by the power of her friend and of her lover. But this was far from being the case. The princess, indulgent to her husband's gallantries, was jealous, to a great degree, of any one possessing political influence over him; and managed to retain her power so absolutely, that all who attempted to attain preferment through the favour of Mrs. Howard, were certain to be thwarted in their hopes. Pope's religion was a bar to his forming any hopes by attendance on the prince's court; nor does Arbuthnot appear to have had any views of preferment. But both were anxious to promote the interest of Gay; and unfortunately, instead of trusting to the influence of the princess, who had expressed her resolution to patronise him, they took the contraband course, by applying all their court and flattery to Mrs. Howard. At this juncture, Dean Swift arrived in England; and as the princess was easily rendered curious to see so remarkable a person, she laid her commands upon him to attend her, which were nine times repeated before he complied with them. When presented to her, he said, (in allusion to the savage lately caught in Hanover,) "he understood her royal highness loved oddities; and that, having lately seen a wild boy from Germany, she was now desirous to see a wild dean from Ireland." The freedom of the address was well received; and the Dean was honoured with so much of the princess' notice, as might well have authorized more ambitious prospects, upon the prince's succession to the crown, than Swift ever appears to have enter-

* See Boulter's Letters, vol. I. p. 62. Swift detested Boulter, and Ambrose Phillips, his secretary.

† Swift's Works, vol. XVII. p. 79, 82.

tained. His visits at Leicester House were regular, and always well received. His residence with Pope, at Twickenham, was also favourable to his paying his court when the princess resided at Richmond Hill, in the vicinity. The rest of his time was given to Lord Bolingbroke, at Dawley; a circumstance which, of itself, must have excited in Walpole dislike and suspicion.

Swift's visit to England was shortened, in the month of July, 1726, by the accounts of Mrs. Johnson's rapid decline. His letters on this melancholy subject are a true picture of an agonized heart. Yet even the approaching calamity did not prevent his clinging to his peculiar system; and, in a letter to Dr. Stopford, he labours to impress on his correspondent, that the agony which he felt at parting with Stella, was that of friendship, not of love. He mentions her as "*one* of the *two* oldest and dearest friends" he had in the world, and only distinguishes her from her gossipping and commonplace companion, Mrs. Dingley, as "the younger of two." And concludes by conjuring Stopford to believe "that violent friendship is much more lasting, and as engaging as violent love." His letter to Sheridan contains more deep and unrestrained expressions of anguish: "The account you give me is nothing but what I have for some time expected with the utmost agonies.—I look upon this to be the greatest event that can ever happen to me; but all my preparations will not suffice to make me bear it like a philosopher, nor altogether like a Christian. Judge in what a temper of mind I write this. The very time I am writing, I conclude the fairest soul in the world hath left its body. I have been long weary of the world, and shall, for my small remainder of days, be weary of life, having for ever lost that conversation which could only make it tolerable."* He betrays the utmost horror at the idea of being in Ireland, when this beloved friend should breathe her last, and conscious, perhaps, of the incipient disorder of his mind, conjures his correspondents to apprize him of the state of her malady, did it seem to infer immediate danger of dissolution, that he might be saved the risk of such a trial.

On his arrival in Ireland, Swift was received with all the honours which the Drapier had earned for the Dean. Bells were rung, bonfires kindled, and a body of the most respectable citizens escorted their patriot, in a sort of triumphal procession, from the shore to the Deanery. But he was yet more gratified by finding that Mrs. Johnson was in part recovered, to ease at least, and immediate safety, though not to health or strength. The blow he so much dreaded was suspended, though not averted.

The celebrated Travels of Gulliver were now given to the world, but under the mystery which almost always shadowed Swift's publications. Swift left England in the month of August, and about the same time, Motte the bookseller received the manuscript, dropped, he said, at his house in the dark, from a hackney coach.† It appeared in the November following, with several retrenchments and alterations, owing to the timidity of the printer, of which Swift complains heavily in his correspondence, and which he endeavours to correct by the letter from Gulliver to his cousin Sympson, prefixed to the subsequent editions. But the public discovered no tameness in this extraordinary satirical romance, which produced a universal sensation, being read from the highest to the lowest, and from the cabinet-council to the nursery. The world was frantic to discover the author, and even his friends, Pope, Gay, Arbuthnot, and others, wrote to Swift as if they were in doubt on the subject. But though they make use of expressions so strong as to deceive some of his biographers into an opinion, that they were really in the uncertainty which they express, there is yet no doubt that all his literary brotherhood were more or less acquainted with the work before it was published.‡ Their reserve was either affected to humour Swift's wish of remaining concealed, or, perhaps, in case of the work giving offence, to avoid furnishing the evidence against the author, which might have arisen from an intercepted letter.

We have endeavoured elsewhere to make some remarks on those celebrated Travels.‖ Perhaps no work ever exhibited such general attractions to all classes. It offered personal and political satire to the readers in high life, low and coarse incident to the vulgar, marvels to the romantic, wit to the young and lively, lessons of morality and policy to the grave, and maxims of deep and bitter misanthropy to neglected age, and disappointed ambition. The plan of the satire varies in the different parts. The Voyage to Lilliput refers chiefly to the court and politics of England, and Sir Robert Walpole is plainly intimated under the character of the Premier Flimnap,§ which he afterwards probably remembered to the prejudice of the Dean's view of leaving Ireland. The factions of High-Heels and Low-Heels express the factions of Tories and Whigs, the Small-Endians and Big-Endians the religious divisions of Papist and Protestant; and when the heir-apparent was described as wearing one heel high and one low, the Prince of Wales, who at that time divided his favour between the two leading political parties of England, laughed very heartily at the comparison. Blefescu is France, and the ingratitude of the Lilliputian court, which forces Gulliver to take shelter there, rather than have his eyes put out, is an indirect reproach upon that of England, and a vindication of the flight of Ormond and Bolingbroke to Paris.¶ Many other allusions may be traced by those well acquainted with the secret history of the reign of George I. The scandal which Gulliver gave to the empress, by his mode of extinguishing the flames in the royal palace, seems to intimate the author's own disgrace with Queen Anne, founded upon the indecorum of the Tale of a Tub, which was remembered against him as a crime, while the service which it had rendered the cause of the high-church was forgotten.** It must also be remarked, that the original institutions of the empire of Lilliput are highly commended, as also their system of public education, while it is intimated, that all the corruptions of the court had been introduced during the three last reigns. This was Swift's opinion concerning the English constitution.

* Letter to Sheridan, 27th July, 1726. Swift's Works, vol. XVII. p. 49.

† Charles Ford, formerly employed in the negotiation with Barber, about the "Free Thoughts," p. 36, rendered this second piece of secret service to the Dean.

‡ Swift, so early as 29th September, 1725, mentions to Pope, his being employed in correcting and arranging for publication his Travels, in four parts. Swift's Works, vol. XVII, p. 3. Arbuthnot mentions it in his letter of 17th October. (Ibidem, p. 12.) It is scarce possible that the scheme, thus announced, should not have been canvassed, and the manuscript revised, during the fraternal meetings at Twickenham and Dawley. In evidence that it was so, we find Lord Bolingbroke on 23d July, three months before the Travels appeared, addressing Swift, Pope, and Gay, as the three *Yahoos* of Twickenham, a jest which could not have been used by his lordship, and would have been unintelligible to two of the triumvirate he addressed, if Gulliver's Travels had not been known to them all. Besides, Arbuthnot, immediately on the publication, writes to Swift as the author. "I will make over all my profits to you for the property of Gulliver's Travels, which I believe will have as great a run as John Bunyan." (Ibidem, p. 74.) Pope alludes to it as what Swift called his "cousin's wonderful book," (Gulliver's Travels, it will be remembered, were sent forth by his cousin Sympson,) and mentions, though in guarded terms, his having gone to London, expressly to see how the work was received. (Ibid. p. 78.)

‖ In the remarks prefixed to them in vol. XI. of Swift's Works.

§ The Lilliputian treasurer's fall from the tight rope, which was broken by one of the king's cushions, seems to intimate Walpole's resignation in 1717, when he was supposed to be saved from utter disgrace, by the interest of the Duchess of Kendal. The ridicule thrown upon the orders of knighthood by the Lilliputian nobles leaping over a *stick*, for the decorations of the blue, red, and green threads, is principally aimed at Walpole, who, to enlarge this chase of honours and rewards, revived the order of the Bath, as a preliminary step to that of the Garter. Upon that occasion, the Dean wrote some lines, now published for the first time, which conclude with the very idea more fully brought out in the travels to Lilliput:

"And he who'll leap over a stick for the king,
Is qualified best for a dog in a string."

See the verses, Swift's Works, vol. XII. p. 395.

¶ In corroboration, it may be observed, that Gulliver's crime, as well as that imputed to Bolingbroke, was having made a peace, when it was possible entirely to have crushed a vanquished enemy.

** Page 16.

In the voyage to Brobdignag the satire is of a more general character; nor is it easy to trace any particular reference to the political events of statesmen of the period. It merely exhibits human actions and sentiments as they might appear in the apprehension of beings of immense strength, and, at the same time, of a cold, reflecting, and philosophical character. The monarch of these sons of Anak is designed to embody Swift's ideas of a patriot king, indifferent to what was curious, and cold to what was beautiful, feeling only interest in that which was connected with general utility and the public weal. To such a prince, the intrigues, scandals, and stratagems, of an European court, are represented as equally odious in their origin, and contemptible in their progress. A very happy effect was also produced by turning the telescope, and painting Gulliver, who had formerly been a giant among the Lilliputians, as a pigmy amidst this tremendous race. The same ideas are often to be traced, but, as they are reversed in the part which is performed by the narrator, they are rather illustrated than repeated. Some passages of the court of Brobdignag were supposed to be intended as an affront upon the maids of honour,* for whom, Delany informs us, that Swift had very little respect.†

The voyage to Laputa was disliked by Arbuthnot, who was a man of science, and probably considered it as a ridicule upon the Royal Society; nor can it be denied, that there are some allusions to the most respectable philosophers of the period. An occasional shaft is even said to have been levelled at Sir Isaac Newton. The ardent patriot had not forgot the philosopher's opinion in favour of Wood's halfpence. Under the parable of the tailor, who computed Gulliver's altitude by a quadrant, and took his measure by a mathematical diagram, yet brought him his clothes very ill made and out of shape, by the mistake of a figure in the calculation, Swift is supposed to have alluded to an error of Sir Isaac's printer, who, by carelessly adding a cipher to the astronomer's computation of the distance between the sun and the earth, had increased it to an incalculable amount. Newton published, in the Amsterdam Gazette, a correction of this typographical error, but the circumstance did not escape the malicious acumen of the Dean of St. Patrick's. It was also believed by the Dean's friends, that the office of flapper was suggested by the habitual absence of mind of the great philosopher. The Dean told Mr. D. Swift that Sir Isaac was the worst companion in the world, and that, if you asked him a question, "he would revolve it in a circle in his brain, round, and round, and round, (here Swift described a circle on his own forehead,) before he could produce an answer."‡

But, although Swift may have treated with irreverence the first philosopher of the age, and although it must be owned that he evinces, in many parts of his writings, an undue disrespect for mathematics,¶ yet the satire in Gulliver is rather aimed against the abuse of philosophical science than at its reality. The projectors in the academy of Laputa are described as pretenders, who had acquired a very slight tincture of real mathematical knowledge, and cked out their plans of mechanical improvement by dint of whim and fancy. The age in which Swift lived had exhibited numerous instances of persons of this description, by whom many of the numerous *bubbles*, as they were emphatically termed, had been set on foot, to the impoverishment of credulous individuals, and the general detriment of the community. In ridiculing this class of projectors, whose character was divided between self-confidence in their own chimeras, and a wish to impose upon others, Swift, who peculiarly hated them,§ has borrowed several illustrations, and perhaps the general idea, from Rabelais, Book v. cap. xxiii., where Pantagruel inspects the occupations of the courtiers of Quinte-Essence, Queen of Entelechie.

The professors of speculative learning are represented as engaged in prosecution of what was then termed Natural and Mathematical Magic, studies not grounded upon sound principles, or traced out and ascertained by experiment, but hovering between science and mysticism. Such are the renowned pursuits of alchemy; the composition of brazen images that could speak; of wooden birds that could fly; of powders of sympathy, and salves, which were applied, not to the wound, but to the weapon by which it was inflicted; of vials of essence, which could manure acres of land, and all similar marvels, of which impostors propagated the fame, and which dupes believed to their cost. The machine of the worthy professor of Lagado, for improving speculative knowledge, and composing books on all subjects, without the least assistance from genius or knowledge, seems to be designed in ridicule of the art invented by Raimond Lully, and advanced by his sage commentators; the mechanical process, namely, by which, according to Cornelius Agrippa, (himself no mean follower of Lully,) "everye man might plentifullye dispute of what matter he wolde, and with a certain artificial and huge heap of nownes and verbes invente and dispute with ostentation, full of trifling deceites upon both sides."¶ A reader might have supposed himself transported to the grand academy of Lagado when he read of this "Brief and great art of invention and demonstration," which consisted in adjusting the subject to be treated of according to a machine composed of divers circles, fixed and moveable. The principal circle was fixed, and inscribed with the substances of all things that may be treated of, arranged under general heads, as God, Angel, Earth, Heaven, Man, Animal, &c. Another circle was placed within it, which is moveable, bearing inscribed thereon what the logicians call the accidents, as Quantity, Quality, Relation, &c. Other circles again contained the predicates absolute and relative, &c., and the forms of the questions; and, by turning the circles, so as to bring the various attributes to bear upon the question proposed, there was effected a species of mechanical logic, which, it cannot be doubted, was in Swift's mind when he described the celebrated machine for making books. Various refinements upon this mechanical mode of composition and ratiocination were contrived for the purpose of improving this Art of Arts, as it was termed. Kircher, the teacher of a hundred arts, modernized and refitted the machine of Lully. Knittel, the Jesuit, composed, on the same system, his Royal Road to all sciences and arts; Brunus invented the art of logic on the same mechanical plan; and Kuhlman makes our very hair bristle, by announcing such a machine as should contain, not only the art of knowledge, comprehending a general system of all sciences, but the various arts of acquiring languages, of commentary, of criticism, of history, sacred and profane, of biography of every kind, not to mention a library of libraries, comprehending the essence of all the books that ever were written. When it was gravely announced by a learned author, in tolerable Latinity, that all this knowledge was to be acquired by the art of a mechanical instrument, much resembling a

* Swift's Works, vol. XVII. p. 94.

† "I will remember his making strange reports of the phrase-ologies of persons about the court, and particularly the maids of honour, at the time of that visit" (to England.)—Delany's Remarks, p. 78. The letters of the beautiful and lively Miss Bellenden, lately published in the Suffolk Papers, certainly vindicate the Dean's censure.

‡ "Sir Isaac used also to tell of Sir Isaac, that his servant having called him one day to dinner, and returning, after waiting some time, to call him a second time, found him mounted on a ladder, placed against the shelves of his library, a book in his left hand, and his head reclined upon his right, sunk in such a fit of abstraction, that he was obliged, after calling him once or twice, actually to bawl in his ear, before he could awaken his attention. This was precisely the office of the flapper.

¶ "Though Swift disliked mathematics, it was not for want of capacity for that science. He one day affirmed to Sheridan, that it was an easy study; and, in consequence of a dispute with his friend upon that subject, Sheridan gave him a problem to solve. He desired Sheridan to leave the room; and in about half an hour the Dean called out to him, *heureka, heureka*. Sheridan admitted him. Whitaway that Swift had resolved the problem in the clearest manner, though he, who was himself a good mathematician, had chosen, on purpose, a very difficult one.

§ Recollecting, perhaps, the ruin of his uncle Godwin. See p. 3.

¶ Cornelius Agrippa of the Vanity of Sciences. Englished by Ja. San. Gent. London, 1575.

child's whirligig, it was time for the satirist to assume the pen. It was not real science, therefore, which Swift attacked, but those chimerical and spurious studies with which the name has been sometimes disgraced. In the department of the political projectors, we have some glances of his Tory feelings; and when we read the melancholy account of the Struldbrugs, we are affectingly reminded of the author's contempt of life,* and the miserable state in which his own was at length prolonged.

The voyage to the land of the Houyhnhnms is a composition an editor of Swift must ever consider with pain. The source of such a diatribe against human nature could only be that fierce indignation which he has described in his epitaph as so long gnawing his heart. Dwelling in a land where he considered the human race as divided between petty tyrants and oppressed slaves, and being himself a worshipper of that freedom and independence which he beheld daily trampled upon, the unrestrained violence of his feelings drove him to loathe the very species by whom such iniquity was done and suffered. To this must be added, his personal health, broken and worn down by the recurring attacks of a frightful disorder; his social comfort destroyed by the death of one beloved object, and the daily decay and peril of another; his life decayed into autumn, and its remainder, after so many flattering and ambitious prospects, condemned to a country which he disliked, and banished from that in which he had formed his hopes, and left his friendships:—when all these considerations are combined, they form some excuse for that general misanthropy which never prevented a single deed of individual benevolence. Such apologies are personal to the author, but there are also excuses for the work itself. The picture of the Yahoos, utterly odious and hateful as it is, presents to the reader a moral use. It was never designed as a representation of mankind in the state to which religion, and even the lights of nature, encourage men to aspire, but of that to which our species is degraded by the wilful subservience of mental qualities to animal instincts, of man, such as he may be found in the degraded ranks of every society, when brutalized by ignorance and gross vice. In this view, the more coarse and disgusting the picture, the more impressive is the moral to be derived from it, since, in proportion as an individual indulges in sensuality, cruelty, or avarice, he approaches in resemblance to the detested Yahoo.

It cannot, however, be denied, that even a moral purpose will not justify the nakedness with which Swift has sketched this horrible outline of mankind, degraded to a bestial state; since a moralist ought to hold, with the Romans, that crimes of atrocity should be exposed when punished, but those of flagitious impurity concealed. In point of probability, too, for there are degrees of probability proper even to the wildest fiction, the fourth part of Gulliver is inferior to the three others. Giants and pigmies the reader can conceive; for, not to mention their being the ordinary machinery of romance, we are accustomed to see, in the inferior orders of creation, a disproportion of size between those of the same generic description, which may parallel (among some reptile tribes at least) even the fiction of Gulliver. But the mind rejects, as utterly impossible, the supposition of a nation of horses placed in houses which they could not build, fed with corn which they could neither sow, reap, nor save, possessing cows which they could not milk, depositing that milk in vessels which they could not make, and, in short, performing a hundred purposes of rational and social life, for which their external structure altogether unfits them.†

But under every objection, whether founded in reason or prejudice, the Travels of Gulliver were received with the most universal interest, merited indeed by their novelty, as well as their internal merit. Lucian, Rabelais, More, Bergerac, Alletz, and many other authors, had indeed composed works, in which may be traced such general resemblance as arises from the imaginary voyage of a supposed traveller to ideal realms. But every Utopia which had hitherto been devised, was upon a plan either extravagant from its puerile fictions, or dull from the speculative legislation of which the story was made the vehicle.‡ It was reserved for Swift to enliven the morality of his work with humour; to relieve its absurdity with satire; and to give the most improbable events an appearance of reality, derived from the character and style of the narrator. Even Robinson Crusoe (though detailing events so much more probable) hardly excels Gulliver in gravity and verisimilitude of narrative. The character of the imaginary traveller is exactly that of Dampier, or any other sturdy nautical wanderer of the period, endowed with courage and common sense, who sailed through distant seas, without losing a single English prejudice which he had brought from Portsmouth or Plymouth, and on his return gave a grave and simple narrative of what he had seen or heard in foreign countries. The character is strictly English, and can be hardly relished by a foreigner.‖ The reflections and observations of Gulliver are never more refined or deeper than might be expected from a plain master of a merchant-man, or surgeon in the Old Jewry; and there was such a reality given to his whole person, that one seaman is said to have sworn he knew Captain Gulliver very well, but he lived at Wapping, not at Rotherhithe. It is the contrast between the natural ease and simplicity of such a style and the marvels which the volume contains, that forms one great charm of this memorable satire on the imperfections, follies, and vices of mankind. The exact calculations preserved in the first and second part, have also the effect of qualifying the extravagance of the fable. It is said that in natural objects, where proportion is exactly preserved, the marvellous, whether the object be gigantic or diminutive, is lessened in the eyes of the spectator, and it is certain, in general, that proportion forms an essential attribute of truth, and consequently of verisimilitude, or that which renders a narration probable. If the reader is disposed to grant the traveller his postulates as to the existence of the strange people whom he visits, it would be difficult to detect any inconsistence in his narrative. On the contrary, it would seem that Gulliver and they conduct themselves towards each other precisely as must necessarily have happened in the respective circumstances which the author has supposed. In this point of view, perhaps the highest praise that could have been bestowed on Gulliver's Travels was the censure of a learned Irish prelate, who said the book contained *some* things which he could not prevail upon himself to believe. It is a remarkable point of the author's art, that, in Lilliput and Brobdignag, Gulliver seems gradually, from the influence of the images by which he was surrounded, to lose his own ideas of comparative size, and to adopt those of the pigmies and giants by whom he was surrounded. And, without further prolonging these reflections, I would only request the reader to notice the infinite art with which human actions are divided between these two opposite races of ideal beings, so as to enhance the keenness of the satire. In Lilliput political intrigue and *tracasserie*, the chief employment

* For many years he used to bid his friends adieu in these melancholy words: "God bless you, I hope we shall never meet again." Upon one occasion, when he and another clergyman had just removed from beneath a large and heavy mirror, the cords which supported it suddenly gave way, and it fell with great violence. The clergyman burst forth into an exclamation of thankfulness for their narrow escape. "Had I been alone," said Swift, "I could have wished I had not removed."

† See Delany's Remarks, p. 167.

‡ Boyle too, from a passage in his Occasional Reflections on Several Subjects, appears to have meditated a "romantic story of a Utopia in the Southern ocean, a native whereof should travel to Europe, and on his return give an account of European customs and manners." But this would have rather resembled the Letters Persanes of Montesquieu, than the Travels of Gulliver.

‖ The French translator accordingly thought it necessary to enliven so dull a narrative, by some of the flippant brilliancy of a French writer of memoirs. The French received the work at first but indifferently; but it became very popular when its humour was better understood. See the Abbé Boileau informed Science. See the Anecdotes, p. 136.

of the highest ranks in Europe, are ridiculed by being transferred to a court of creatures about six inches high. But in Brobdignag, female levities, and the lighter follies of a court, are rendered monstrous and disgusting, by being attributed to a race of such tremendous stature. By these, and a thousand masterly touches of which we feel the effect, though we cannot trace the cause without a long analysis, the genius of Swift converted the sketch of an extravagant fairy tale into a narrative, unequalled for the skill with which it is sustained, and the genuine spirit of satire of which it is made the vehicle.*

The renown of Gulliver's travels soon extended into other kingdoms. Voltaire, who was at this time in England, spread their fame among his correspondents in France, and recommended a translation. The Abbé Desfontaines undertook the task, but with so many doubts, apprehensions, and apologies, as make his introduction a curious picture of the mind and opinions of a French man of letters. He admits, that he was conscious of offending against rules; and, while he modestly craves some mercy for the prodigious fictions which he had undertaken to clothe in the French language, he confesses, that there were passages at which his pen escaped his hand, from actual horror and astonishment at the daring violations of all critical decorum: then he becomes alarmed, lest some of Swift's political satire might be applied to the court of Versailles, and protests, with much circumlocution, that it only concerns the *Toriz*, and *Wigts*, as he is pleased to term them, of the factious kingdom of Britain. Lastly, he assures his readers, that not only has he changed many of the incidents, to accommodate them to the French taste, but, moreover, they will not be annoyed, in his translation, with the nautical details, and minute particulars, so offensive in the original. Notwithstanding all this affectation of superior taste and refinement, the French translation is very tolerable. It is true, the Abbé Desfontaines indemnified himself and the French public, by writing a continuation of the Travels, in a style, as may easily be conceived, very different from that of the original.† Another continuation (a pretended third volume) was published in England, the most impudent combination of piracy and forgery that ever occurred in the literary world; for while the book was affirmed to be written by the author of the genuine Gulliver, it was not even the work of his imitator, being almost entirely stolen from an obscure French work, called "L'Histoire des Severambes."‡ Besides these continuations, a work thus completely successful failed not to be attended by imitations, parodies, keys, verses, commendatory and defamatory, and the whole accompaniments of a popular triumph,‖ not forgetting a slave in the chariot, whose abuse and ribaldry might remind the exulting author he was still a man.

The publication of the Travels, as giving fresh and additional notoriety to the author, served to increase his favour at Leicester House. Many pieces of mutual politeness were exchanged, and much raillery on the subject of Gulliver, the Yahoos, and the Lilliputians. At leaving England, Swift had requested from the princess and Mrs. Howard, a trifling present, taxing the former at ten pounds, and the latter at one guinea, as a memorial of the distinction which they seemed to place between him and an ordinary clergyman. The princess promised a present of medals, which was never fulfilled. Mrs. Howard, more true of promise, sent Swift a ring and a letter, which he answered by a letter in the character of Gulliver, accompanied with a golden trinket in the shape of a crown, to represent the diadem of Lilliput.§ The princess condescended to accept from the Dean a piece of Irish silk for her own wearing, a point of obligation to which his correspondence recurs rather too frequently after their breach. Every thing seemed to intimate, that in case of the prince's succession to the crown, Gulliver (to use the words of Peterborow) had but to chalk his pumps, and learn to dance on the tight rope, and he might yet be a bishop.

While the Travels were printing in silence and mystery, Pope was busied with the projected Miscellanies. Nothing could exceed the generous and good humoured frankness with which Swift abandoned his verses to his friend's criticism, entreating him to correct, to burn, and to blot, without favour. He showed himself as tractable in his years of full-blown fame, as when in his younger years, at the instance of Addison, he erased forty verses, added forty verses, and altered a like number, in the short poem of Baucis and Philemon. In the middle of March, the Miscellany was published, with the cipher of the two friends combined on the title-page, and Pope rejoiced in the joint volumes in which they were to walk hand in hand down to posterity. He had also reason to congratulate himself in point of emolument, for the sale was so rapid, that the two first volumes were speedily followed by a third, and the profit, of which the Dean resigned the whole to him, was considerable.¶ A yet more important donation was the copy-right of Gulliver, which Pope sold for the sum of three hundred pounds. The

* At a late period of Swift's life, he undertook a revision of Gulliver's Travels, and made some bitter additions wherever the law or its professors are mentioned. The volume bearing these corrections, passed from the possession of Mr. Theophilus Swift into that of the Bishop of Ossory; but it is said that all or most of the alterations have been transferred to the later editions, so that it is now matter of curiosity alone.

† Desfontaines' continuation is entitled "Le Nouveau Gulliver," being the Travels of John, the son of the celebrated Captain Lemuel Gulliver. They have no more relation to the original, than the Telemaque of Fenelon has to the Odyssey. He has avoided the bold and irregular fictions, the hardy and satirical morality, the natural and minute narrative of Swift. Jean Gulliver is merely an uninteresting *voyageur imaginaire*, who travels into one country, where the females were the ruling sex; into another, where the life of the inhabitants was ephemeral; into a third, where ugliness was the subject of desire and admiration. Though sinking far below the originality and spirit of his model, Desfontaines' work displays some fancy and talent. The author long conducted the Journal des Scavans, and was engaged in some controversies with Voltaire, which did little honour to either party. The Abbé Desfontaines died in 1745. A letter from him to Swift, on the subject of his translation, with Swift's reply, may be found in Swift's Works, vol. XVII. p. 125. He apologizes for the retrenchments and alterations which he found necessary to adapt Gulliver to the taste of the French nation. The Dean scarcely admits the apology in his answer, p. 129. The translation succeeded extremely well with the French public.

‡ The third volume of Gulliver's Travels was published by this unblushing forger so early as 1727, without a printer's name. It is ushered in the same form with the genuine work, but is a mere bookseller's catch-penny. The author sends Gulliver on a second voyage to Brobdignag, but, soon tiring of the task of original composition, however little genius was expended in it, he fills the remainder of the volume with the unacknowledged plunder of a French *Voyage Imaginaire*, entitled, Histoire des Severambes, which, in the work entitled Melanges tirés d'une grande Bibliotheque, is ascribed to Monsieur Alletz. The work was suppressed in France, and other Catholic kingdoms, on account of the deistical opinions which it expressed, and being therefore of rare occurrence, offered facilities for the bare-faced plagiarism and forgery of the author of the third volume of Gulliver.

‖ Dr. Arbuthnot wrote two pamphlets on the subject, one entitled "Gulliver Decyphered, or remarks upon a late book of Travels into several remote nations of the world, vindicating the reverend Dean, on whom it is maliciously fathered, with some probable conjectures concerning the real author." The piece, which has not much of Arbuthnot's humour, is published in his works, London, 1770, vol. I. He also published "Critical Remarks on Captain Gulliver's Travels, by Dr. Bentley." In this piece of raillery, the author labours to show, that the land of the Houyhnhnms was known to the ancients, and quotes, among other proofs of his assertion, the following imitation from Chaucer:—

"Certes qd John, I not denye,
That touchende of the Stodes countrye,
I rede as thylke old cronyko seythe,
Ylong afore our chrysten feythe;
Ther ben, as ye shall understande,
An yle yceloped Coursers Londe,
Wher nis ne dampnynge covetyse;
Ne lechere hot in sainctes gise;
Ne sely squire lycke browdred ape,
Who maken Goddes boke a jape;
Ne lemman vyle mishandlinge youthe;
Ne wemen, bruckle ware in sothe;
Ne flattrer; ne unlettred clerke,
Who rieben hira withouten werke;
For vyce in thought, ne als in dede,
Was never known in Londe of Stede."

Three poems in the Miscellany, the Lamentation of Glumdalclitch, Mary Gulliver's epistle to her husband, and a Lilliputian Ode, Swift's Works, vol. XIII. p. 368, 381, 383, were also occasioned by the celebrated Travels. They have been ascribed to Gay, but were certainly written by Pope. See his letter, 6th March, 1726-7, ibid. vol. XVII. p. 104.

§ This toy is still preserved by Mrs. Howard's representatives.

¶ Amounting at least to one hundred and fifty pounds.

publication of the Miscellany had some less pleasing consequences. The treatise upon the Bathos, and the examples compiled from living poets, drew upon the allied authors a hail-storm of petty lampoons and libels from the aggrieved parties, under which Pope writhed, though Swift despised and overlooked them.

Stella had now apparently recovered a tolerable state of health, and, in the month of March, 1727, Swift visited England for the last time. His reception at Leicester House was as cordial as ever, but there were no traces of that apparent spirit of accommodation with which Walpole had formerly received him. The minister had, during the Dean's absence, gone so far as to express to Pope his desire of having seen Swift again before he left England, and his having observed a willingness in him to live there.* Upon this overture he probably expected something to have been proposed or asked by the Dean. The hint, however, was not taken: and Walpole's communication on the subject with Pope plainly shows the absurdity of the allegation that Swift had offered his services, and that these services had been rejected. On the contrary, it is evident that the Dean, however desirous of being removed to England, was so far from stooping to solicit it as a favour, that he did not even seek another interview with Walpole, though it was indirectly offered, for the sake of stating his wishes more plainly. Walpole, offended by his indifference, little gratified, probably, by the hints in the Travels to Lilliput, now broke off all communication.† Perhaps, also, he considered Swift as privately cabalting with Pulteney and Bolingbroke, perhaps having found the road to the prince's good graces, through the interest of the princess, he chose to keep no measures with the little band of literary friends who had attached themselves to Mrs. Howard. Swift had previously intimated, that, if he was not better treated by the minister this year than the last, he would take vengeance; and accordingly, within a few weeks after his arrival in England, we find him engaged in a paper to be sent to the Craftsman, the general channel for assault upon Walpole.‡ In this epistle, which was never finished, he touches upon "the grievous mistake, in a great minister, to neglect or despise, much more to irritate men of genius and learning," which was probably his own immediate cause of resentment. About this time, too, Swift is supposed to have supplied Gay with the two celebrated songs, after engrafted in the Beggar's Opera, beginning, "Through all the employments of life," and "Since laws were made for every degree." Wharton has assigned both to Pope, but the internal evidence is in favour of Mr. Deane Swift and Mrs. Whiteway, who uniformly declared they were written by the Dean.‖

After a summer spent among the friends of his best days, Swift began to resume his intention of passing the winter in a milder climate, as it was supposed the air of the south of France might mitigate the distressing symptoms of his recurring disorder. The king's death, and the probable dismissal of Walpole from office, interrupted his purpose, and lighted up, for the last time, those hopes of comfort at least, if not of ambition, which depended on his being settled in England. A change of ministry was generally expected. Swift, accustomed to disappointment, was less sanguine than others, and hesitated whether he should suspend his journey to the continent. Bolingbroke urged him to remain, and expressed his belief, that the opportunity of quitting England for Ireland was fairly before him. He remained, accordingly, kissed the hands of their majesties on their accession, and was received by the queen with her usual marks of favour. But Sir Robert Walpole, through the interest of Queen Caroline, triumphed over all his rivals, and on the 24th June was reinstated in the employments and confidence which he enjoyed under the former monarch. Still, however, it was supposed, that the secret influence of Mrs. Howard might serve her friends. Swift wrote to her requesting her advice concerning his intention of going abroad, and conjuring her to answer him with sincerity. Mrs. Howard replied, exhorting him not to leave England, as it would have an appearance of disaffection; and other friends seemed to have authority from her to hint, that his favourite object of an exchange into England might yet be practicable. Sir Robert Walpole's interest, and probably that of Queen Caroline, who in secret opposed all who sought favours at court through the mediation of Mrs. Howard, rendered vain the expectations which were thus excited. Mrs. Howard afterwards vindicated herself, by stating, that if success did not justify her advice, she had at least given the reasons on which it was founded, so that Swift, having opportunity of judging for himself of its solidity, was the dupe of his own judgment, not of her falsehood. But the Dean seems to have felt that his dignity had suffered in thus lingering around the court, waiting for a favour which his enemies had a malicious pleasure in withholding. His resentment rankled within him, and extended itself not only to Walpole and the queen, but to Mrs. Howard, who seems in reality to have wanted the power, not the inclination to serve him.§

During this anxious interval, Swift was afflicted

* Swift's Works, vol. XVII. p. 58.

† The story has been retailed with more or less credible circumstances, according to the faith of the narrator. Lord Chesterfield, probably with a view of mystifying his credulous audience, pretended that Chartres (whom Swift regarded with the utmost abhorrence) acted as master of the ceremonies when the Dean of St. Patrick's offered to barter his political faith for church preferment. To the utter improbability of this tale in itself, it may be added, that we know, from Swift's correspondence, that he met with Walpole only twice,—once by invitation to dinner, and once at an audience upon the public business of Ireland, when he was introduced by Lord Peterborow. A more modest edition of the legend bears, that Swift only indicated his wishes to the minister by pointing to a tree which was bearing down the wall against which it leaned, and observed, that he, like that tree, needed support; an attack which Walpole parried, by answering, "Then why, Doctor, did you attach yourself to a falling wall?" A third statement transfers the simile of the tree, with some variation, to Walpole. Swift is said bluntly to have asked Sir Robert to remove him, for God's sake, from that wretched country of Ireland, and the minister replied by pointing to a fruit-tree, which, he said, was ruined by being transplanted from a hungry soil to a richer one. Both these last stories would imply a wish, on the part of Walpole, to refuse Swift's request with irony and sarcasm, which is altogether inconsistent with the opening which he held out to Pope. It must be added, that Mr. Coxe, though abundantly severe upon Swift, in general, makes no mention of any such disgraceful transactions as are charged upon him by these stories. See the Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole. Among some miscellaneous jottings on a loose paper in Swift's hand-writing, found among Dr. Lyons' papers, occurs the following: "Sir Robert Walpole defended the scheme of Wood to the Dean before he asked him his thoughts about it."

The ingenious editor of the Suffolk Papers has stated a hypothesis which may have created a misunderstanding of Swift's purpose on the part of Walpole, which accounted for subsequent misrepresentation. Swift spoke to Sir Robert of the difficulty of obliterating any unfavourable impression made on the mind of a prince or great minister, even when the accusation that proved it has been totally disproved. Swift certainly was thinking of Gay, Walpole believed that he spoke in reference to himself, and thus gave the passage a turn which the Dean did not deserve, and represented Swift as having made apologies on his own account.—Swift's Works, vol. XVII. p. 391.

‡ "A Letter to the Writer of the Occasional Paper." Swift's Works, vol. XII. p. 100. In a letter from Bolingbroke to Swift, dated 18th May, 1727, he gives some hints for this epistle, which the author seems to have adopted. See vol. XVII. p. 110, and compare what is there suggested with the "Letter," vol. XII. p. 100.

‖ Swift never saw the Beggar's Opera in a complete state until it was printed; but it does not follow that he contributed no songs. He is generally supposed to have given the hint of the subject, by suggesting to Gay to write a Newgate pastoral. While these three wits, indeed, held their meetings at Twickenham, it may be difficult to assign to each individual his share in a labour which they were all willing to further. Mrs. Whiteway said the Dean also suggested the Trivia, which is rendered very probable, since his habits of walking, and his verses on the City-Shower, showed him to be master both of the subject and manner.

§ The Earl of Orford relates, in his Reminiscences, that, as a test of the degree of influence which Mrs. Howard actually possessed, she was persuaded by Chesterfield to ask of the new monarch an earl's coronet for Lord Bathurst. She did so—the queen interposed her veto—and Swift returned to Ireland in despair, convinced that Mrs. Howard had no efficient interest with the monarch. The Editor of the Suffolk Papers disproves this representation, by showing that in the first creation of peers Lady Howard's interest procured a coronet for her own brother, which renders it highly improbable that her influence was in the wane, or that she could then have made a point of Lord Bathurst's promotion. Besides, Swift returned to Ireland in September, 1727, and the creation did not take place until 29th May, 1728. Suffolk Correspondence, Introduction, p. 24, 25.

with a severe paroxysm of his disorder, and about the same time received news from Ireland, that Stella was once more reduced to extremity. The agony with which these tidings affected him, induced him suddenly to leave Twickenham, where he was then residing, and shut himself up in lodgings in London, miserably afflicted both in body and mind.* He wrote to Sheridan and Worrall in the bitterest sorrow, anticipating the dissolution of "that person for whose sake only life was worth preserving." Yet with stubborn adherence to his determination of concealing their union, he conjures Worrall so to arrange, that her decease might not take place at the deanery, which Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Dingley always occupied in his absence. He had enemies, he said, who would interpret such an event injuriously to his character. When his health was a little restored, he departed for Ireland. He took by letter a civil leave of Mrs. Howard, and transmitted his duty to the queen. To Pope he wrote in the most affectionate terms. "If it pleases God," he said, "to restore me to my health, I shall readily make a third journey; if not, we must part as all human creatures have parted." Such, indeed, was the decree of Heaven, for these illustrious friends met no more. The Dean left the country so dearly beloved by him, for the last time, in the beginning of October, 1727.

When Swift arrived in Ireland, Stella was on the verge of the grave. For six months she had been only preserved by constant medical attendance and support. In this languishing state, she had a remarkable conversation with Swift upon the subject of declaring their marriage, which has been interpreted in a manner highly prejudicial to the character of the latter, as if he had been guilty of the most sullen cruelty towards the friend whose decay cost him such daily agony, and for whose spiritual consolation he composed the most beautiful and affecting devotional exercises. I give it with every circumstance, as nearly as possible, in the words of Mr. Theophilus Swift, to whom it was communicated by Mrs. Whiteway. "When Stella was in her last weak state, and one day had come in a chair to the deanery, she was with difficulty brought into the parlour. The Dean had prepared some mulled wine, and kept it by the fire for her refreshment. After tasting it, she became very faint, but, having recovered a little by degrees, when her breath (for she was asthmatic) was allowed her, she desired to lie down. She was carried up stairs, and laid on a bed: the Dean sitting by her, held her hand, and addressed her in the most affectionate manner. She drooped, however, very much. Mrs. Whiteway was the only third person present. After a short time, her politeness induced her to withdraw to the adjoining room, but it was necessary, on account of air, that the door should not be closed: it was half shut,—the rooms were close adjoining. Mrs. Whiteway had too much honour to listen, but could not avoid observing, that the Dean and Mrs. Johnson conversed together in a low tone; the latter, indeed, was too weak to raise her voice. Mrs. Whiteway paid no attention, having no idle curiosity, but at length she heard the Dean say, in an audible voice, '*Well, my dear, if you wish it, it shall be owned,*' to which Stella answered with a sigh, '*It is too late.*'" Such are, upon the best and most respectable authority, the minute particulars of this remarkable anecdote. The word *marriage* was not mentioned, but there can remain no doubt that such was the secret to be owned; and the report of Mrs. Whiteway I received with pleasure, as vindicating the Dean from the charge of cold-blooded and hard-hearted cruelty to the unfortunate Stella, when on the verge of existence.† On 28th January, 1727-8, about eight o'clock at night, Mrs. Johnson closed her weary pilgrimage, and passed to that land where they neither marry nor are given in marriage.

Swift was now in a manner alone in the world, afflicted by many of those varied calamities, with which, to use his own words, the author of our being weans us gradually from our fondness of life, the nearer we approach to the end of it. Disease and decay of nature,—the death of many friends, and the estrangement or ingratitude of more,—a want of relish for earthly enjoyments, with a general dislike for persons and things, daily increasing upon him;—passions too readily irritable, and the keen sensation of remorse, after having extravagantly indulged them; all these evils combined to darken his future prospect; and the gleams of cheerfulness and enjoyment which yet occasionally gilded his way, grew fewer and more languid as his path tended downwards, until he reached the sad point, beyond which all was second childishness and mere oblivion. There remained to him, indeed, the applause of the public, and the society of many sincere and respectful friends, in the land of which he was now unwillingly an inhabitant for life. But the former could give no balm for domestic affliction, and most of the latter had been so much accustomed to submit to his humour, and endure practical and personal jests, that either he was nettled by their resentment when he pushed their patience beyond endurance, or, while humoured to the very extremity of caprice, became sensible, that excess of familiarity was followed by contempt, its usual consequence.‡ He was banished, in short,

* Dr. Johnson has given this circumstance a malevolent turn: "He left the house of Pope, as it seems, with very little ceremony, finding that two sick friends cannot live together, and did not write to him till he found himself at Chester." Sinking, as he himself declares, under weakness, age, and wounded affection, Swift might have claimed some exemption from ceremony. But Pope saw Swift at his lodgings in London, as he himself writes to Sheridan, more than once at least; and when the Dean left England, he took leave of Pope in a kind letter, not written from Chester, but left for him at Gay's lodgings, over which he to whom it was addressed, "wept like a girl." Swift's Works, vol. XVII. p. 145, 149.

† Mr. Sheridan has related this anecdote in the following terms: "A short time before her death, a scene passed between the Dean and her, an account of which I had from my father, and which I shall relate with reluctance, as it seems to bear more hard on Swift's humanity than any other part of his conduct in life. As she found her final dissolution approach, a few days before it happened, in the presence of Dr. Sheridan, she addressed Swift in the most earnest and pathetic terms to grant her dying request; 'That, as the ceremony of marriage had passed between them, though for sundry considerations they had not cohabited in that state, in order to put it out of the power of slander to be busy with her fame after death, she adjured him by their friendship to let her have the satisfaction of dying at least, though she had not lived, his acknowledged wife.'

"Swift made no reply, but turning on his heel, walked silently out of the room, nor ever saw her afterward during the few days she lived. This behaviour threw Mrs. Johnson into unspeakable agonies, and for a time she sunk under the weight of so cruel a disappointment. But soon after, roused by indignation, she inveighed against his cruelty in the bitterest terms; and, sending for a lawyer, made her will, bequeathing her fortune by her own name to charitable uses. This was done in the presence of Dr. Sheridan, whom she appointed one of her executors."

It cannot be denied that there is here an anecdote told upon apparently good authority. But Mr. Theophilus Swift's authority seems still preferable. It was derived from Mrs. Whiteway after he attained the years of manhood, and Mr. Sheridan was a boy at the time of his father's death; and although neither father nor son were capable of voluntarily propagating a falsehood to the Dean's prejudice, yet it seems more likely that a boy might have mistaken what his father said to him on such a subject, than that Mr. Swift should have misunderstood a story told to him repeatedly and minutely by Mrs. Whiteway, after he had come to man's estate. In fact, the hardness of heart imputed to Swift, by the earlier edition of the story, is not only totally inconsistent with an affection agonized by the view of its dying object, but with every circumstance. Vanessa was dead,—Stella was dying,—the Dean could no longer fear that the society or claims of a wife should be forced upon him,—the scene was closed, and every reason for mystery at an end. The relations may indeed be reconciled, by supposing that of Mrs. Whiteway subsequent to the scene detailed by Sheridan. The Dean may at length have relented, yet Sheridan remained ignorant of it. Dr. Johnson seems to have received the anecdote as given in the text.

‡ The Dean was fond of pranks which bordered on childish sports. It will hardly be believed that he sometimes, by way of exercise, used to chase the Grattans, and other accommodating friends, through the large apartments of the Deanery, and up and down stairs, driving them like horses, with his whip in his hand, till he had accomplished his usual quantity of exercise. I have heard there was an old gentleman, a Scot, or of Scottish extraction, settled in the north of Ireland, whom he used to tease with some story of the dirt and poverty of his country, till the old man, between jest and earnest, started up with his cane uplifted, when Swift, in great seeming terror, would run away to hide himself. His practical jokes he sometimes pushed beyond even the patience of the good-natured Sheridan, and then was angry with him for not enduring what no man ought to have wished a friend to brook. The Dean's answer, for instance, to Sheridan's rhymes on Ballyspellin, (Swift's Works, vol. XV. p. 136,) was so coarse and vulgar, (printed, too, and published,) that Sheridan considered it as an affront on himself, and the lady he had accompanied to that

from Pope, Bolingbroke, Arbuthnot, and his original compeers, with whom he measured mind against mind, learned to respect himself in respecting them, and felt no other superiority than might arise from a momentary advantage in argument.*

Ambition is often smothered when deprived of hope, but its restless ghost seldom fails to haunt those whom it has called vassals, and to excite them to animosity or vengeance, even after hope is no more. Swift, accordingly, after the death of Stella, seems first to have been roused by the sense of Walpole's enmity. It was greatly increased by the conduct of Queen Caroline and the minister towards Gay. The promise of her majesty's patronage could not decently be withdrawn from the poet, but, as if to mark her altered opinion, and even contempt, he was named gentleman-usher to the Princess Louisa, then an infant. Gay, with proper spirit, refused the appointment, and, in the Beggars' Opera, took a most ample satisfaction upon king, queen, and ministers. This marked affront to his friend opened Swift's eyes, if he yet hoped any thing, either from the queen's favour, or the influence of Mrs. Howard.†

In this humour he composed the celebrated Rhapsody, (1733,) in which the ironical praises which he bestowed on the monarch, queen, and royal family, were taken in such good part, that he assured Dr. King he received a message of thanks. "The Rhapsody," says the doctor, "might have continued to Swift the favour it had acquired him, if Lord Harvey had not undeceived Queen Caroline, and taken some pains to teach her the use and power of the irony."‡ Although a friend to the Protestant succession, he had never regarded with much cordiality the family on which the crown was settled; and when there was a report that George I. intended to publish, or sue out a divorce against his unfortunate consort, and declare a marriage with the Duchess of Kendal, whom he is said to have married with the left hand,—the Dean made the perplexity of the ministers the subject of the bitterest epigram which his own or any other pen ever traced.§ The attentions of Caroline, when princess, had suspended a dislike, which now returned with double bitterness. One of his modes of mortifying the royal family was, to cause a monument to be erected in the Cathedral of St. Patrick's, to the memory of the Duke of Schomberg, reflecting bitterly upon his descendants, who had declined being at this expense. The parties whom this inscription immediately affected, were the Earl of Holdernesse and Lord Fitzwalter; but it also touched upon the envoy of the King of Prussia, who, having married a grand-daughter of Schomberg, made a formal complaint to George I. The king expressed himself much displeased, and said publicly in the drawing-room, "that the Dean of St. Patrick's had put up that monument out of malice, to make a quarrel betwixt his majesty and the King of Prussia." Thus, an irreconcilable breach took place between Swift and the court, as well as the ministers. On Walpole, Swift made war both in verse and prose, nor did he spare even royalty itself, for the "Directions for making a Birth-day Song" are most bitter upon the whole family, especially on Queen Caroline.¶

While thus venting his resentment against the court, Swift continued to apply himself with great vigour to the national interests of Ireland, although so much dreaded and disliked by the government, that even his friend Carteret declined to admit him to any situation which could give him an official right of interference.‖ But the patriotism of Swift was not to be damped by discouragement. In every varied form he endeavoured to make the people aware of their rights and interests,—the rules of the impolicy, as well as cruelty, of their oppressive restrictions. The "View of the State of Ireland;" the "Story of an Injured Lady;" the "Letter to the Archbishop of Dublin concerning the Weavers;" the "Answer to Sir John Brown's Memorial," and many other Tracts, contained in the seventh volume,** show his careful and unremitting attention to the rights and interests of Ireland, whether political, commercial, or agricultural.†† But the inimitable piece of irony by which he proposes to relieve the distresses of the poor, by converting their children into food for the rich, has never been equalled in any age or country. The grave, formal, and business-like mode, in which the calculations are given; the projector's protestation of absolute disinterest in the success of his plan; the economy with which he proposes the middling class should use this new species of food; and the magnificence which he attaches to the idea of a well-grown fat yearling child roasted whole, for a lord-mayor's feast; the style of a projector, and the terms of the shambles, so coolly and yet carefully preserved from beginning to end, render it one of the most extraordinary pieces of humour in our language. A foreign author was so much imposed upon by the gravity of the style, that he quoted it as an instance of the extreme distress of Ireland, which appeared to equal that of Jerusalem in its last siege, since a dignitary of the church was reduced to propose, as the only mode of alleviating the general misery, the horrid resource of feeding upon the children of the poor.

This repeated interference of Swift seems greatly to have annoyed the faction by which Ireland was then ruled, nor was their displeasure always silent. The mayor and corporation having resolved to pre-

watering-place. Yet the Dean, in his character of the second Solomon, resents his very natural and just indignation, as an act of high treason against his authority, or, as he styles it, "against all the rules of reason, taste, good-nature, judgment, gratitude, or common manners." Ibid. vol. IX. p. 220.

* In these melancholy moments he seems to have drawn up the following list of remarkable and illustrious persons, with whom he had lived in intimacy at various periods of his life. The original is among the papers preserved by Mr. Smith:—

"Men famous for their learning, wit, or great employments or quality, of my acquaintance, who are dead.—

Sir William Temple,	Lord Willoughby of Brook, Dean of Windsor,
Lord Somers,	Duke of Beaufort,
Earl of Halifax,	Earl of Berkeley,
Burnet, Bishop of Sarum,	Anthony Henley,
Mr. Wycherly,	Earl of Oxford, lord-treasurer,
Mr. Nich. Rowe,	Lord Harcourt, lord-chancellor,
Mr. Addison,	Dr. John Freind,
Dr. Garth,	Dr. Ratcliffe,
Sir John Vanbrug,	Mr. Congreve,
Dr. Smaldridge, Bishop of Bristol,	Mr. Prior.
Dr. Gastril, Bishop of Chester,	
Dr. Bass, Bishop of Hereford,	

"Men of distinction, and my friends, who are yet alive. February 19, 1728-9.—

Earl of Peterborow,	Mr. Gay,
Duke of Ormond,	Earl of Orkney,
Earl of Marr,	Lord Carteret,
Lord Viscount Bolingbroke,	Earl of Dartmouth,
Lord Bathurst,	Lord Bingley, [dead]
Earl of Burlington,	William Bromley, Esq.
Lord Masham,	Earl of Pembroke,
William Pulteney, Esq.	Lord Herbert,
Dr. Arbuthnot,	Sir Andrew Fountain.
Mr. Pope,	

† Yet Gay's causes of complaint are something overrated by his friends. See on this subject the Introduction to the Suffolk Correspondence.

‡ King's Anecdotes, p. 15.

§ It was found among Swift's papers, with this characteristic writing on the back:—"A wicked treasonable libel. I wish I knew the author, that I might hang him."

‖ He never could prevail on Lord Carteret to nominate him one of the trustees of the linen manufactory, or even a justice of the peace. His lordship always replied, "I am sure, Mr. Dean, you despise those feathers, and would not accept of them." The Dean answered, "No, my lord, I do not, as I might be serviceable to the public in both capacities; but, as I would not be governed by your excellency, nor job at the board, or suffer abuses to pass there, or at a quarter-session's assizes, I know that you will not indulge me for the good of this unhappy nation: but, if I were a worthless member of Parliament, or a bishop, would vote for the court, and betray my country, then you would readily grant my request." Lord Carteret replied, with equal freedom and politeness, "What you say is literally true, and therefore you must excuse me." The Dean, sometime afterwards, in company with Dr. Bolton, Archbishop of Cashel, Dr. Synge, Bishop of Elphin, and other trustees of the board, asked him why they would not elect him trustee. The archbishop answered, "That he was too sharp a razor, and would cut them all." To which the Dean made no reply. Swiftiana, vol. II. p. 217.

* Of Swift's Works, to which these Memoirs are prefixed.

†† His most trifling bounties were qualified with a view to the interest of Ireland. Giving one day a guinea to the maid-servant of a friend, he charged her to buy a gown of Irish stuff with his bounty. Returning afterwards and finding her in the same dress, he accused her of neglecting his orders. She went out and returned with her apron filled with a set of the Dean's works. "This," she said, "please your reverence, is the Irish stuff I have bought, and better was never manufactured." Swift, as may be supposed, was highly gratified.

§ Swift's Works, vol. XIV. p. 439.

¶ Swift's Works, vol. XIV. p. 439.

sent the Dean with the freedom of the city in a golden box, Joshua, Lord Allen, although he had at one time courted the Dean's friendship, chose, in the Council and House of Peers, to make a bitter invective against Swift, as a Tory, a Jacobite, and a libeller of the government; and publicly upbraided the mayor with wasting the money of the corporation in making presents to such a character. The Dean heard of this attack with the greater indignation, as, within a few hours after the invective had been pronounced, Lord Allen had sent a common friend to him with renewed protestations of regard. The mediator, finding other apologies ill received, at length said, touching his forehead, "You know, sir, our poor friend is a little disordered here at times." —"I know," answered the Dean, with great gravity, "that he is a madman; and, if that were all, no man living could commiserate his condition more than myself: but, sir, he is a madman possessed by the devil. I renounce him." Accordingly, he not only vindicated himself to the lord-mayor and corporation on occasion of receiving the freedom and gold box, in terms the most peremptory,* but also published, in an advertisement,† a contradiction of Lord Allen's charge, as "insolent, false, scandalous, malicious, and, in a particular degree, perfidious." Upon the same occasion he composed and published the satire entitled Traulus,‡ the first part of which is a dialogue turning upon the melancholy apology proposed for Allen by their common friend, Robert Leslie. And, on several other opportunities, the unfortunate peer was distinguished in the Dean's satirical productions.‖

In order to maintain this skirmishing warfare, the Dean and Sheridan, in 1728, commenced a periodical paper called the Intelligencer. But the circulation being small, and the price of each number only a halfpenny, the printer could not afford to pay any young man of talent to act as editor, so that it was soon dropped. The Dean gives Pope an account of the papers which he wrote for the Intelligencer, in whole or in part, being nine in all.§ Perhaps we ought to add some part at least of No. II., which the reader will find in the note, containing a singular account of an affront offered to Swift by Colonel Abel Ram, member of Parliament for the borough of Gorey, (called Squire Wether in the Intelligencer,) whose carriage intercepted Swift and Sheridan rudely, as they were travelling on horseback.¶ On this occasion, Swift, or more probably his companion, is said to have made this impromptu:—

"Hear not, Britain, how Ireland's pride and glory,
Was butted in a slough by the Ram of Gorey."

Amid these disputes, Carteret, with the skill of a thorough-bred courtier, trimmed between the danger of offending the English ministry, or rather of furnishing them with an apology for displacing him;

* Swift's Works, vol. VII. p. 278.
† Swift's Works, vol. VII. p. 281.
‡ Swift's Works, vol. XII. p. 429.
‖ Swift's Works, vol. XII. p. 464, &c.
§ Letter from Swift to Pope, 12th June, 1731. Ibid. vol. XVII. p. 328.

¶ THE INTELLIGENCER. No. II.

"*Occurrere* CAPRO, *cornu ferit ille, caveto.*

"My design, in writing this paper, being chiefly to expose such barbarians, who think themselves exempt from those laws of hospitality, which have, through all ages and countries, been observed by the best and most distinguished part of mankind, I hope I shall, even in my own country, find persons enough to join with me in a hearty detestation of a certain country-squire, at the relation of the following fact, which I shall tell without the least aggravation or partiality.

"Two clergymen, of some distinction, travelling to the country for their health, happened to set up together in a small village,* which was under the dominion of a certain animal, dignified with a brace of titles, that of a militia-colonel and a squire. One of these gentlemen, standing in the street, and observing a coachman driving his coach and four horses furiously against him, turned into the close passage between his inn and the sign post; but the coachman, instead of driving through the middle of the street, which was the usual and most commodious way, turned short, and drove full upon the gentleman, without any notice, so that he was on a sudden enclosed between the fore-horses; and if his friend and another gentleman, who were in the middle of the street, had not suddenly cried out to stop the coach, he must have unavoidably been trodden under the horses' feet, and his body bruised to death by the wheels running over him. His friend, who saw with terror what had like to have befallen him, full of indignation, repaired immediately to the aforesaid squire or colonel, (to whom he was told the equipage belonged,) with a complaint against his coachman. But the squire, instead of expressing any concern, or offering any redress, sent the Doctor away with the following answer: Sir, I have a great regard for your cloth, and have sent my coachman to ask your friend's pardon, for one of your servants this moment told me what had happened. But, sir, said the Doctor, do you think this is sufficient? I dare venture to affirm, if the like had befallen you within the liberties† of my friend, and you were brought to the same danger by his servant, he would not only have him punished, but at the same time, he would discharge him his service.—Sir, (said the colonel,) I tell you again, that I have sent my coachman to ask his pardon, and I think that is enough,—which he spoke with some sturdiness; and well he might, for he had two cannons at his back.—Good God! said the Doctor to himself, (when he had got out of gunshot,) what a Hottentot have I been talking to! who so little values the life of a gentleman, and, as it happened, that very gentleman to whom the nation hath in a particular manner been obliged. Both he went, full of resentment for the slighting treatment his friend met with, and very candidly reported all that passed; who being a man of a different spirit from that wretched colonel, ordered one of his servant's to write the following letter.

"'Sir,—My master commanded me to tell you, that if you do not punish and turn off that villain, your coachman, he will think there was a design upon his life. I put this in writing for fear of mistakes. I am your humble servant to command,

"'A. B.'

"The superscription was, 'For Squire Wether, or some such name.'

"This letter was delivered, and away went the travellers. They had not rode far, before they fell into the company of a gentleman, a degree above the common level, and who seemed to be a man of candour and integrity, which encouraged them to recount what had happened. He said in answer, that they had a narrow escape; and it was a wonder that the whole town did not fall upon them at once, and worry them; for the people there had little or no devotion besides what was engaged to the squire, as an effect of the terrors they lay under from their landlord, who rode them all down as poor as his fox-hunters. After this he took occasion, with great modesty and decency, to draw his character, which was to the following purpose: That the squire had about fifteen hundred pounds a year, and lived in a long white barn, where no man living was one farthing the better for him. That his piety consisted in six psalms every day after dinner, without one drop of wine. That he had once reduced a certain reverend dean, plumper than any two of his brethren, to be as slender about the waist as a weasel, by a fortnight's scouring of bad ale, to which the dean was not accustomed. That his hospitality was within the enclosure of a rampart, with a drawbridge. That if any gentleman was admitted by chance, his entertainment was lean salt beef, sour beer, and muddy ale. That his charity was as much upon the catch as a pick-pocket; for his method was to bring others to erect charity-schools, by promising his assistance, and so leaving them in the lurch.

"That, without the least tincture of learning, he was a great pretender to oratory and poetry, and eminently bad at both; which, (I hope I shall be excused the digression) brings to my memory a character given by Julius Capitolinus of the Emperor Verus. 'Mellor quidem orator fuisse dicitur quam poeta; imo (ut verius dicam) pejor poeta quam rhetor:' viz. He was a better orator than poet; but, to speak the thing more properly, he was a viler poet than an orator. But to give you a specimen of his genius, I shall repeat an epigram of his own composition, (and I am very sure it is every line his own, without any help,) which is drawn by a sign-dauber on the cross-board of a ferry-boat, in characters that have hitherto stood the fury of all weathers.

"All you that are
To Andrew Heir,
And you that him attend,
Shall ferry'd be
O'er Carrick free,
For Blank's the Boatman's Friend."

"The behaviour of this squire being of the most savage kind, I think myself obliged, out of the tender regard which I bear to all strangers and travellers, to animadvert upon him in as gentle a manner as the occasion will allow, and, therefore, I shall first lay down a few postulatums. That every travelling gentleman is presumed to be under the protection of the governing mayor, sovereign, portriff, or squire of the town or village, which he happens to make his stage; that the laws of humanity, hospitality, and civility, oblige him, if there be no accommodation in the public-houses fit for a person of distinction, to invite him to his own, or supply the deficiencies as well as he can; that if any insult or injury be offered, either to such stranger or his servants, the squire is obliged to justify, vindicate, and espouse their cause. This was the method observed among the civilized people of the old Jewish and Heathen world, where we find some of the patriarchs themselves condescending to wash the feet of such travellers as they entertained. And so sacred was the regard for strangers among the Heathens, that they dignified their supreme god with the title of Jupiter Hospitalis. Nothing was thought so monstrous as to offer any violence to sojourners among them; which was so religiously observed, that it became the glory of the most distinguished heroes to destroy and extirpate such as were remarkable for their cruelty to strangers. This it was which added so much glory to the character of Theseus, for the punishments he inflicted on Sinipius, Procrustes, &c. It was owing likewise to a generous indignation, that Hercules threw Diomede (the colonel and squire of that age) to be devoured by those horses, which he fed with the flesh of poor travellers; and I find, upon inquiry, that they were coach-horses too. I shall make no further remark upon this, nor

* Gorey, or New Borough. † The Liberties of St. Sepulchre's.

and that of breaking communication with Swift, whose influence as well as his talents were not a little to be dreaded, even if it had not been Carteret's object to preserve and strengthen his interest among the adversaries of Walpole, so far as it could be done with security and decency. He was distinguished by a readiness of wit, with which he could retort and parry even the attacks of Swift. Of this we have already seen a very classical instance. And it is said, that, about the time when the proclamation was abroad against the Drapier's fourth letter, the Dean visited the castle, and having waited for some time without seeing the lord-lieutenant, wrote upon one of the windows of the chamber of audience these lines:—

> "My very good lord, 'tis a very hard task,
> For a man to wait here, who has nothing to ask."

Under which Carteret wrote the following happy reply:—

> "My very good Dean, there are few who come here,
> But have something to ask, or something to fear."

On some such occasion, when Carteret had parried, with his usual dexterity, some complaint or request of Swift, he exclaimed, "What, in God's name, do you do here? Get back to your own country, and send us our boobies again!"

They appear uniformly to have understood each other. Carteret took no offence at the patriotic effusions of the Dean, however vehement, and Swift, without expecting that thorough change of measures respecting Ireland, which he knew it was not in Carteret's power to effect, was contented to exert his influence as occasion offered, to prevail on the lord-lieutenant to promote either his own personal friends, or persons whom he had political reasons for recommending. The Dean had, indeed, no longer those high ideas of Carteret's patriotism, which seem to have dictated the poem entitled "The Birth of Manly Virtue;" but, down to the period of his leaving Ireland, he continued to retain as much respect for him as was consistent with his consenting to remain the involuntary instrument of a ministry whom he hated, and their nominal agent in measures which he secretly disapproved.* And he acknowledged at the same time, with gratitude, the lord-lieutenant's attention to his recommendations. Carteret's complaisance on such occasions excited the loud complaints of Richard Tighe, and other violent Whigs, who, knowing by what a precarious tenure the lord-lieutenant held his situation, endeavoured to alarm him by an outcry that his favours were chiefly conferred upon those who were disaffected to government; on which occasion Swift, with his usual ironical gravity, wrote his Vindication of Lord Carteret from the charge of favouring none but Tories, High-churchmen, and Jacobites,† in which he ascribes the promotion of Sheridan, (so speedily checked,) and that of Delany, to the lieutenant's old-fashioned taste for classical literature, which, in these cases, had unfortunately prevailed over the more laudable quality of party zeal. In this treatise the demerits of Lord Allen and Tighe are exposed, as having been most active in exciting those clamours among the high-flown adherents of the ministry, or, as Swift entitles them, the hopers, pretenders, expecters, and professors, whose claim it was to engross all the favours of government. Besides his friendship for the lord-lieutenant himself, the Dean was upon the best terms with his lady, his mother-in-law, Lady Worsley, and his whole family, as appears from his "Apology," addressed to Lady Carteret.‡

In the course of these three years, the Dean had some other literary encounters. One of his antagonists, Jonathan Smedley, Dean of Clogher, a man of indifferent character, a trader in the petty scandal of literature, a violent Whig withal, had published a tolerably complete collection of all the ribaldry which he could compose or rake together against Pope and Swift, under the title of GULLIVERIANA, or a fourth volume to their Miscellany. This presumption not only procured him a prominent place in the Dunciad, but, upon his coming to Ireland under the protection of the Duke of Grafton, and becoming Dean of Clogher, gained him the further distinction of repeated notice in the Dean's satires. It was not unprovoked, for Smedley's "much malice" was "mingled with a little wit," and, like the abuse of all who care not what they say, his lampoons sometimes hit the mark.‖ But what seems to have provoked the Dean more than personal libels, to which he was in general insensible, was, that Smedley affected to court Carteret's favour in the "looser rhyme," with which "t'other Jonathan," as he familiarly termed Swift, used to propitiate Ormond and Oxford. A part of the Dean's displeasure even fell upon Delany, who, being a good deal about the person of the lord-lieutenant, and by no means so indifferent to his own interest as the thoughtless Sheridan, endeavoured, by poetical epistles, fables, &c., occasionally to awaken his patron's benevolence. Swift, who despised what he called the trade of a "sweetener," unmoved by the occasional strokes of flattery to himself, interspersed through those pieces, rebuked Delany with considerable asperity for his assentation. The Doctor had given further offence by attacking the Intelligencer, to which he was not aware that Swift was a contributor. This produced "Paddy's character of the Intelligencer," in which the assaults of Delany on Sheridan are compared to those of the wasp

application, but say to the squire that it is very happy for him the present age has not one Hercules left, or a week would not pass before he should feel the weight of that hero's club, or be thrown, by way of reprisal, under his own horses' feet. And I may further add, that, in this whole kingdom, from one end of it to the other, another squire could not be found who would behave himself in the same manner to the same person: but, hundreds, who, on the contrary, would have given all the satisfaction that gentlemen of justice, humanity, and common benevolence, ought to do, upon the like accident, although they had never seen him before. I confess this paper contains nothing besides a dry fact, and a few occasional observations upon it. But, in the former, I told my readers that facts would be the chief part of the entertainment I meant to give them. If what I have said may have any effect on the person concerned, (to whom care shall be taken to send this account,) or if it helps to revive the old spirit of hospitality among us,—or, at least, begets a detestation of the like inhuman usage in others, one part of my design is answered. However, it cannot be unseasonable to expose malice, avarice, brutality, and hypocrisy, wherever we find it."

I find this story of Squire Ram alluded to by Mr. Gossegrhan, a correspondent of the Dean, who makes it his boast, that he had filled the offending coachman drunk, and thereby occasioned him to lose both his place and character.—Swift's Works, vol. XVII. p. 296.

* "I believe my Lord Carteret, since he is no longer lieutenant, may not wish me ill, and I have told him often that I only hated him as lieutenant. I confess he had a genteeler manner of binding the chains of this kingdom than most of his predecessors, and I confess, at the same time, that he had, six times, a regard to my recommendation, by preferring so many of my friends in the church; the two last acts of his favour were to add to the dignities of Dr. Delany and Mr. Stopford."

† Swift's Works, vol. VII. p. 283.

‡ Swift's Works, vol. XIV. p. 405.

‖ We printed a tolerable poem of Smedley's on Swift's instalment; and the following, though a malignant caricature, has considerable point and vivacity, as well as a distorted resemblance to the Dean's character:—

THE DEVIL'S LAST GAME,

A SATIRE.

> "SAID Old Nick to St. Michael, you use me but ill,
> To suppress all my force, and restrain all my skill;
> Let me loose at religion, I'll show my good parts,
> And try if your doctrine can balance my arts.
> 'T is a match, cried the angel, and drew off his guard,
> And the devil slipt from him, to play a court card.
> The first help he sought was a qualified mind,
> That had compass and void for the use he design'd.
> There occurr'd a pert nothing, a stick of church timber,
> Who had stiffness of will, but his morals were limber:
> To whom wit served for reason, and passion for zeal;
> Who had teeth like a viper, and tail like an eel:
> Were the malice of hell with heavenly grace,
> Of humour enchanting, and easy of face;
> His tongue flow'd with honey, his eyes flash'd delight;
> He despised what was wrong, and abused what was right;
> Had a neck to laugh luckily; never thought twice:
> And with coarseness of heart had a taste that was nice.
> Nature form'd him malignant, but whetting him fast,
> He was edged for decay, and too brittle to last.
> He would quarrel with virtue because 't was his foe's,
> And was hardly a friend to the vice which he chose:
> He could love nothing grave, nothing pleasant forbear;
> He was always in jest, but was most so in prayer!
> Lord be praised, quoth the devil, a fig for all grace!
> So he breathed a new brogue o'er the bronze of his face;
> Lent him pride above hope, and conceit above spleen,
> Slipt him into church service, and call'd him a Dean."

who pursued the eagle even to the bosom of Jupiter, and even there,

"The spiteful insect stung the God."

But, from the address to Delany on the libels written against him, it is evident, that, notwithstanding these satirical effusions, he retained a considerable place in the Dean's favour. Indeed, it was the influence of Delany, which indirectly, or perhaps directly, occasioned the final offence taken by Queen Caroline against Swift. To understand this, there must be produced on the stage three characters of a very subordinate and dubious description.

The Reverend Thomas Pilkington was introduced by Delany to Dean Swift's notice, and obtained a humble post in his cathedral. Having some vivacity of talents, though totally devoid of principle, he made himself agreeable by petty attentions and services; and, upon his expressing a wish to go to England, the Dean, who was ever anxious to reward kindness and to serve merit, or what seemed to be such, gave him warm recommendations to his old friend Barber, then Lord Mayor of London, who made Pilkington his chaplain. He also introduced him to Pope, Bolingbroke, and one or two other friends. But they were soon disgusted by his impudence and undisguised profligacy, which produced from Bolingbroke, and even from Barber, an expostulation to Swift on the too great readiness with which he granted such recommendations.* Pilkington's wife was a person of much the same description with himself, having some cleverness, much petulance, and a plentiful lack both of virtue and discretion. From her husband's being for some time about the Dean's person, this gossiping dame picked up some knowledge of his peculiar habits, and some little anecdotes concerning him, which she afterwards represented as having all taken place in her own presence, with the addition of abundance of figments which had no foundation whatever.†

About the same time, and also by the recommendation of Dr. Delany, the Dean interested himself considerably in advancing a subscription for the poems of Mrs. Barber, the wife of a woollen-draper in Dublin. She was desirous of dedicating her book to Lord Orrery, and she prevailed upon the Dean to ask permission of his lordship to such effect, and Swift's letter to that purpose is printed as preliminary to her dedication. When this person went to England in 1731, to get her work printed, Swift appears to have recommended her to Dr. Arbuthnot, Gay, Lady Betty Germaine, Mrs. Cæsar, Mr. Barber the printer, and others, whom he thought likely to advance her interest. But an extraordinary circumstance occurred: for about this time Queen Caroline received three letters, with the Dean's signature, but written in a feigned hand, recommending to her in very haughty and unbecoming terms, an inquiry into the distresses of Ireland, and descending at once, from a warm and even violent exposition of national grievances, to the case of Mrs. Barber, who is extolled, in the most extravagant manner, as eminent for genius and merit, an honour to her country and to her sex; the best female poet of this or any other age, honoured or envied by every man of genius in England. Queen Caroline was extremely incensed at the tenour of these letters, as well she might, nor did she drop her resentment, although Mrs. Howard expressed her conviction that they were a forgery. Swift, on his part, wrote to Pope and to Mrs. Howard, disavowing the letters alluded to,‡ disclaiming those extravagant eulogies which were heaped on Mrs. Barber with so little modesty, and explaining, that he had only taken an interest in her subscription, meaning to assist humble and indigent merit. Nothing more, indeed, could be inferred from the terms of his letter to Lord Orrery, printed in Mrs. Barber's book as preliminary to her dedication to that nobleman. Nor was it to be thought that he would have expressed himself in terms of such exaggeration to Queen Caroline, while he was writing his real opinion to the public in a tone of decent moderation. But in this exculpation, he resumed all his former causes of displeasure against the queen and Mrs. Howard, (now Countess of Suffolk,) particularly his being advised by the latter to remain in London after the death of George I., when he designed to have visited the continent; nor did he forget the unrequited present of Irish silk, nor her majesty's omitting to send the promised medals. Lady Suffolk returned a good-humoured answer, and Lady Betty Germaine afterwards undertook, with great spirit, the defence of her friend. But the idea of her insincerity was too deeply impressed upon the Dean's mind; all future correspondence was dropped between them; and the breach became irreconcilable between Swift and the court.

The reader may be disposed to ask, who could have taken it upon them to forge letters addressed to the queen by such a person? The only letter preserved is in a large female hand, bearing no resemblance whatever to that of the Dean, any more than the outrageous compliments to Mrs. Barber correspond with his taste or style, who, even in praising his dearest friends, usually conveyed his eulogy under a mask of irony, and whose taste was too just to bestow such extravagant commendations on verses which scarce reach mediocrity. It is therefore probable they were forged by Mrs. Barber, or some of her friends; which is the more likely, as scandal imputed to her an intrigue with an Irish literary character of some distinction. The Pilkingtons, husband and wife, were also acquainted with the poetess, and either of them were capable, from talents and disposition, to have committed such an imposture, and knew enough of the Dean's style to execute such a clumsy imitation as that letter exhibits. There is some reason to think Mrs. Barber became alarmed at the probable consequence of these letters, and dreaded the queen's resentment. Indeed, the vexation that Swift was to experience from these unworthy Pilkingtons did not terminate here, and it may be as well to conclude the subject at once.

Swift readily abandoned the profits of his publications to those whom he meant to favour, and, in his regard for Mrs. Barber, he permitted her to sell, for her own benefit, the "Verses to a Lady, who desired to be addressed in the heroic style." She conveyed them to the press through the medium of the notorious Pilkington. Some passages awakened the wrath of Walpole, who, though generally indifferent to satire, seems to have feared that of the Dean, and caught at the opportunity of making his publishers an example. Pilkington betrayed both Barber the printer, and Motte the bookseller; and

* See Swift's Works, vol. XVIII. p. 207.

† Her pretended intimacy at the deancry was in the highest degree exaggerated, for she was never even seen there by Mrs. Whiteway. Yet, in some way or other, she had acquired considerable knowledge of the Dean's habits. For example, one of her anecdotes is, that she saw Swift out the leaves out of a handsomely bound book of poems, and put them into the chimney-pots, saying, he would give them what they wanted greatly—dirt—and that she was employed by him to paste into the cover the letters of his friends. Now, among Dr. Lyon's papers, there is actually the folio boards of a book which has suffered this operation, and in the inside, a list, in Swift's hand, of the letters which had been pasted in to supply the original contents.

‡ Dr. Johnson says, "he urged the improbability of the accusation, but never denied it; he shuffles between cowardice and veracity, and talks big when he says nothing." It is unpleasant to observe one man of genius pass such harsh and undeserved censures on another. In his letter to Pope, Swift allows he might be guilty of folly—"But in such a degree as to write to the queen, who has used me ill without any cause, and to write in such a manner as the letter you sent me, and in such a style, and to have so much zeal for one almost a stranger, and to make such a description of a woman as to prefer her before all mankind; and to instance it as one of the greatest grievances of Ireland, that her majesty has not encouraged Mrs. Barber, a woollen-draper's wife, declined in the world, because she has a knack at versifying,—was to suppose, or fear, a folly so transcendent, that no man could be guilty of, who was not fit for Bedlam. You know the letter you sent enclosed is not my hand; and why I should disguise my hand, and yet sign my name, should seem unaccountable." Swift's Works, vol. XVII. p. 389, 390. Can this be fairly termed shuffling? Surely the pointing out the utter absurdity of an accusation is the strongest possible mode not only of denying, but disproving it. The reader may also compare the terms of the forged letter with the limited and qualified commendation by which the Dean recommends Mrs. Barber to the protection of Lord Orrery. Those cannot be better expressed than in the prefatory letter with which he honoured her very indifferent volume of poems, and which the reader will find in vol. X. p. 400.

they were subjected to repeated examinations before the privy-council. But as neither judged it necessary to be punctual in recollecting any circumstances which could be prejudicial to themselves, they were discharged without any punishment.* Indeed, according to our modern ideas of libels, we search the poem in vain for any passage upon which such a charge could be grounded. But it is possible that it does not now appear in its original state, nor has the editor ever seen the first edition. Swift's eyes were now opened to the infamy of the Pilkingtons, which he expressed strongly in a letter to his old friend, Alderman Barber.† For Mrs. Barber, however, he retained his regard, and at her request, so late as 1736, bestowed upon her the manuscript of his "Essay on Polite Conversation," a set of dialogues which he had compiled thirty years before,‡ for the purpose of exposing the quaint and trifling smartness which good spirits and gaiety of temper pass off in certain circles for wit and brilliancy. At the same time it must be owned, that, in the editor's apprehension at least, the Dean's native humour has predominated over his desire to ridicule the conversation of the times, for those who frequent society must often have partaken in dialogues much more tiresome than those of Miss Notable and Tom Neverout. The predominance of proverbs in these dialogues must certainly have been rather owing to the Dean's peculiar humour, than to any custom or fashion of the time.

The occasional poems which the Dean published about this time, were numerous and of various kinds. Some were satirical, and such were almost universally given to the public anonymously by means of the hawkers. Under this description fall the various political poems already mentioned; and such as we have still to allude to, the attacks upon Lord Allen and Tighe, published in the Intelligencer, or in single sheets or broadsides, as they are generally termed, which were consigned to the hawkers. These may be classed with his political satires in prose, since the Dean seldom was offended to the extent of making a public assault upon his adversary, without attacking him at once with both weapons, of prose and verse.

There was another class of fugitive pieces in which the Dean neglected both the decency due to his station as a clergyman and a gentleman, and his credit as a man of literature. These were poems of a coarse and indelicate character, where his imagination dwelt upon filthy and disgusting subjects, and his ready talents were employed to embody its impurities in humorous and familiar verse. The best apology for this unfortunate perversion of taste, indulgence of caprice, and abuse of talent, is the habits of the times, and situation of the author. In the former respect, we should do great injustice to the present day, by comparing our manners with those of the reign of George I. The writings even of the most esteemed poets of that period, contain passages which, in modern times, would be accounted to deserve the pillory. Nor was the tone of conversation more pure than that of composition; for the taint of Charles II.'s reign continued to infect society until the present reign, when, if not more moral, we have become at least more decent than our fathers; and although Swift's offences of this description certainly far exceeded those of contemporary authors, the peculiarities of his habits and state of mind are also to be received in extenuation of his grossness. This unfortunate propensity seems nearly allied to the misanthropy which was a precursor of his mental derangement; and notwithstanding the talent employed upon those coarse subjects, "The Lady's Dressing-Room,"—"Cassinus and Peter,"—"Chloe," and other poems of that class, are to be ranked with the description of the Yahoos, as the marks of an incipient disorder of the mind, which induced the author to dwell upon degrading and disgusting subjects, from which all men, in possession of healthful taste and sound faculties, turn with abhorrence. If it be true, as alleged by Delany, that this propensity only distinguished the latter years of Swift's life,§ it may be more readily accounted for from this cause, than by supposing that Swift acquired from Pope a habit of thinking and writing, in which he far exceeded Pope himself. Indeed, as he used to call upon Pope to admire Rabelais more than the Bard of Twickenham was disposed to do, it may be urged with probability, that Swift rather led the way than received lessons in the coarseness so rankly practised by the witty Frenchman.¶ It may be lastly remembered, that neither in this nor other cases, (unless when he had some particular point in view,) did the Dean write with a view to publication. He produced and read his poems to the little circle of friends, where he presided as absolute dictator, where all applauded the manner, and none, it may be presumed, ventured to criticise the subject. Copies were requested, and frequently granted. If refused, the auditors contrived to write down from memory an imperfect version. These, in the usual course of things, were again copied repeatedly, until at length they fell into the hands of some hackney author or bookseller, who, for profit, or to affront the author, or with both views, gave them to the public. It would seem that, even to Pope himself, Swift refused an explicit acknowledgment of his having written them.**

The verses of society, to borrow a phrase from the French, those light passages of humour which were written merely for the circle in which Swift lived at the time, have been already noticed. Besides this constant war of jest and gibe and whimsical eccentricity which was kept up between the Dean and Sheridan, he had now formed an intimacy with Sir Arthur Acheson and his lady, which gave occasion to some of his most distinguished productions of this kind. At their seat of Gosford, in the north of Ireland, he spent in 1728–9 almost a whole year, assisting Sir Arthur in his agricultural improvements and lecturing, as usual, the lady of the manor, upon the improvement of her health by walking, and her mind by reading; and he appears to have found a docile pupil as well as an obliging hostess. Sir Arthur himself thought with the Dean on political subjects, was a good scholar and fond of the classics, which predilections formed his bond of union with Swift. The circumstance of his letting a mansion building, called Hamilton's Bawn, to the crown for a barrack, not only occasioned his being distinguished in the Apology for Lord Carteret,†† but gave

* See Motte's account of the matter in a letter to the Dean, 31st July, 1735, Swift's Works, vol. XVIII. p. 353.

† "I confess that Dr. Delany, the most eminent preacher we have, is a very unlucky recommender, for he forced me to countenance Pilkington; introduced him to me, and praised the wit, virtue, and humour of him and his wife, whereas he proved the falsest rogue, and she the most profligate whore, in either kingdom." Swift's Works, vol. XIX. p. 125.

‡ It seems to be the same with the Essay on Conversation, which he designed for publication in 1710.

§ The Editor was told by his late regretted friend, Mr. John Kemble, that there existed a distinct oral tradition of a conversation having passed between a lady of high rank seated in a box in the theatre, and Mr. Congreve, the celebrated dramatist, who was placed at some distance; which is so little fit for these pages, that a rake of common outward decency would hardly employ such language in a brothel. Indeed, it is only necessary to refer to the ordinary novels by which our ancestors were amused, to estimate the improvement of public delicacy. The Editor was acquainted with an old lady of family, who assured him that, in her younger days, Mrs. Behn's novels were as currently upon the toilet as the works of Miss Edgeworth at present; and described with some humour her own surprise, when, the book falling into her hands after a long interval of years, and when its contents were quite forgotten, she found it altogether impossible to endure, at the age of fourscore, what at fifteen she, like all the fashionable world of the time, had perused without an idea of impropriety.

¶ So says Delany, and adds, that he had heard the Dean rebuke Stella with great asperity for using a coarse allusion in society. His delicacy, however, must have been only occasional and capricious, for the Journal furnishes many instances how little it influenced his own correspondence with females. As to Delany's charge against Pope, I suspect it arose from personal pique.

‖ Spence's Anecdotes by Singers, p. 141.

** It is supposed the following postscript of a letter from Pope, 6th January, 1733–4, refers to some curiosity which Mrs. Martha Blount had expressed on the subject of some of those indelicate poems: "I am just now told, a very curious lady intends to write to you, to pump you about some poems said to be yours. Pray tell her, that you have not answered me on the same questions, and that I shall take it as a thing never to be forgiven from you, if you tell another what you have concealed from me." Swift's Works, vol. XVIII. p. 191.

†† See Swift's Works, vol. VII. p. 303.

rise to one of the Dean's most lively pieces of fugitive humour.* The company also whom he met at Market-Hill was agreeable to him. Among these were distinguished Robert and Henry Leslie, sons of the celebrated nonjuror, Dr. Leslie.

The younger brother, Henry Leslie, was an excellent scholar, and a perfect fine gentleman. He had attained the rank of lieutenant-colonel in the Spanish service, but lest his commission upon a regulation being adopted against the employment of Protestants. He resided for several years in the town of Market-Hill, near Sir Arthur Acheson's house, and Swift appears to have been his guest for about six months, in 1730, the year following his long residence in Sir Arthur Acheson's family. At Market-Hill he also met Captain Creichton, an aged and reduced officer of dragoons, whose campaigns had been chiefly directed against the Scotch west-country Whigs during the reign of Charles II. and James II. To relieve this old gentleman's necessities, Swift compiled his tales of youthful adventure into a distinct narrative, which was published for the captain's benefit, with considerable success.

His residence at Market-Hill was so agreeable to Swift, that at one time he seems to have thought of rendering it more permanent, by taking a lease from Sir Arthur, with the purpose of building a villa. The name of the chosen spot was changed from Drumlack to Drapier's Hill, in order the better to deserve the intended honour; and Sir Arthur, or some friend in his name, published a poem in the Dublin Journal, addressed to the Dean, and exulting in the future fame of a place on which he had resolved to fix his residence.† If we are to interpret literally the poetical apology which Swift made for laying aside this project, he had not found Sir Arthur uniformly guided by his opinion in the management of his estate, and had discovered that the knight's taste in literature, being turned toward metaphysics, was more different from his own than he had expected. But a growing reluctance to expend money, and the distance of the situation from Dublin, a distance rendered inconvenient by the Dean's increasing infirmities, were probably the real reasons for his declining a project, adopted perhaps hastily, and without much reflection.

Indeed his presence as a visitor, in the state of his health and spirits, was not altogether without inconvenience. Family tradition says, that Swift was already subject to those capricious and moody fits of melancholy and ill-humour, which preceded the decay of his understanding. He sometimes retired from table and had his victuals carried into his own apartment, from which he would not stir till his good-humour returned. And in one of those fits of caprice he took the liberty, during Sir Arthur Acheson's absence, to cut down an old and picturesque thorn near the house, which his landlord particularly valued. On this occasion, Sir Arthur was seriously displeased, and the Dean was under the necessity of propitiating him by those verses, which have rendered the old thorn at Market-Hill immortal.‡

Such stories, imperfectly reported by scandal, and listened to with malignant greediness by envy, occasioned a charge against Swift, similar to that which was preferred after his residence at Gaulstown House. Against this malicious allegation of ingratitude and inhospitality, which was urged in some verses handed about Dublin, and afterwards printed, Swift defended himself at length in a letter to Dr. Jinny, Rector of Armagh. He mentions the "Grand Question Debated" as the ground of the charge, and describes this sort of composition as merely sallies of fancy and humour, intended for private diversion; appeals to Jinny's knowledge of the whole history of the verses on the Barrack, and the favourable reception it met with from Sir Arthur Acheson and his lady. The charge of ingratitude brought against him, he repels with suitable disdain. "I was originally," he observes, "as unwilling to be libelled as the nicest man can be: but having been used to such treatment ever since I unhappily began to be known, I am now grown hardened; and while the friends I have left will continue to use me with any kindness, I shall need but a small degree of philosophy to bear me up against those who are pleased to be my enemies on the score of party zeal, and the hopes of turning that zeal to account. One thing, I confess, would still touch me to the quick; I mean if any person of true genius would employ his pen against me; but if I am not very partial to myself, I cannot remember, that among at least two thousand papers full of groundless reflections against me, hundreds of which I have seen, and heard of more, I ever saw any one production that the meanest writer could have cause to be proud of: for which I can assign a very natural reason; that, during the whole busy time of my life, the men of wit (in England) were all my particular friends, although many of them differed from me in opinions of public persons and proceedings."‖

In this society, and with these amusements, but with health gradually undermined, Swift endured, and occasionally enjoyed existence, from the death of Stella, in 1727, till about 1732

SECTION VII.

Swift's conduct as a dignified Clergyman—His controversies with the Dissenters—And with the Bishops of Ireland—Verses on his own Death—Faulkner's edition of his Works—His quarrel with Betterworth—Satire on Quadrille—Legion Club—Controversy concerning the lowering of the Gold Coin—History of Queen Anne's reign—Swift's private life at this period—He disposes of his Fortune to found an Hospital—He sinks into incapacity—His Death.

Ere proceeding to the melancholy remainder of Swift's life, we may here resume an account of his conduct as a dignitary of the church of England, and of the various occasions in which he stood forth in her behalf, when he conceived her rights assaulted and endangered.

It ought to be first noticed, that Swift possessed, in the fullest degree, the only secure foundation for excellence in the clerical profession—a sincere and devout faith in the doctrines of Christianity. This was doubted during his life, on account of the levities in the Tale of a Tub; and also because he carried his detestation of hypocrisy to such a blameable excess, that he was rather willing to appear indifferent about religion, than to be suspected of affecting over zeal in her cause. Thus, when in London, he rose early in the morning, that he might attend pub-

* "The Grand Question Debated, Whether Hamilton's Bawn should be turned into a Barrack or Malt-House?" Swift sent a part of this poem, under the title of the Barrack, to the Intelligencer. Afterwards many copies were transcribed from one which had been obtained from Lord Carteret, and at length it found its way to the public. See Swift's Works, vol. XV. p. 171, and vol. XVIII. p. 6.

† These, with the other verses composed at Market-Hill, are printed together in Swift's Works, vol. XV. p. 165.

‡ Mr. Sheridan has preserved two anecdotes of Swift about this period. Captain Hamilton of Castle Hamilton, a plain country gentleman, but of excellent natural sense, came upon a visit at Market-Hill, while the Dean was staying there. "Sir Arthur, upon hearing of his friend's arrival, ran out to receive him at the door, followed by Swift. The captain, who did not see the Dean, as it was in the dusk of the evening, in his blunt way, upon seeing the house, exclaimed, 'that he was very sorry he was so unfortunate to choose that time for his visit.'—'Why so?'—'Because I hear Dean Swift is with you. He is a great scholar, a wit; a plain country squire will have but a bad time of it in his company, and I don't like to be laughed at.' Swift then stepped from behind the captain, from behind Sir Arthur, where he had stood, and said to him, 'Pray, Captain Hamilton, do you know how to say yes or no, properly?'—'Yes, I think I have understanding enough for that.'—'Then give me your hand,—depend upon it, you and I will agree very well.' The captain told me he never passed two months so pleasantly in his life, nor had ever met with so agreeable a companion as Swift proved to be during the whole time."

The other anecdote records a ready reply by a gentleman who passed by the name of Killbuck Taite to Swift, who upbraided him with not knowing the way to Market-Hill. "'That is the way,' said Swift, 'with all you Irish blockheads: you never know the way to any place beyond the next dunghill.'—'Why,' answered Taite, 'I never was at Market-Hill: Have you not been there, Mr. Dean?' He acknowledged he had.—'Then what a damned English blockhead are you,' replied Killbuck, 'to find fault with me for not directing you the way to a place where I never have been, when you don't know it yourself, who have been there!' Swift, with a countenance of great counterfeited terror, immediately rose and changed seats with Doughty, (a man of great size and strength,) who happened to be next to him, placing the giant between him and Taite to protect him against that wild man, and skulking behind him like a child, with well acted fear, to the no small entertainment of the company; who, however, were not sorry that the Dean had met with his match."

‖ Swift's Works, vol. XVIII. p. 6.

lic worship without observation; and in Dublin, Delany was six months in his house before he discovered that the Dean read prayers to his family with punctual regularity. He was equally regular in his private devotions. The place which he occupied as an oratory was a small closet, in which, when his situation required to be in some degree watched, he was daily observed to pray with great devotion. When his faculties, and particularly his memory, began to fail, he used often to inquire anxiously whether he had been in this apartment in the course of the day, and if answered in the affirmative, seemed to be delivered from the apprehension that he had neglected the duties of devotion.

Thus impressed with the practical belief of the truths which it was his profession to teach, he was punctual in the discharge of those public duties incumbent on his dignified station in the church. He read the service in his cathedral regularly, though with more force than grace of elocution, and administered the sacrament weekly, in the most solemn and devout manner, with his own hands. He preached also in his turn; and the sermons which have been preserved belie his own severe censure, "that he could only preach pamphlets." On the contrary, Swift's discourses contain strong, sensible, and precise language, which distinguishes all his prose writings. They are not, indeed, without a cast of his peculiar humour, but it is not driven beyond the verge of propriety. As he considered the power of pulpit elocution as of the last consequence to the church, he used to attend particularly to the discourse of every young clergyman who preached in his cathedral, and never failed to minute down such words as seemed too obscure for the understandings of a popular congregation. In his Letter to a Clergyman, he has dwelt upon this common error of young preachers, which, with other excellent remarks contained in that treatise, shows that Swift not only valued the dignity of his order, but knew that it can only be maintained by the regular discharge of clerical duties in a decorous and practical manner.

But his zeal for the interests of his younger brethren was not only shown by public and private precepts, and by the tracts he wrote upon the Fates of Clergymen, and the Hatred against the Clergy—he endeavoured to serve them more effectually by patronage and recommendation. It was to this purpose chiefly he turned his intimacy with Carteret, and his long friendship with Lady Betty Germaine, who resided in family with his successor, the Duke of Dorset, and possessed influence with him. The frequency and urgency of his applications, as well as, generally speaking, the worth of those in whose favour they were made, give the best and most solid proof of his real interest in the promotion of clergymen of virtue and learning.

Within his own deanery, Swift was scrupulously accurate in maintaining and improving the revenues of the living, and rejected every proposal which was made to raise wealth for himself, at the expense of the establishment. When he was almost sunk into imbecility, and love of money, a habit rather than a passion, seemed to be his sole remaining motive of action, he rejected, with indignation, a considerable sum, offered for the renewal of a lease, upon terms which would have been unfavourable for his successors. To the last moment of his capacity, he kept an accurate account of the revenues of the cathedral, and even of the sums collected and expended in charity, of which his accounts are now before the editor. One is dated so low as 1742.*

Upon the same principle, the Dean took care, by consulting proper judges, that the choir of his cathedral should be well regulated, and his correspondence with Dr. Arbuthnot often turns upon procuring proper choristers. His zeal in this particular also survived the decay of his abilities, for he drew up a singular document, prohibiting the members of his choir from attending ordinary music meetings, so late as 28th January, 1741.† The Dean himself did not affect either to be a judge or admirer of music,‡ yet he possessed the power of mimicking it in a wonderful degree. A person regretting at his table that he had not heard Mr. Rosingrave, then just returned from Italy, perform upon the organ; "You shall hear him now," said Swift, and immediately started off into a burlesque imitation of the chromatics of the musician, to the inexpressible amusement of the company, excepting one old gentleman, who remained unmoved, because, as he said, "he had heard Mr. Rosingrave himself perform the same piece that morning." This exploit led to the Dean's composing the celebrated cantata, burlesquing the doctrine of imitative sounds in poetry and music. It was set to music by Dr. John Ecclin.‖

With a great zeal for the rights of his order, which did not, however, in his own opinion, transgress the bounds of toleration, Dean Swift, upon every occasion, when the question occurred, obstinately resisted any relaxation of the penal laws against dissenters. So early as 1708, he had published his "Letter on the Sacramental Test,"§ and, about twenty years after, his "Narrative of the Attempts of the Dissenters, for the Repeal of the Test Act," appeared in the Correspondent, a periodical paper of that day. This, in 1731,¶ he reprinted as an appendix to the "Presbyterians' Plea of Merit," a treatise which gave the dissenters great offence, as it contradicted and even ridiculed their pretensions to peculiar zeal for the reformed religion and the Protestant succession.** The clamour which this pamphlet excited, did not prevent Swift from following it up, in the next year, by an ironical statement, entitled, "The Advantages Proposed by Repealing the Sacramental Test." In the same year he published "Queries relating to the Sacramental Test;" and in 1733, "Reasons for Repealing the Test in favour of the Roman Catholics;" in all which treatises, the cause of the dissenters was treated with very great severity, and it was more than insinuated, that relaxation ought to be made rather in favour even of the Catholics, than of the Protestant dissenters. The former he compared to a lion, but chained and despoiled of his fangs and claws; the latter to a wild cat loose, in full possession of teeth and talons, and ready to fix them into the church of England. On the same subject the Dean wrote several fugitive pieces of poetry, and probably more occasional tracts than have yet been recovered.††

While Swift was with one hand combating the dissenters, he maintained with the other a controversy against the majority of the bishops of his own church. After the accession of the House of Hano-

* The entries in those records sometimes exhibit the Dean's peculiar humour, as for example,—

"Increased to Mr. Lyon by the pernicious vice and advice of my daily spunge and [a word illegible] Will's son, to 12 scoundrels at 6½ d. per week, fortnight, L.0 6 6
1739–40, January 12. A long extraordinary cold season, and I was worried by Mr. Lyon to give more than the fund will support. However, I give ——— 20 shill.
March 11. To a blind parson and his wife, 0 2 8½

The Will's son above mentioned, was Francis Wilson, Prebendary of Kilmactolway, living then an inmate in the Dean's family, but expelled from it in 1742, for using personal violence to Swift. See Swift's Works, vol. XIX. p. 266, and note.

† See his Works, vol. XIX. p. 264.

‡ See his verses to himself, in his Works, vol. XIV. p. 397, beginning,

"Grave Dean of St. Patrick's, how comes it to pass,
That you, who know music no more than an ass," &c.

‖ See Swift's Works, vol. XIX. p. 262, note.

§ See p. 18, and Swift's Works, vol. VIII. p. 351.

¶ Swift's Works, vol. VIII. p. 391. ** Ibid. p. 375.

†† The following tracts on the same subject have been collected by Dr. Barrett:—

The Test Act examined by the Test of Reason.

"Laudatur ab his, culpatur ab illis."—*Horat.*

Dublin, printed in the year 1733.

History of the Test Acts, in which the mistakes in some late writings against it are rectified, and the importance of it to the church explained. Printed at London. Dublin, reprinted by George Faulkner, in Essex Street, opposite to the Bridge, 1733.

The case of the Test considered, with respect to Ireland. Dublin. Faulkner, 1733.

The natural impossibilities of better uniting Protestants, &c. by repealing the Test. Dublin, printed by Faulkner, 1733.

Several of his poetical pieces are levelled against the claims of the dissenters; as the Fable of the Bitches, and the Tale of a Nettle, &c.

ver, divines of low-church principles were of course selected to fill vacant sees, besides which, in cases where the minister found himself obliged to confer preferment, without a strict regard to character, he naturally inclined to make the party an Irish rather than an English prelate. When some instances of this kind, real or alleged, were lamented in Swift's presence, he denied the imputation, with his usual ironical bitterness. "No blame," he said, "rested with the court for these appointments. Excellent and moral men had been selected upon every occasion of vacancy. But it unfortunately has uniformly happened, that as these worthy divines crossed Hounslow Heath, on their road to Ireland, to take possession of their bishoprics, they have been regularly robbed and murdered by the highwaymen frequenting that common, who seize upon their robes and patents, come over to Ireland, and are consecrated bishops in their stead."

With such an idea of the Irish prelacy, joined to his native spirit of independence, Swift was induced to regard with a very jealous eye any innovations which they might propose, affecting the great body of the clergy. Under this impression, he wrote, in 1723, "Arguments against enlarging the Power of Bishops in letting Leases," a latitude which, he foreboded, might lead ultimately to the impoverishment of the church. In the same tract he combats some of Lord Molesworth's arguments against the mode of collecting tithes. In 1731, the bishops of Ireland, or a majority of them, brought two bills into Parliament, one for the purpose of enforcing clerical residence, and, with that view, for compelling the clergy to build houses upon their glebes; the other for subdividing large livings into as many portions as the bishops should think fit, reserving to the original church only 300*l.* per annum. In these bills, which were passed in the House of Lords, Swift thought he discovered a scheme on the part of the Irish prelates to impoverish and degrade the body of the clergy, besides subjecting them to the absolute dominion of their spiritual superiors. He argued against the measures with great acrimony, in two tracts, entitled "On the Bill for the Clergy residing upon their Livings," and "Considerations upon two bills sent down from the House of Lords to the House of Commons, relating to the Clergy." Both bills were thrown out by the House of Commons; upon which occasion Swift indulged himself in some bitter poetical satires against the discomfited bishops.* The violence of his dislike to these proceedings breaks out in a private letter to his former friend, Dr. Sterne, Bishop of Clogher, in which he entitles them "those two abominable bills for enslaving and beggaring the clergy;" rejoices that he was not in intimate habits with the bishop when he voted for them, lest he should have discovered "marks of indignation, horror, and despair, both in words and deportment;" and concludes with calling God to witness, "that I did then, and do now, and shall for ever, firmly believe, that every bishop who gave his vote for either of these bills, did it with no other view (bating further promotion) than a premeditated design, from the spirit of ambition and love of arbitrary power, to make the whole body of the clergy their slaves and vassals until the day of judgment, under the load of poverty and contempt. I have no room for more charitable thoughts, except for those who will answer now, as they must at that dreadful day, that what they did was out of perfect ignorance, want of consideration, hope of future promotion, (an argument not to be conquered,) or the persuasion of cunninger brethren than themselves; when I saw a bishop, whom I had known so many years, fall into the same *snare*, which word I use in partiality to your lordship. Upon this open avowed attempt, in almost the whole bench, to destroy the church, I resolved to have no more commerce with persons of such prodigious grandeur, who, I feared, in a little time, would expect me to kiss their slipper. It is happy for me that I know the persons of very few bishops; and it is my constant rule never to look into a coach, by which I avoid the terror that such a sight would strike me with." To this violent philippic Bishop Sterne returned a very civil and temperate reply.†

About this period, that is, between 1730 and 1735, the Dean produced some of his best pieces of poetry. The Rhapsody on Poetry, which contains, perhaps, a more sustained flight of poetical expression than any of his other compositions, is dated in 1733. Dr. King gives us the curious information, that he was assured by Swift that he received the thanks of the royal family, who had interpreted literally the ironical passages of praise addressed to them in the poem,—a singular instance of obtuseness of intellect!

The celebrated Verses on Swift's own death were probably written about 1730 or 1731. This singular compound of knowledge of mankind, satire, and misanthropy, is founded upon the well-known maxim of Rochefoucault, "That we find something not unpleasing in the misfortunes of our best friends." A spurious copy, containing only about two hundred lines, was published in London, under the title of the "Life and character of Dr. Swift, written by himself," with a dedication to Pope. This the Dean, in a letter to his illustrious friend, imputes to his having shown the real poem to his acquaintance, some of whom had retained passages by heart. But he reprobates the spurious piece, as full of the cant which he most despised. "I would sink," he says, "to be a vicar in Norfolk, rather than be charged with such a performance."‡ In the same letter he expresses his determination not to print the true copy, as being improper to be seen until the author should be no more. On this point he afterwards altered his opinion; and so late as January, 1738-9, intrusted Dr. William King of Oxford§ with a copy to be published in London. But as the characters of the prime-minister and Queen Caroline were touched with no gentle hand, Dr. King's courage failed him, and the poem was published in a mutilated condition, omitting all such sarcasms as might be construed into a libel. The Dean, in whose estimation these passages were probably the most valuable part of the poem, was displeased with the caution of his editor; and Faulkner, the Dublin bookseller, published, by his direction, a full and genuine copy of these celebrated verses, with notes at length upon the political allusions, in which the story of the promised medals was not omitted.

To return to the year 1732.—It appears that, about this time, the piracy of the booksellers upon the Dean's literary property had alarmed his friend Pope, who put Swift upon his guard against the solicitations of the London trade, the rather as he himself designed a fourth volume of the Miscellanies, which he published in the month of February, 1732-3. His object he states to have been, to secure a genuine edition of the most valuable of the Dean's fugitive pieces, and to anticipate the schemes of the booksellers, who were publishing what they could collect, without discrimination, inserting some of his own fugitive pieces, in hopes, as he modestly expresses himself, "his weeds might pass for a sort of wild flowers" when mingled with his friend's garland.‖

But Faulkner, who was now rising into eminence as a Dublin bookseller, chiefly under the countenance and patronage of Dean Swift,¶ was the first

* See verses "On the Irish Bishops, 1731," Swift's Works, vol. XIV. p. 422, and "Judas," vol. XIV. p. 282; also a letter to Sheridan, 12th September 1735. Vol. XVIII. p. 370.

† Swift's Works, vol. XVIII. p. 145, 212.

‡ Letter to Pope, 1st May, 1733. Works, vol. XVIII. p. 116.

§ Dr. William King, son of the Rev. Peregrine King, born in 1685, became Principal of St. Mary's Hall in 1718. He stood candidate for the University, and being unsuccessful, went over to Ireland in 1727, where he became well known to Swift. His learning, his turn for satire, and a determined spirit of hatred to the existing government, recommended him to Swift, whose confidence he enjoyed. He was long at the head of the Non-juring or Jacobite interest at Oxford, but finally deserted it. Dr. King's Anecdotes of his Own Times have been lately published, and contain some interesting particulars.

‖ See Swift's Works, vol. XVIII. p. 43, 86.

¶ James Hoey, who was at one time a partner of Faulkner, published [without date] a collection of Swift's pieces, in prose and verse, entitled "The Drapier's Miscellany." It contains the following pieces:—

1. The "Modest Proposal" for eating the Children of the Poor.
2. The Journal of a Dublin Lady.

who had the honour of giving to the world a collected and uniform edition of the works of this distinguished English classic. The original edition consisted of four volumes, (increased after the Dean's death by repeated supplements.) The arrangement is uncommonly confused and incoherent; nor is there the least reason for supposing, as seems to be intimated by Lord Orrery, and is positively averred by Wilson in the Swiftiana,* that the Dean himself revised, or even authorized, the publication. Faulkner, after the decay of the Dean's faculties, no doubt found his interest in propagating such a report. But Swift's letters have since shown that he was barely passive upon the occasion. Indeed, far from giving Faulkner authority for the publication, the Dean avers that he expressly told him, he was desirous his works should not be printed in Dublin, but in London. Faulkner replied, that as the pieces were the property of various booksellers, they could not be published in a collected state in England; that he was assured of a numerous list of subscribers; and, hoping the Dean would not be angry at his pursuing his own interest, he intimated an intention to proceed in his purpose, even without permission of the author. This is the more to be regretted, as Charles Ford, whom the Dean had intrusted so often in conveying his publications to the press, had offered the use of his corrected copy of Gulliver's Travels, and other facilities for improving a genuine edition.† Swift, as the laws of Ireland afforded no remedy, had no alternative but remaining quiescent; and he repeatedly expresses his regret that the collection had not been published in London, by an agreement among the English booksellers who held his copy-rights, rather than in Dublin. There is, therefore, no room for supposing that this Dublin edition underwent the correction of the Dean; and, indeed, so great was his indifference to literary reputation, that it is possible he would have given himself little trouble upon the matter, even had the book been published in London, as he himself desired.‡

The principal interest which Faulkner could claim in the Dean was his having suffered from political prosecution, a fate which, sooner or later, befell most of Swift's publishers. The circumstance arose out of a remarkable incident of the Dean's life, which is now to be narrated.

In a satire printed in 1733, ridiculing the dissenters for pretending to the title of "Brother Protestants, and Fellow Christians," the Dean, among other ludicrous illustrations of their presumption, introduced this simile:

> "Thus at the bar the beetly B———,
> Though half a crown o'erpays his sweat's worth,
> Who knows in law, nor text, nor margent,
> Calls Singleton his brother Sergeant."

The blank in the termination of the first couplet indicated Mr. Bettesworth, a member of Parliament, and sergeant at law, remarkable for his florid elocution in the House, and at the bar, who had been very active in promoting those proceedings which Swift regarded as prejudicial to the clergy. Upon reading the lines, he was wrought up to such a height of indignation, that, drawing out a knife, he swore he would, with that very instrument, cut out the Dean's ears. After this denunciation, he went in the height of his fury to the deanery, and from thence to Mr. Worrall's, where Swift was on a visit. The family were at dinner, and the stranger being shown into another apartment, the Dean was called out to him. The sergeant advanced to him with great haughtiness, and said, "Doctor Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, I am Sergeant Bettesworth:" this being his affected mode of pronouncing his name. "Of what regiment?" answered Swift. After a very angry parley, Bettesworth began to raise his voice, and gave such indications of violence, that Mr. Worrall and the servants rushing in, compelled him to withdraw. The tradition in the Dean's family bears, that Bettesworth actually drew his knife; but the Dean's own narrative, transmitted to the lord-lieutenant, does not countenance that last excess, only affirming, that, by Bettesworth's own report, he had a sharp knife in his pocket, and a footman attending in the hall to open the door to one or two ruffians who waited his summons in the street.§ The Dean remained composed

3. Poem to King George, in Lilliputian Verse, beginning "Smile, smile, blest isle." [Spurious.]
4. Naimby-Pamby.
5. Faithful Inventory of the Household Goods of Dean Swift. [By Sheridan.]
6. Elegy on the death of Demar.
7. Letter in behalf of the parishioners to a Minister who used several hard words in his Sermon. See Swift's Works, vol. IX. p. 307.

* See Swift's Works, vol. II. p. 221.

† Swift's Works, vol. XVIII. p. 175. There is subjoined to the letter in the original MS. the following postscript:

A Catalogue of Pamphlets and Papers, which I have bound, and those marked * single. I believe I can have any of the others from Ald. B. [Alderman Barber.]
* Conduct of the Allies.
* Remarks on the Barrier Treaty.
* Advice to the October Club.
A New Journey to Paris.
Remarks on the Letter to the Seven Lords appointed to examine Gregg.
* Some Reasons to prove that no Whig is obliged to oppose her Majesty.
Importance of the Guardian.
* Preface to the Bishop of Sarum's Introduction.
Mr. Collin's Discourse of Free-thinking abstracted for the Use of the Poor.
Public Spirit of the Whigs.
* Horace, *Strenuus et Fortis.*
* Examiners, from Number 13 to Number 45.
* Toland's Invitation to Dismal.
* Ballad upon Note in Game.
* Peace and Dunkirk, a Song.
* Windsor Prophecy.
* Hugh (*i. e.* Hue) and Cry after Dismal.
* Pretender's Letter to a Whig Lord.
Some Free Thoughts on the present State of Affairs, never printed.

‡ See the Dean's sentiments concerning Faulkner's undertaking, in his Works, vol. XVIII. p. 83, 260, 315, but particularly a letter to Pope, p. 119, wherein he states his conversation with Faulkner on the subject. The late Mr. Deane Swift used to express great displeasure at Lord Orrery's having insinuated that his distinguished relative had corrected the Dublin edition. The Dean had a regard for Faulkner as an industrious young man, but he was much too frivolous a character to be admitted to his confidence. There is a well-known anecdote, that Faulkner once called on the Dean, full dressed as a fashionable beau of the day. Swift received him as a stranger, with much affected respect, but refused to believe he was George Faulkner. The bookseller was obliged to retire, and reappear in a dress more suited to his station. "Ah, my good friend George," said the Dean, "I am happy to see you! Here was a coxcomb an hour ago, who pretended to pass for you, but I sent him packing." The Dean's acquiescence in Faulkner's edition, though he had no means to prevent it, raised the jealousy of Motte, and other London booksellers, who held his copy-rights. The former filed a bill in Chancery against Faulkner, to prevent the sale of the Dublin edition of Swift's Works in England. Swift interposed on this occasion as mediator, (see the letter to Motte, 25th May, 1736, in his works, vol. XVIII. p. 260,) and it would appear his mediation was successful, from the subsequent amicable intercourse between the two booksellers.

§ The rhyme is said to have been suggested by a casual circumstance. A porter brought a burden to the Dean's house, while he was busy with the poem, and labouring to find a rhyme for the uncommon name, the more anxiously, that Bettesworth exulted in the idea of its being impossible. The fellow's demand, he considered as exorbitant, he wiped his forehead, saying, with the humour of a low Irishman, "Oh! your reverence, my sweat's worth half a crown." The Dean instantly caught at the word, "Ay, that it is,—there's half a crown for you." This anecdote is given on the authority of Mr. Theophilus Swift.

‖ Various accounts of this interview have been given, but that of the Dean to the Duke of Dorset, written immediately after it took place, ought to be preferred. Swift's Works, vol. XVIII. p. 192. The following additional circumstances are mentioned by Sheridan. "O Mr. Dean," said Bettesworth, in answer to the retort mentioned in the text, "we know your powers of raillery; you know well enough that I am one of his majesty's sergeants at law."—"What then, sir?"—"Why then, sir, I am come to command of you, whether you are the author of this poem, (pronouncing it) and these villainous lines on me?"—at the same time reading them aloud with great vehemence of emphasis, and violent gesticulation,—"Sir," said Swift, "it was a piece of advice given me in my early days, by Lord Somers, never to own or disown any writing laid to my charge; because if I did this in some cases, whatever I did not disown afterward, would infallibly be imputed to me as mine. Now sir, I take this to have been a very wise maxim, and as such have followed it ever since; and I believe it will hardly be in the power of all your rhetoric, as a sergeant, master as you are of it, to make me swerve from that rule." Many other things passed, as related in the above-mentioned letter. But when Bettesworth was going away, he said, "Since you will give me no satisfaction in this affair, let me tell you, your gown is your protection: under the sanction of which like one of your own Yahoos, who had climbed up to the top of a high tree, you sit secure, and squirt your filth round on mankind." Swift had candour enough, not to conceal this circumstance, at the same time saying, "that the fellow showed more wit in this than he thought him possessed of."

and unmoved during this extraordinary scene. It was fortunate for the sergeant's person, as well as his character, that he did not proceed in his meditated vengeance on the person of an old man, and a clergyman, since the attempt must have been made at the risk of his life. So soon as the news transpired, the inhabitants of that part of Dublin, called Earl of Meath's Liberty, assembled, and sent a deputation to Swift, requesting his permission to take vengeance on Bettesworth, for his intended violence to the Patriot of Ireland. Swift returned them thanks for their zeal, but enjoined them to disperse peaceably, and, adding a donation of two or three guineas, prohibited them from getting drunk with the money, adding, "You are my subjects, and I expect you will obey me." It is no slight proof of the despotism of his authority, founded as it was solely upon respect and gratitude, that his defenders complied with his recommendation in both particulars, and peaceably and soberly separated to their dwellings. For some time, however, they formed a guard among themselves for the purpose of watching the deanery, and the person of the Drapier, lest Bettesworth should have adopted any new scheme of violence.

The consequences of this rashness were very serious to Mr. Bettesworth, for not only was he overwhelmed by the Dean and his friends with satire and ridicule, to which he had shown himself so keenly sensible,* but, in the bitterness of his heart, he confessed, in the House of Commons, that Swift's satire had deprived him of twelve hundred pounds a year. Yet his irritability was rather increased than allayed by this unpleasing result, as appears from a subsequent instance.

Dr. Josiah Horte, Bishop of Killmore, afterwards Archbishop of Tuam, although he had formerly been himself an object of Swift's satire,† was now advanced so far into his intimacy, that the Dean, in 1736, condescended to be the prelate's agent, in correcting and transmitting to Faulkner, a satire composed by Horte, upon the general taste for Quadrille‡ or, in the quaint words of the bishop's request, "he pruned the loose feathers, sent the kite to the Falconer, and set it a flying." The satire was of a very general and common-place kind, but unfortunately proposed, among other regulations, that all disputes and altercations at play should be laid upon the "renowned Sergeant B——," with a golden fish, *ad valorem*, and a right of appeal to a wooden figure in Essex-street, known by the name of the Upright Man, in case the sergeant's decision should be unsatisfactory. This insinuation was sufficient to rouse the angry feelings of Mr. Bettesworth, who, although the name was dropped in subsequent editions of the satire, thought it worth his while to complain to the House of Commons of a breach of privilege. Faulkner the printer was arrested, put to considerable expense, and thrown into jail among ordinary felons, though he was allowed to be admitted to bail. The Dean, whose blood boiled at these tyrannical proceedings, avenged himself upon Hartley Hutchinson,‖ the justice of peace who signed the committal, by two or three lampoons, and wrote, upon the same occasion, the indignant lines commencing,

> "Better we all were in our graves,
> Than live in slavery to slaves."¶

* "Bettesworth's Exultation," Swift's Works, vol. XII. p. 438. "Sergeant Bettesworth to the Honourable Sergeant Kite," now first printed. Ib. p. 449. "The Yahoo's Overthrow, or the Kevan Evan's new Ballad." Ib. p. 441. "On the Archbishop of Cashel and Bettesworth." Ib. p. 445.

† See the "Storm, or Minerva's Petition," Swift's Works, vol. XII. p. 325, in which Bishop Berkeley's morals are complimented at the expense of those of his brother prelate. Horte is there called Bishop Judas; but it seems uncertain whether he is the person designated by the same hateful epithet, in the verses so entitled. Ibid. p. 282. The chief motive of the Dean's complaisance seems to have been a hope that Horte might be induced to write for Sheridan. Ibid. vol. XIX. p. 69.

‡ "A new Proposal for the better Regulation and Improvement of Quadrille." Ibid. vol. VII. p. 372.

‖ "A Vindication of the Libel, Swift's Works, vol. XII. p. 468, "Friendly Apology for a certain Justice of Peace. Ibid. p. 469.

¶ The sentiment expressed in this couplet seems to have occupied the Dean's mind much at the time. It is written down with one or two trifling variations upon several memorandum papers. See the verses in his works, vol. XII. p. 467.

¶ Swift's Works, vol. XVIII. p. 471. In a subsequent letter to Sheridan, the Dean says, "I did write him, [Bishop Horte,] lately, a letter with a witness, relating to his printing Quadrille, (did you ever see it,) with which he half ruined Faulkner. He promises, against his nature, to consider him, but interposed an exception which I believe will destroy the whole." Ibid. vol. XIX. p. 69.

* "Some reasons against the bill for settling the tithe of hemp, flax, &c. by a modus." Swift's Works, vol. VIII. p. 394.

† On the 8th November, 1735, Mrs. Whiteway writes to the Dean, "Mr. Waller has printed an advertisement, offering ten guineas reward to any person that will discover the author of a paragraph, said to be the case of one Mr. Throp. I do not know whether you heard any thing of such an affair before you left town, but I think it is said there is some trial to be about it before the House of Commons, either next week, or the week following. I beg you will not leave your papers and letters on the table, as you used to do at the Deanery, for boys and girls and wives will be peeping." Swift's Works, vol. XVIII. p. 404.

To this hint the Dean replies, "As to Waller's advertisement, if I was in town I would, for the ten guineas, let him know the author of the narrative; and I wish you would, by a letter in an unknown hand, inform him of what I say; for I want the money to repair some deficiencies here." Ibid. p. 441. It would be satisfactory to discover the Dean's "paragraph," which, from the date and internal evidence, must have been distinct from the octavo pamphlet on the same subject, entitled, "Lay Tyranny, or the Clergy Oppressed by Patrons and Impropriators, instanced in the memorable case of the Reverend Mr. Roger Throp." Dublin, 1736.

Faulkner naturally looked to Horte for some indemnification; but the bishop intimated to him, "that in such dealings the bookseller is the adventurer, and must run the hazard of gain or loss." This sordid and unhandsome evasion occasioned Swift's writing to the bishop a very severe letter, which, it is to be presumed, produced the bookseller some more satisfactory answer.¶

In 1733, the Dean's attention was attracted to some proceedings in the Irish parliament, which seemed to him subversive of the rights of the clergy. A bill had been brought into the House of Commons for encouraging the linen manufactory, containing a clause for commuting, by a perpetual modus, the tithe payable on the articles of hemp and flax. The Dean, with Grattan, Jackson, and other clergymen, on behalf of the clergy of Ireland, presented a petition, praying to be heard by counsel against this part of the bill; and Swift composed, on the same subject, a treatise addressed to the members of the House of Commons.** The bill appears, in consequence of this opposition, to have been dropt; but subsequent vexations arose to the clergy from the same quarter.

In 1734, an almost general resistance was made against the tithe of pasturage, or tithe of agistment, as it is technically called. The House of Commons interfered against this claim on the part of the clergy, and so effectually, that the clergy were intimidated from making, and courts of law deterred from receiving, suits upon that ground. The Dean and many of his brethren viewed the conduct of the Commons on this occasion as partial and oppressive,—partial, because so many of the members were affected by that claim, that they might be considered as judging in their own cause, and oppressive, because Swift conceived that the tithe for agistment was as plainly comprised in the act of Henry VIII. as that of corn and hay. Other cases occurred about the same time, which seemed to indicate a general disposition on the part of the great land proprietors to innovate upon the rights of the church. A cruel and exaggerated instance was the case of the Reverend Roger Throp, who, refusing to surrender to the patron of his living, Colonel Waller, some of its most important rights, is alleged to have been harassed by so many law-suits, assaults, and arrests, that his courage and health gave way under them, and he actually died of a broken heart. Robert Throp, brother of the deceased, presented to Parliament a petition, stating the manifold grievances which his deceased relation had sustained from Colonel Waller, and praying the House to permit the course of law to proceed against him by arrest, notwithstanding his being a member of Parliament. About November, 1735, while this petition was in dependence, the Dean appears to have written for the newspapers a statement of Mr. Throp's case, which produced on the colonel's part an advertisement, offering a reward for discovery of the author.††

When the petition came before the House, it was refused unanimously.

These combined circumstances induced Swift to regard the existing Irish House of Commons as determined enemies to the rights of the church, and as leagued to oppress the clergy. He gave vent to his indignation in more than one satire, but particularly in the last poem of any length or importance which he ever composed, entitled the Legion Club. Old age had now long overtaken him, and even when he was holding the pen on this occasion, he had a continued and intense attack of his constitutional vertigo, from which he never fully recovered. The Legion Club is, notwithstanding, one of the most animated and poignant satires that even the Dean of St. Patrick's ever produced. It seems almost impossible that the poet should have sustained the extreme virulence of invective with which the description opens. Yet, when the poet descends from general to individual satire, every line has the sting of a hornet. The persons chiefly satirized in this remarkable production, are Sir Thomas Prendergast, Colonel Waller, and other members whom the Dean regarded as most active in opposing the claims of the clergy. "The puppy pair of Dicks," Richard Tighe and Richard Bettesworth, his old foes, are not forgotten. The poem was no sooner published than spurious copies appeared, in which the number of individuals satirized was considerably enlarged. It gave great offence, as may easily be supposed, and prosecutions were threatened, but none took place.*

About the same time the Dean opposed a scheme proposed by the primate Boulter for regulating the exchange of Ireland, by diminishing the value of the gold coin, which his lordship presaged would be the readiest mode of increasing the quantity of silver currency, of which the want had been much felt. The Dean had a dislike to the primate, which was by no means lessened by his being the real and efficient prime-minister for Ireland, and the chief correspondent of Walpole upon matters affecting that kingdom. He had exercised his satire upon him accordingly.† But at the time of lowering the gold coin, Swift's exertions excited a ferment, which, though it subsided sooner, and without producing any change in the intended measure, resembled, in other respects, the opposition to Wood's scheme. The Dean spoke against the measure at the Tholsel or Exchange of Dublin;‡ he distributed songs among the people; and on the day when the proclamation was read, displayed a black flag from the steeple of the cathedral, and caused a dumb or muffled peal to be rung by the bells of St. Patrick's. The discontent of the lower orders was so great, that danger was apprehended to the primate's person, and his house was guarded by soldiers. At the lord mayor's entertainment, the archbishop publicly charged Swift with having inflamed the prejudices of the people against him. "I inflame them," retorted Swift, conscious of his power among the lower orders, "had I lifted my finger, they would have torn you to pieces,"—a threat which he afterwards expressed in poetry.‖ The measure of lowering the gold coin, however, proved practically advantageous, and the clamour which it excited was speedily forgotten.

Thus ended Swift's last interference in public affairs, in which, excepting during the earlier part of George I.'s reign, he had been actively and often perilously engaged from 1708 to 1736. He continued, however, on all occasions, to express and maintain his original sentiments, of which he was so tenacious, that he refused to accept of the freedom of the city of Cork, until they recorded upon the instrument of freedom, and the silver box in which it was presented, their approbation of his political and patriotic principles, as the ground of distinguishing him by such an honour.§ At a subsequent period of extreme weakness, Bishop Rundle has mentioned with indecent triumph, especially considering he had called Swift friend, an instance that his political dislike survived the decay of his mental faculties. In 1741-2, upon the reported disgrace of Lord Orford, he set up an equipage.¶ Nor is it to be forgotten, that Bolingbroke and Pulteney fed his antipathy against Walpole and the royal family, by regularly transmitting to him the lampoons of the day.**

But although the Dean must from henceforward be considered as having ceased entirely to interest himself in the politics of the day, his mind, as is usual in age, appears to have reverted to those earlier scenes in which he once played a busy part, and he became, in 1737, desirous of publishing the History of the Peace of Utrecht, which he had written in 1714. With this view, he gave the manuscript, now entitled "The History of the Four last Years of Queen Anne," to Dr. King of Oxford, that it might be printed in London. A report of his intention having transpired, seems to have alarmed the Earl of Oxford, (son of the celebrated statesman,) Mr. Lewis, (under secretary of state during the last years of Queen Anne,) and other persons concerned, who

* See letter from Swift to Sheridan, Works, vol. XIX. p. 70.

† See an epigram, Swift's Works, vol. XII. p. 455. Also "The verses on Rover, a Lady's Spaniel," vol. XIV. p. 381. These were written in ridicule of what was called Philips' Namby Pamby verses, the mistress of the spaniel being Mrs. Boulter, who was very fat. The primate was the patron of Philips, and brought him to Ireland as his secretary, which probably did not increase Swift's respect for him. Hence the line of Pope,

"Still to our bishop Philips seems a wit."

‡ See Mrs. Whiteway's letter to Sheridan, "The Dean, this day, (24th April, 1736,) went to the Tholsel as a merchant, to sign a petition to the government against lowering the gold, where we hear he made a long speech, for which he will be reckoned a Jacobite." Swift's Works, vol. XVIII. p. 470.

‖ See "Ay and No, a tale from Dublin." Swift's Works, vol. XII. p. 471. Also a ballad (now first published) on the lowering the coin, which alludes to the circumstances of the muffled peal and the black flag. Ibid. p. 473.

§ See the Dean's letter to the Mayor and Corporation of Cork, 15th August, 1737, in his Works, vol. XIX. p. 99.

¶ The Dean used formerly to say, that he was the poorest man in Ireland who was served in plate, and the richest who kept no carriage. The account of his setting up one in thus given by Bishop Rundle, in a letter preserved in the British Museum. "As soon as Dean Swift heard that Lord Orford, was dismissed from power, he awakened with one flash of light from his dreaming of what he once was, and cried, I made a vow that I would set up a coach when that man was turned out of his places: and having the good fortune to behold that day, long despaired of, I will show that I was sincere: and sent for a coach maker. The operator comes, had one almost ready.—it was sent home,—horses were purchased,—and the Dean entered the triumphant double chariot, supported by two old women, and his daily flatterer, to entertain him with the only music he had an ear to hear at this age; thus made up the partie quarree, and with much ado, enabled his decrepit reverence to endure the fatigue of travelling twice round our great square, by the cordial and amusement of their fulsome commendations, which he calls facetious pleasantry. But the next pacquet brought word, (what lying varlets these news-writers are!) that Lord Orford's party revived, &c. Swift sunk back in the corner of the coach, his under jaw fell; he was carried up to his chamber and great chair, and obstinately refused to be lifted into the treacherous vehicle any more, till the news-writers at least shall be hanged for deceiving him to imagine that Lord Orford was *bona fide* out of power, though visibly out of place. Now he despairs of seeing vengeance taken on any, who, old fellow! he thinks more richly deserve it; and since he cannot send them out of the world with dishonour, he intends soon to go out of it in a pet."—Letter signed Thomas Derry, dated March 20, 1741-2. MSS. Birch, 4291. *British Museum.*

The Bishop is incorrect in supposing that Swift laid aside the equipage which was thus set up. It appears from Wilson's Life of Swift, (Swift's Works, vol. XIX. p. 259, note,) that Swift, in June 1742, had a carriage of his own.

** The Dean had labelled a paper containing three such lampoons, "An excellent satyr, prose part and part verse, received November 1st, 1738." The verses are a burlesque birth-day ode for 1738, (by Pulteney or Chesterfield,) in the assumed person of "Colley Bays, Esq.;" and some lines on a coinage having been sent abroad, without the words *Dei Gratia* in the legend. These have been printed. The prose lampoon is less known, and may be inserted as a curiosity.

Supposed to be written on account of three gentlemen being seen in Kensington Gardens by the King and Queen, walking they were walking.

"Now it came to pass in the days of Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, in the 8th month, in the 6th year of the King, in the beginning of hay harvest, that the King and the Queen walked arm-in-arm in the gardens which they had planted upon the bank of the river, the great river Euphrates; and behold there appeared on a sudden three armed men, sons of the giants; then Nebuchadnezzar the King lifted up his voice and cried, Oh, men of war, who be ye, who be ye? and is it peace? But they answered not. Then spake he and said, There is treachery, Oh, my Queen, there is treachery; and he turned his face and fled. Now when the Queen had seen what had befallen my lord the King, she lifted up her loins and fled also, crying, Oh, my God! So the King and the Queen ran together, but the king outran her mightily, for he was very swiftly, neither turned he to the right hand nor to the left, for he was sore afraid where no fear was, and fled when no man pursued

feared lest the Dean, in his state of mind and body, might be inadequate to the delicate task of correcting a work in which the characters of Harley and all who had acted with him were deeply implicated. Mr. Lewis pressed, in their common name, to be permitted to see the manuscript before it was sent to press; a request which the Dean granted with hesitation and reluctance.* The "History" was accordingly perused by Lord Oxford and some of his friends, and, in a letter from Mr. Lewis, they state various objections to its appearing in its original *state*. Several of these apply to what may be considered as the *speciosa miracula* of the Dean's narrative, such as the imputations on the courage of Marlborough, and the insinuation that Prince Eugene recommended the assassination of Harley. But they principally demurred to the manner in which the Dean had drawn several characters of the leading Whigs, and expressed their conviction that, if the History were published without alteration, nothing could save the printer and publisher from some grievous punishment. Lewis, therefore, conjured the Dean, by his own fame, and that of those friends whom he meant to honour by his narrative, and as he valued his personal liberty, and the enjoyment of his fortune, not to permit the manuscript to be printed until he had adopted the amendments his letter suggested.† The Dean, unable or unwilling to attempt the required alterations, silently acquiesced in the opinion happily expressed by Lewis, that the period of which he treated was too remote for a pamphlet, yet too early for a history.‡ What became of the original manuscript does not appear; but the History was published in 1758, by an anonymous editor, who professes to give it as a literary curiosity, from a copy which had been accidentally preserved in Ireland. The whole preface sustains a high and violent tone of Whig politics. To such an uncongenial editor was the Dean to owe a posthumous obligation, for publishing a work suppressed during his life time at the request, or rather the entreaty, of his Tory friends. The History was coldly received by the public, as relating to events gone by and forgotten. A French version of it appeared in 1766.‖

It was through the medium of Dr. King that Swift sent to the press, as already observed, the "Verses on his own Death," and he seems also to have meditated the publication of his well-known Instructions to Servants, on which, though it only exists as a fragment, he had bestowed much pains and observation. He himself was a kind, but a strict master, and his mode of managing his domestics would hardly have succeeded with any one but himself, who had established his will as despotic, however capricious.§ He was equally minute in observing the servants of others, and told Lord Orrery one day, that the attendant who waited had committed fifteen faults during the time of dinner. Yet his mode of reprimanding them was more frequently whimsical than harsh. Upon one occasion, a servant waiting at table had displeased him: there was laver on the table, called in Ireland sloak, which Mrs. Whiteway was fond of; the Dean had tasted and disliked it, but said nothing, till about to reprove the man, when he broke out with "you-you-you worse than sloak." Sometimes he chose to mix in the mirth of his domestics. Once finding that his housekeeper, Mrs. Ridgeway, had, according to custom on his birth-day, made an entertainment for the neighbours, he requested to know at whose expense the treat was provided, and understanding that he himself was the founder of the feast, he sat down among the guests, and partook of their cheer with great good humour. Upon another occasion, he and some friends resolved to celebrate a classical Saturnalia at the deanery, and actually placed their servants at table while they themselves attended on them. The butler, who represented the Dean, acted his master to the life. He sent Swift to the cellar in quest of some particular wine, then affected to be discontented with the wine he brought, and commanded him to bring another sort. The Dean submissively obeyed, took the bottle to the side-board and decanted it, while the butler still abused him in his own style, and charged him with reserving some of the grounds for his own drinking. The Dean, it was observed, did not altogether relish the jest, but it was carried on as long as it gave amusement; when the tables were removed, the scene reversed, an entertainment served up to the proper guests, and every thing conducted by the very servants who had partaken of the Saturnalia, in an orderly and respectful manner.¶ These anecdotes serve to show that the Dean took a particular pleasure in observing this class of society, and explain the extraordinary insight which he had obtained into their habits and character. The Instructions to Servants form only a fragment. The Dean had intended a more regular work, but indisposition interrupted his labours.** In 1738 and 1739, he expresses, by repeated

* See a letter from Mr. Lewis, anxiously pressing this request, 8th June, 1737. Swift's Works, vol. XIX. p. 87, with the Dean's answer, 8th April, p. 83, intimating some difficulty in complying with it. Mr. Lewis again writes upon the same subject, 4th August following, and the Dean appears reluctantly to have acquiesced.

† This important letter, which contains the real reason for suppressing the "History," is dated 8th April, 1738. It is now first published in the edition of Swift's Works, to which these Memoirs are prefixed, vol. XIX. p. 138. It is quoted in the Dean's Life, "On some mistakes in the History of Four last Years," with the remarkable addition, "*Mon ami prudent.*"

‡ See Dr. King's letter of 23d January, 1738-9. Swift's Works, vol. XIX. p. 179, in which, however, there was an important paragraph omitted by the transcriber, as I am informed by Mr. Theophilus Swift. After the word "*direct*," p. 180, and before commencing the next paragraph, the original manuscript proceeds thus:—

"I say nothing about your manuscript of the History, because I have been assured by Lord Orrery and Mr. Pope that you are displeased with Mr. Lewis', and have suspended the publication of that work in consequence of his representation."

This passage sums up the evidence concerning the suppression of the History of the Four last Years of Queen Anne.

‖ Somewhat too amply entitled "Histoire du Regne de la Reine Anne d'Angleterre," 8vo. with a fictitious Amsterdam imprint.

§ The story is well known of his commanding Sweetheart, his cookmaid Mary, to carry down a joint of meat to the fire, and on her alleging that was impossible, his grave reply, that when in future she pleased to commit a fault, he hoped she would choose one which might be mended. Upon another occasion, after he had permitted Sweetheart to set out on a journey to see a sister's wedding, he sent for her back, by messenger, to shut the door. At another time, hearing one of his servants in the act of undressing, express a luxurious wish that he could ride to bed, the Dean summoned the man up stairs, commanded him to fetch a horse from the paddock, and prepare him for a journey, and when the poor fellow reported that the horse was ready, "Mount him then, sirrah," said the Dean, "and ride to bed." There is another well-attested anecdote, communicated by the late Mr. William Waller of Allanstown, near Kells, to Mr. Theophilus Swift. Mr. Waller, while a youth, was riding near his father's house, where he met a gentleman on horseback reading. A little surprised, he asked the servant, who followed at some distance, where they came from? "From the Black Lion," answered the man. "And where are you going?"—"To heaven, I believe," rejoined the servant, "for my master's praying and I am fasting." On further inquiry, it proved that the Dean, who was then going to Laracor, had rebuked this man for presenting him in the morning with dirty boots. "Were they clean," answered the fellow, "they would soon be dirty again."—"And if you eat your breakfast," retorted the Dean, "you will be hungry again, so you shall proceed without it," which circumstance gave rise to the man's bon-mot. Another instance of his strict discipline, communicated by Mr. Swift, shall close this long note.

"He was dining one day in the country, and at going away the servant of the family brought him his horse. As the man held the horse, the Dean called to his own man, and asked him whether it would not be proper to give something to the servant for his trouble? The man assented, and the Dean asked him what he thought would be proper to give the man, and whether half a crown was too much? 'No sir!'—'Very well,' replied Swift, and gave the man the half crown. When the board-wages of the week came to be paid, he stopt the half crown, and read his servant a lecture; telling him, it was his duty to attend him, and not to leave him to the care of others; that he brought him to the house that he might not give trouble to others; and pressed his argument by supposing he would not in future be quite so generous of his master's money."

¶ This anecdote is given by Mr. Theophilus Swift, on the authority of Mrs. Whiteway. It appears in an exaggerated and distorted form in the Swiftiana, vol. II. p. 54, where it is said there was a purpose to make the Saturnalia annual, but that the Dean, unable to endure the raillery of the butler, gave a loose to passion, beat his representative, and drove the servants out of the room. For these additions, I am informed by Mr. Swift, there is no foundation.

** The following is a fragment of an intended preface. It occurs in the original draught of the instructions, but is in many places effaced and illegible. I am indebted to Mr. Theophilus Swift for a copy of that which remains intelligible.

* * * [*Two or three words wanting.*] "A Preface to servants.

enquiries of Faulkner, some anxiety about a part of the manuscript.* It was not, however, published until after his death. This is almost the last literary subject in which Swift seems to have been interested.

We return to the private life of Swift subsequent to 1732. The incidents are short and melancholy. For a while his correspondence with Pope, Bolingbroke, Gay, and the Duchess of Queensberry, Gay's lively and spirited patroness, sustained his connection with England. Bolingbroke attempted, so late as 1732, to negotiate an exchange of his deanery with the living of Burfield in Berkshire.† But it was too late. The sacrifice of dignity and income, considerable at any time, became impossible after the habits of nearly twenty years. The die was therefore cast, and Swift was to close his days in the country of his birth, not in that of his choice. Indeed, although his dislike to Ireland does not appear to have abated in its acrimony, his desire to exchange his residence there for an abode in England must have been gradually diminished, as, in the language of the poet,

"Tie after tie was loosened from his heart;"

and when his remnant of life could only be spent in melancholy recollections of the past, or anxious anticipations of the future.

The sudden death of the kind-hearted and affectionate Gay was the first severe shock of this nature. Pope's letter announcing this event is endorsed by Swift, "Received December 15th, (1732,) but not read till the 20th, by an impulse foreboding some misfortune." The death of Arbuthnot followed in 1734-5. Swift thus expresses himself to Pope on the breaches thus made among their friends: "The death of Mr. Gay and the Doctor have been terrible wounds near my heart. Their living would have been a great comfort to me, although I should never have seen them; like a sum of money in a bank, from which I should receive at least annual interest, as I do from you, and have done from my Lord Bolingbroke."‡ Lady Masham, the moving spring of Queen Anne's last administration, and Swift's firm friend, died about the same period, and the Earl of Peterborough followed, in the year 1735. Bolingbroke and Pope remained; but the former, seeing all his political hopes blighted, retired in disgust to France, in 1734, and ill health on both sides gradually slackened Swift's intercourse with the Bard of Twickenham. But it is a false and malicious insinuation of the notorious Mrs. Pilkington, that there was any relaxation in the mutual regard of the illustrious friends; Lord Orrery, who had the best access to know, has given testimony, and produced proof, that their friendship remained sincere and perfect on both sides till closed by death. On the presentation copy of the Dunciad, with which she pretends the Dean was but little pleased, Swift has written *Auctoris Amicissimi Donum*,—an expression of superlative warmth.

The Dean's health was now gradually giving way under the pressure of age, and his recurring fits of deafness and giddiness. His judgment and powers of thought continued indeed clear during the intervals of his disorder; but his memory became imperfect, and his temper, always irritable, was now subject to violent and frantic fits of passion upon slight provocation. These inroads upon his faculties were precursors of the final disorder whose approach he had long dreaded. So early as 1717,‖ we are informed by Dr. Young, that, while walking with Swift about a mile out of Dublin, the Dean stopped short. "We passed on," says the author of the Night Thoughts, "but perceiving he did not follow us, I went back and found him fixed as a statue, and earnestly gazing upward at a noble elm, which, in its uppermost branches, was much withered and decayed. Pointing at it, he said, 'I shall be like that tree, I shall die at the top.'" Orrery also informs us, that when the Dean, in conversation, dwelt upon the period of mental imbecility which closed the lives of Somers, Marlborough, and other distinguished contemporaries, it was never without a deep and anxious presage of his own fate. To the same feeling of internal decay may be traced his answer to a friend who mentioned some one as a fine old gentleman: "What!" said the Dean with violence, "have you yet to learn that there is no such thing as a fine old gentleman? If the man you speak of had either a mind or body worth a farthing, they would have worn him out long ago."§

It would be vain to enquire, whether this awful foreboding, becoming more terrible as its accomplishment approached nearer, influenced Swift in the disposal of his fortune; whether he took the hint of establishing a Lunatic Asylum from a letter of Sir William Fownes upon that subject;¶ or whether, as he himself alleges,

"He gave the little wealth he had,
To build a house for fools or mad,
To show, by one satiric touch,
No nation wanted it so much."**

Such, however, was the resolution he formed, and it was his first intention to endow his purposed hospital with land to the extent of three hundred pounds per annum; but after in vain endeavouring to make such a purchase, and even advertising for that purpose,†† he at length suffered his fortune to remain upon the various mortgages in which it was vested, and left to his executors the trouble of collecting and investing it in land. Nor was he less anxious about the site of his intended hospital. In 1734-5, he presented a memorial to the corporation of Dublin, praying that a piece of ground on Oxmantown-green might be assigned for this purpose, which request was immediately complied with.‡‡ In 1737, a mort-

* "I have calculated these directions chiefly for town-servants; yet have here and there scattered some proper for the country. I have likewise considered some things only for private families, from 400*l.* to 1000*l.* *per annum*; but others for great persons and gentlemen of plentiful estates.

"I left my master, who had got the house-maid with child, and he gave me a portion to marry her, and got me an office in the customs.

"There are some *ways* of servants, that I cannot give a reason for; however, for *honour* I have mentioned them; because I doubt not there was some reason for it.

"Add the directions without reason at the end, in a different letter. My directions are fitted for families from 400*l.* to ten or twenty thousand pounds. The reader will not blame us for being so large on footmen, having been one myself, &c.

"Gil Blas hath mentioned something of servants, &c., but not in my way. [Here follow some imperfect passages.] The precedence of servants of both sexes, regulated at home, and with strangers; the latter according to their masters. Jack Somerset takes place of Dick Devonshire."

† Swift's Works, vol. XIX. p. 162.

‡ Swift's Works, vol. XVIII. p. 16.

‖ Swift's Works, vol. XVIII. p. 811.

§ The date is assigned from Dr. Johnson's (or Mr. Croft's) probable conjecture, that Dr. Young accompanied his witty and profligate patron, the Duke of Wharton, to Ireland in that year. When Wharton related some of his mischievous pranks to the Dean, (who really esteemed his talents,) he made this remarkable answer, "Take a frolic to be virtuous, my lord; it will give you more pleasure than any you have yet tried." Delany has somewhat injured this anecdote, by substituting the word *honour* for *pleasure*. Swift has ridiculed Young's bombast in his simile upon that poet and Philips. But in the Verses on Young's Satire, and in the Rhapsody on Poetry, he seems rather to censure Young's politics than his talents.

¶ At one time he requested Mrs. Whiteway to mention to him any decay which she might observe in his faculties:—"No, Sir," she replied, "I have read Gil Blas." A similar story is recorded by Mr. Sheridan of his father, who, (less prudent,) complied with the request, and extorted from the Dean the question, "Whether he had ever read Gil Blas?"

** Dated, 9th September, 1732. It is a proposal for building a Receptacle for Lunatics. See Swift's Works, vol. XVIII. p. 44.

†† Verses on his own death, in his Works, vol. XIV. p. 268.

‡‡ See this advertisement, Swift's Works, vol. XIX. p. 146, and his correspondence with Mr. Gerrard, Ibid. p. 147.

‖‖ No. IV. Extracts from the London and Dublin Magazine, or Gentleman's Monthly Intelligencer. London printed, and Dublin reprinted for George Faulkner, for the year 1736.

N. B. This was a piratical re-impression, or Dublin edition, of the London Magazine.

January 21, 1734-5.—On Friday last, the following memorial was presented at the quarterly assembly of the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common-Council.

"To the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor, &c., the Memorial of the Dean of St. Patrick's.

"Sheweth,—That the said Dean having, by his last will and testament, settled his whole fortune to erect and endow a Hospital, in or near this city, for the support of idiots and lunatics, and being advised that a plot of ground in Oxmantown-green would be a convenient place whereon to erect the said Hospital, he therefore humbly desires, that your Lordship, and this honourable board, will please to grant him such a plot of ground on the said

main act was in agitation, for preventing settlement of landed property upon the church, or upon public charities. The Dean presented a petition to the House of Lords to be excepted from this bill, in case it should pass into a law. The petition stated, that he had long since bequeathed his fortune to charitable uses for the benefit of the kingdom; and if the exception which he prayed for should not be granted, he would be under the necessity of remitting it abroad for the same pious and worthy purposes. The mortmain bill did not pass into a law, and the exception became unnecessary. From the repeated statement in these proceedings, that the Dean had long since settled his estate for the benefit of the intended foundation, it appears that his existing will, dated 3d May, 1740, was not the first destination of his property. The funds which finally devolved upon the hospital, amounted to above ten thousand pounds, which was the sum of Swift's savings in the course of about thirty years.

The internal regulation of Swift's family had for some years been under the management of his kind and affectionate relation Mrs. Whiteway.* She was the daughter of Adam Swift, the Dean's uncle, and was the only relation to whom he ever showed any attachment; a distinction which she has been thought to owe to her not bearing the family name. It was a littleness in the mind of Swift, that the recollection of the parsimonious education he had received from his uncle Godwin mixed in almost every reflection which he turned towards his relatives. In his correspondence, he repeatedly declares his dislike to his own family, although he sometimes makes a cold exception in favour of Mr. Deane Swift,† the grandson of his uncle Godwin, and representative, though by that unpleasant link, of his favourite ancestor, Thomas, the loyal vicar of Goodrich. Even to this young gentleman the Dean extended no share of effectual patronage; and the only influence which his relationship produced upon his kinsman's fortunes was of an unfavourable nature. Mr. Deane Swift, however, paid the cold and reluctant courtesy of his illustrious relative with the warmest attachment, and vindicated his memory, after death, from the charges of Lord Orrery. Yet how little he owed to his patronage, will appear from the following remarkable anecdote. Sir Robert Walpole offered Mr. Deane Swift preferment in the church, if he chose to take orders. Mr. Deane Swift was then considerably indebted to his distinguished kinsman; and, influenced also by his habits of attachment and respect, consulted him on the flattering proposal thus made to him. The Dean, indignant at the idea of his kinsman receiving any favour from Walpole, insisted on his rejecting the minister's proposal, but never took measures to compensate him for the injury which his fortunes thus sustained.‡

To account for this extreme and unjust violence, it is proper to remember, that the Dean was now in a state of infirmity, when passion and prejudice had begun to obscure the fine sense and judgment which they at length altogether eclipsed. But to Mrs. Whiteway Swift was uniformly kind, and repaid with esteem and gratitude the assiduity with which she watched over his family affairs, his charities, and the management of his household, which must otherwise have been abandoned to menials and interested persons.

The acquaintance of the Earl of Orrery, who endeavoured, by his assiduous attention, to recommend himself to Swift during the latter part of his life, was less disinterested. The character of that noble author is now pretty generally understood. Proud, cold, and unamiable, in private life, he could stoop, where it was necessary for the purpose of attaining the character which he chiefly affected, that of a man of genius; and Berkeley happily remarked, that his lordship would have been such, had he known how to set about it. As a scaffolding for his ambitious desire of literary distinction, Lord Orrery rested much upon his interest with the Dean. He courted him by encomiastic verses, but without the fancy and power of Delany; and, contrary to the bent of his nature, even veiled his dignity so far as to imitate the facetious trifles of Sheridan, without possessing either his humour or facility.‖ But these sacrifices were not without their object; and, in his celebrated Remarks upon Swift's Life and Writings, the noble author seems to have sought indemnification for the homage he had constrained himself to pay to Swift while alive, and for the coldness with which his court had, it is said, been in some instances received.§

green, and for the said use, upon such terms as your Lordship and Worships shall think fit."

"The Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common-Council, were pleased to order a committee to inspect the said green, for the most convenient plot of ground whereon to erect the said Hospital."

March, 1735.

* Hawkesworth erroneously, or injuriously, represented Mrs. Whiteway as the Dean's housekeeper. Nothing could be more incorrect. She was a lady of talents, fashion, and independent fortune, from whom the late Mr. Theophilus Swift inherited a considerable estate in the county of Limerick. Mrs. Whiteway was twice married. Her first husband was the Rev. Theophilus Harrison, Dean of Clonmacnoise. A daughter of this marriage married Mr. Deane Swift, and was the mother of my late obliging correspondent, to whom the reader, as well as the editor, is so much indebted.

† By a singular coincidence, this gentleman bore both the family name of the author and the clerical title by which he was universally distinguished. But he derived his Christian name of Deane from his grandmother, Miss Deane, daughter and heiress of Admiral Deane, who served the Parliament with eclat during the civil wars.

‡ It is proper to give this remarkable anecdote in the words of the late son and representative of Mr. Deane Swift,—"My father, having an easy fortune, had taken to no profession. He was an excellent scholar, but a very bad writer. No man of his day understood the Greek language better; and he was familiar with all the oriental languages. He was a very moral man; and, from his innate love of religion, had made divinity his immediate study. He had taken a degree of A. M. at Oxford, and was in every respect qualified for an excellent divine. Walpole knew him, and the day sent for him. He went; and Walpole asked him, whether it was his intention to take orders? My father was then about twenty-seven years of age. He answered, he had no such design. Walpole then desired that he would think of it, and that he would provide for him in the church; and even went so far as to tell him, that, at a proper time, he would make him a bishop. Swift very soon heard of what had passed, and sent for my father, whom he asked concerning the truth of the fact. Swift soon perceived that Walpole designed to prefer his relation over his head; and that while the Dean could not make *himself* a bishop, no impediment stood in the way of people who bore his name. Swift remonstrated very strongly with my father, who did not choose to give up the prospects held out to him. But Swift was *absolute* on all occasions. Whatever he said or willed must be obeyed. Besides the respect that my father had for him, which approached almost to idolatry, he owed him 2500*l.*, an immense sum in those days; his estates were mortgaged for it to the Dean. The Dean did not absolutely promise a remission of the debt, but signified in very indignant terms, that if he did not relinquish orders, he would always find him his enemy; but if he would give up the idea of orders he (the Dean) would always be his friend, and would *provide for him in the state*. My father yielded; was not made a bishop; was not provided for by Swift, but put upon the shelf; left his son, (myself,) to pay the mortgage, with a long arrear of interest upon it; and all that my father received from him, to the value of a single farthing, as a favour, was that which may be read in the Dean's will. My father loved the Dean to an excess almost unparalleled; but I have often heard him say, that the Dean was the only enemy that, to his knowledge, he ever had in his life, with the exception of Delany. I know not whether I have clearly expressed myself about Walpole and my father; but I would sum it up with saying, that there was no particular friendship between Walpole and Mr. Deane Swift, and that their politics differed *toto cœlo*. The motive of the minister was not to serve my father, but to mortify the Dean; the Dean knew it, and sacrificed my father to his spleen. This is the truth of the matter. But my father would have done honour to Walpole's choice."

The ingenious editor of the Swiftiana mentions, that as Swift disliked his relations, (on account, as he alleged, of their degeneracy from the loyal faith of the vicar of Goodrich, see his Works, vol. XIX. p. 201,) so they detested him, and distinguished him by the nickname of *Top of Kin*. Many of them had become rich, and were probably mortified by his avowed neglect of their claim to his notice as kinsmen.

‖ See his Lordship's heavy attempt at literary frolic in the shape of a letter written backwards. Swift's Works, vol. XVIII. p. 251. In truth, Lord Orrery, though he affected the character of the friend of Swift, had no conception of humour. He sneers with contemptuous gravity, at the Directions to Servants, and treats as "sour small-beer" the Dean's light effusions of fancy and frolic; but he expects his son to be extravagantly delighted with the account of Wood's procession, in which various persons express their resentment in the terms of their calling; as the cook, who threatens to *baste* him,—the tailor, to *sit in his skirts*, &c.

§ The real cause of Lord Orrery's treatment of Swift originated in a letter that had been found unopened by Swift's executors among his papers. The letter was endorsed, "This will keep cold." Lord Orrery had also learned, that when he sent the paper-book to Swift on his birth-day, the Dean, on reading the words "Dear Swift," in the first line, exclaimed with great indignance at his familiarity—"Dear Swift? Dear Swift? Boy! Boy! Pshaw! Pshaw! What does the boy mean? *Friend? Friend? Sincere Friend?* Fool! Boy! Boy!" Mrs. Whiteway, being present when

The work unquestionably displays some talent, and preserves much of Swift that might not otherwise have been known. But the severity with which the Dean's failings were censured and recorded, is not only inconsistent with the friendship and deference which Orrery affected during his life, but, in many cases, deviates into inaccuracy* and exaggeration, and exceeds even the privilege of attack which might have been permitted to a professed but liberal enemy. It is some apology, though but a poor one, for the dark shades with which Orrery drew the character of his departed friend, that he had never known Swift until the decline of life, marked, as it was, by the loss of those friends who rendered life supportable to him,—by the increase of infirmities and irritability,—and by the gradual declension of the powers of intellect.

A more sincere and disinterested friend of the Dean was the good-natured, light-hearted, and ingenuous Sheridan. But of his society the Dean was in a great measure deprived. He had resigned his residence in Dublin about 1734, and retired to the free school at Cavan with a diminished income, but unbroken gaiety of heart and spirits. Mr. Sheridan has recorded an affecting circumstance, which happened while his father was on the point of removal. The Dean "happened to call in just at the time that the workmen were taking down the pictures and other furniture in the parlour; that parlour where for such a number of years he had passed so many happy hours. Struck with the sight, he burst into tears, and rushed into a dark closet, where he continued a quarter of an hour before he could compose himself. When it is considered that he was at that time verging on seventy, an age in which the heart generally is callous, and almost dead to the fine affections, there cannot be a stronger confutation of the charge made against him of his want of feeling; as I believe the instances are very rare of persons at that time of life capable of being so much moved by such an incident."†

The Dean in the following year visited his friend in his new residence. The amusement of riddles and Anglo-latin verses was renewed, but the charm was lost. Mr. Sheridan describes Swift as having become moody, and prone to violent fits of passion, receiving with scorn the attentions offered him by the burgesses of Cavan, who came out in a body to meet him, and repaying them reluctantly with a niggard and sparing entertainment at the inn. Other instances occurred, at this unhappy period of his life, intimating the irritability of a temper which could no longer bear the slightest retort, even when seasoned by the wit which he used so much to admire. After two years residence at Cavan, Dr. Sheridan, with disappointed hopes and an impaired fortune, sold his school and returned to Dublin. He resided for a short time at the deanery; but Swift was incapable either of giving or receiving consolation, or even of respecting the feelings of the attached friend of so many years. It is painful to record that they parted on bad terms, and that Sheridan died soon afterwards, without any reconciliation having taken place.‡

The Dean's solitary and unhappy situation was such as now exposed him to imposition, and even to insult. One Francis Wilson, a prebendary of his cathedral, who resided in the deanery, and had been named by Swift one of his executors, formed, it is said, a plan of availing himself of the weakness of the Dean's intellects, to get himself appointed sub-dean of St. Patrick's, and, after in vain attempting to intoxicate him, had recourse to measures of intimidation and personal violence. Wilson attempted to vindicate himself by an affidavit, in which he ascribes the disgraceful struggle, which certainly took place, to a fit of frenzy on the Dean's part.‖ But his account was not credited, more especially as he was supposed to have been guilty of acts of peculation while he was a guest at the deanery.§ He was forbidden to return there, and died soon afterwards.

Mrs. Whiteway was Swift's chief guardian against such selfish and dangerous guests as this man. An altercation once took place between them, concerning some of those visitors, whom she knew to be worthless and low-minded, and observed to be gaining influence over the Dean. The dispute growing high, Mrs. Whiteway rose from her seat, and dropping an angry courtesy, said, "I'll leave you, sir, to your flatterers and sycophants;" and then left the house in anger, resolving not to return. For two days she kept her resolution; and in that time had more than a dozen visitors at her door, who enquired with great concern for her health, after the unhappy circumstance that had befallen her. The fact was, the Dean had gone round to his friends, and with a serious face deplored the misfortune that he himself had witnessed, that Mrs. Whiteway had suddenly been seized with a fit of madness, and had been taken home in a most distracted state of mind. When he thought the deception had sufficiently worked, he called, and making her a silent bow, sat down. Mr. Deane Swift was in the room; being at that time on a visit at Mrs. Whiteway's. The Dean conversed with him for about ten minutes, without interchanging a word or a look with Mrs. Whiteway. He then got up, looked kindly at Mrs. Whiteway, and turning to Mr. Swift, "*Half* this visit was to you, sir." In uttering the word *half*, he glanced his eye at Mrs. Whiteway, bowed to them both, and withdrew. Their cordiality was instantly renewed.

The last scene was now rapidly approaching, and the stage darkened ere the curtain fell. From 1736, downward, the Dean's fits of periodical giddiness and deafness had returned with violence; he could neither enjoy conversation, nor amuse himself with writing; and an obstinate resolution which he had formed not to wear glasses, prevented him from reading. The following dismal letter to Mrs. Whiteway, in 1740, is almost the last document which we possess of the celebrated Swift, as a rational and reflecting being. It awfully foretells the catastrophe which shortly after took place.

"I have been very miserable all night, and to-day extremely deaf and full of pain. I am so stupid and confounded, that I cannot express the mortification I am under both in body and mind. All I can say is, that I am not in torture; but I daily and hourly expect it. Pray let me know how your health is, and your family. I hardly understand one word I write. I am sure my days will be very few; few and miserable they must be.

"I am, for those few days,
"Yours entirely,
"J. Swift.

"If I do not blunder, it is Saturday,
July 26th, 1740."

His understanding having totally failed soon after these melancholy expressions of grief and affection, his first state was that of a violent and furious lunacy. His estate was put under the management of trustees, and his person confided to the care of Dr. Lyons, a respectable clergyman, curate to the Rev. Robert King, Prebendary of Dunlavin, one of Swift's executors. This gentleman discharged his melancholy task with great fidelity, being much and gratefully attached to the object of his care.¶ From

these expressions were used, remarked that Lord Orrery's servant, who waited in the hall, might easily hear them. They were probably reported; and the slight which they indicate was not erased by the handsome letter which the Dean wrote to his lordship on the occasion. Swift's Works, vol. XVIII. p. 75.

* Lord Orrery first broached the figment that Swift might be the natural son of Sir William Temple, which was morally impossible.

† Sheridan's Life of Swift.

‡ Mr. Sheridan blames Mrs. Whiteway as having inflamed the quarrel. Mr. Theophilus Swift has denied this charge, and produced more than one anecdote, to show that Mrs. Whiteway, on the contrary, acted as a mediator between the Dean and Dr. Sheridan, which the tone of their correspondence seems also to indicate. There is no occasion for entering minutely into the controversy.

‖ Swift's Works, vol. XIX. p. 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, and note, p. 258, 259, 260.

§ The servants at the deanery told Mrs. Whiteway, that they observed Wilson usually brought with him an empty portmanteau, and carried it away filled with books.

¶ The most minute account of this melancholy period is given

a state of outrageous frenzy, aggravated by severe bodily suffering, the illustrious Dean of St. Patrick's sunk into the situation of a helpless changeling.* In the course of about three years, he is only known to have spoken once or twice. At length, when this awful moral lesson had subsisted from 1743, until the 19th October, 1745, it pleased God to release the subject of these Memoirs from this calamitous situation. He died upon that day without a single pang, so gently, indeed, that his attendants were scarce aware of the moment of his dissolution.

It was then that the gratitude of the Irish showed itself in the full glow of national enthusiasm. The interval was forgotten, during which their great patriot had been dead to the world, and he was wept and mourned, as if he had been called away in the full career of his public services. Young and old of all ranks surrounded the house, to pay the last tribute of sorrow and of affection. Locks of his hair were so eagerly sought after, that Mr. Sheridan happily applies to the enthusiasm of the citizens of Dublin, the lines of Shakespeare,

> "Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
> And dying mention it within their wills,
> Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
> Unto their issue."—*Shakespeare.*

The remains of Dean Swift were interred, agreeably to his directions, with privacy,† in the great aisle of St. Patrick's Cathedral, where an inscription, composed by himself, records his exertions for liberty, and his detestation of oppression.

HIC DEPOSITUM EST CORPUS
JONATHAN SWIFT, S. T. P.
HUJUS ECCLESIÆ CATHEDRALIS
DECANI:
UBI SÆVA INDIGNATIO
ULTERIUS COR LACERARE NEQUIT.
ABI VIATOR,
ET IMITARE, SI POTERIS,
STRENUUM PRO VIRILI LIBERTATIS VINDICEM.
OBIIT ANNO (1745):
MENSIS (OCTOBRIS) DIE (19);
ÆTATIS ANNO (78).

CONCLUSION.

Person, Habits, and Private Character of Swift—His Conversation—His Reading—Apparent Inconsistencies in his Character—His Charity—His Talents for Criticism—Character of the Dean as a Poet—As a Prose Author.

SWIFT was in person tall, strong, and well made, of a dark complexion, but with blue eyes, black and bushy eyebrows, nose somewhat aquiline, and features which remarkably expressed the stern, haughty, and dauntless turn of his mind. He was never known to laugh, and his smiles are happily characterized by the well-known lines of Shakespeare. In

by Dr. Delany. "In the beginning of the year 1741, his understanding was so much impaired, and his passions so greatly increased, that he was utterly incapable of conversation. Strangers were not permitted to approach him, and his friends found it necessary to have guardians appointed of his person and estate. Early in the year 1742, his reason was wholly subverted, and his rage became absolute madness. The last person whom he knew was Mrs. Whiteway;* and the sight of her, when he knew her no longer, threw him into fits of rage so violent and dreadful, that she was forced to leave him; and the only act of kindness that remained in her power was to call once or twice a week at the deanery, enquire after his health, and see that proper care was taken of him. Sometimes she would steal a look at him when his back was towards her, but did not dare to venture into his sight. He would neither eat nor drink while the servants who brought him his provisions stayd in the room. His meat, which was served up ready cut, he would sometimes suffer to stand an hour upon the table before he would touch it; and at last he would eat it walking; for during this miserable state of his mind, it was his constant custom to walk ten hours a day.

"In October, 1742, after this frenzy had continued several months, his left eye swelled to the size of an egg, and the lid appeared to be so much inflamed and discoloured, that the surgeon expected it would mortify; several large boils also broke out on his arms and his body. The extreme pain of this tumour kept him waking near a month, and during one week it was with difficulty that five persons kept him, by mere force, from tearing out his eyes. Just before the tumour perfectly subsided, and the pain left him, he knew Mrs. Whiteway, took her by the hand, and spoke to her with his former kindness: that day, and the following, he knew his physician and surgeon, and all his family, and appeared to have so far recovered his understanding and temper, that the surgeon was not without hopes he might once more enjoy society, and be amused with the company of his old friends. This hope, however, was but of short duration; for a few days afterwards he sunk into a state of total insensibility, slept much, and could not, without great difficulty, be prevailed on to walk across the room. This was the effect of another bodily disease, his brain being loaded with water. Mr. Stevens, an ingenious clergyman of his chapter, pronounced this to be the case during his illness, and upon opening his head it appeared that he was not mistaken; but though he often entreated the Dean's friends and physicians that his scull might be trepanned and the water discharged, no regard was paid to his opinion or advice.

"After the Dean had continued silent a whole year in this helpless state of idiocy, his housekeeper went into his room on the 25th of November in the morning, telling him that it was his birthday, and that bonfires and illuminations were preparing to celebrate it as usual; to this he immediately replied—'It is all folly, they had better let it alone.'

"He would often attempt to speak his mind, but could not recollect words to express his meaning; upon which he would shrug up his shoulders, shake his head, and sigh heartily. Among all kinds of smells, none offended him so much as the snuff of a candle. It happened that a young girl, the daughter of his housekeeper's relation, blew out a candle in his chamber; at which he knit his brows, looked angry, and said, 'You are a little dirty slut!' He spoke no more of it; but seemed displeased with her the whole evening.

"Some other instances of short intervals of sensibility and reason, after his madness had ended in stupor, seem to prove that his disorder, whatever it was, had not destroyed, but only suspended the powers of his mind.

"He was sometimes visited by Mr. Deane Swift, a relation, and about Christmas, 1742, he seemed desirous to speak to him. Mr. Swift then told him he came to dine with him; and Mrs. Ridgeway, the house-keeper, immediately said, 'Won't you give Mr. Swift a glass of wine, sir?' To this he made no answer, but showed he understood the question, by shrugging up his shoulders, as he had been used to do, when he had a mind a friend should spend the evening with him, and which was as much as to say 'You will ruin me in wine.' Soon after he again endeavoured, with a good deal of pain, to find words; but at last, after many efforts, not being able, he fetched a deep sigh, and was afterwards silent. A few months after this, upon his housekeeper's removing a knife, as he was going to catch at it, he shrugged up his shoulders, and said, 'I am what I am;' and, in about six minutes, repeated the same words two or three times.

"In the year 1744, he now and then called his servant by his name, and once attempted to speak to him, but not being able to express his meaning, he showed signs of much uneasiness, and at last said, 'I am a fool.' Once afterwards, as his servant was taking away his watch, he said, 'Bring it here;' and when the same servant was breaking a hard large coal, he said, 'That is a stone, you blockhead.'

"From this time he was perfectly silent, till the latter end of October, 1745; and then died without the least pang or convulsion, in the seventy-eighth year of his age."

"The curiosity of strangers sometimes led them to see this extraordinary man in this state of living death. The father of the late Lord Kinsdder, one of the Editor's most intimate friends was of the number. He was told that the servants privately took money for gratifying the curiosity of strangers, but declined to have recourse to that mode of gratifying his curiosity. He saw the Dean by means of a clergyman, (Dr. Lyons probably,) who was at that time totally unconscious of all that passed around him, a living wreck of humanity.

* His first cousin. See a letter dated Nov. 6, 1738.

† It appears from the following animated expostulation, addressed by Mrs. Whiteway to one of the executors, that their purpose was to have interpreted the word privacy so strictly as to infer a sordid and unbecoming obscurity. It would appear that the remonstrances of his friend and relation were attended to. The original paper is amongst those belonging to Mr. Swift.

Mrs. WHITEWAY to some one of Dr. SWIFT's Executors.
1745.

"SIR,

"THE indignation which the town have expressed at the manner of burying their Patriot, is a proof his memory is dear as his life was once so to them. I am told, and I wish my authority may not be true, that Dr. Swift is to be carried out of his back door at one in the morning, by four porters, into the church, attended only by two clergymen, with the circumstance of the respect paid to them, of giving each a scarf. I know his desire was to be buried as privately as possible; but, were the same persons to be executors to a duke, and a man who had left but five pounds behind him, would the words be construed in the same literal sense? and I appeal to yourself, whether ever you knew a gentleman, whose corpse was not in danger of being arrested for debt, treated in such a manner—an executed criminal, to whom the law doth not allow Christian burial, could only be used thus, by some slight acquaintance. Surely to hang the room Dr. Swift lies in with black, to give him a hearse, and a few mourning coaches, would be judged a funeral sufficiently private for so great a man; and that he himself thought decency requisite at a funeral, may be known by what he did for his honest, trusty servant, Alexander M'Gee. If this expense be thought too much to be taken from the noble charity he hath bequeathed, I make the offer of doing it, and desire it may be taken out of my legacy, as the last respect I can pay to my great and worthy friend.

"If this favour be denied me, I shall let whoever mentions this affair in my hearing, know the offer I have made.

"I am, Sir,

"Your most obedient and most humble servant,

"MARTHA WHITEWAY.

"*October 22, 1745, ten in the morning.*"

deed, the whole description of Cassius might be applied to Swift:

"——— He reads much,
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men.—
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be moved to smile at any thing.

The features of the Dean have been preserved in several paintings, busts, and medals.* In youth, he was reckoned handsome; Pope observed, that though his face had an expression of dulness, his eyes were very particular. They were as azure, he said, as the heavens, and had an unusual expression of acuteness. In old age the Dean's countenance conveyed an expression which, though severe, was noble and impressive. He spoke in public with facility and impressive energy; and as his talents for ready reply were so well calculated for political debate, it must have increased the mortification of Queen Anne's ministers, that they found themselves unable to secure him a seat on the bench of Bishops. The government of Ireland dreaded his eloquence as much as his pen.

His manners in society were, in his better days, free, lively, and engaging, not devoid of peculiarities, but bending them so well to circumstances, that his company was universally courted. When age and infirmity had impaired the elasticity of his spirits and the equality of his temper, his conversation was still valued, not only on account of the extended and various acquaintance with life and manners, of which it displayed an inexhaustible fund, but also for the shrewd and satirical humour which seasoned his observations and anecdotes. This, according to Orrery, was the last of his powers which decayed; but the Dean himself was sensible that, as his memory failed, his stories were too often repeated. His powers of conversation and of humorous repartee were in his time regarded as unrivalled; but, like most who have assumed a despotic sway in conversation, he was sometimes silenced by unexpected resistance.† He was very fond of puns. Perhaps the application of the line of Virgil to the lady who threw down with her mantua a Cremona fiddle, is the best ever was made:—

"Mantua, va miseræ nimium vicina Cremonæ!"

The comfort which he gave an elderly gentleman who had lost his spectacles, was more grotesque. "If this rain continues all night, you will certainly recover them in the morning betimes:

"Nocte pluit tota—redeunt spectacula mane."

His pre-eminence in more legitimate wit is asserted by many anecdotes. A man of distinction not remarkable for regularity in his private concerns, chose for his motto, *Eques haud male notus*. "Better known than trusted," was the Dean's translation, when some one related the circumstance.

Swift had an odd humour of making extempore proverbs. Observing that a gentleman, in whose garden he walked with some friends, seemed to have no intention to request them to eat any of the fruit, Swift observed, "It was a saying of his dear grandmother,

"Always pull a peach
When it is within your reach;"

and helping himself accordingly, his example was followed by the whole company. At another time, he framed an "old saying and true" for the benefit of a person who had fallen from his horse into the mire:

"The more dirt,
The less hurt."

The man rose much consoled; but as he was a collector of proverbs himself, he wondered he had never before heard that used by the Dean upon the occasion. He threw some useful rules into rhyming adages;‡ and indeed, as his Journal to Stella proves, had a facility in putting rhymes together on any trifling occasion, which must have added considerably to the flow and facility of his poetical compositions.

In his personal habits he was cleanly, even to scrupulousness. At one period of his life he was said to lie in bed till eleven o'clock, and think of wit for the day;‖ but latterly he was an early riser. Swift was fond of exercise, and particularly of walking. And although modern pedestrians may smile at his proposing to journey to Chester, by walking ten miles a day; yet he is said to have taken this exercise too violently, and to a degree prejudicial to his health. He was also a tolerable horseman, fond of riding, and a judge of the noble animal, which he chose to celebrate, as the emblem of moral merit, under the name of Houyhnhnm. Exercise he pressed on his friends, particularly upon Stella and Va-

* There is an excellent portrait of Dean Swift at the deanery-house, Dublin, painted by Bindon. A genius appears in the piece displaying a scroll, containing a Latin inscription, partly undecipherable, but which refers to the Dean's exertions in procuring for the church the grant of the first fruits and tenths. At the bottom of the canvass is the following inscription:

EFFIGIEM HUJUS REV. ADMODUM VIRI JONATH. SWIFT, S. T. P. ECCLESIÆ CATH. S. PAT. DUB. DECANI. IN PERPETUUM HARUM ÆDIUM TOTIUS CLERI ET HUJUSCE PÆRCHIÆ GENTIS DECUS, AMORIS ET OBSERVANTIÆ ERGO PINGI CURAVIT CAPITULUM SUUM.

PRÆSENTI TIBI MATUROS LARGIMUR HONORES,
NIL ORITURUM ALIAS, NIL ORTUM TALE FATENTES,

In the back distance, through the window, is seen in perspective, the great western door of the cathedral of St. Patrick's, leading immediately to that aisle in which the illustrious patriot is interred. The tower, or steeple, is pre-eminently conspicuous, however minute this part of the drawing be. It is to be observed, that at the period the original painting was taken, the spire, which now completes that fine Gothic structure, had not been erected.

The frame is of black Irish oak, curiously and tastefully carved, with a variety of emblematical figures, having at the bottom the arms of the deanery and of Swift quartered in one escutcheon. The unfortunate taste of one of his successors caused this frame to be gilded. This picture should not be mentioned without recording the patriotic disinterestedness of Dean Cradoc, who, when a fire broke out at the deanery-house, commanded those who assisted to leave their exertions to save his own property and books, until they had secured the picture of his renowned predecessor.

Another portrait, supposed to be one of the best likenesses in existence, and also painted by Bindon, is the property of Dr. Hill, of Dublin. The expression of the features differ in some respects from the picture in the deanery, being rather of a deep and melancholy cast, than of the stern, harsh, and imperative character.

There is a portrait of Dean Swift at Howth Castle. It is a full length, painted by Bindon. He is represented in the clerical costume. To the left of the figure is seen the Temple of Fame in the back ground; on the Dean's right appears the genius of Ireland, extending a laurel-wreath, as about to crown the patriot; in his left hand he holds forth a scroll, on which is written, "The fourth Drapier's Letter." At his feet, on the right of the picture, lies bound the famous patentee *Wood;* he is depicted in agony. On a scroll is written "Wood's Patent."

A full length painting of the Dean, in his clerical habit, is placed in the theatre, or examination-hall of Trinity College, Dublin. The head and figure, with some variation of attitude, appear to be copied from the oil painting at the deanery-house. He is here represented as standing between two pillars; in the space between, in the back-ground, is given a view of the steeple and spire of St. Patrick's.

In the museum of Trinity College, Dublin, there is a dark plaster bust, or cast, of Dean Swift. It is an impression taken from the mask, applied to the face after death. The expression of countenance is most unequivocally maniacal, and one side of the mouth (the left,) horribly contorted downwards, as if convulsed by pain. It is engraved for Mr. Barrett's Essay.

There is a marble bust of Dean Swift in the possession of Dr. Duffy, Stephen's-green, Dublin.

† At an inn, seeing the cook-maid scraping a piece of mutton, he asked how many maggots she had got out of it? "Not so many as are in your head," answered the wench smartly. The Dean was angry, and complained to her mistress. On another occasion, he was silenced by a worthy citizen, Alderman Brown, who, having undergone his raillery in silence during the time of dinner, all of a sudden raised his head from the plate, on observing Swift take apple-sauce to the wing of a duck, and exclaimed, "Mr. Dean, you eat your duck like a goose." At another time, he asked Kenny, a Carmelite priest, whom he met at Mrs. Whiteway's, "Why the Catholic church used pictures and images, when the church of England did not?"—"Because," answered the priest readily, "we are old housekeepers, and you are new beginners." Swift was so surprised and incensed that he left the room, and would not stay dinner, though he had come to Mrs. Whiteway's with that intention. But these instances of irritability occurred during the latter years of his life, when he could not endure contradiction.

‡ Sheridan quotes two of them. One of them was a direction to those who ride together through the water:

"When through the water you do ride,
Keep very close, or very wide."

Another relating to the decanting of wine:

"First rack slow, and then rack quick,
Then rack slow till you come to the thick."

‖ Spence's Anecdotes, Singer's Edit. p. 68.

tessa, as a sort of duty; and scarce any of his letters conclude without allusion to it; especially as relating to the preservation of his own health, which his constitutional fits of deafness and giddiness rendered very precarious. His habit of body in other respects appears to have been indifferent, with a tendency to scrofula, which, perhaps, hastened his mental disorder.* But the immediate cause was the pressure of water upon the head, as appeared from the dissection after death.†

Of his learning we have already spoken; it seems to have been both extensive and useful, but not profoundly scholastic. Of modern languages, he spoke and wrote French with facility, and understood Italian. His Latin verses indicate an imperfect knowledge of prosody, and no great command of the language in which they are written. The poem called Rupes Carberiæ, has, in particular, been severely criticised. It is seldom that Swift alludes to English literature; yet it is evident he had perused with attention those classics to which his name is now added. How carefully he had read Milton appears from his annotations on the Paradise Lost, for the benefit of Stella. Chaucer appears also to have been his favourite, for I observe among his papers a memorandum of the oaths used in the Canterbury Tales, classed with the personages by whom they are used. It appears from a note upon Mr. Todd's edition of Milton, that Swift was a peruser of the ancient romances of chivalry.‡ But he never mentions the romances and plays of the period in which he lived, without expressing the most emphatic contempt. To the drama, particularly, he was so indifferent, that he never once alludes to the writings of Shakespeare, nor, wonderful to be told, does he appear to have possessed a copy of his works. After noticing this, it will be scarce held remarkable, that the catalogue of his library only contains the works of three dramatic authors, Ben Jonson, Wycherley, and Rowe, the two last being presentation copies from the authors, in 1700 and 1702. History and classical authors formed the Dean's favourite studies, and, during the decay of his faculties, his reading was almost entirely confined to Clarendon.

Swift loved the country, like most men of genius, but rather practised rural occupations than rural sports. At Quilca, Gaulstown, and Market-Hill, he delighted in acting as a sort of overseer or bailiff to those employed in improving the property of his friends, and he dwells fondly in his Journal on his plantations and canal at Laracor.

It does not appear from any part of his works, unless, perhaps, the Latin verses on the rocks of Carbery,§ that he was an admirer of the beautiful or romantic in landscape; but he was a curious, though not a scientific, observer of any singular natural phenomena which came under his attention.‖

The humour of stubborn independence, which influenced the Dean's whole character, stamps it, at first examination, with a whole chain of paradoxes. A devout believer in the truths of Christianity, a constant observer of the rules of religion, and zealous even to slaying in the cause of the church of England, Swift assumed an occasional levity of writing, speaking, and acting, which caused his being branded as an infidel, a contemner of public ordinances, and a scoffer of church-discipline.¶ Nor was this all. A zealous friend of liberty in temporal politics, he acted during his whole life with the Tory party,—disliking Ireland** even to virulent prejudice, he was the first and most effectual vindicator of her rights and liberties; and, charitable and benevolent to the extreme limits of a moderate revenue, he lay under the reproach of avarice and parsimony. An admirer of paradoxes, like Dr. Fuller, might have found points in his history as well as opinions, capable of being placed in strong contrast. The first writer of his age was disgraced at college; the principal supporter of Queen Anne's last administration, whose interest had made many a prelate, was himself unable to attain that dignity; and he who in his writings exhibited a tone of the most bitter misanthropy, was in active life a steady patriot, a warm friend, and a bountiful patron. He had also this remarkable fate as a political writer, that, although his publishers were in four instances subjected to arrest and examination,—although large rewards were twice offered for discovery of the author of works generally and truly ascribed to him,—yet he never personally felt the grasp of power;

> "For not a Judas could be found,
> To sell him for three hundred pound."††

Many of these apparent paradoxes arose from Swift's stern and unbending pride of temper, which rather contemned and avoided public applause, than studied to present his character under favourable colours to the general eye. Even his politeness assumed often a singular turn of cynicism, and much of his conduct in life reminds us of his favourite style of composition, that IRONY.

> "Which he was born to introduce,
> Refined it first, and showed its use."

From the same cause he often exhibited, in his first address, a sternness and bluntness of demeanour, which, detached from the mode in which he well knew how to repair the pain he had given, was harsh to his inferiors, and uncivil to those of higher rank. An anecdote which, though told by Mrs. Pilkington, is well attested, bears, that the last time he was in London he went to dine with the Earl of Burlington,

* During his residence at Cavan, he was tormented with an uncouth skin, often mentioned in his letters; and in his Journal there is a minute and rather disgusting account of an eruption upon his shoulder. He sent for a surgeon belonging to the barracks, when at Cavan, to dress his wound. The young man entered with fear and trembling, for all men stood in awe of the Dean. "Look ye, sir," said Swift, raising his leg from the stool on which it was extended, "my shin is very badly hurt; I have sent for you, and if you can cure it, by ——— I'll advertise you. Here's five guineas for you, and you need look for no more; so cure me as fast as you can." The young man succeeded; and the Dean, who liked both his skill and his modesty, was kind to him, often asked him to dinner, and when the cure was completed, made him a compliment of five guineas more. In a letter to Mrs. Whiteway he says, the shin cost him but three guineas; the rest he probably set down to benevolence.

† Dr. King says, that about three years before his final decay, he observed, he was affected by the wine which he drank after dinner, and that next day, on his complaining of his health, he took the liberty to tell him he was afraid he had drank too much wine. He was startled, and replied, that he always looked on himself as a very temperate man, and never exceeded the quantity his physician prescribed. "Now his physician," continues King, "never drank less than two bottles of claret after dinner." But it must be remembered that King himself was a strict water-drinker.—*King's Anecdotes of his Own Times*, p. 16.

‡ Swift's Works, vol. II. p. 167.

> "Open fly
> The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
> Harsh thunder."

Mr. Todd, on Mr. Walker's authority, quotes a note of Swift on this passage, from Don Belianis, part ii. ch. 19. "*Open flew the brazen folding doors, grating harsh thunder* on their turning hinges." This remark does not appear in the editor's copy of Swift's notes on Milton, mentioned page 11, note, neither do the words occur in the stall-copy of Don Belianis.

§ He lay down on his breast to view the precipice, and became so giddy (owing probably to his constitutional vertigo) that he durst not rise; and his two servants were forced to drag him back by the heels to some distance from the brink.

‖ The following meteorological observations are copied from the Dean's Bible, which bears his name, "Jonathan Swift," and the date, "Feb. 14, 1697." "Mali die Sto, 1698, nix multa decidit, ab hora vesperi: Sta ad 8m fere cedens, ac non solum nocte, verum etiam ad crastini diei partem meridianam, conferta humi jacuit, arboribusque spississime inhærebat: hoc vidi prope vicum dict. Farnham in comitatu de Surrey.

" Jan. 27, 1798-9.

"Mense Martio, A. D. 1698-9, savit pestis inter equos, non solum per insulas Britannicas, sed fere omnino Europam grassata."

¶ "I hate Lent," he says, in his Journal to Stella. "I hate firmity and sour faces." Swift's Works, vol. II. p. 513. Many stories were, however, imputed to him without any ground.

** The Dean disliked Ireland as a residence, not in itself, or with reference to the natural qualities of its inhabitants, but on account of its being subjected to a sort of subaltern oppression, equally degrading to the characters of those who inflicted and those who endured it. I have, therefore rejected from this edition, a lampoon entitled, "Some account of the Irish, by the late J. S. D. D. D. S. P. 8vo. London, 1753." This libel, which charges the Irish with all sorts of vices, and even with cowardice, has some wit; but it is the wit of Ward, or Tom Brown, rather than of Jonathan Swift, Doctor of Divinity, and Dean of St. Patrick's, whose name and titles are intimated by the initials on the title-page.

†† In allusion to this circumstance, he once said, he was three times near being hanged, and that people supposed he could bring in the Pretender in his hand, and place on him the crown.

who was then but newly married. The Earl being willing, it is supposed, to have some diversion, did not introduce him to his lady, nor mention his name. After dinner, said the Dean, "Lady Burlington, I hear you can sing; sing me a song." The lady looked on this unceremonious manner of asking a favour with distaste, and positively refused. He said, "She should sing, or he would make her. Why, madam, I suppose you take me for one of your poor English hedge-parsons; sing when I bid you." As the earl did nothing but laugh at this freedom, the lady was so vexed, that she burst into tears, and retired. His first compliment to her when he saw her again, was, "Pray, madam, are you as proud and as ill-natured now, as when I saw you last?" To which she answered, with great humour, "No, Mr. Dean; I'll sing for you, if you please." From which time he conceived great esteem for her. The Dean received with complaisance such praise as was delicately administered; but it belonged to his character to repel whatever was extravagant or coarse. When a friend professed to love Swift better than all his friends and relations, he said, "The man is a fool." And when Pope talked to him of a lady who admired him above all things, he replied, "Then I despise her heartily."* In fact, he seems rather to have expected his friends to gratify him by implicit compliance with his humour, however whimsical, than by any verbal flattery, disguising perhaps from himself, that such servile compliance was the grossest sort of practical adulation.

Much attached to his own profession, he had a strong prejudice against the military† and the law. Yet it is probable he would have been a brave and distinguished soldier, and certain that he must have risen high at the bar, to which his talents were peculiarly adapted. His dislike to soldiers was probably heightened by his indifferent opinion of Marlborough, and other general officers, who were zealous against the peace of Utrecht; and the disinclination of courts of law to countenance the tithe of agistment, seems greatly to have aggravated his dislike to that profession.‡

* Singer's Spence's Anecdotes, p. 256.

† His imaginary captain of dragoons, in the poem on Hamilton's Bawn, holds precisely the same language with the real soldier commemorated in the Essay on Modern Education: "D—n me, doctor, say what you will, the army is the only school for gentlemen. Do you think my Lord Marlborough beat the French with Greek and Latin? D—n me, a scholar when he comes into good company, what is he but an ass? D—n me, I would be glad, by G—d, to see any of your scholars, with his nouns and his verbs, and his philosophy and trigonometry, what a figure he would make at a siege, or blockade, or rencountering.—D—n me," &c. Swift's Works, vol. IX. p. 164, 165. Yet there were times when the Dean envied the military prerogative of using personal castigation. Seeing a drayman abusing his overloaded horse, he attacked the fellow with his whip, and gave him several blows, exclaiming at each stroke, "O that I were a captain of horse!" On another occasion, he tells a squire with whom he had a violent dispute, "he heartily wished, to make him show his humility, his quarrel had rather been with a captain of dragoons than with the Dean of St. Patrick's." Perhaps the Dean on both occasions recollected King William's proposal to promote him in the army.

‡ In 1733, when Swift executed the revision of Gulliver's Travels, mentioned p. 59, note, he made the most bitter additions to the passages affecting the law and its professors. About the same time, he indulged his humour with a most extraordinary mock trial, in ridicule of the assizes then about to be held in the county of Meath. The scene was Ardsalla, the house of Mr. Ludlow, where the Jacksons, Grattans, Mr. Stopford, and other favourites of the Dean, were assembled. Sheridan, it seems, had been guilty of a petty delinquency in his chamber. The rest shall be abridged from the narrative of Mr. Theophilus Swift. "A tribunal is erected, and all things prepared in due and regular form. A plain kitchen table is turned with its top downwards, and into this dock Sheridan is put wigless and bare-headed; while Swift himself mounts the seat of justice, with his own wig frizzed, and bushed into a full bottom, and set inverted on his head. A servant maid's scarlet cloak is flung over his shoulders, to represent the robes of a judge, and Aaron's band is converted into that of a chief justice. The grand jury are sworn, and the bill found; the petty jury sworn in their turn, and the prisoner put on his trial. The crier commands silence, and the lawyers are ranged. The utmost gravity and decorum prevail; and the only smile that passed on the occasion, arose from the ludicrous circumstance of Mr. Stopford, who being fee'd for the crown, declared he could not do his duty as a true lawyer, unless he should be fee'd on both sides. A second fee, therefore, is given him in open court, on behalf of the prisoner; and he told my mother, he actually received by the double fee eighteen shillings. He is said to have conducted himself with wonderful humour and address through the whole of the trial. The Jacksons and Grattans had likewise their respective stations in the cause. Most of the servants are examined, and in spite of prayers and entreaties, Mrs. Ludlow herself; who is made to swear on the vessel alleged to have suffered pollution. Their verdict, as might be expected, is that of guilty; and Swift, with all the solemnity of justice, pronounces sentence of death on the trembling Sheridan, awfully concluding with 'The Lord have mercy on your soul!' A rope is produced; Sheridan sees he shall be hanged *pro forma;* out of the dock he springs, and flies up stairs, the whole court in full cry after him. But fear having added wings to his feet, he had sufficient time to bolt his chamber door, which he barricadoed as well as he could, with what furniture was in the room. Here for two hours he remained besieged; at length he capitulated, on a solemn assurance that he should not be hanged.

"In a day or two the judges arrive; and, hearing the contempt that Swift had put upon them, send an express with an account of it to the lord-lieutenant, who very wisely laughed at the frolic. Not finding the redress they expected, they make a formal complaint to the bishops, who had nearly resolved to take up the matter seriously; but one more prudent than the rest, recommended that the whole should be hushed up."

The Dean's temper, while he was its master, was strictly economical, but the reverse of avaricious. He gave to the utmost of his power, but he suffered no advantage to be taken of him. This was for a time an obstacle to his popularity; for the vulgar are always inclined to praise an easy and indifferent temper, in preference even to liberality, when meted forth by the severe test of merit. But the Dean's real and discriminating charity aimed at a better reward than popular applause. Even in his latter years, when habits of economy had assumed the appearance of parsimony, they could not overcome his principle of benevolence. When he was extremely ill, he heard of the ruin of Mr. Ellis, a cabinet-maker, an industrious young man, newly married, by a casual fire. The Dean instantly gave Mrs. Whiteway twenty pounds for the use of the young couple, charging his friend to conceal the quarter from which the relief had been administered.

It is a well-known fact, that Swift, with the first five hundred pounds which he could call his own, instituted a fund for granting small loans to such industrious artizans and tradesmen as could find security for repaying the money by small weekly instalments; but insisting upon punctuality in these repayments, without which the fund must soon have been exhausted. Dr. Johnson, no friend to Swift's fame, has represented this circumstance in an unfavourable view, as if he "employed the catchpoll under the appearance of charity." Yet, no one knew better than Dr. Johnson the uselessness of vague and indiscriminate bounty, or the advantage of awakening the needy to habits of regular economy. It is more honourably reported, that many families of considerable respectability in Dublin owed the rise of their prosperity to assistance from this small fund; nor can it be doubted, that the practice of regularly saving a portion of weekly income, to repay the assistance thus afforded them, had more influence on their future fortune, than might have been derived from double the sum conferred as an eleemosynary gift.‖

The Dean's views extended beyond the immediate relief of the poor, though he always carried about him a certain sum in different kinds of coin to be distributed to deserving objects. He chiefly laboured to place the mode of providing for them upon some permanent footing, which should at once render imposition difficult, and secure relief to the necessitous. On this subject he wrote several Tracts. (See his Works, vol. VII. p. 382, *et seq.*) He also exercised a kind of police among the poor women who maintained themselves by selling flowers, fruit,

‖ Of course, between the humour of the Dean and that of the inferior Irish, some odd anecdotes occurred in the management of this fund. One old woman is said positively to have refused payment, because, as she said, the money had not luck with her since she had dealt with the church; and she became so vociferous in her complaints, that the Dean gave up his claim, fearing, as he said, she would meet him with an action of damages for having lent her the money that brought so many misfortunes with it.—A cobbler who had been punctual in his first payment of a small instalment, had a tankard of ale by the Dean's orders. At his second payment, he requested the same refreshment, upon which the Dean, in a rage, ordered him to depart, and let him see him no more; with which injunction the man punctually complied, glad no doubt to pay his debt so easily. Upon another occasion, it is said, that a person who wished to borrow a small sum of money, being asked by Swift whom he proposed as security? "I have none to offer," said the poor man, "excepting my faith in my Redeemer." Swift accepted the security, made the entry accordingly with all formality, and declared, that none of his debtors was more punctual than this man.

and such articles of petty traffic. He had nick names for many of them, according to their person, and occupations, as Flora, Cancerina, Stumpanympha, and so forth. It is said he was once interrupted in his office of censor of those petty dealers, by one of them who affected to mistake him for Higgins, a bustling, pragmatical clergyman of the time, who had made himself remarkable by the vehemence of his high-church politics. Swift liked the mistake so ill, that he was observed afterwards to avoid the street in which this woman kept her booth. In general, however, he neither met reply nor resistance, and as his authority was always exercised for the benefit of the public, so it was usually mingled with bounty towards his subjects.*

The exertions of his own life bear witness to the Dean's love of his country, and regard for literature; and one of his last public acts exhibited the interest which he took in the prosperity of the University of Dublin.† These sentiments formed the basis on which he founded his friendships; for in his better days every individual whom he favoured was recommended either by learning or patriotism. And if, in some latter instances, his regard was less worthily conferred, it was when his situation exposed him to have the affectation of these qualities passed upon him for the reality. The steadiness of his friendship, and his readiness to discharge the duties which it imposed, at every risk of loss or danger to himself, has been already commemorated. His prejudices and antipathies were often too rashly adopted, and grounded in general upon reasons of political aversion. But Swift's mind was open to conviction, and, in most instances, when the ardour of controversy had subsided, he renewed the friendships it had broken off, or has spoken with candour and generosity of the objects of his satire. In two cases, however, he seems to have been implacable. His resentment outlived the faculties and the life of Marlborough, and attended his funeral with a satirical epitaph, which, however witty, dishonoured the writer more than the hero. Nor was he able to forbear a sarcasm against Steele, even in the Rhapsody on Poetry, when death ought to have silenced resentment. In his latter and more evil days, he classed his friends, into Ungrateful—Grateful—Indifferent—and Doubtful. We give the arrangement in a note only observing it seems to have been made in a moment of spleen and suspicion; and that the Dean retained for many of these whom he has stigmatized as *ungrateful* a sincere value, inconsistent with their meriting that odious character.‡

* He was every where received by the common people with the most profound respect, and used to say they should subscribe forty shillings a year to keep him in hats, so numerous were the bows which he received and regularly returned. Upon one occasion he made a ludicrous experiment on the public belief in his authority. A number of people having assembled round the dessery to see an eclipse, Swift became tired of their noise, and commanded the crier to make proclamation that the eclipse was put off by command of the Dean of St. Patrick's. This extraordinary annunciation was received with great gravity, and was the means of dispersing the assembled star-gazers.

† From the London and Dublin Magazine for March, 1736, p. 128.—"Last Thursday and yesterday, his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, and the Lord Bishop of Clogher, met at our university as visitors, to examine into the conduct of the fellows, and the abuses of the college. The Rev. Dr. Swift, D. S. P. D. was present, and spoke against some corruptions and abuses."

‡ LIST OF FRIENDS,

Ungrateful—Grateful—Indifferent—and Doubtful.

Archbishop of Dublin (Dr. King),	u.	Mr. Stratford,	i.
Mr. Read,	d. g.	M. Ford,	g.
Captain Earnege,	g.	Mr. Pope,	g.
Mr. Harrison,	d. g	Mr. Gay,	g.
Mr Fiddes,	i.	Dr. Parnell,	u. d.
L. Pr. (Lord Primate Marsh),	g.	Mr. Manley, (the Post-Master,)	u.
Mr. Warburton, (curate at Laracor,)	i.	Dr. Raymond,	u.
Mr. Walls,	u.	Dr. Robert Pooley,	d.
Humphrey May, at last,	g.	Mr. Higgins,	u.
Dean of Down, Pratt,	u.	John Grattan,	g.
Mr. Berkeley,	u.	Robert Grattan,	g.
Mr. Steele,	u.	Dr. Delany,	i. partly g.
Mr. Footes,	u.	Mr. Lightburn,	u.
Mr. Barber,	u.	Charles Grattan,	g.
		Mr. Curtis,	g.
		Mr. Corbert,	i.
		Mr. Nesbit,	u.

The same liberality distinguished him respecting criticism, whether he received it from others, or communicated his own remarks for their benefit. At Addison's suggestion, (as we have already stated,) in the short poem of Baucis and Philemon, he struck out forty verses, added forty verses, and altered the same number. On another occasion, he puts a pamphlet into the hands of a clergyman belonging to his chapter, for the benefit of his remarks. The critic suggested two alterations, which he instantly adopted. When the work appeared, he became sensible that the passages were altered for the worse, and expressed to the Dean his regret that the alteration should have been suggested, and his surprise that he had acquiesced in them. "Sir," said Swift, "I considered that the passages were of no great consequence, and I made the alterations you desired without hesitation, lest, had I stood up in their defence, you might have imputed it to the vanity of an author unwilling to hear of his errors; and by this ready compliance, I hoped you would, at all times hereafter, be the more free in your remarks."

The same criticism to which he himself so readily deferred, he was willing to extend for the benefit of his friends, or of any young man of promising talent; and his friend Tickell has justly characterized him in this capacity:—

> "He too, from whom attentive Oxford draws
> Rules for just thinking, and poetic laws,
> To growing bards his learned aid shall lend,
> The strictest critic, and the kindest friend."

Of these criticisms, there are many specimens in his correspondence, in which his chastity of taste, and correctness of poetical ear, are eminently displayed. It sometimes happened, however, that when teazed for an opinion by those upon whom criticism would have been thrown away, he was unable to repress the causticity of his disposition. To one poet he returned his manuscript carefully folded up; assuring the author that he had gone through it with care, and struck out at least half the faults. The poor bard, impatient to profit by Swift's remark, stopped under a gateway in his road homeward, and, opening the packet, discovered to his infinite mortification, that the Dean had carefully blotted out every second line in his poem. With this whimsical expression of satirical humour, his conduct in the case of young Mr. Fitzherbert may be advantageously contrasted. This youth, expelled from his father's house by hard usage, applied to the Dean, as the general patron of the oppressed against public or domestic tyranny. He sent him some verses, with which Swift was pleased. The Dean not only wrote a most admirable letter‡ of mingled intercession and remonstrance, but supplied the young man with money for relief of his immediate wants. He then waited upon the obdurate father, rebuked him for delaying to answer his letter, and extorted his consent that the young man should be sent to prosecute his medical studies at Leyden, with a suitable allowance.

As an AUTHOR, there are three peculiarities remarkable in the character of Swift. The first of these has been rarely conceded to an author, at least by his contemporaries. It is the distinguished attribute of ORIGINALITY, and it cannot be refused to Swift by the most severe critic. Even Johnson has allowed that perhaps no author can be found who has borrowed so little, or has so well maintained his claim to be considered as original. There was indeed nothing written before his time which could serve for his model, and the few hints which he has adopted from other authors bear no more resemblance to his compositions than the green flax to the cable which is formed from it.

The second peculiarity, which has indeed been already noticed, is his total indifference to literary

Mr. Tooke,	g.	Mr. James Stopford,	g.
M- M- (Mrs. Manley,)	g.	Dr. Sheridan,	g.
Dr. Sacheverell,	i.	Queen C——,	u.
Mr. Trapp,	i.	Mr. Wood,	g.
Mr. Smyth,	i.	Sir ——,	u.
Dr. St- (Bishop Sterne,)	u.	Mrs. Barber,	g.

‡ Dated 19 March, 1734-5. See his Works, vol. XVIII. p. 288.

fame. Swift executed his various and numerous works as a carpenter forms wedges, mallets, or other implements of his art, not with the purpose of distinguishing himself by the workmanship bestowed on the tools themselves, but solely in order to render them fit for accomplishing a certain purpose, beyond which they were of no value in his eyes. He is often anxious about the success of his argument, and angrily jealous of those who debate the principles and the purpose for which he assumes the pen, but he evinces, on all occasions, an unaffected indifference for the fate of his writings, providing the end of their publication was answered. The careless mode in which Swift suffered his works to get to the public, his refusing them the credit of his name, and his renouncing all connection with the profits of literature,* indicate his disdain of the character of a professional author.

The third distinguishing mark of Swift's literary character is, that, with the exception of history, (for his fugitive attempts in Pindaric and Latin verse are too unimportant to be noticed,) he has never attempted any style of composition in which he has not obtained a distinguished pitch of excellence. We may often think the immediate mode of exercising his talents trifling, and sometimes coarse and offensive; but his Anglo-latin verses, his riddles, his indelicate descriptions, and his violent political satires, are in their various departments as excellent as the subjects admitted, and only leave us room occasionally to regret that so much talent was not uniformly employed upon nobler topics.

As a poet, Swift's post is pre-eminent in the sort of poetry which he cultivated. He never attempted any species of composition, in which either the sublime or the pathetic were required of him. But in every department of poetry where wit is necessary, he displayed, as the subject chanced to require, either the blasting lightning of satire, or the lambent and meteor-like coruscations of frolicsome humour. His powers of versification are admirably adapted to his favourite subjects. Rhyme, which is a handcuff to an inferior poet, he who is master of his art wears as a bracelet. Swift was of the latter description; his lines fall as easily into the best grammatical arrangement, and the most simple and forcible expression, as if he had been writing in prose. The numbers and the coincidence of rhymes, always correct and natural, though often unexpected, distinguish the current of his poetical composition, which exhibits, otherwise, no mark of the difficulty with which these graces are attained. In respect of matter, Swift seldom elevates his tone above a satirical diatribe, a moral lesson, or a poem on manners; but the former are unrivalled in severity, and the latter in ease. Sometimes, however, the intensity of his satire gives to his poetry a character of emphatic violence, which borders upon grandeur. This is peculiarly distinguishable in the Rhapsody on Poetry, which, according to Dr. King, he accounted his best satire, and surely with great justice. Yet this grandeur is founded, not on sublimity either of conception or expression, but upon the energy of both; and indicates rather ardour of temper, than power of imagination. *Facit indignatio versus.* The elevation of tone arises from the strong mood of passion rather than from poetical fancy. When Dryden told Swift he would never be a poet, he only had reference to the Pindaric Odes, where power of imagination was necessary for success. In the walk of satire and familiar poetry, wit, and knowledge of mankind, joined to facility of expression, are the principal requisites for excellence, and in these Swift shines unrivalled. Cadenus and Vanessa may be considered as Swift's *chef-d'œuvre* in that class of poems which is not professedly satirical. It is a poem on manners; and, like one of Marmontel's Contes Moraux, traces the progress and involutions of a passion, existing between two persons in modern society, contrasted strongly in age, manners, and situation. Yet even here the satirical vein of Swift has predominated. We look in vain for depth of feeling or tenderness of sentiment; although, had such existed in the poet's mind, the circumstances must have called it forth. The mythological fable, which conveys the compliments paid to Vanessa, is as cold as that addressed to Ardelia or to Miss Floyd. It is, in short, a kind of poetry which neither affects sublimity nor pathos, but in which the graceful facility of the poet unites with the acute observation of the observer of human nature, to commemorate the singular contest between Cadenus and Vanessa, as an extraordinary chapter in the history of the mind.

The Dean's promptitude in composition was equal to his smoothness and felicity of expression. At Mr. Gore's, in the county of Cavan, he heard the lively air called the Feast of O'Rourke, and, obtaining a literal translation of the original Irish song from the author, Mr. Macgowran, executed with surprising rapidity the spirited translation which is found in his works.†

Of the general style of Swift's poems, Dr. Johnson has said, in language not to be amended—"They are often humorous, almost always light, and have the qualities which recommend such compositions, easiness and gaiety. They are, for the most part, what their author intended. The diction is correct, the numbers are smooth, and the rhymes exact. There seldom occurs a hard-laboured expression, or a redundant epithet; all his verses exemplify his own definition of a good style—they consist of 'proper words in proper places.'"

As a historian Swift is entitled to little notice. The History of England is an abridgment, written, evidently in imitation of Paterculus, but without those advantages in point of information which render the Latin author valuable. The Dean abandoned his task, because, as he said, with a sort of smile, to Mr. Deane Swift, "I have found them all such a pack of rascals, I would have no more to say to them." His account of the Four Last Years of Queen Anne has little pretensions to the name of history; it is written with the feelings and prejudices of a party writer, and does not deserve to be separated from the Examiners, and other political tracts, of which Swift was the author. The tendency and purpose of these various publications, as well as of the Drapier's Letters, have already been illustrated.

But although his political treatises raised his fame when published, and are still read as excellent models of that species of composition, it is to his Tale of a Tub, to the Battle of the Books, to his moral romance of Gulliver, and to his smaller, but not less exquisite satires upon men and manners, that Swift owes the extent and permanency of his popularity as an English classic of the first rank. In reference to these works, Cardinal Polignac, to whom Swift was well known, used the remarkable expression, *Qu'il avoit l'esprit createur.* He possessed, indeed, in the highest perfection, the wonderful power of so embodying and imagining forth "the shadowy tribes of mind," that the fiction of the imagination is received by the reader as if it were truth. Undoubtedly the same keen and powerful intellect, which could sound all the depths and shallows of active life, had stored his mind with facts drawn from his own acute observation, and thus supplied with materials the creative talent which he possessed; for although the knowledge of the human mind may be, in a certain extent, intuitive, and subsist without extended acquaintance with the living world, yet that acquaintance with manners, equally remarkable in Swift's productions, could only be acquired from intimate familiarity with the actual business of the world.

In fiction he possessed, in the most extensive de

† In a letter to Pulteney, 19th May, 1735, the Dean says, "I never got a farthing for any thing I writ except once, about eight years ago, and that by Mr. Pope's prudent management for me." This probably alludes to Gulliver's Travels, for which Pope certainly obtained from the bookseller 300*l.* There may, however, be some question, whether this sum was not left at Pope's disposal, as well as that which he got for the Miscellanies, and which Swift abandoned to him.

† Vol. XIV. p. 141. The Dean has omitted the last six verses. Perhaps the author himself chose to suppress them as reflecting upon the Catholic clergy.

gest the art of verisimilitude;—the power, as we observed in the case of Gulliver's Travels, of adopting and sustaining a fictitious character, under every peculiarity of place and circumstance. A considerable part of this secret rests upon minuteness of narrative. Small and detached facts form the foreground of a narrative when told by an eye-witness. They are the subjects which immediately press upon his attention, and have, with respect to him as an individual, an importance, which they are far from bearing to the general scene in which he is engaged; just as a musket-shot, passing near the head of a soldier, makes a deeper impression on his mind, than all the heavy ordnance which has been discharged throughout the engagement. But to a distant spectator all these minute incidents are lost and blended in the general current of events; and it requires the discrimination of Swift, or of De Foe, to select, in a fictitious narrative, such an enumeration of minute incidents as might strike the beholder of a real fact, especially such a one as has not been taught, by an enlarged mind and education, to generalize his observations. I am anticipated in a sort of parallel which I intended to have made between the romances of Gulliver and Robinson Crusoe by the ingenious author of the History of Fiction, whose words I adopt with pleasure, as expressing an opinion which I have been long induced to hold. After illustrating his proposition, by showing how Crusoe verifies his narrative of a storm, through means of a detail of particular incidents, he proceeds:—"those minute references immediately lead us to give credit to the whole narrative, since we think they would hardly have been mentioned unless they had been true. The same circumstantial detail of facts is remarkable in Gulliver's Travels, and we are led on by them to a partial belief in the most improbable narrations."*

The genius of De Foe has never been questioned, but his sphere of information was narrow; and hence his capacity of fictitious invention was limited to one or two characters. A plain sailor, as Robinson Crusoe,—a blunt soldier, as his supposed "Cavalier,"—a sharper in low life, like some of his other fictitious personages, were the only disguises which the extent of his information permitted him to assume. In this respect he is limited like the sorcerer in the Indian tale, whose powers of transformation were confined to assuming the likeness of two or three animals only. But Swift seems, like the Persian dervise, to have possessed the faculty of transfusing his own soul into the body of any one whom he selected;—of seeing with his eyes, employing every organ of his sense, and even becoming master of the powers of his judgment. Lemuel Gulliver the traveller, Isaac Bickerstaff the astrologer, the Frenchman who writes the new journey to Paris, Mrs. Harris, Mary the cook-maid, the grave projector who proposes a plan for relieving the poor by eating their children, and the vehement Whig politician who remonstrates against the enormities of the Dublin signs, are all persons as distinct from each other as they are in appearance from the Dean of St. Patrick's. Each maintains his own character, moves in his own sphere, and is struck with those circumstances which his situation in life, or habits of thinking, have rendered most interesting to him as an individual.

The proposition I have ventured to lay down, respecting the art of giving verisimilitude to a fictitious narrative, has a corollary resting on the same principles. As minute particulars, pressing close upon the observation of the narrator, occupy a disproportionate share of his narrative and of his observation, so circumstances more important in themselves, in many cases, attract his notice only partially, and are therefore but imperfectly detailed. In other words, there is a distance as well as a foreground in narrative, as in natural perspective, and the scale of objects necessarily decreases as they are withdrawn from the vicinity of him who reports them. In this particular, the art of Swift is equally manifest. The information which Gulliver acquires from hearsay, is communicated in a more vague and general manner than that reported on his own knowledge. He does not, like other voyagers into Utopian realms, bring us back a minute account of their laws and government, but merely such general information upon these topics, as a well-informed and curious stranger may be reasonably supposed to acquire, during some months residence in a foreign country. In short, the narrator is the centre and main-spring of the story, which neither exhibits a degree of extended information, such as circumstances could not permit him to acquire, nor omits those minute incidents, which the same circumstances rendered of importance to him, because immediately affecting his own person.

Swift has the more easily attained this perfection of fictitious narrative, because in all his works of whatever description, he has maintained the most undeviating attention to the point at issue. What Mr. Cambridge has justly observed of the Battle of the Books, is equally true as a general characteristic of Swift's writings; whoever examines them will find, that, through the whole piece, no one episode or allusion is introduced for its own sake, but every part appears not only consistent with, but written for, the express purpose of strengthening and supporting the whole.

Upon the style of Swift, Dr. Johnson has made the following observations, which are entitled to great weight from the learning and character of the critic. It is, however, to be considered, that the author of the Rambler may be supposed in some degree to undervalue a structure of composition, so strikingly opposed to his own, and that Dr. Johnson, as has already been observed, appears to have been unfriendly to the memory of Dean Swift.†

"In his works he has given very different specimens, both of sentiments and expression. His Tale of a Tub has little resemblance to his other pieces. It exhibits a vehemence and rapidity of mind, a copiousness of images, and vivacity of diction, such as he afterward never possessed, or never exerted. It is of a mode so distinct and peculiar, that it must be considered by itself; what is true of that, is not true of any thing else which he has written.

"In his other works is found an equable tenor of easy language, which rather trickles than flows. His delight was in simplicity. That he has in his works no metaphor, as has been said, is not true; but his few metaphors seem to be received rather by necessity than choice. He studied purity; and though perhaps all his strictures are not exact, yet it is not often that solecisms can be found; and whoever depends on his authority may generally conclude himself safe. His sentences are never too much dilated, or contracted; and it will not be easy to find any embarrassment in the complication of his clauses, any inconsequence in his connections, or abruptness in his transitions.

"His style was well suited to his thoughts, which are never subtilized by nice disquisitions, decorated by sparkling conceits, elevated by ambitious sen-

* Dunlop's History of Fiction, vol. III. p. 400.

† When employed in writing the Dean's life, Dr. Johnson received two invitations from Deane Swift, Esq., to spend some time at his house in Worcestershire, one of which was conveyed by Mr. Theophilus Swift, his son, to whom I owe this information. The purpose was to make every communication in his power, that might throw light on the history of his great and beloved relative. But Dr. Johnson declined the invitation, and even refused to receive the information offered, or to communicate with Mr. Deane Swift upon the subject. It would be difficult to assign a motive for the prejudice against Swift, so obvious in Dr. Johnson's conduct on this occasion, as well as in many passages of his life of the Dean, especially considering that these great men coincided in political sentiments. There is a letter from Earl Gower to some friend of Swift, dated 1st August, 1738, in which he endeavours to secure the Dean's interest for the purpose of procuring for Johnson the degree of Master of Arts in the University of Dublin, in order to render him eligible to be teacher of a charity-school at Appleby. The Dean may have refused or neglected this application. The late Bishop of Dromore, who had many opportunities of personal observation, was of opinion, that Dr Johnson's dislike to Swift arose from the Dean's having opposed Mr. Madden's scheme for distributing prizes in Trinity College. It must be remembered, that Dr. Johnson himself revised Madden's poem on the death of Boulter. Yet certainly it is unlikely that, so late as 1742, when that primate died, the Dean should have publicly interested himself in the affairs of the university.

tences, or variegated by far-sought learning. He pays no court to the passions; he excites neither surprise nor admiration; he always understands himself, and his readers always understand him. The peruser of Swift wants little previous knowledge; and it will be sufficient that he is acquainted with common words and common things; he is neither required to mount elevations, nor to explore profundities; his passage is always on a level, along solid ground, without asperities, without obstruction."

The general character of Swift has been excellently drawn by the learned and candid Granger, with which I request permission to close these memoirs:

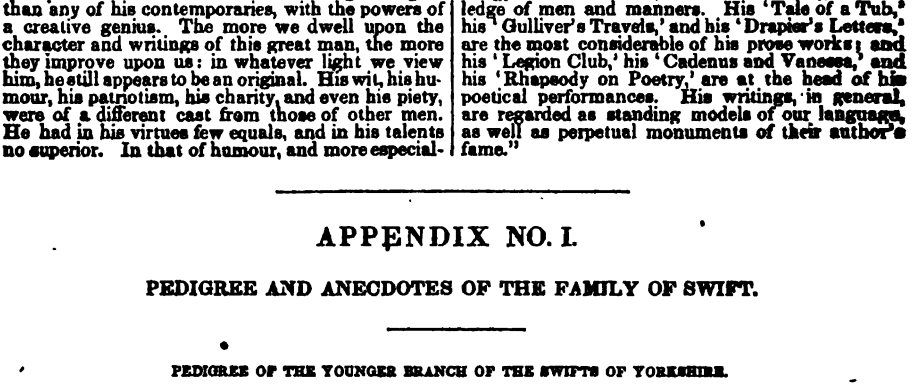
"Jonathan Swift was blessed in a higher degree than any of his contemporaries, with the powers of a creative genius. The more we dwell upon the character and writings of this great man, the more they improve upon us: in whatever light we view him, he still appears to be an original. His wit, his humour, his patriotism, his charity, and even his piety, were of a different cast from those of other men. He had in his virtues few equals, and in his talents no superior. In that of humour, and more especially in irony, he ever was, and probably ever will be, unrivalled. He did the highest honour to his country by his parts, and was a great blessing to it by the vigilance and activity of his public spirit. His style, which generally consists of the most naked and simple terms, is strong, clear, and expressive; familiar, without vulgarity or meanness; and beautiful, without affectation or ornament. He is sometimes licentious in his satire; and transgresses the bounds of delicacy and purity. He, in the latter part of his life, availed himself of the privilege of his great wit to trifle; but when in this instance, we deplore the misapplication of such wonderful abilities, we at the same time admire the whims, if not the dotages, of a Swift. He was, perhaps, the only clergyman of his time, who had a thorough knowledge of men and manners. His 'Tale of a Tub,' his 'Gulliver's Travels,' and his 'Drapier's Letters,' are the most considerable of his prose works; and his 'Legion Club,' his 'Cadenus and Vanessa,' and his 'Rhapsody on Poetry,' are at the head of his poetical performances. His writings, in general, are regarded as standing models of our language, as well as perpetual monuments of their author's fame."

APPENDIX NO. I.

PEDIGREE AND ANECDOTES OF THE FAMILY OF SWIFT.

PEDIGREE OF THE YOUNGER BRANCH OF THE SWIFTS OF YORKSHIRE.

ARMS: *Or, a chevron nebule, Argent and Azure, between three bucks in full course, Vert.*



ANECDOTES OF THE FAMILY OF SWIFT.

A FRAGMENT.—WRITTEN BY DR. SWIFT.

[The original Manuscript, in his own hand, is lodged in the University Library of Dublin.]

THE family of the Swifts was ancient in Yorkshire; from them descended a noted person, who passed under the name of Cavaliero *Swift*, a man of wit and humour. He was made an Irish Peer by King James or King Charles the First, with the title of Baron *Carlingford*,* but never was in that kingdom. Many traditional pleasant stories are related of him, which the family planted in Ireland had received from their parents. This lord died without issue male; and his heiress, whether of the first or second descent, was married to *Robert Fielding*, Esq., commonly called *Handsome Fielding*; she brought him a considerable estate in Yorkshire, which he squandered away, but had no children; the Earl of Eglinton married another co-heiress of the same family, as he has often told me.†

Another of the same family was Sir *Edward Swift*, well known in the times of the great rebellion and usurpation, but I am ignorant whether he left heirs or not.

Of the other branch, whereof the greatest part settled in Ireland, the founder was *William Swift*, prebendary of Canterbury,‡ towards the last years of Queen Elizabeth, and during the reign of King James the First. He was a divine of some distinction. There is a sermon of his extant, and the title is to be seen in the catalogue of the Bodleian Library, but I never could get a copy, and I suppose it would now be of little value.‖

This William married the heiress of *Philpott*, I suppose a Yorkshire§ gentleman, by whom he got a very considerable estate, which, however, she kept in her own power; I know not by what artifice. She was a capricious, ill-natured, and passionate woman, of which I have been told several instances. And it has been a

* *Barnum Swift*, Esq. was created Viscount (not Baron) of Carlingford, by King Charles I. March 20, 1627, and by his death in 1642, S. P. the title became extinct.

† Scottish genealogists do not record such a marriage in the pedigree of the Eglintoun family.

‡ William Swift was rector of St. Andrew's in Canterbury, not a prebendary.

‖ It was preached Jan. 25, 1621, at St. George's, Canterbury, at the funeral of Sir Thomas Wilson, in Rom. viii. 18, and is written much in the style and manner of that age.—D. S.

§ More probably of Kent.—D. S.

continual tradition in the family, that she absolutely disinherited her only son *Thomas*, for no greater crime than that of robbing an orchard when he was a boy. And thus much is certain, that except a church or chapter lease, which was not renewed, Thomas never enjoyed more than one hundred pounds a year, which was all at Goodrich, in Herefordshire, whereof not above one half is now in the possession of a great grandson.

His original picture* is now in the hands of *Godwin Swift*, of Dublin, Esq., his great grandson, as well as that of his wife, who seems to have a good deal of the shrew in her countenance;† whose arms of an heiress are joined with his own; and by the hat he seems to have been a person somewhat fantastic; for in these he gives as his device, a dolphin (in those days called a Swift) twisted about an anchor, with this motto, *Festina lente*.

There is likewise a seal with the same coat of arms, (his not joined with his wife's,) which the said William commonly made use of and this is also now in the possession of Godwin Swift above mentioned.

His eldest son *Thomas* seems to have been a clergyman before his father's death. He was vicar of Goodrich, in Herefordshire, within a mile or two of Ross; he had likewise another church living with about one hundred pounds a year in land, as I have already mentioned. He built a house on his own land in the village of Goodrich, which, by the architecture, denotes the builder to have been somewhat whimsical and singular, and very much toward a projector. The house is above a hundred years old, and still in good repair, inhabited by a tenant of the female line, but the landlord, a young gentleman, lives upon his own estate in Ireland.‡

This Thomas was distinguished by his courage, as well as his loyalty to King Charles the First, and the sufferings he underwent for that prince, more than any person of his condition in England. Some historians of those times, relate several particulars of what he acted, and what hardships he underwent for the person and cause of that blessed martyred prince. He was plundered by the Roundheads six-and-thirty times, some say above fifty. He engaged his small estate, and gathered all the money he could get, quilted it in his waistcoat, got off to a town held for the king, where, being asked by the governor, who knew him well, "What he could do for his majesty?" Mr. Swift said, "he would give the king his coat," and stripping it off, presented it to the governor; who observing it to be worth little, Mr. Swift said, "then take my waistcoat:" he bid the governor to weigh it in his hand, who, ordering it to be ripped, found it lined with three hundred broad pieces of gold, which, as it proved a seasonable relief, must be allowed an extraordinary supply from a private clergyman with ten children, of a small estate, so often plundered, and soon after turned out of his livings in the church.

At another time, being informed that three hundred horse, of the rebel party, intended in a week to pass over a certain river, upon an attempt against the Cavaliers, Mr. Swift having a head mechanically turned, he contrived certain pieces of iron with three spikes, whereof one must always be with the point upward; he placed them over night in the ford, where he received notice that the rebels would pass early the next morning, which they accordingly did, and lost two hundred of their men, who were drowned or tired to death by the falling of their horses, or torn by the spikes.

His sons, whereof four were settled in Ireland, (driven thither by their sufferings and by the death of their father,) related many other passages, which they learned either from their father himself, or from what had been told them by the most credible persons of Herefordshire, and some neighbouring counties: and which some of those sons often told to their children; many of which are still remembered, but many more forgot.

He was deprived of both of his church livings sooner than most other loyal clergymen, upon account of his superior zeal for the king's cause, and his estate sequestered. His preferments, at least that of Goodrich, were given to a fanatical saint, who scrubbed not, however, to conform upon the Restoration, and lived many years. I think till after the Revolution: I have seen many persons at Goodrich, who knew and told me his name, which I cannot now remember.

The lord-treasurer Oxford told the Dean, that he had among his father's (Sir Edward Harley's) papers, several letters from Mr. Thomas Swift, writ in those times, which he promised to give to the grandson, whose life I am now writing; but never going to his house in Herefordshire while he was treasurer, and the queen's death happening in three days after his removal, the Dean went to Ireland, and the earl being tried for his life, and dying while the Dean was in Ireland, he could never get them.

Mr. Thomas Swift died in the year 1658, and in the 63d year of his age; his body lies under the altar at Goodrich, with a short description.§ He died about two years before the return of King Charles the Second, who, by the recommendation of some prelates, had promised, if ever God should restore him, that he would promote Mr. Swift in the church, and otherwise reward his family, for his extraordinary services and zeal, and persecutions in the royal cause: But Mr. Swift's merit died with himself.¶

* Drawn in 1663, æt. 57; his wife's in the same year, æt. 54.—D. S.

† These pictures are still preserved in the family.

‡ This house, now the property of Mr. Theophilus Swift, is still standing. A vault is shown beneath the kitchen, accessible only by raising one of the flag stones. Here were concealed the provisions of bread and milk, which supported the lives of the family after they had been plundered by the Parliamentary soldiers. The vicar was in those days considered as a nonjuror, especially when, his neighbours being discharged from assisting him, and all his provisions destroyed, he still continued to subsist his family. This vault is probably one of the peculiarities of architecture noticed by the Dean.

§ It should be four.—S.

¶ This was erected by the Dean, and was the subject of some pleasantry between Pope and him, page 3, note. At the same time the Dean gave a chalice to the church of Goodrich. The following note, directing how it should be conveyed thither, is copied from a fragment found among Mr. Lyons' papers. It seems to have been written by that great grandson of the vicar of Goodrich, who was then in possession of part of the family estate.

"Doctor Swift will be obliging to Goodrich in presenting the cupp to our church, which is Goodrich church, and is a vicaridge endow'd. Our grandfather, Mr. Thomas Swift, was vicar of this church of Goodrich. The present vicar is Mr. Daniell Wilson. 'Twill be a very safe way to direct the cupp to Bristoll, to Mr. James Hillhouse, merchant there, and direct him to deliver it to the present vicar's order. We have correspondence every fortnight by a navigable river to Bristoll." The chalice had been the property of Swift's grandfather, as appears from the following inscription: THOMAS SWIFT, HUJUS ECCLESIÆ RECTOR, NOTUS IN HISTORIIS OB EA QUÆ FECIT ET PASSUS EST PRO CAROLO PRIMO, EX HOC CALICE ÆGROTANTIBUS PROPINAVIT EUNDEM CALICEM JONATH. SWIFT, S. T. D. DECAN. SANCTI PATRICII, DUBLIN, THOMÆ EX FILIO NEPOS HUIC ECCLESIÆ IN PERPETUAM DEDICAT. 1725.

This inscription is from a scroll in the Dean's hand-writing, bearing the following variation in that of Tickell the poet. "*Vinum ex hoc calice consecratum fidelibus fuga aut morbo propinavit.*" It is said, by tradition in Mr. Tickell's family, that the inscription was also revised by Addison.

¶ It appears that the Dean intended to have enlarged this memorial of his ancestors with the assistance of Dr. Lyons, among whose papers the editor found the following memorandum, labelled in Swift's hand-writing, "Memoirs of my grandfather, Thomas Swift, by Mr. Lyons. April 1728." The editor has prefixed the extract from Mercurius Rusticus, to which Mr. Lyons' memoranda refer.

"When the Earl of Stamford was in Herefordshire, in October, 1642, and pillaged all that kept faith and allegiance to the king, information was given to Mistris Swift, wife of Thomas Swift, parson of Goodrich, that her house was designed to be plundered. To prevent so great a danger, she instantly repaired to Hereford, where the earl then was, some ten miles from her own home, to petition him that no violence might be offered to her house or goods. He most nobly, and according to the goodness of his disposition, threw the petition away, and swore no small oaths that she should be plundered to-morrow. The good gentlewoman, being out of hope to prevail, and seeing there was no good to be done by petitioning him, speeds home as fast as she could and that night removed as much of her goods as the shortness of the time would permit. Next morning, to make good the Earl of Stamford's word, Captain Kirle's troop, consisting of seventy horse and thirty foot, which were hangers-on, (birds of prey,) came to Mr. Swift's house. There they took away all his provision of victuals, corn, household staff, which was not conveyed away; they empty his beds, and fill the ticks with malt; they rob him of his cart and six horses, and make this part of their theft the means to convey away the rest. Mistris Swift, much affrighted to see such a sight as this, thought it best to save herself though she lost her goods; therefore, taking up a young child in her arms, began to secure herself by flight, which one of the troopers perceiving, he commanded her to stay, or (holding his pistol at her breast) threatened to shoot her dead. She (good woman) fearing death, stayed; but, whether she went or returned, at last, shunning that death which was next unto her, she retires back to her house, where she saw herself undone, and yet durst not oppose or ask why they did so. Having thus rifled the house and gone, next morning early she goes again to Hereford, and there again petitions the earl to show some compassion on her and her ten children, and that he would be pleased to cause her horses, and some part of her goods, to be restored unto her. The good earl was so far from granting her petition, that he would not vouchsafe so much as to read it. When she could not prevail herself, she makes use of the mediation of friends. These have the repulse too, his lordship remaining inexorable, without any inclination to mercy. At last, hoping that all mere hearts were not adamant relentless, she leaves the earl, and makes her address to Captain Kirle, who, upon her earnest entreaty, grants her a protection for what was left: but for restitution, there was no hope for that. This protection cost her no less than thirty shillings. It seems paper and ink are dear in those parts. And now, thinking herself secure in this protection, she returns home, in hope that what was left she might enjoy in peace and quietness. She had not been long at home but Captain Kirle sends her word, that, if it pleased her, she might buy four of her own six horses again, assuring her, by her father's servant and tenant, that she should not fear being plundered of them any more by the Earl of Stamford's forces, while they were in these parts. Encouraged by these promises, she was content to buy her own, and deposited eight pounds ten shillings for four of her horses. And now conceiving the storm to be blown over, and all danger past, and placing much confidence in her purchased protection, she causes all her goods secured in her neighbours' houses to be brought home; and, since it could not be better, rejoiced that she had not lost all. She had not enjoyed these thoughts long, but Captain Kirle sent unto her for some vessels of cyder, whereof having tasted, but not liking it, since he could not have drink for himself he would have provender for his horse, and therefore, instead of cyder, he demands ten bushels of oats. Mistris Swift, seeing that the denial might give some ground of a quarrel, sent him word that her husband had not two bushels of oats in a year for tythe, nor did they sow any on their glebe; both of which were most true. Yet, to show how willing she was (to her power) to comply with him, that the messenger might not return empty, she sent him forty shillings to buy oats. Suddenly after the captain of Goodridge castle sends to Mr. Swift's house for victual and corn. Mistris Swift instantly shows him her protection. He, to answer show with show, shows her his warrant, and so, without any regard to her protection, seizeth upon that provision which was in the house, together with the cyder which Captain Kirle had refused. Hereupon Mistris Swift writes to Captain Kirle, complaining of this injury, and the affront done to him in slighting his protection; but before the messenger could return with an answer to her letter, some from the castle come a second time to plunder the house, and they did what they came for. Presently after comes a letter from Captain Kirle in answer to Mistris Swift, that the Earl of Stamford did by no means approve of the injuries done unto her, and withal, by word of mouth, sends to her for more oats. She, perceiving that as long as she gave they would never leave asking, resolved to be drilled no more. The return not answering expectation, on the 3d of December, Captain Kirle's lieutenant, attended by a considerable number of dragoons, comes to Mr. Swift's house, and demands entrance; but the doors being kept shut against them, and not being able to force them, they broke down two iron bars in a stone window, and so, with swords drawn and pistols cocked, they enter the house. Being entered, they take all Master Swift and his wife's apparel, his books, and his children's cloaths, they being in bed; and those poor children, that hung by their cloaths, unwilling to part with them, they swung them about until (their hold-fast failing) they dashed them against the walls. They took away all his servants' clothes, and made so clean work with one, that they left him not a shirt to cover his nakedness. There was one of the children, an infant, lying in the cradle, they rob'd that, and left not the little poor soul a rag to defend it from the cold. They took away all the iron, pewter, and brass; and a very fair cupboard of glasses, which they could not carry away, they broke to pieces; and

He left ten sons and three or four daughters, most of which lived to be men and women; his eldest son, *Godwin Swift*, of the Inner Temple,* Esq. (so styled by Guillim the herald, in whose book the family is described at large,) was, I think, called to the bar before the Restoration. He married a relation of the old Marchioness of Ormond, and upon that account, as well as his father's loyalty, the old Duke of Ormond made him his attorney-general in the palatinate of Tipperary. He had four wives, one of which, to the great offence of his family, was co-heiress to Admiral *Deane*, who was one of the regicides. Godwin left several children, who have all estates. He was an ill pleader, but perhaps *a little too*† dexterous in the subtle parts of the law.

the four horses lately redeemed are with them lawful prize again, and left nothing of all the goods but a few stools, for his wife, children, and servants, to sit down and bemoan their distressed condition. Having taken away all, and being gone, Mistris Swift, in compassion to her poor infant in the cradle, took it up, almost starved with cold, and wrapped it in a petticoat, which she took off from herself: and now hoped, that having nothing to lose would be a better protection for their persons than that which which she purchased of Captain Kirle for thirty shillings. But, as if Job's messenger would never make an end, her three maid-servants, whom they in the castle had compelled to carry the poultry to the castle, return and tell their mistris that they in the castle said, that they had a warrant to seize upon Mistris Swift and bring her into the castle, and that they would make her three maid-servants wait on her there, threatening to plunder all under the petticoat, and other uncivil immodest words, not fit for them to speak, or me to write. Hereupon Mistris Swift fled to the place where her husband, for fear of the rebels, had withdrawn himself. She had not been gone two hours, but they come from the castle, and bring with them three teams to carry away what was before designed for plunder, but wanted means of conveyance. When they came there was a batch of bread hot in the oven. This they seize on. Ten children on their knees intreat but for one loaf, and at last, with much importunity, obtained it; but before the children had eaten it they took even that one loaf away, and left them destitute of a morsel of bread amongst ten children. Ransacking every corner of the house, that nothing might be left behind, they find a small pewter dish in which the dry-nurse had put pap to feed the poor infant, the mother who gave it suck being fled to save her life. This they seize on too. The nurse intreats, for God's sake, that they would spare that, pleading, that, in the mother's absence, it was all the sustenance which she or could be provided to sustain the life of the child, and, on her knees, intreated to show mercy unto the child, that 'knew not the right hand from the left,' a motive which prevailed with God himself, though justly incensed against Nineveh.

"Master Swift's eldest son, a youth, seeing this barbarous cruelty, demanded of them a reason for this so hard usage. They replied, that his father was traitor to the king and parliament, and added, that they would hang them so short, that they should eat the very flesh from their arms; and, to make good their word, they threaten the miller, that, if he ground any corn for these children, they would grind him in his own mill; and, not contented with this, they go to Mr. Swift's next neighbour, (whose daughter was his servant,) and take him prisoner; they examine him on oath what goods of Mr. Swift's he had in his custody. He professing that he had none, they charge him to take his daughter away from Mr. Swift's service, or else they threaten to plunder him; and, to make sure work, they make him give them security to obey all their commands. Terrified with this, the neighbours stand afar off, and pity the distressed condition of these persecuted children, but dare not come or send to their relief. By this means the children and servants had no sustenance, hardly anything to cover them, from Friday six o'clock at night until Saturday twelve at night, and, at last, the neighbours, moved with the lamentable cryes and complaints of the children and servants, one of the neighbours, overlooking all difficulties, and showing that he durst be charitable in despite of these monsters, ventured in, and brought them some provision. And if the world would know what it was that so exasperated these rebels against this gentleman, the Earl of Stamford, a man that is not bound to give an account of all his actions, gave two reasons for it: first, because he had bought arms and conveyed them into Monmouthshire,—which, under his lordship's good favour, was not so: and, secondly, because, not long before, he preached a sermon in Rosse upon that text, 'Give unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's,' in which his lordship said he had good reason, in endeavouring to give Cæsar more than his due. These two crimes cost Mr. Swift no less than 300*l.*"—*Mercurius Rusticus*. London, 1643. 8vo, p. 82—83.

Here begin Dr. Lyons' Memoirs. The passages in Italics are written by Swift.

"Thus far the Mercury; which being about a year after the transacting of these barbarities, could not account for Mr. Swift's sequestration, because that was not formally issued until about three years after, viz. in 1646; and, on July 8th that year, I find the Committee of Hereford sequestered and ordered the profits of Gotheridge into the hands of Jonathan Dryden, minister, until the Christmas following. This Mr. Dryden was to see the cure duly officiated; and to receive, gather, and dispose of the dues of the living.

"When his other living of Bridstow was put under sequestration, I know not. But September 25th, that year also, the same committee ordered his ejectment from it for scandal and delinquency, and for being in actual service against the Parliament. At the same time also, they ordered Mr. Jonathan Smith, the then curate, to be inducted in this cure." (" *What became of him afterwards I know not, but in* 1654 *one John Somers got this living.*")

"The 25th March following, the committee also ordered his ejectment also from Gotheridge, and the inducting of Giles Rawlins to succeed him in that parish, and assign the same reasons for it, as they before had done for the turning him out of Bridstow." ("*In* 1654, *one William Tingham was admitted to it.*")

"Mr. Swift was also imprisoned by the committee as soon as the garrison of Hereford fell into the hands of the rebels. I find him in custody at Ragland Castle, when the committee ordered his ejectment from Gotheridge.

"He had a temporal estate in Gotheridge and Marstow, which the same committee ordered to be sequestrated, Aug. 4, 1646. After which he endured many hardships with his numerous family, but lived to be restored with the church and his majesty, and died at Gotheridge in a good old age." ("*A mistake, for he died* 1658.")

* Of Gray's Inn, not of the Inner Temple.—D. S.

† In a fragment of the Dean's hand-writing, entitled "Memorial of my grandfather for a monument at Goodrich," there is a note of armorial bearings, "Or, Chevron nebule argent and azure between three bucks in full course, vert. N. B. These arms borne by Godwin Swift of Goodridge, Co. of Hereford, Esq. one of the Society of Gray's Inn."

‡ These three words were interlined in the original, some time after it was first written, and were designed by the Doctor to be a sneer upon the memory of his uncle.—D. S.

The second son of Mr. *Thomas Swift* was called by the same name, was bred at Oxford, and took orders. He married the eldest daughter of Sir *William d'Arenant*, but died young, and left only one son, who was also called *Thomas*, and is now rector of Puttenham in Surrey. His widow lived long, was extremely poor, and in part supported by the famous Dr. South, who had been her husband's intimate friend.

The rest of his sons, as far as I can call to mind, were Mr. *Dryden* Swift, called so after the name of his mother, who was a near relation to Mr. Dryden the poet, *William*, *Jonathan*, and *Adam*, who all lived and died in Ireland; but none of them left male issue except *Jonathan*, who, beside a daughter, left one son born seven months after his father's death, of whose life I intend to write a few memorials.

J. S. D. D. and D. of St. P——, was the only son of Jonathan Swift, who was the seventh or eighth son of Mr. Thomas Swift above-mentioned, so eminent for his loyalty and his sufferings.

His father died young, about two years after his marriage; he had some employments and agencies; his death was much lamented on account of his reputation for integrity, with a tolerable good understanding.

He married Mrs. *Abigail Erick*,‡ of Leicestershire, descended from the most ancient family of the Ericks, who derive their lineage from Erick the Foester, a great commander, who raised an army to oppose the invasion of William the Conqueror, by whom he was vanquished, but afterward employed to command that prince's forces; and in his old age retired to his house in Leicestershire, where his family has continued ever since, but declining every age, and are now in the condition of very private gentlemen.§

This marriage was on both sides very indiscreet, for his wife brought her husband little or no fortune; and his death happening so suddenly,‖ before he could make a sufficient establishment for his family, his son (not then born) hath often been heard to say, that he felt the consequences of that marriage, not only through the whole course of his education, but during the greatest part of his life.

He was born in Dublin, on St. Andrew's day; and when he was a year old, an event happened to him that seems very unusual; for his nurse, who was a woman of Whitehaven, being under an absolute necessity of seeing one of her relations, who lay in very extremely sick, and from whom she expected a legacy; and being extremely fond of the infant, she stole him on shipboard unknown to his mother and uncle, and carried him with her to Whitehaven, where he continued for almost three years. For, when the matter was discovered, his mother sent orders by all means not to hazard a second voyage, till he could be better able to bear it. The nurse was so careful of him, that before he returned he had learned to spell; and by the time that he was five years old he could read any chapter in the Bible.

After his return to Ireland, he was sent at six years old to the school of Kilkenny, from whence, at fourteen, he was admitted into the university at Dublin; where, by the ill treatment of his nearest relations, he was so much discouraged and sunk in his spirits, that he too much neglected some parts of his academic studies, for which he had no great relish by nature, and turned himself to reading history and poetry; so that, when the time came for taking his degree of bachelor, although he had lived with great regularity and due observance of the statutes, he was stopped of his degree for dullness and insufficiency; and at last hardly admitted, in a manner little to his credit, which is called in that college *speciali gratia*. And this discreditable mark, as I am told, stands upon record in their college registry.

The troubles then breaking out, he went to his mother, who lived in Leicester; and after continuing there some months, he was received by Sir William Temple, whose father had been a great friend to the family, and who was now retired to his house, called Moor-Park, near Farnham in Surrey, where he continued for about two years: for he happened, before twenty years old, by a surfeit of fruit, to contract a giddiness and coldness of stomach, that almost brought him to his grave; and this disorder pursued him, with intermissions of two or three years, to the end of his life. Upon this occasion he returned to Ireland, by advice of physicians, who weakly imagined that his native air might be of some use to recover his health: but growing worse, he soon went back to Sir William Temple; with whom, growing into some confidence, he was often trusted with matters of great importance. King William had a high esteem for Sir William Temple by a long acquaintance, while that gentleman was ambassador and mediator of a general peace at Nimeguen. The king, soon after his expedition to England, visited his old friend often at Sheen, and took his advice in affairs of greatest consequence. But Sir William Temple, weary of living so near London, and resolving to retire to a more private scene, bought an estate near Farnham in Surrey, of about 100*l.* a year, where Mr. Swift accompanied him.

About this time a bill was brought into the House of Commons for triennial parliaments; against which the king, who was so

‡ This lady had much of her celebrated son's peculiar humour. She came to visit him after he was settled at Laracor, and lodged with Mr. Brent, a printer in George's Lane, Dublin, husband of the person who was afterwards the Dean's housekeeper, and who is commemorated by him in the laughable verses, beginning—

"Dingley and Brent,
Wherever they went," &c.

Mrs. Swift, who had probably discovered the gossiping temper of her landlady, amused her credulity by pretending she had come to Ireland to receive the addresses of a lover, and under that character received her son Jonathan's first visit, before she acquainted Mrs. Brent with the trick: she had put upon her curiosity.

§ The family of *Erick*, which has produced many eminent men, is still represented by two respectable branches, the *Heyricks* of Leicester town, and the *Herricks* of Beaumanor. Of both these branches, distinct pedigrees and many curious historical anecdotes are given in the "History of Leicestershire," Vol. II. p. 215; Vol. III. p. 148.

‖ See at the conclusion of this article some particulars concerning the misfortunes of Swift's parents.

stranger to our constitution, was very averse, by the advice of some weak people, who persuaded the Earl of Portland that King Charles the First lost his crown and life by consenting to pass such a bill. The earl, who was a weak man, came down to Moor-Park, by his majesty's orders, to have Sir William Temple's advice, who said much to show him the mistake. But he continued still to advise the king against passing the bill. Whereupon Mr. Swift was sent to Kensington with the whole account of the matter in writing, to convince the king and the earl how ill they were informed. He told the earl, to whom he was referred by his majesty, (and gave it in writing,) that the aim of King Charles the First was not owing to his passing the triennial bill, which did not hinder him from dissolving any parliament, but to the passing of another bill, which put it out of his power to dissolve the parliament then in being, without the consent of the house. Mr. Swift, who was well versed in English history, although he was then under twenty-one years old, gave the king a short account of the matter, but a more large one to the Earl of Portland, but all in vain; for the king, by ill advisers, was prevailed upon to refuse passing the bill.* This was the first time that Mr. Swift had any converse with courts, and he told his friends it was the first incident that helped to cure him of vanity. The consequence of this wrong step in his majesty was very unhappy; for it put that prince under a necessity of introducing those people called Whigs into power and employments, in order to pacify them. For, although it be held a part of the king's prerogative to refuse passing a bill, yet the learned in the law think otherwise, from that expression used at the coronation, wherein the prince obliges himself to consent to all laws, *quas vulgus elegerit*.

Mr. Swift lived with him (Sir William Temple) some time, but resolving to settle himself in some way of living, was inclined to take orders. However, although his fortune was very small, he had a scruple of entering into the church merely for support, and Sir William Temple, then being master of the Rolls in Ireland, offered him an employ of about 120*l.* a year in that office; whereupon Mr. Swift told him, that since he had now an opportunity of living without being driven into the church for a maintenance, he was recommended to the Lord Capel, then Lord Deputy, who gave him a prebend in the north, worth about 100*l.* a year, of which growing weary in a few months, he returned to England, resigned his living in favour of a friend, and continued in Sir William Temple's house till the death of that great man, who, besides a legacy, left him the care and trust and advantage of publishing his posthumous writings.

Upon this event Mr. Swift removed to London, and applied by petition to King William, upon the claim of a promise his majesty had made to Sir William Temple, that he would give Mr. Swift a prebend of Canterbury or Westminster. The Earl of Romney, who professed much friendship for him, promised to second his petition; but as he was an old, vicious, illiterate rake, without any sense of truth or honour, said not a word to the king. And Mr. Swift, after long attendance in vain, thought it better to comply with an invitation, given him by the Earl of Berkeley to attend him to Ireland, as his chaplain and private secretary; his lordship having been appointed one of the lords-justices of that kingdom. He attended his lordship, who landed near Waterford, and Mr. Swift acted as secretary during the whole journey to Dublin. But another person had so insinuated himself into the earl's favour, by telling him that the post of secretary was not proper for a clergyman, nor would be of any advantage to one who only aimed at church preferments, that his lordship, after a poor apology, gave that office to the other.

In some months the deanery of Derry fell vacant; and it was the Earl of Berkeley's turn to dispose of it. Yet things were so ordered, that the secretary having received a bribe, the deanery was disposed of to another, and Mr. Swift was put off with some other church livings not worth above a third part of that rich deanery, and at this present not a sixth. The excuse pretended was his being too young, although he were then thirty years old.

Extract of authentic particulars respecting the parents of Dean Swift, from Counsellor Duhigg's History of the King's Inn, Dublin, 1806, p. 216.

"The reader must at last be relieved from the languid dullness of King's Inns extracts, and the observations which accompany them, by an illustration of a matter which ascertains the birth of so great a genius, and as unbending a patriot, as ever graced this country: it also recognizes the account given by that eminent man of his family and parentage, supported by an undoubted document of his father. In 1665, Jonathan Swift memorials the bench for the office of steward, or under-treasurer, modestly stating, that he was qualified for the employment, by being an assistant to Mr. Wale, who lately filled that situation. He further set forth, *that his father and whole family were loyal, and faithfully served his majesty, as well as Charles I., by which they were great sufferers.* That gentleman was admitted an utenary, and member of the King's Inns, Hilary Term, 1665, in the following terms: 'Jonathan Swift, gentleman, was admitted into the society of the house, and hath paid for his admission (the usual fee) 13*s.* 4*d.*, on the 26th of January, 1664-5.' On the 25th of January, 1665-6, he was appointed steward, or under-treasurer, and afterwards authorized to receive from the members the pensions and cast commons for the benefit of Mrs. Wale, widow to the preceding steward.

"On the 25th of April, 1667, Mr. Swift's untimely death caused a similar application from his afflicted widow to the Bench, that they may authorize her brother-in-law, Mr. William Swift to collect the arrear due to her husband. Her request was acceded to with becoming promptitude. Such order had a proper effect: however, 12*l.*, and upwards, remained upon settlement due from her husband to the society, and 100*l.* from the members of that society to Mr. Swift, of which 76*l.*, and upwards, was due by the guests who dined at the Bench table. The legal reader will wish to hear the rule of that grave, learned, and religious body.

* This happened in the year 1693, when the bill for triennial parliaments was rejected, not by the king, but by the House of Commons.

It was not to advance the 100*l.* to this unfortunate woman, nor manfully to discharge the acknowledged debt of their own defaulters, but to choose, out of the arrears due to the Bench table, a sum to balance her account of 12*l.*, and to recommend a further payment from the body at large.

"The birth of our great countryman shall be now ascertained beyond cavil or doubt. He was born on the 30th of November, 1667; and in the following month of January, his mother renews a complaint of arrears to the Bench, with a pathetic representation of her necessary distress. How many contradictions were heretofore reconciled to make him a native of Leicester: his mother must be presumed to travel post, and at ease, for the purpose of appearing at the King's Inns in five weeks from her lying-in. All this is to be believed in preference to his own account, or the attestation of a respectable friend. However, fancy or falsehood must, I believe, yield to recorded truth, which would be settled beyond contradiction, if abstracts of King's Inns accounts had been printed during the Dean's life, which laudable custom has been only adopted from the year 1797. Let an integrity similar to Swift's mark future anecdotes, and the preceding circumstances ascertain his birth, the profession of his father, and honest, but unmerited adversity of the surviving parent. It was her aggravated misfortune to solicit an unfeeling group, whose sable records attest a more prompt disposition to support fraud and encourage tyranny, than to render justice, or to relieve with sensibility the orphan and widow's forlorn sigh.

"Meantime personal distress multiplied, and deprived her illustrious offspring of maternal care; for we are told, in the life of Swift, that he was nursed by a Whitehaven woman, who was not paid by his impoverished parent, but, feeling the accustomed affection attached to her situation, carried the infant with her to England. This authentic memorial may satisfy the doubts, or remove the scepticism so artfully raised, and industriously circulated, about the time and place of his birth, or the situation of the family. Ireland is satiated with the brave, honest, and enlightened natives who have undoubtedly adorned her calendar. Swift had neither vanity nor meanness sufficient to deny his country. His classic and accomplished friend, Dr. Sheridan, has confirmed this fact; an authority sufficient to outweigh, by character and situation, a host of venal or interested biographers."

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*Certificate of Dr. Swift's Degree; taken at Dublin and sent to Oxford.**

[Swift has himself stated, in the foregoing memoir, that he was admitted to his degree, in a manner little to his credit, called in that college *speciali gratia*. No such words appear on the following *testimonia*; which is not surprising, since, if I rightly understand Dr. Barrett, certainly the best possible authority upon the point, the phrase *per specialem gratiam* is never inserted in such certificates, which barely contain the fact that the degree has been duly taken. The words used by Swift are rather perhaps to be understood historically, than literally and formally, and only mean in general, that he gained his degree rather by favour than merit, though no such entry was placed upon the register. But as Swift, during all this memoir, appears to have had his memory sufficiently accurate, as to the passages of his early life, (a circumstance very common where the memory has failed in later events,) it was impossible for a biographer to refuse his evidence respecting a particular, which no one would willingly invent respecting himself.]

Omnibus quorum interest salutem. Nos præpositus sociique seniores Collegii Sacro sanctæ et individuæ Trinitatis juxta Dublin, testamur Jonathan Swift, die decimo quinto Februarii 1685, gradum baccalaureatus in artibus suscepisse, præstito prius fidelitatis erga regiam majestatem juramento. Quod de predicto testimonium, subscriptis singulorum nominibus, et collegii sigillo quo in hisce utimur, confirmandum curavimus. Datum die tertio Maii 1692.

Robert Huntington, Præpos. L.S.
St. George Ashe.
Richard Reader.
George Brown.
Benjamin Scraggs.

Quibus in venerabili congregatione magistrorum regentium, 14 die Junii 1692 habitâ, publicatis, Jonathan Swift (gratiâ prius petitâ et concessâ) ad eundem gradum, statum, et dignitatem, admissus fuit apud Oxonienses, quibus insignitus erat apud suos Dublinienses.

Jonathan Swift, M.A.
Hart Hall, July 5, 1692.

10 Nov. 1753.
Vera copia,
Rte. Rawlinson.

Lib. Convocat, ab anno 1683, *ad ann.* 1698.

4 Julii, 1692. Whereas Thomas Swift, a complete Bachelor of Arts of the University of Dublin and now of Baliol, has been incorporated and admitted to the same degree in the university, since which time he has performed all the exercises required by the statutes for the taking the degree of Master of Arts, saving only that of determining in Lent, which he humbly prays may, by the favour of the University, be dispensed with, in regard the exercise cannot be done at this time of the year, and it will be of some concern to him to be admitted to be a candidate for the degree of Master of Arts this term; and whereas Jonathan Swift, a complete Bachelor of Arts in the university of Dublin, and now of Hart Hall, being under the same circumstances, and petitioning for the same favour; We, according to the power of the Chancellor delegated to us in that behalf, do hereby give our consent, that both their requests be communicated to the heads of houses, and proposed in convocation. Given under our hands and seals the [fourth day] of July, 1692.

Jonathan Edwards, Vice. Can.
Fitzherbert Adams.
Ra. Bathurst.

* Extracted from the Congregation-Book by the Rev. Mr. Francis Wise, B.D. keeper of the archives of the University of Oxford and F.S.A. communicated by Richard Rawlinson, LL.D. and F.R. et Aut. S.V.P.

APPENDIX NO. II.

DR. SWIFT'S WILL, WITH THE CODICIL ANNEXED.

The documents are preserved in the Prerogative office, Henrietta Street, Dublin. The will is written upon vellum, by the Dean's own hand. The codicil, which is now published for the first time, is upon paper. It is not in the Dean's hand-writing, excepting the date and signature. The following to Mrs. Whiteway, never before published, forms an introduction to the will.]

A Letter of the Dean to Mrs. Whiteway, endorsed by him, "March 26, 1737, Directions to Mrs. Whiteway."

As soon as you are assured of my death, whether it shall happen to be in town or the country, I desire you will go immediately to the Deanery; and if I die in the country, I desire you will send down a strong coffin, to have my body brought to town, and deposited in any dry part of St. Patrick's Cathedral. Then you are to take my keys, and find my will, and send for as many of my executors as are in town, and in presence of three of them have my will read; and what you see therein that relates to yourself, and is to take place after my death, you are to do in their presence, first delivering my keys to my executors, and then demanding those keys to search where my ready money lies, and take it for your own use, as my will empowers you. But upon their notes you are to lend the money to them, for the charges of my funeral, as directed in my will. Then you are to see that one or more of my said executors shall order my plate and household goods, and other things of value, and what are lockt up in my scrutoires, cabinets, &c. to be entered in a list, and secured in their several places, for my executors to dispose of them as my will provides.

You are likewise to deliver the keys of all the rooms, cellars, &c. to my said executors, and often to entreat them to come to the Deanery, and pursue the directions in my will, &c.

Deanery House, March 25, 1737. JONATH. SWIFT.

You are to deliver my executors all my bonds, mortgages, and papers relating to money, &c. when they shall have agreed where to deposit them with security, taking their receipts.

Deanery House, March 25, 1737. JONATH. SWIFT.*

In the name of God, Amen. I, JONATHAN SWIFT, Doctor in Divinity, and Dean of the Cathedral Church of St. Patrick, Dublin, being at this present of sound mind, although weak in body, do here make my last will and testament, hereby revoking all my former wills.

Imprimis, I bequeath my soul to God, (in humble hopes of his mercy through Jesus Christ,) and my body to the earth. And I desire that my body may be buried in the great aisle of the said cathedral, on the south side, under the pillar next to the monument of Primate Narcissus Marsh, three days after my decease, as privately as possible, and at twelve o'clock at night, and that a black marble of feet square, and seven feet from the ground, fixed to the wall, may be erected, with the following inscription in large letters, deeply cut, and strongly gilded.†

Item, I give and bequeath to my executors, all my worldly substance, of what nature or kind soever, (except such part thereof as is herein after particularly devised,) for the following uses and purposes, that is to say, to the intent that they, or the survivors or survivor of them, his executors, or administrators, as soon as conveniently may be after my death, shall turn it all into ready money, and lay out the same in purchasing lands of inheritance in fee simple, situate in any province in Ireland, except Connaught, but as near to the city of Dublin as conveniently can be found, and not encumbered with, or subject to, any leases for lives renewable, or any terms, for years longer than thirty-one; and I desire that a yearly annuity of twenty pounds sterling, out of the annual profits of such lands, when purchased, and out of the yearly income of my said fortune, devised to my executors, as aforesaid, until such purchase shall be made, shall be paid to Rebecca Dingley, of the city of Dublin, spinster, during her life, by two equal half yearly payments, on the feast of All Saints, and St. Philip, and St. Jacob, the first payment to be made on such of the said feasts as shall happen next after my death. And that the residue of the yearly profits of the said lands, when purchased, and until such purchase be made, the residue of the yearly income and interest of my said fortune devised as aforesaid, to my executors, shall be laid out in purchasing a piece of land, situate near Dr. Steevens' hospital, or, if it cannot be there had, somewhere in or near the city of Dublin, large enough for the purposes herein after mentioned, and in building thereon a hospital large enough for the reception of as many idiots and lunatics as the annual income of the said lands and worldly substance shall be sufficient to maintain; and I desire that the said hospital may be called St. Patrick's Hospital, and may be built in such a manner, that another building may be added unto it, in case the endowment thereof shall be enlarged; so that the additional building may make the whole edifice regular and complete. And my further will and desire is, that when the said hospital shall be built, the whole yearly income of the said lands and estate shall, for ever after, be laid out in providing victuals, clothing, medicines, attendance, and all other necessaries for such idiots and lunatics as shall be received into the same; and in repairing and enlarging the building from time to time, as there may be occasion. And, if a sufficient number of idiots and lunatics cannot readily be found, I desire that incurables may be taken into the said hospital to supply such deficiency; but that no person shall be admitted into it, that labours under any infectious disease; and that all such idiots, lunatics, and incurables, as shall be received into the said hospital, shall constantly live and reside therein, as well in the night as in the day; and that the salaries of agents, receivers, officers, servants, and attendants, to be employed in the business of the said hospital, shall not in the whole exceed one-fifth part of the clear yearly income or revenue thereof. And I further desire, that my executors, the survivors or survivor of them, or the heirs of such, shall not have power to demise any part of the said lands so to be purchased as aforesaid, but with consent of the Lord Primate, the Lord High Chancellor, the Lord Archbishop of Dublin, the Dean of Christ-church, the Dean of St. Patrick's, the Physician to the State, and the Surgeon-General, all for the time being, or the greater part of them, under their hands in writing; and that no leases of any part of the said lands shall ever be made other than leases for years not exceeding thirty-one, in possession, and not in reversion or remainder, and not dispunishable of waste, whereon shall be reserved the best and most improved rents, that can reasonably and moderately, without racking the tenants, be gotten for the same, without fine. Provided always, and it is my will and earnest desire, that no lease of any part of the said lands, so to be purchased as aforesaid, shall ever be made to, or in trust for, any person any way concerned in the execution of this trust, or to, or in trust for, any person any way related or allied, either by consanguinity or affinity, to any of the persons who shall at that time be concerned in the execution of this trust: and that, if any leases shall happen to be made contrary to my intention above expressed, the same shall be utterly void, and of no effect. And I further desire, until the charter herein after mentioned shall be obtained, my executors, or the survivors or survivor of them, his heirs, executors, or administrators, shall not act in the execution of this trust, but with the consent and approbation of the said seven additional trustees, or the greater part of them, under their hands in writing, and shall, with such consent and approbation as aforesaid, have power, from time to time, to make rules, orders, and regulations, for the government and direction of the said hospital. And I make it my request to my said executors, that they may, in convenient time, apply to his Majesty for a charter to incorporate them, or such of them, as shall be then living, and the said additional trustees, for the better management and conduct of this charity, with a power to purchase lands; and to supply, by election, such vacancies happening in the corporation, as shall not be supplied by succession, and such other powers as may be thought expedient for the due execution of this trust, according to my intention here in before expressed. And, when such charter shall be obtained, I desire that my executors, or the survivors or survivor of them, or the heirs of such survivor, may convey, to the use of such corporation, in fee simple, for the purposes aforesaid, all such lands and tenements as shall be purchased, in manner above mentioned. Provided always, and it is my will and intention, that my executors, until the said charter, and afterwards the corporation, to be hereby incorporated, shall, out of the yearly profits of the said lands when purchased, and out of the yearly income of my said fortune devised to my executors as aforesaid, until such purchase be made, have power to reimburse themselves for all such sums of their own money, as they shall necessarily expend in the execution of this trust. And that, until the said charter be obtained, all acts which shall at any time be done in the execution of the trust by the greater part of my executors then living, with the consent of the greater part of the said additional trustees, and their hands in writing, shall be as valid and effectual as if all my executors had concurred in the same.

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* It is singular, that among the papers so strangely recovered by Mr. Smith, there is a formal direction to Mrs. Whiteway, of the same tenor in most particulars as that which is preserved in the records, but differing in several others, and particularly in assigning the Church of Holyhead for Swift's place of sepulture. There is some difference also in the list of executors, which, perhaps, arose from the Dean's increasing defect of memory.

TO MRS. MARTHA WHITEWAY.

As soon as Mrs. Whiteway hears of my decease, she is to come immediately to the Deanery, and first take all the keys of my cabinets, and seal them up in a place, in the presence of Mrs. Anne Ridgeway, Roger Kenrick, my verger, and Henry Laird, if any of them be then alive, and in the neighbourhood. Then Mrs. Whiteway is to send for as many of my executors as are in town; and opening my scrutoires, deliver them my will, and let one of the said executors read my will and codicils: There should be three of my executors present at least; they are all in number nine. Then, Mrs. Whiteway is to take all the ready money she can find, if there be two hundred pounds, but no more, which likewise she may lend to the said executors upon their notes. In case I should happen to have not cash enough, or bankers' bills, to pay the charges of transporting my body to Holyhead, and for my burial in the church of that town, as directed in my will, then she is to assist my executors in sending my plate to some banker, together with my valuable curiosities, which she knows where to find, many of which are bequeathed to John Whiteway, younger son of Mrs. Martha Whiteway, and sent to the said Martha to be kept for the use of her said son, except some books bequeathed in my said will or codicils.

I have written the names of my executors in the page on the right hand of this paper.

Mrs. Whiteway is to secure the broad paper-book in quarto, wherein the debts due to me, and debts I owe, entered to this present month of April 1737—seven, together with the whole state of my fortune, as debts, mortgages, &c., and plate, and valuable curiosities, household goods, arrears of tythes, and interest, &c., which my executors are to have a copy of; and Mrs. Whiteway knows where to find all my mortgages, bonds, &c., which she is to give to my said executors, taking their receipt, in order to receive the several interests or principals to purchase lands, as declared in my last will, which when my said executors have entered in form in the proper courts, they are humbly desired to fulfil as soon as they conveniently can. Signed and sealed, April 22d, 1737—seven,

Witnesses present. JONATHAN SWIFT.

Anne Ridgeway. Alex. Broneers.

[Names of the Executors.]

Robert Lindsay, Justice in the Common Pleas.	Eton Stannard, Recorder.
	Robert Grattan, of St. Audoens.
Henry Singleton, Prime Serjeant.	James Grattan, of St. Nick Within.
Doctor Delany.	James Stopford, of Finglass.
Richard Helsham, M.D.	James King, of St. Brides.

[On the back of this letter.]

* For Mrs. Whiteway to read, and keep when finished.—Codicils. April 16, 1737.

† For this inscription, see p. 77.

Item, Whereas I have purchased the inheritance of the tithes of the parish of Effernock, near Trim, in the county of Meath, for two hundred and sixty pounds sterling: I bequeath the said tithes to the vicars of Laracor, for the time being, that is to say, so long as the present Episcopal religion shall continue to be the national established faith and profession in this kingdom: but, whenever any other form of Christian religion shall become the established faith in this kingdom, I leave the said tithes of Effernock to be bestowed, as the profits come in, to the poor of the said parish of Laracor, by a weekly proportion, and by such other officers as may then have the power of distributing charities to the poor of the said parish, while Christianity under any shape shall be tolerated among us, still excepting professed Jews, atheists, and infidels.

Item, Whereas I have some leases of certain houses in Kevin's-street, near the Deanery-house, built upon the Dean's ground, and one other house, now inhabited by Henry Land, in Deanery-lane alias Mitre-alley, some of which leases are let for forty-one years, or forty at least, and not yet half expired, I bequeath to Mrs. Martha Whiteway, my lease or leases of the said houses; I also bequeath to the said Martha, my lease, of forty years, of Goodman's Holding, for which I receive ten pounds *per annum*; which are two houses or more lately built; I bequeath also to the said Martha, the sum of three hundred pounds sterling, to be paid her by my executors out of my ready money, or bank-bills, immediately after my death, as soon as the executors meet. I leave, moreover to the said Martha, my repeating gold watch, my yellow tortoise-shell snuff-box, and her choice of four gold rings, out of seven, which I now possess.

Item, I bequeath to Mrs. Mary Swift, alias Harrison, daughter of the said Martha, my plain gold watch made by Quare, to whom also I give my Japan writing-desk, bestowed to me by my Lady Worsley, my square tortoise-shell snuff-box, richly lined and inlaid with gold, given to me by the right honourable Henrietta, now Countess of Oxford, and the seal with a Pegasus, given to me by the Countess of Granville.*

Item, I bequeath to Mr. Ffolliot Whiteway, eldest son of the aforesaid Martha, who is bred to be an attorney, the sum of sixty pounds, as also five pounds to be laid out in the purchase of such law-books as the honourable Mr. Justice Lyndsay, Mr. Stannard, or Mr. M'Aulay, shall judge proper for him.

Item, I bequeath to Mr. John Whiteway, youngest son of the said Martha, who is to be brought up a surgeon, the sum of one hundred pounds, in order to qualify him for a surgeon, but under the direction of his mother: which said sum of one hundred pounds is to be paid to Mrs. Whiteway, in behalf of her said son John, out of the arrears which shall be due to me from my church livings, (except those of the deanery tithes, which are now let to the Rev. Doctor Wilson,) as soon as the said arrears can be paid to my executors. I also leave the said John five pounds to be laid out in buying such physical or chirurgical books as Doctor Grattan and Mr. Nichols shall think fit for him.

Item, I bequeath to Mrs. Anne Ridgeway, now in my family, the profits of the leases of two houses let to John Cownly, for forty years, of which only eight or nine have expired, for which the said Cownly payeth me nine pounds sterling for rent, yearly. I also bequeath to the said Anne, the sum of one hundred pounds sterling, to be paid her by my executors, in six weeks after my decease, out of whatever money or bank-bills I may possess when I die; as also three gold rings, the remainder of the seven above mentioned, after Mrs. Whiteway hath made her choice of four: and all my small pieces of plate, not exceeding in weight one ounce and one third part of an ounce.

Item, I bequeath to my dearest friend Alexander Pope, of Twickenham, Esq., my picture in miniature, drawn by Zinck, of Robert, late earl of Oxford.

Item, I leave to Edward, now earl of Oxford, my seal of Julius Cæsar, as also another seal, supposed to be a young Hercules, both very choice antiques, and set in gold; both which I choose to bestow to the said Earl, because they belonged to her late most excellent Majesty Queen Anne, of ever glorious, immortal, and truly pious memory, the real nursing-mother of her kingdoms.

Item, I leave to the Reverend Mr. James Stopford, Vicar of Finglass, my picture of King Charles the First, drawn by Vandyck, which was given to me by the said James; also, my large picture of birds, which was given to me by Thomas, Earl of Pembroke.

Item, I bequeath to the Reverend Mr. Robert Grattan, Prebendary of St. Audoen's, my gold bottle-screw, which he gave me; and my strong-box, on condition of his giving the sole use of said box to his brother, Dr. James Grattan, during the life of the said Doctor, who hath more occasion for it, and the second best beaver hat I shall die possessed of.

Item, I bequeath to Mr. John Grattan, Prebendary of Clonmethan, my silver box in which the freedom of the city of Cork was presented to me; in which I desire the said John to keep the tobacco he usually cheweth, called pigtail.

Item, I bequeath all my horses and mares to the Reverend Mr. John Jackson, Vicar of Santry, together with all my horse furniture: lamenting that I had not credit enough with any chief governor (since the change of times) to get some additional church preferment for so virtuous and worthy a gentleman. I also leave him my third best beaver hat.

Item, I bequeath to the Reverend Doctor Francis Wilson, the works of Plato, in three folio volumes, the Earl of Clarendon's History in three folio volumes, and my best Bible; together with the fifteen small Persian pictures in the drawing-room, and the small silver tankard given to me by the contribution of some friends, whose names are engraved at the bottom of the said tankard.

Item, I bequeath to the Earl of Orrery, the enamelled silver tickets to distinguish bottles of wine by, given to me by his excellent lady, and the half-length picture of the late Countess of Orkney in the drawing room.

Item, I bequeath to Alexander M'Aulay, Esq., the gold box in which the freedom of the city of Dublin was presented to me, as a testimony of the esteem and love I have for him on account of his great learning, fine natural parts, unaffected piety and benevolence, and his truly honourable zeal in defence of the legal rights of the clergy, in opposition to all their unprovoked oppressors.

Item, I bequeath to Deane Swift, Esq., my large silver standish, consisting of a large silver plate, an ink-pot, a sand-box and bell of the same metal.

Item, I bequeath to Mrs. Mary Barber, the medal of Queen Anne and Prince George, which she formerly gave me.

Item, I leave to the Rev. Mr. John Worrall my best beaver hat.

Item, I bequeath to the Reverend Doctor Patrick Delany, my medal of Queen Anne in silver, and on the reverse, the Bishops of England kneeling before her most sacred Majesty.

Item, I bequeath to the Reverend Mr. James King, Prebendary of Tipper, my large gilded medal of King Charles the First, and on the reverse, a crown of martyrdom, with other devices. My will, nevertheless, is, that if any of the above mentioned legatees should die before me, that then, and in that case, the respective legacies to them bequeathed, shall revert to myself, and become again subject to my disposal.

Item, Whereas I have the lease of a field in trust for me, commonly called the Vineyard,* let to the Reverend Doctor Francis Corbet, and the trust declared by the said Doctor; the said field, with some land on this side of the road, making in all about three acres, for which I pay yearly to the Dean and chapter of St. Patrick's * * * *

Whereas I have built a strong wall round the said piece of ground, eight or nine feet high, faced on the south aspect with brick, which cost me above six hundred pounds sterling: and likewise, another piece of ground as aforesaid, of half an acre, adjoining the burial-place, called the Cabbage-garden, now tenanted by William White, gardener: my will is, that the ground enclosed by the great wall may be sold for the remainder of the lease, at the highest price my executors can get for it, in belief and hopes, that the said price will exceed three hundred pounds at the lowest value: for which my successor in the Deanery shall have the first refusal: and it is my earnest desire, that the succeeding Deans and chapters may preserve the said Vineyard, and piece of land adjoining, where the said White now liveth, so as to be always in the hands of the succeeding Deans during their office, by each Dean lessening one fourth of the purchase money to each succeeding Dean, and for no more than the present rent.

And I appoint the Honourable Robert Lindsay, one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas: Henry Singleton, Esq., Prime Sergeant to his Majesty; the Reverend Doctor Patrick Delany, Chancellor of St. Patrick's: the Reverend Doctor Francis Wilson, Prebendary of Kilmactolway; Eaton Stannard, Esq., Recorder of the City of Dublin; the Reverend Mr. Robert Grattan, Prebendary of St. Audoen's; the Reverend Mr. John Grattan, Prebendary of Clonmethan: the Reverend Mr. James Stopford, Vicar of Finglass; the Reverend Mr. James King, Prebendary of Tipper; and Alexander M'Aulay, Esq.; my executors.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, and published and declared this as my last will and testament, this third day of May, one thousand seven hundred and forty.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

Signed, sealed, and published, by the above-named Jonathan Swift, *in presence of us, who have subscribed our names in his presence.*

Jo. Wynne. Jo. Rochfort. William Dunkin.

* This beautiful seal has been engraved for this edition of Swift's Works from a drawing by the ingenious Mr. Bankes of Dublin. The ring is a figure of Pegasus in gold, covered with white enamel: the wings, mane, ears, eyes, tail, and hoofs, (left) gold. The mount coloured with enamel, like stone; between the wings of Pegasus, there is a small gold ring by which it may be pendant.

The Apollo and Lyre are engraved (intaglio) on a very fine coloured cornelian; the workmanship very beautiful, but the design *French*.

CODICIL TO THE WILL OF DEAN SWIFT;

Which, it is believed, was never published in any edition of the Life or Works of the Dean of St. Patrick's.

[Dr. Barret, who has obligingly given me this copy, had not met with it when he published his "Essay on the Early Part of the Life of Swift."]

IN the name of God, Amen. I, JONATHAN SWIFT, Doctor in Divinity, and Dean of the Cathedral Church of St. Patrick's, Dublin, being weak in body, but sound in mind, do make this codicil part of my last will and testament, and do appoint this writing to have the same force and effect thereof.

Whereas the Right Honourable Theophilus, Lord Newtown, deceased, did, by his last will and testament, bequeath unto Anne Brent a legacy of twenty pounds sterling a year during her life, in consideration of the long and faithful service of her, the said Anne: And whereas the said Anne, since the death of the said Lord Newtown, did intermarry with Anthony Ridgeway, of the city

* Mrs. Pilkington's description of Naboth's Vineyard is probably correct, though the mode in which it is given may be apocryphal. "I'll send for your husband," said the Dean, "to dine with us, and in the meantime we'll go and take a walk in Naboth's vineyard."—"Where may that be, sir?" said she.—"Why, a garden," said the Dean, "I cheated one of my neighbours out of." When they entered the garden, or rather the field, which was square, and enclosed with a stone wall, the Dean asked her how she liked it? "Why, pray, sir," said she, "where is the garden?"—"Look behind you," said he. She did so; and observed the south wall was lined with brick, and a great number of fruit trees planted against it, which, being then in blossom, looked very beautiful. "What are you so intent on?" said the Dean.—"The opening bloom," replied she; which brought Waller's lines to her remembrance,

"Hope waits upon the flow'ry prime."

"Oh!" replied he, "you are in a poetical vein; I thought you had been taking notice of my wall. It is the best in Ireland. When the masons were building it, (as most tradesmen are rogues,) I watched them very close, and, as often as they could, they put in a rotten stone; of which, however, I took no notice, until they had built three or four perches beyond it. Now, as I am an absolute monarch in the liberties, and king of the rabble, my way with them was, to have the wall thrown down to the place where I observed the rotten stone; and by doing so five or six times, the workmen were at last convinced it was their interest to be honest."

of Dublin, cabinet maker; and that the said Anthony Ridgeway, and Anne his wife, for valuable considerations did grant and assign unto me, the said Dr. Swift, the said annuity or rent charge of twenty pound's sterling per annum, to hold to me, my executors, and administrators, during the life of the said Anne, and the said Anthony Ridgeway being since dead: Now I, the said Dr. Swift, do hereby devise and bequeath unto the Reverend Dr. John Wynne, Chanter of St. Patrick's, Dublin, the Reverend Mr. James King, Curate of St. Bridget's, Dublin, and the Reverend Dr. Francis Wilson, Prebendary of Kilmactolway, and the survivor or survivors of them, their heirs, executors, and administrators, the said annuity or yearly rent charge of twenty pounds sterling per annum, devised by the said Lord Nowtown to the said Anne, to have, receive, and enjoy the same, during the life of the said Anne, to the uses, intents, and purposes hereinafter specified; that is to say, it is my will, that my said trustees, and the survivor or survivors of them, his and their heirs, executors, and administrators, shall (so soon after they shall have received the annuity, or any part thereof, as conveniently they can) pay or cause to be paid unto the said Anne Ridgeway the said annuity of twenty pounds sterling per annum, during her life. In witness whereof, I, the said Dr. Jonathan Swift, have hereunto set my hand and seal, and published this codicil, as part of my last will and testament, this fifth day of March, 1740. JONATHAN SWIFT.

Signed, sealed, and published, in presence of us, who witnessed this codicil, in presence of the said testator.

John Lyon. William Dunkin. Roger Kendrick.

PRESENT STATE OF ST. PATRICK'S HOSPITAL.

It may be interesting to the reader to know something of the history and present state of the Hospital, for the foundation of which Swift bequeathed his fortune.

It has been observed in the Memoirs, that Oxmantown-Green was at one time proposed for the site of the intended asylum, (see p. 74.) But this plan was laid aside, and the building, as directed by Swift, in his will, was erected in the vicinity of Dr. Steevens' Hospital, adjoining to James'-street, in the city of Dublin. The Dean is said to have observed, that if it could be made to reach from thence to the Phœnix Park, there would be always a sufficient number of occupants.

The trustees were incorporated by charter, 5th August, 1746. The funds bequeathed by the Dean being found inadequate to complete the building on the scale intended, they were augmented by contributions and legacies of well-disposed persons, and in 1757, the asylum was opened for reception of patients. The building, as it stands at present, forms a parallelogram, of which one of the more narrow sides is still open. The Hospital consists of three stories: the female wards to the west of the building, ranging from south to north, and the wards for men toward the east, and ranging to the same points. The basement contains the offices necessary for the establishment. The cells are one hundred and sixty-nine in number, and the health of the unhappy patients is provided for by six separate galleries for exercise, which can be heated or ventilated according to the season of the year, and are kept in the highest order. These galleries open upon gardens and airing grounds, which the patients occupy when the nature of their cases will permit. I am informed, that the utmost order and cleanliness prevail throughout this asylum, and that the unfortunate inhabitants are, upon no occasion whatever, subjected to punishment or severity. The Hospital, like the Bedlam of London, was formerly open to the public, but no visitors are now admitted without a ticket from one of the governors.

In order to maintain this extensive establishment, it was found necessary to admit patients of the better ranks as boarders, at different rates, according to their circumstances. There are at present in the Hospital thirteen patients of the first class, at one hundred guineas per year; forty-one boarders of the second class, at sixty guineas per year; six respectable females maintained as boarders, but without expense; fifty-one paupers in the female, and fifty-two in the male wards;—amounting in all to one hundred and sixty-three patients.

From the funds bequeathed by the Dean, and by various other testators, particularly Sir Richard Levinge, Bart., Dr. Sterne, Bishop of Clogher, Reverend John Worrall, Dr. Joshua Pullen, and others, the endowment of the Trinity Hospital amounts to 2600*l.* a year. Various grants have been made by the Irish Parliament, amounting in all to 8600*l.*, for the purpose of discharging debt and enlarging the establishment. The annual expenditure of the Hospital amounts to 5500*l.* yearly, which is faithfully and judiciously laid out for the benevolent purposes of the institution.

These particulars are abridged from the information furnished to Mr. Hartstonge by the Rev. Dean Keating of St. Patrick's, whose unremitting attention to this excellent charity is beyond all praise, and by Mr. Campbell, the present Master of the Hospital, whose judicious and humane management ought not to be forgotten in this place.

THE CHARACTER OF DR. SWIFT, AFTER HIS DEATH.

October 21st, 1734.

On Saturday last, died, at the Deanery-
House in Kevin Street,
The Rev. JONATHAN SWIFT, D. D.
Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin:
The greatest genius that this or perhaps any other age
or nation ever produced.
His indefatigable application to study in his earlier
days, induced a total deprivation of his
understanding, in which state he has
continued for some years past.
His writings,
Which must be admired as long as the English
language continues to be understood,
Are remarkable for a vein of wit and humour,
Which runs through the whole of them without
exception, and which is not to be met with
in those of any other author.
His satire, though poignant, was intended rather to
reform than ridicule;
His manner was ever easy and natural;
His thoughts new and pleasing;
His style chaste and polished;
His verse smooth and flowing.
In his private character he was no less excellent;
His conversation was always pleasant and agreeable;
He was pious without hypocrisy,
Virtuous without austerity,
And beneficent without ostentation.
As he loved his country,
So he was ever watchful of its interest,
And zealous to promote it.
No wonder then,
That with these qualifications and endowments,
He became the delight of his countrymen,
And the admiration of foreigners.
In short, it may with justice be said,
That he was a great and good man,
An honour to his country and to human nature.

A PORTRAIT OF DR. SWIFT,

Presented to the University of Oxford, by the late John Barber, Esq., to placed in the Picture-Gallery there, with this Inscription:

IONATHAN SWIFT,
DECAN. S. PATRIC. DVBL.
EFFIGIEM VIRI MVSIS AMICISSIMI,
INGENIO PRORSVS SIBI PROPRIO CELEBERRIMI,
VT IPSVM SVIS OXONIENSIBVS ALIQVATENVS
REDONARET,
PARIETEM HABERE VOLVIT BODLEIANVM,
A. D. MDCCXXXIX,
IOHANNES BARBER, ARMIGER,
ALDERMANNVS,
NEC ITA PRIDEM PRAETOR LONDINENSIS.

In English:

JONATHAN SWIFT,
Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin.
This portrait of the Muses' friend,
Of a happy turn of wit, peculiar to himself,
That he might in some sort be restored to his Oxford
Friends,
Was placed in the wall of the Bodleian gallery,
A. D. MDCCXXXIX.
At the desire of JOHN BARBER, Esquire,
Alderman, and some time Lord Mayor of London.

Dr. Stopford, Bishop of Cloyne, who always acknowledged that he owed every step of his preferment entirely to Swift, paid the following tribute to the memory of his deceased friend and benefactor:—

"MEMORIÆ JONATH. SWIFT, S.

"QUEM vivum ex animo coluit, amico liceat mortuum deflere, atque hoc qualicunque fungi munere.

"A. C. 1745 Octobris die 19mo obiit JONATHAN SWIFT, Decanus Ecclesiæ Cathedralis Sancti Patricii Dublinensis; vixit annos septuaginta septem, decem menses, 19 dies.

"Vir, ultra quam homini concessum videtur, maximis ornatus virtutibus. Vires ingenii mirandæ potius, quam a quoquam exoptandæ; quas exercuit præcipue in politicis et poetica.

"Incorruptus inter pessimos mores; magni atque constantis animi; libertatis semper studiosissimus, atque nostri reipublicæ status, a Gothis quondam sapienter instituti, laudator perpetuus, propugnator acerrimus. Cujus tamen formam, ambitu et largitione adeo fædatam ut vix nunc dignosci possit, sæpius indignabundus plorabat.

"Patriæ amore flagrans, sortem Hiberniæ quoties deflevit, quoties laboranti subvenit, testes epistolæ illæ nunquam interituræ quibus, insulam miserè labantem, jamque juga alienas subeuntem erexit, confirmavit; impiis inimicorum conatibus fortiter fractis prostratis.

"Privatam si inspicias vitam, cum illo gratias, lepores, sale interiisse dicas; quibus suavissimè sermones conditi, summo tamen cum decore, utpote cui unicè propositum, quod verum, quod decens, amicis et civibus suis assiduè commendare.

"Nec levior flagitiorum vindex, fraudes, ambitionem, avaritiam dictis acerrimè laceravit, exemplo feliciter oppressit.

"Erga bonos comis, liberalis, pius, commodis amicorum anxius inservions; pro pauperibus semper sollicitus; quorum egestati hac urbe mirè consuluit, pecunia mutuo datâ infimis artificum, ratâ, eâque exiguâ portione, per septimanas rependenda, unde multi paupertati jam succumbentes, seso paulatim expediérunt.

"Idem, abstinentiæ exemplar antiquum, parcè atque duriter se familiarem administravit; quæque sibi inutiles sperpebat opes sodulo tamen comparatas, domui hospitali condendæ, moriens magnificè legavit; ubi idiotæ et lunatici, collati muneris ignari pie semper tractarentur.

"Hic vir, tantus talisque, qui vividis ingenii viribus longè genus humanum superabat, a civibus ingratis diu neglectus, magnatum invidiam sæpius, gratiam vix unquam expertus, triginta duos annos latuit in Hiberniâ, nullo ultra decanatum insignitus titulo; quod tamen illi pro votis accidisse inter amicos constat, quippe cui semper in ore erat; non tam referre, quo genere honorum ornatus, quam a quibus et inter quos.

"Tandem senio, atque intolerandis capitis doloribus confectus mente, memoria, sensu paulatim deficientibus, jamque penitus extinctis, per quatuor postremos vitæ annos, inter morentes suos cos mortuus vixit; quem tamen omni laude dignissimum vitæ consecrant divina ingenii lumina."

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES

OF

EMINENT NOVELISTS.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES, &c.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Biographical and Critical Sketches—for they claim no more important name—were written for the purpose of serving as prefaces to a Collection called *Ballantyne's Novelist's Library*; a work undertaken by the late Mr. JOHN BALLANTYNE, bookseller in Edinburgh, a person whom no one knew without being desirous to oblige him. It was carried on after his death by Messrs. HURST and ROBINSON of London, for the benefit, in some measure, of Mrs. BALLANTYNE, but is for the present suspended. It has since been thought advisable to publish the Preliminary Notices in the present connected form. It may be necessary to observe, that the Lives do not lay claim to the merit of much research, being taken from the most accessible materials; and that the Critical Opinions are such as have occurred without much or profound study to one, too much of whose time has been spent in that "delightful lande of faerie," the seducing realms of fictitious narrative.

ABBOTSFORD, 1st Sept. 1825.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

THE Life of this excellent man, and ingenious author, has been written, with equal spirit and candour, by Mrs. Barbauld, a name long dear to elegant literature, and is prefixed to her publication of the Author's Correspondence, published by Philips, in six volumes, in 1804. The leading circumstances of these simple annals are necessarily extracted from that performance, to which the present Editor has no means of adding anything of consequence.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON was born in Derbyshire, in the year 1689. His father, a joiner by profession, was one of many sons, sprung from a family of middling note, which had been so far reduced, that the children were brought up to mechanical trades. His mother was also decently descended, but an orphan, left such in infancy by the death of both her parents, cut off within half-an-hour of each other by the great pestilence in 1663. Her name is not mentioned. Old Richardson was connected by employment with the unhappy Duke of Monmouth, after whose execution he retired to Shrewsbury, apprehensive, perhaps, of a fate similar to that of College, his brother-in-trade, well known in those times by the title of the Protestant Joiner, who was executed for high treason in the reign of Charles II.

Having sustained severe losses in trade, the elder Richardson was unable to give his son Samuel more than a very ordinary education; and our author, who was to rise so high in one department of literature, was left unacquainted with any language excepting his own. Under all these disadvantages, and perhaps in some degree owing to their existence, young Richardson very early followed, with a singular bias, the course which was most likely to render his name immortal. We give his own words, for they cannot be amended:—

"I recollect, that I was early noted for having invention. I was not fond of play, as other boys: my school-fellows used to call me *Serious* and *Gravity*; and five of them particularly delighted to single me out, either for a walk, or at their fathers' houses, or at mine, to tell them stories, as they phrased it. Some I told them, from my reading, as true; others from my head, as mere invention; of which they would be most fond, and often were affected by them. One of them particularly, I remember, was for putting me to write a history, as he called it, on the model of Tommy Pots;* I now forget what it was, only that it was of a servant-man preferred by a fine young lady (for his goodness) to a lord, who was a libertine. All my stories carried with them, I am bold to say, a useful moral."†

But young Richardson found a still more congenial body of listeners among the female sex. An old lady, indeed, seems to have resented an admonitory letter, in which the future teacher of morals contrasted her pretensions to religion with her habitual indulgence in slander and backbiting; but with the young and sentimental his reception was more gracious. "As a bashful and not forward boy," he says, "I was an early favourite with all the young women of taste and reading in the neighbourhood. Half-a-dozen of them, when met to work with their needles, used, when they got a book they liked, and thought I should, to borrow me to read to them; their mothers sometimes with them; and both mothers and daughters used to be pleased with the observations they put me upon making. I was not more than thirteen, when three of these young women, unknown to each other, having a high opinion of my taciturnity, revealed to me their love-secrets, in order to induce me to give them copies to write after, or correct, for answers to their lovers' letters; nor did any one of them ever know that I was the secretary to the others. I have been directed to chide, and even repulse, when an offence was either taken or given, at the very time when the heart of the chider or repulser was open before me, overflowing with esteem and affection; and the fair repulser, dreading to be taken at her word, directing *this* word, or *that* expression, to be softened or changed. One, highly gratified with her lover's fervour, and vows of everlasting love, has said, when I have asked her direction, I cannot tell you what to write; but (her heart on her lips) you cannot write too kindly. All her fear was only, that she should incur slight for her kindness."‡

His father had nourished some ambitious views of dedicating young Richardson to the ministry, but, as his circumstances denied him the means of giving him necessary education, Samuel was destined to that profession most nearly connected with literature, and was bound apprentice to Mr. John Wilde, of Stationers' Hall, in the year 1706. Industrious as well as intelligent, regulated in his habits, and diverted by no head-strong passion from the strictest course of duty, Richardson made rapid progress in his employment as a printer.

"I served," he says, "a diligent seven years to it; to a master who grudged every hour to me that tended not to his profit, even of those times of leisure and diversion, which the refractoriness of my fellow-servants *obliged* him to allow them, and were usually allowed by other masters to their apprentices. I stole from the hours of rest and relaxation, my reading times for improvement of my mind; and, being engaged in a correspondence with a gentleman, greatly my superior in degree, and of ample fortune, who, had he lived, intended high things for me; those were all the opportunities I had in my apprenticeship to carry it on. But this little incident I may mention; I took care that even my candle was of my own purchasing, that I might not, in the most trifling instance, make my master a sufferer (and who used to call me the pillar of his house,) and not

* Tommy Potts is the name of an old ballad published in Ritson's Ancient Songs.

† Life of Richardson, vol. 1. p. 36, 37.

‡ Life of Richardson, vol. 1. p. 39, 40.

to disable myself, by watching or sitting-up, to perform my duty to him in the day time."*

The correspondence betwixt Richardson and the gentleman who had so well selected an object of patronage, was voluminous; but at the untimely death of his friend, it was, by his particular desire, consigned to the flames.

Several years more were spent in the obscure drudgery of the printing-house, ere Richardson took out his freedom, and set up as a master-printer. His talents for literature were soon discovered; and, in addition to his proper business, he used to oblige the booksellers, by furnishing them with prefaces, dedications, and such-like garnishing of the works submitted to his press. He printed several of the popular periodical papers of the day, and at length, through the interest of Mr. Onslow, the Speaker, obtained the lucrative employment of printing the Journals of the House of Commons, by which he must have reaped considerable advantages, although he occasionally had to complain of delay of payment on the part of government.

Punctual in his engagements, and careful in his superintendence of his business, fortune, and respect, its sure accompaniment, began to flow in upon Richardson. In 1754, he was chosen Master of the Stationers' Company; and in 1760, he purchased a moiety of the patent of printer to the King, which seems to have added considerable to his revenue. He was now a man in very easy circumstances; and, besides his premises in Salisbury Court, he enjoyed the luxury of a villa, first at North-End, near Hammersmith, afterwards at Parsons-green.

Richardson was twice married; first to Allington Wilde, his master's daughter, and after her death, in 1731, to the sister of James Leake, bookseller, who survived her distinguished husband. He has made a feeling commemoration of the family misfortunes which he sustained, in a letter to Lady Bradshaigh. "I told you, madam, that I have been married twice; both times happily: you will guess so, as to my first, when I tell you that I cherish the memory of my lost wife to this hour: and as to the second, when I assure you that I can do so without derogating from the merits of, or being disallowed by, my present, who speaks of her, on all occasions, as respectfully and affectionately as I do myself.

"By my first wife I had five sons and one daughter; some of them living, to be delightful prattlers, with all the appearances of sound health, lively in their features, and promising as to their minds; and the death of one of them, I doubt, accelerating, from grief, that of the otherwise laudably afflicted mother. I have had, by my present wife, five girls and one boy; I have buried of these the promising boy, and one girl: four girls I have living, all at present very good; their mother a true and instructing mother to them.

"Thus have I lost six sons (all my sons) and two daughters, every one of which, to answer your question, I parted with with the utmost regret. Other heavy deprivations of friends, very near, and very dear, have I also suffered. I am very susceptible, I will venture to say, of impressions of this nature. A father, an honest, worthy father, I lost by the accident of a broken thigh, snapped by a sudden jirk, endeavouring to recover a slip passing through his own yard. My father, whom I attended in every stage of his last illness, I long mourned for. Two brothers, very dear to me, I lost abroad. A friend, more valuable than most brothers, was taken from me. No less than eleven affecting deaths in two years! My nerves were so affected with these repeated blows, that I have been forced, after trying the whole *materia medica* and consulting many physicians, as the only palliative (not a remedy to be expected,) to go into a regimen; and, for seven years past, have I foreborne wine and flesh, and fish; and, at this time, I and all my family are in mourning for a good sister, with whom neither I would have parted, could I have had my choice. From these affecting dispensations, will you not allow me, madam, to remind an unthinking world, immersed in pleasures, what a life this is that they are so fond of, and to arm them against the affecting changes of it?"†

But this amiable and excellent man was not deprived of the most pleasing exercise of his affections, notwithstanding the breaches which had been made among his offspring. Four daughters survived to render those duties which the affectionate temper of their father rendered peculiarly precious to him. Mary was married during her father's lifetime to Mr. Ditcher, a respectable surgeon at Bath. His daughter Martha, who had been his principal amanuensis, became, after his decease, the wife of Edward Bridgen, Esq.; and Sarah married Mr. Crowther, surgeon, in Boswell's Court. Anne, a woman of a most amiable disposition, but whose weak health had often alarmed the affections of her parents, survived, nevertheless, her sisters as well as her parents. A nephew of Richardson's paid him, in his declining years, the duties of a son, and assisted him in the conducting of his business; which concludes all it is necessary to say concerning the descendants and connexions of this distinguished author.

The private life of Richardson has nothing to detain the biographer. We have mentioned the successive opportunities, which, cautiously yet ably improved, led him to eminence in his highly respectable profession, by that slow but secure progress, which has nothing in it to arrest attention, or to gratify curiosity. He was unceasingly industrious; led astray by no idle views of speculation, and seduced by no temptations to premature expenditure. Industry brought independence, and, finally, wealth in its train; and that well won fortune was husbanded with prudence, and expended with liberality. A kind and generous master, he was eager to encourage his servants to persevere in the same course of patient labour by which he had himself attained fortune; and it is said to have been his common practice to hide half a crown among the types, that it might reward the diligence of the workman who should first be in the office in the morning. His hospitality was of the most liberal, as well as the most judicious kind. One of his correspondents describes him as sitting at his door like an old patriarch, and inviting all who passed by to enter, and be refreshed;—and this, says Mrs. Barbauld, "whether they brought with them the means of amusing their host, or only required his kind notice and that of the family." He was generous and benevolent to distressed authors, a class of men with whom his profession brought him into contact; and had occasion, more than once, to succour Dr. Johnson during his days of poverty, and to assist his efforts to force himself into public notice. The domestic revolutions of his life, after mentioning the losses he had sustained in his family, may be almost summed up in two great events. He changed his villa, in which he indulged, like other wealthy citizens, from North-End to Parsons-Green: and his printing establishment, from the one side of Salisbury-Court to the other; which last alteration, he complains, did not meet Mrs. Richardson's approbation.

If we look yet closer into Richardson's private life, (and who loves not to know the slightest particulars concerning a man of his genius?) we find so much to praise, and so very little deserving censure, that we almost think we are reading the description of one of the amiable characters he has drawn in his own works. A love of the human species; a desire to create happiness and to witness it; a life undisturbed by passion, and spent in doing good; pleasures which centred in elegant conversation, in bountiful hospitality, in the exchange of all the kindly intercourse of life,—marked the warm and unsophisticated simplicity of the good man's character. He loved children, and knew the rare art of winning their attachment; for, partaking of that respect the sagacity of the canine race, they are not to be deceived by dissembling attention.

* Life of Richardson, vol I. p. 41, 42.

† Life of Richardson, vol. I. p. 48, 49, 50.

lady, who shared the hospitality of Richardson, and gives an excellent account of the internal regulations of his virtuous and orderly family, remembers creeping to his knee, and hanging on his words, as well as the good nature with which he backed her petitions, to be permitted to remain a little longer when she was summoned to bed, and his becoming her guarantee, that she would not require the servant's assistance to put her to bed, and to extinguish the candle. Trifling as these reflections may seem, they are pleasing proofs that the author of *Clarissa* was, in private life, the mild good man which we wish to suppose him.

The predominant failing of Richardson seems certainly to have been vanity; vanity naturally excited by his great and unparalleled popularity at home and abroad, and by the continual and concentrated admiration of the circle in which he lived. Such a weakness finds root in the mind of every one who has obtained general applause, but Richardson, the gentleness of whose mind was almost feminine, was peculiarly succeptible of this feminine weakness, and he fostered and indulged its growth, which a man of firmer character would have crushed and restrained. The cup of Circe converted men into beasts; and that of praise, when deeply and eagerly drained, seldom fails to make wise men in some degree fools. There seems to have been a want of masculine firmness in Richardson's habits of thinking, which combined with his natural tenderness of heart in inducing him to prefer the society of women; and women, from the quickness of their feelings, as well as their natural desire to please, are always the admirers, or rather the indolaters, of genius, and generally its willing flatterers. Richardson was in the daily habit of seeing, conversing, and corresponding with many of the fair sex; and the unvaried, and, it would seem, the inexhaustible theme, was his own writings. Hence Johnson, whose lofty pride never suffered him to cherish the meaner foible of vanity, has passed upon Richardson, after a just tribute to his worth, the severe sentence recorded by Boswell:—"I only remember," says the biographer, "that Johnson expressed a high value for his talents and virtues: but that his perpetual study was to ward off petty inconveniences, and to procure petty pleasures; that his love of continual superiority was such, that he took care always to be surrounded by women who listened to him implicitly, and did not venture to contradict his opinions; and that his desire of distinction was so great, that he used to give large veils to Speaker Onslow's servants, that they might treat him with respect."* An anecdote, which seems to confirm Johnson's statement, is given by Boswell, on authority of a lady who was present when the circumstance took place. A gentleman who had lately been at Paris, sought, while in a large company at Richardson's villa at North-End, to gratify the landlord, by informing him that he had seen his *Clarissa* laying on the king's brother's table. Richardson observing that a part of the company were engaged in conversation apart, affected not to hear what had been said, but took advantage of the first general pause, to address the gentleman with—"Sir, I think you were saying something about"—and then stopped in a flutter of expectation; which his guest mortified, by replying, "A mere trifle, sir, not worth repeating."†

The truth seems to be, that Richardson, by nature shy, and of a nervous constitution, limited also by a very narrow education, cared not to encounter in conversation with those rougher spirits of the age, where criticism might have had too much severity in it. And he seems to have been reserved even in the presence of Johnson, though bound to him by obligation, and although that mighty aristarch professed to have the talent of "making him reare," and of calling forth his powers. Nor does he appear to have associated much with any of the distinguished geniuses of the age, saving Dr. Young, with whom he corresponded late in life. Aaron Hill, who patriotically endeavoured to make him a convert to wines of British manufacture; and Mr. Edwards, author of the *Canons of Criticism*, though both clever men, do not deserve to be mentioned as exceptions.

The society of Richardson was limited to a little circle of amiable and accomplished persons, who were contented to allow a central position to the author of *Clarissa*, and to revolve around him in inferior orbits. The families of Highmore and Duncombe produce more than one individual of this description; and besides Mrs. Donellan, and the Miss Fieldings, whom Richardson loved, notwithstanding the offences of their brother, there was a Miss Mulso, Miss Westcombe, and other ladies besides, full of veneration for the kind instructer, whom they were permitted to term their adopted father. Mrs. Charlotte Lennox was also a regular visiter at Parsons-Green, and scarce could remember a visit in which her host had not rehearsed at least one, but probably two or three, voluminous letters, if he found her in the humour of listening with attention.

While *Clarissa* and *Sir Charles Grandison* were in progress, Richardson used to read a part of his labours to some of this chosen circle every morning, and receive, it may readily be supposed, a liberal tribute of praise, with a very moderate portion of criticism. Miss Highmore, who inherited a paternal taste for painting, has recorded one of those scenes in a small drawing, where Richardson, in a morning-gown and cap, is introduced reading the manuscript of *Sir Charles Grandison* to such a little group.

This was all very amiable, though perhaps bordering on an effeminate love of flattery and applause; but it must be owned that our author disdained no flattery from less pure hands than those of his ordinary companions. We will not dwell upon poor Letitia Pilkington, whose wants, rather than her extravagant praises, may be supposed to have conciliated the kindness of Richardson, notwithstanding the infamy of her character: but we are rather scandalized that the veteran iniquity of old Cibber should not have excluded him from the intimacy of the virtuous Richardson, and that the gray profligate could render himself acceptable to the author of *Sir Charles Grandison* by such effusions of vulgar vivacity as the following, which we cannot forbear inserting:—"I have just finished the sheets you favoured me with; but never found so strong a proof of your sly ill-nature, as to have hung me up upon tenters till I see you again. Z—ds! I have not patience, till I know what's become of her.—Why, you! I don't know what to call you!—Ah! ah! you may laugh if you please: but how will you be able to look me in the face, if the lady should ever be able to show *hers* again? What piteous, d—d, disgraceful pickle have you plunged her in? For God's sake send me the sequel; or—I don't know what to say!"‡—Yet another delectable quotation from the letters of that merry old good-for-nothing, which, as addressed by a rake of the theatre to the most sentimental author of the age, and as referring to one of his favourite and most perfect characters, is, in its way, a matchless specimen of elegant vivacity.—"The delicious meal I made of Miss Byron on Sunday last, has given me an appetite for another slice of her, off from the spit, before she is served up to the public table; if about five o'clock to-morrow afternoon will not be inconvenient, Mrs. Brown and I will come and piddle upon a bit more of her: but pray let your whole family

* *Life of Richardson*, Vol. I. p. clxxi. clxxii.—This character was given at the house of a respectable Scottish Judge now no more, who was so great an admirer of *Sir Charles Grandison*, that he was said to have read that work over once every year in the course of his life.

† Johnson himself felt pride on finding his Dictionary in Lord Scandale's dressing-room, and pointed it out to his friend, with the classical quotation, *Quæ terra nostri non plena laboris*. Yet, under correction of both these great authors, the more substantial fame is to find a popular work, not in the closet of the great, who buy every book which bears a name, but in the cabinets of the poor, who must have made some sacrifice to effect the purchase.

‡ Correspondence of Richardson, vol. II. p. 172, 173.

with Mrs. Richardson at the head of them, come in for their share."*

An appetite for praise, and an over-indulgence of that appetite, not only teaches an author to be gratified with the applause of the unworthy, and to prefer it to the censure of the wise, but it leads to the less pardonable error of begrudging others their due share of public favour. Richardson was too good, too kind a man to let literary envy settle deep in his bosom, yet an overweening sense of his own importance seems to have prevented his doing entire justice to the claims of those who might be termed his rivals. He appears to have been rather too prone to believe ill of those authors, against whose works exceptions, in point of delicacy, might justly be taken. He has inserted in his Correspondence an account of Swift's earlier life, highly injurious to the character of that eminent writer, and which the industry of Dr. Barrett has since shown to be a gross misrepresentation. The same tone of feeling has made him denounce, with the utmost severity, the indecorum of *Tristram Shandy*, without that tribute of applause which, in every view of the case, was so justly due to the genius of the author, and which would have come with particular propriety from Richardson, himself a master of the pathetic style of composition. Richardson seems also to have joined Aaron Hill in the cuckoo-song, that Pope had written himself out;—and, finally, the dislike which he manifests towards Fielding, though it originated in a gratuitous insult on the part of the latter, breaks out too often, and is too anxiously veiled under an affectation of charity and candour, not to lead us to suspect that the author of *Tom Jones* was at least as obnoxious to Richardson through the success, as from the alleged immorality, of his productions. It would have been generous in the wealthier and happier of those competitors for public fame, to have reflected, that, while his own bark lay safe in harbour, or was wafted on by the favouring gale of applause, his less fortunate rival had to struggle with the current and the storm. But as this disagreeable subject will be found canvassed in Fielding's Life, we will not further dwell on it here. Of all pictures of literary life, that which exhibits two men, of transcendent, though different talents, engaged in the depreciation of each other, is most humbling to human nature, most unpleasing to a candid and enlightened reader. Excepting against Fielding, Richardson seems to have nourished no positive literary feud. But it is to be regretted, that, in his Correspondence, we find few traces that he either loved or admired contemporary genius.

It may appear invidious to dwell thus long on a sufficiently venial speck in a character so fair and amiable. But it is no useless lesson to show, that a love of praise, and a feeling of literary emulation, not to say vanity, foibles pardonable in themselves, and rarely separated, from the poetical temperament, lead to consequences detrimental to the deserved reputation of the most ingenious author, and the most worthy man, as a dead fly will pollute the most precious unguent. Every author, but especially those who cultivate the lighter kinds of literature, should teach themselves the stern lesson, that their art must fall under the frequent censure, *Non est tanti*; and, for this reason, they should avoid, as they would the circle of Alcina, that sort of society, who so willingly form around every popular writer an atmosphere of assentation and flattery, and represent his labours as a matter of great consequence to the world, and his popularity as a matter to be defended on all occasions, and against all rivals.

Dismissing these considerations we cannot omit to state, that Richardson's correspondence with one of his most intelligent and enthusiastic admirers, commenced, and was for some time carried on, in a manner which might have formed a pleasing incident in one of the author's own romances. This was Lady Bradshaigh, the wife of Sir Roger Bradshaigh, of Haigh, in Lancashire, whose very considerable talent, and ardent taste for literature, had to contend with the prejudices which in those days seem to have rendered it ridiculous for a lady of rank and fashion, the wife of a country gentleman of estate and consideration, to enter into correspondence with a professed author. To gratify the strong propensity she felt to engage in literary intercourse with an author of Richardson's distinction, Lady Bradshaigh had recourse to the romantic expedient of commencing the correspondence with him under an assumed name. Thus, with all the precautions against discovery which are sometimes resorted to for less honest purposes, Richardson and his incognita maintained a close exchange of letters, until they seem on both sides to have grown desirous of becoming personally known to each other; and the author was induced to walk in the Park at a particular hour, and to send an accurate description of his person, that his fair correspondent might be able, herself unknown, to distinguish him from the vulgar herd of passengers. The following portrait exhibits all the graphical accuracy with which the author was accustomed to detail the appearance of his imaginary personages, and is at the same time very valuable, as it describes the external appearance of a man of genius, in whom great powers of observing life and manners were combined with bashful and retired habits.

"I go through the park," says Richardson, "once or twice a week to my little retirement; but I will, for a week together, be in it every day three or four hours, at your command, till you tell me you have seen a person who answers to this description; namely, Short; rather plump than emaciated, notwithstanding his complaints; about five foot five inches; fair wig; lightish cloth coat, all black besides; one hand generally in his bosom, the other a cane in it, which he leans upon under the skirts of his coat usually, that it may imperceptibly serve him as a support, when attacked by sudden tremours or startings, and dizziness, which too frequently attack him, but, thank God, not so often as formerly; looking directly fore-right, as passers-by would imagine, but observing all that stirs on either hand of him without moving his short neck; hardly ever turning back; of a light brown complexion; teeth not yet failing him; smoothish-faced, and ruddy-cheeked: at sometimes looking to be about sixty-five, at other times much younger; a regular even pace, stealing away ground, rather than seeming to rid it: a gray eye, too often over clouded by mistinesses from the head; by chance lively; very lively it will be, if he have hope of seeing a lady whom he loves and honours; his eye always on the ladies; if they have very large hoops, he looks down and supercilious, and, as if he would be thought wise, but perhaps the sillier for that: as he approaches a lady, his eye is never fixed first upon her face, but upon her feet, and thence he raises it up, pretty quickly for a dull eye; and one would think, (if we thought him at all worthy of observation,) that from her air and (the last beheld) her face, he sets her down in his mind as *so* or *so*, and then passes on to the next object he meets; only then looking back, if he greatly likes or dislikes, as if he would see if the lady appear to be all of a piece, in the one light or in the other. Are these marks distinct enough, if you are resolved to keep all the advantages you set out with? And from this odd, this grotesque figure, think you, madam, that you have any thing to apprehend? Any thing that will not rather promote than check your mirth? I dare be bold to say (and allow it too) that you would rather see this figure than any other you ever saw, whenever you should find yourself graver than you wish to be."†

Lady Bradshaigh, like other ladies upon similar occasions, could not resist the opportunity of exercising a little capricious tyranny. Richardson's walks in the Park were for some time unnoticed. Both parties seem to have indulged in a gentle coquetry, until both were likely to lose temper, and the complaints on the gentleman's side became a little keen and eager. At length Lady Bradshaigh

* Correspondence of Richardson, vol. II. p. 176.

† Correspondence of Richardson, vol. IV. p. 290, 291, 292.

dropped the mask, and continued afterwards to be in her own person the valued correspondent of the author. It is but justice to say, that the sense and spirit with which she supports her own views, even when contrary to those of Richardson, render her letters the most agreeable in the collection, and constitute a great difference betwixt her and some others of the author's female correspondents, who are satisfied with becoming the echoes of his sentiments and opinions. Lady Bradshaigh had a sister, Lady Echlin, who also corresponded with Richardson; but although she appears to have been an excellent woman, her letters want both the vivacity and talent displayed in those of Lady Bradshaigh. Yet Lady Echlin, too, had her moments of ambitious criticism. She even tried her hand at reforming Lovelace, as Mrs. Barbauld informs us, by the aid of a Dr. Christian; a consummation, as the reader will anticipate, much better meant than successfully executed.

Neither the admiration of the public, the applause of admirers, nor the deserved affection of his friends and family, could screen this amiable author from his share in the lot of humanity. Besides his family misfortunes, Richardson was afflicted with indifferent health, in the painful shape of nervous disorders. Sedentary habits, and close attention to business, had rendered a constitution delicate, which nature had never made strong; and it will readily be believed, that the workings of an imagination, constantly labouring in the fields of fiction, increased, rather than relieved, complaints, which affected his nerves at an early period. If, as he somewhere says, he made the distress of his characters his own, and wept for Clarissa and Clementina, as if they had not been the creatures of his own fancy, the exhaustion of his spirits must have exasperated his malady. His nerves were latterly so much shaken, that he could not convey a glass of wine to his mouth, unless it was put into a large tumbler; and becoming unable to undergo the fatigue of communicating with the principal superintendent of his business, who chanced unluckily to be hard of hearing, all communication between them was maintained by means of writing. He did not long survive the space assigned by the Psalmist as the ordinary duration of human life. On the 4th July, 1761, Samuel Richardson died, aged seventy-two, and was buried, according to his own directions, beside his first wife, in the middle aisle of St. Bride's Church, followed by the affectionate grief of those who were admitted to his society, and the sorrow of all who mourned over talents uniformly and conscientiously dedicated to the service of virtue. The following epitaph was written by his learned friend, Mrs. Carter, but is not, we believe, inscribed on his tomb.

"If e'er warm benevolence was dear,
If ever wisdom gain'd esteem sincere,
Or genuine fancy deep attention won,
Approach with awe the dust—of Richardson.
What though his muse, through distant regions known,
Might scorn the tribute of this humble stone;
Yet pleasing to his gentle shade, must prove
The sacredest pledge of friendship and of Love;
For oft will thou, from venal throngs exil'd,
And oft will innocence, of aspect mild,
And white robed Charity, with streaming eyes,
Frequent the cloister where their patron lies.
Thus, reader, learn; and learn from one whose wo
Bids her wild verse in artless accents flow:
For, could she frame her numbers to commend
The husband, father, citizen, and friend;
How would her muse display, in equal strain,
The critic's judgment, and the writer's vein!—
Ah, no! expect not from the chisel'd stone
The praises, graven on our hearts alone.
There shall his fame a lasting shrine acquire;
And ever shall his moving page inspire
Pure truth, fit honour, virtue's pleasing love;
While taste and science crown this favour'd shore."*

Richardson's character as a man, after all deductions have been made for circumstances and for human frailty, cannot be too highly estimated. It remains only to consider him as an author, and, for this purpose, to review his literary career, and the productions which it gave rise to.

* Life of Richardson, vol. I. p. 212.

It was by mere accident that Richardson appears to have struck out the line of composition so peculiarly adapted to his genius. He had at all times the pen of a ready correspondent; and, from his early age, had, as we have seen, been accustomed to lend it to others, and to write, of course, under different characters from his own. There can be no doubt, that, in the service of the young women who employed him as their amanuensis and confidant, this natural talent must have been considerably improved; and as little that the exercise of such a power was pleasing to the possessor. Chance at length occasioned its being employed in the service of the public. The account will be best given in the words of his own letter to Aaron Hill, who, in common with the public at large, had become pressingly anxious to know if there was any foundation in fact for the history of Pamela.

"I will now write to your question—Whether there was any original groundwork of fact, for the general foundation of Pamela's story.

"About twenty-five years ago, a gentleman, with whom I was intimately acquainted, but who, alas! is now no more! [probably the correspondent of fortune and rank, mentioned p. 3.] met with such a story as that of Pamela, in one of the summer tours which he used to take for his pleasure, attended with one servant only. At every inn he put up at, it was his way to inquire after curiosities in its neighbourhood, either ancient or modern; and particularly he asked who was the owner of a fine house, as it seemed to him, beautifully situated, which he had passed by, (describing it,) within a mile or two of the inn.

"It was a fine house, the landlord said. The owner was Mr. B——, a gentleman of a large estate in more counties than one. That his and his lady's history engaged the attention of every body who came that way, and put a stop to all other inquiries, though the house and gardens were well worth seeing. The lady, he said, was one of the greatest beauties in England; but the qualities of her mind had no equal: beneficent, prudent, and equally beloved and admired by high and low. That she had been taken at twelve years of age, for the sweetness of her manners and modesty, and for an understanding above her years, by Mr. B——'s mother, a truly worthy lady, to wait on her person. Her parents, ruined by suretiships, were remarkably honest and pious, and had instilled into their daughter's mind the best principles. When their misfortunes happened first, they attempted a little school, in their village, where they were much beloved; he teaching writing and the first rules of arithmetic to boys; his wife plain needle-work to girls, and to knit and spin; but that it answered not: and, when the lady took their child, the industrious man earned his bread by day labour, and the lowest kind of husbandry.

"That the girl, improving daily in beauty, modesty, and genteel and good behaviour, by the time she was fifteen, engaged the attention of her lady's son, a young gentleman of free principles, who, on her lady's death, attempted, by all manner of temptations and devices, to seduce her. That she had recourse to as many innocent stratagems to escape the snares laid for her virtue; once, however, in despair, having been near drowning; that, at last, her noble resistance, watchfulness, and excellent qualities, subdued him, and he thought fit to make her his wife. That she behaved herself with so much dignity, sweetness, and humility, that she made herself beloved of every body, and even by his relations, who at first despised her; and now had the blessings both of rich and poor, and the love of her husband.

"The gentleman who told me this, added, that he had the curiosity to stay in the neighbourhood from Friday to Sunday, that he might see this happy couple at church, from which they never absented themselves: that, in short, he did see them; that her deportment was all sweetness, ease, and dignity mingled; that he never saw a lovelier woman: that her husband was as fine a man, and seemed even proud of his choice; and that she attracted the respects of

the persons of rank present, and had the blessings of the poor.—The relater of the story told me all this with transport.

"This, sir, was the foundation of Pamela's story; but little did I think to make a story of it for the press. That was owing to this occasion.

"Mr. Rivington and Mr. Osborne, whose names are on the title-page, had long been urging me to give them a little book (which, they said, they were often asked after) of familiar letters on the useful concerns in common life; and, at last, I yielded to their importunity, and began to recollect such subjects as I thought would be useful in such a design, and formed several letters accordingly. And, among the rest, I thought of giving one or two as cautions to young folks, circumstanced as Pamela was. Little did I think, at first, of making one, much less two volumes of it. But, when I began to recollect what had, so many years before, been told me by my friend, I thought the story, if written in an easy and natural manner, suitable to the simplicity of it, might possibly introduce a new species of writing, that might possibly turn young people into a course of reading different from the pomp and parade of romance writing, and, dismissing the improbable and marvellous, with which novels generally abound, might tend to promote the cause of religion and virtue. I therefore gave way to enlargement; and so Pamela became as you see her. But so little did I hope for the approbation of judges, that I had not the courage to send the two volumes to your ladies, until I found the books well received by the public.

"While I was writing the two volumes, my worthy-hearted wife, and the young lady who is with us, when I had read them some part of the story, which I had begun without their knowing it, used to come in to my little closet every night, with—'Have you any more of Pamela, Mr. R.? We are come to hear a little more of Pamela,' &c. This encouraged me to prosecute it, which I did so diligently, through all my other business, that, by a memorandum on my copy, I began it November 10, 1739, and finished it January 10, 1739-40. And I have often, censurable as I might be thought for my vanity for it, and lessening to the taste of my two female friends, had the story of Moliere's *Old Woman* in my thoughts upon the occasion.

"If justly low were my thoughts of this little history, you will wonder how it came by such an assuming and very impudent preface. It was thus:—The approbation of these two female friends, and of two more, who were so kind as to give me prefaces for it, but which were much too long and circumstantial, as I thought, made me resolve myself on writing a preface; I therefore, spirited by the good opinion of these four, and knowing that the judgments of nine parts in ten of readers were but in hanging-sleeves, struck a bold stroke in the preface, you see, having the umbrage of the editor's character* to screen myself behind.—And thus, sir, all is out."†

Pamela, of which the reader has thus learned the origin, appeared in 1740, and made a most powerful sensation in the public. Hitherto, romances had been written, generally speaking, in the old French taste, containing the protracted amours of princes and princesses, told in language coldly extravagant, and metaphysically absurd. In these wearisome performances, there appeared not the most distant allusion to the ordinary tone of feeling, the slightest attempt to paint mankind as it exists in the ordinary walks of life—all was rant and bombast, stilt and buskin. It will be Richardson's eternal praise, did he merit no more, that he tore from his personages those painted vizards, which concealed, under a clumsy and affected disguise, every thing like the natural lineaments of the human countenance, and placed them before us bare-faced, in all the actual changes of feature and complexion, and all the light and shade of human passion. It requires a reader to be in some degree acquainted with the huge follies of inanity, over which our ancestors yawned themselves to sleep, ere he can estimate the delight they must have experienced from this unexpected return to truth and nature.

The simplicity of Richardson's tale aided the effect of surprise. An innocent young woman, whose virtue a dissolute master assails by violence, as well as all the milder means of seduction, conquers him at last, by persevering in the paths of rectitude; and is rewarded, by being raised to the station of his wife, the lawful participater in his rank and fortune. Such is the simple story by which the world was so much surprised and affected.

The judicious criticism of Mrs. Barbauld has pointed out, that the character of Pamela is far from attaining a heroic cast of excellence. On the contrary, there is a strain of cold-blooded prudence which runs through all the latter part of the novel, to which we are obliged almost to deny the name of virtue. She appears originally to have had no love for Mr. B——; no passion to combat in her own bosom; no treachery to subdue the garrison while the enemy was before the walls. Richardson voluntarily evaded giving this colouring to his tale, because it was intended more for edification than for effect; and because the example of a *soubrette* falling desperately in love with a handsome young master, might have been imitated by many in that rank of life, who could not have defended themselves exactly like Pamela against the object of so dangerous a passion. Besides, Richardson was upon principle unwilling to exhibit his favourite characters as greatly subject to violent passion of any kind, and was much disposed to dethrone Cupid, whom romance-writers had installed as the literary sovereign of gods and men. Still, the character of Pamela is somewhat sunk by the eager gratitude with which she accepts the hand of a tyrannical and cruel master, when he could not at a cheaper rate make himself master of her person. There is a parade of generosity on his side, and a humiliating degree of creeping submission on hers, which the case by no means calls for, and unless, like her namesake in Pope's Satire, Pamela could console herself with the "gilt chariot and the Flanders mares," we should have thought her more likely to be happy as the humble wife of poor Mr. Williams, of whose honest affection she makes somewhat too politic a use in the course of her trials, and whom she discards too coolly when better prospects seem to open upon her.

It is, perhaps, invidious to enter too closely upon the general tendency of a work of entertainment. But when the admirers of *Pamela* challenged for that work the merit of doing more good than twenty sermons, we demur to the motion. Its good effects must of course have operation among young women in circumstances somewhat similar to those of the heroine; and, in that rank, it may be questioned, whether the example is not as well calculated to encourage a spirit of rash enterprise, as of virtuous resistance. If Pamela became Esquire B——'s lady, it was only on account of her virtuous resistance to his criminal attacks; but it may occur to an humble maiden, (and the case we believe is not hypothetical,) that to merit Pamela's reward, she must go through Pamela's trials; and that there can be no great harm in affording some encouragement to the assailant. We need not add how dangerous this experiment must be for both parties.

But we have elsewhere intimated an opinion, that the direct and obvious moral to be deduced from a fictitious narrative, is of much less consequence to the public, than the mode in which the story is treated in the course of its details. If the author introduces scenes which excite evil passions, if he familiarizes the mind of the readers with impure ideas, or sophisticates their understanding with false views of morality, it will be an unavailing defence, that, in the end of his book, he has represented virtue as triumphant. In the same manner, although

* Under the character of the Editor he gave great commendations to the letters, for which he was blamed by some of his friends.

† Life of Richardson, vol. I. p. 69, 78.

some objection may be made to the deductions which the author desired and expected should be drawn from the story of *Pamela*, yet the pure and modest character of the English maiden is so well maintained during the work; her sorrows and afflictions are borne with so much meekness; her little intervals of hope or comparative tranquillity break in on her troubles so much like the specks of blue sky through a cloudy atmosphere, that the whole recollection is soothing, tranquilizing, and doubtless edifying. We think little of Mr. B——, his character, or his motives, and are only delighted with the preferment of our favourite, because it seems to give so much satisfaction to herself. The pathetic passage, in which she describes her ineffectual attempt to escape, may be selected, among many, as an example of the beautiful propriety and truth with which the author was able to throw himself into the character of his heroine, and to think and reason, and express those thoughts and reasons, exactly as she must have done had the fictitious incident really befallen such a person.

The inferior persons are sketched with great truth, and may be considered as a group of English portraits of the period. In particular, the characters of the father and mother, old Andrews and his wife, are, like that of Pamela herself, in the very best style of drawing and colouring; and the interview of the former with his landlord, when he inquires after the fate of his daughter, would have immortalized Richardson, had he never wrote another line.

It may be here observed, that, had the author lived in the present day, he would probably have thrown into the character of the deeply-injured peasant a spirit of manly indignation, which the occasion demanded. But in Richardson's time, the bonds of subordination in society were drawn very strictly, and he himself appears to have had high and exaggerated ideas of the importance of wealth and rank, as well as of domestic authority of every kind. Mr. B—— does not seem to have incurred any severe censure among his neighbours for the villanies which he practises upon Pamela; she herself supposes them more than atoned for by his condescension in wedding her, and consents to receive into favour even the unwomanly and infamous Mrs. Jewkes, because the old procuress had acted a part she should have been hanged for, at the command, forsooth, of a generous master. There is want of taste in this humiliation; and a touch of spirit upon the occasion would not have misbecome even the all-forgiving Pamela.

Notwithstanding such defects, which, in fact, only occur to us upon a critical perusal, the pleasing simplicity of a tale so true to nature commanded the general and enthusiastic applause of the public. It was in vain that the mischievous wit of Fielding found a source for ridicule in that very simplicity of moral and of incident, and gave the world *Joseph Andrews*, an avowed parody upon the *Pamela* of Richardson. It chanced with that very humorous performance as with the *Shepherd's Week* of Gay, that readers lost sight altogether of the satirical purpose with which it was written, and were delighted with it on account of its own intrinsic merit. We may be permitted to regret, therefore, the tone of mind with which Fielding composed a work, in professed ridicule of such genius as that of Richardson; but how can we wish that undone, without which Parson Adams would not have existed?

The success of *Pamela* induced some wretched imitator to carry on the story in a continuation, entitled *Pamela in High Life*. This intrusion provoked Richardson to a similar attempt, in which he represents Pamela's husband as reclaimed from the prosecution of a guilty intrigue by the patient sorrows of his virtuous wife. The work met with the usual fate of continuations, and has been always justly accounted an unnatural and unnecessary appendage to a tale so complete within itself as the first part of *Pamela*.

Eight years after the appearance of *Pamela*, Richardson published *Clarissa*, the work on which his fame as a classic of England will rest for ever. The tale, like that of its predecessor, is very simple; but the scene is laid in a higher rank of life, the characters are drawn with a bolder pencil, and the whole accompaniments are of a far loftier mood.

Clarissa, a character as nearly approaching to perfection as the pencil of the author could draw, is persecuted by a tyrannical father and brother, an envious sister, and the other members of a family, who devoted everything to its aggrandizement, in order to compel her to marry a very disagreeable suitor. These intrigues and distresses she communicates, in a series of letters, to her friend Miss Howe, a young lady of an ardent, impetuous disposition, and an enthusiast in friendship. After a series of sufferings, rising almost beyond endurance, Clarissa is tempted to throw herself upon the protection of her admirer Lovelace, a character, in painting whom, Richardson has exerted his utmost skill, until he has attained the very difficult and critical point, of rendering every reader pleased with his wit and abilities, even while detesting the villany of his conduct. Lovelace is represented as having devoted his life and his talents to the subversion of female virtue; and not even the charms of Clarissa, or the generosity due to her unprotected situation, can reconcile him to the idea of marriage. This species of perverted Quixotry is not much understood in the present age, when a modern voluptuary seeks the gratification of his passions where it is most easily obtained, and is seldom at the trouble of assault, when there is any probability of the fortress being resolutely defended. But in former days, when men, like Lord Baltimore, were found, at the risk of life itself, capable of employing the most violent means for the ruin of innocence, a character approaching that of Lovelace was not perhaps so unnatural. That he should have been so successful in previous amours, is not very probable; and, as Mrs. Barbauld justly observes, he was more likely to have been run through the body long before ever he saw Colonel Morden. But some exaggeration must be allowed to the author of a romance; and considering the part which Lovelace had to perform, it was necessary that his character should be highly coloured. This perfidious lover, actuated, it would seem, as much by the love of intrigue and of enterprise, as by his desire to humble the Harlowe family, and lower the pride of this their beloved daughter, whose attachment to him was not of the devoted character which he conceived was due to his merits, forms a villanous scheme for the destruction of her virtue. Without the least regard for the character of a woman, whom he always seems to have intended for his wife at some future period, he contrives to lodge her with the keeper of a common brothel, and to place around her the inmates of such a place. At length, every effort to accomplish his guilty purpose having failed, he administers opiates, and violates the person of his victim while under their influence. But he obtains nothing by his crime save infamy and remorse. The lady dies of a broken heart, and he himself falls by the sword of one of her kinsmen.

It cannot be denied, that this story is attended with many improbabilities. Allowing for Lovelace's very peculiar character, admitting that his selfishness, his pride, and his love of intrigue, had hardened his heart to all consequences, surrounded it, as he himself says, "with flint and callus," and induced him to prefer a crooked and most foul path to one which was fair and honourable, there is no excuse for his correspondent Belford, as a man and a gentleman, keeping his friend's infamous secret. Nay, we are apt to blame Clarissa herself, who, in her escape to Hampstead, did not place herself under the guardianship of a magistrate. We will venture to say, that Justice Fielding would have afforded her his most effectual protection; and that if Tomlinson, the false Miss Montague, or any other of Lovelace's agents, had ventured to appear in the office, they would have been committed by his worship as old acquaintances. In our own day too, though that was not a feature of the writer's age, the whole story of the elopement would have flown on the wings of the newspapers not to Hampstead and

Highgate only, but to Truro and Newcastle-upon-Tyne; and not a Mrs. Moore or a Mrs. Rawlins in England but would have been too particularly acquainted with "the mysterious affair of Harlowe-Place," to be deceived by the representations of Lovelace. But it is unfair to tax an author too severely upon improbabilites, without conceding which his story could have no existence; and we have the less title to do so, because, in the history of real life, that which is actually true bears often very little resemblance to that which is probable. If every assault were skilfully parried, and every man played with ability, life would become like a trial of skill with foils, or like a game at chess, and strength and address would no longer be defeated by time and chance, which, in the words of Solomon, happen unto all men.

The conduct of the injured Clarissa through the subsequent scenes, which are perhaps among the most affecting and sublime in the English school of romance, raises her, in her calamitous condition, so far above all around her, that her character beams on the reader with something like superhuman splendour. Our eyes weep, our hearts ache; yet our feelings triumph with the triumph of virtue, as it rises over all the odds which the deepest misfortune, and even degradation, have thrown into the scale. There is a noble pride amid the sorrow with which we contemplate the distresses of such a being as Clarissa, becoming more exalted over that personal dishonour, which, when it has once taken place, under what circumstances soever, is generally understood to infer degradation. It was reserved to Richardson to show there is a chastity of the soul, which can beam out spotless and unsullied even after that of the person has been violated; and the dignity of Clarissa, under her disgrace and her misfortunes, reminds us of the saying of the ancient poet, that a good man, struggling with the tide of adversity, and surmounting it, was a sight which the immortal gods might look down upon with pleasure. This is a subject which Mrs. Barbauld has dwelt upon with a suitable feeling of the dignity of her sex. The more contracted and limited view of Clarissa's merit, merely as resisting the efforts of a practised seducer, although it was unquestionably in Richardson's view, his biographer reasonably spurns as degrading to womanhood. Clarissa, bred in a superior rank in life, led astray by no strong passion, courted by a lover, who had immediate marriage in his power, must have been a subordinate person indeed, if incapable of repelling his attempts at dishonouring her person. I cannot avoid transcribing the excellent reflections which follow this reasoning:—"The real moral of Clarissa is, that virtue is triumphant in every situation; that in circumstances the most painful and degrading, in a prison, in a brothel, in grief, in destruction, in despair, it is still lovely, still commanding, still the object of our veneration, of our fondest affections; that, if it is seated on the ground, it can still say with Constance,

'Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.'

The Novelist that has produced this effect has performed his office well, and it is immaterial what particular maxim is selected under the name of a moral, while such are the reader's feelings. If our feelings are in favour of virtue, the novel is virtuous; if of vice, the novel is vicious. The greatness of Clarissa is shown by her separating herself from her lover, as soon as she perceives his dishonourable views; in her choosing death rather than a repetition of the outrage; in her rejection of those overtures of marriage, which a common mind might have accepted of, as a refuge against worldly dishonour; in her firm indignant carriage, mixed with calm patience and Christian resignation, and in the greatness of mind with which she views and enjoys the approaches of death, and her meek forgiveness of her unfeeling relations."*

These arguments, however, were not at first readily admitted by Richardson's warmest admirers. The first four volumes of *Clarissa* having appeared, and a report having been spread that the catastrophe was to be unfortunate, many remonstrances were made on the subject by those readers who shrunk from the extreme pain inflicted by the tragical part of the narrative, and, laying aside the contemplation of the moral, complained, that in a professed work of amusement, the author had contrived to harrow up their feelings to a degree that was intolerably painful. Old Cibber raved on the subject like a profane Bedlamite; and, what was perhaps of more consequence to Richardson, the rumour of Lovelace's success, and Clarissa's death, occasioned Lady Bradshaigh's opening her romantic correspondence with him under the assumed name of Belfour. In reply to the expostulations of the latter, Richardson frankly stated his own noble plan, of which he had too just a conception to alter it, in compliance with the remonstrances of his correspondents.

"Indeed, you are not *particular* in your wishes for a happy ending, as it is called. Nor can I go through some of the scenes myself without being sensibly touched. (Did I not say that I was another Pygmalion?) But yet I had to show, for example sake, a young lady struggling nobly with the greatest difficulties, and triumphing from the best motives, in the course of distresses, the tenth part of which would have sunk even manly hearts; yet tenderly educated, born to affluence, naturally meek, although, where an exertion of spirit was necessary, manifesting herself to be a true heroine."†

Defeated in this point, the friends and correspondents of Richardson became even more importunate for the reformation of Lovelace, and the winding up the story by his happy union with Clarissa. On this subject also, Cibber ranted and the ladies implored, with an earnestness that seems to imply at once a belief that the persons in whom they interested themselves had an existence, and that it was in the power of the writer of their memoirs to turn their destiny which way he pleased; and one damsel, eager for the conversion of Lovelace, implores Richardson to "save his soul;" as if there had been actually a living sinner in the case, and his future state had literally depended on the decision to be pronounced by her admired author.

Against all these expostulations Richardson hardened himself. He knew that to bestow Clarissa upon the repentant Lovelace would have been to undermine the fabric he had built. This was the very purpose which the criminal had proposed to himself in the atrocious crime he had committed, and it was to dismiss him from the scene rewarded, not punished. The sublimity of the moral would have been altogether destroyed, since vice would have been no longer rendered hateful and miserable through its very success, nor virtue honoured and triumphant even by its degradation. The death of Clarissa alone could draw down on the guilty head of her betrayer the just and necessary retribution, and his guilt was of far too deep a dye to be otherwise expiated. Besides, the author felt, and forcibly pointed out, the degradation which the fervent creation of his fancy must have sustained, could she, with all her wrongs forgotten, and with the duty imposed on her by matrimony, to love, honour, and obey her betrayer, have sat down the common-place good wife of her reformed rake. Indeed, those who peruse the work with attention, will perceive that the author has been careful, in the earlier stages of his narrative, to bar out every prospect of such a union. Notwithstanding the levities and constitutional good-humour of Lovelace, his mind is too much perverted, his imagination too much inflamed, by his own insane Quixotism, and above all, his heart is too much hardened, to render it possible for any one seriously to think of his conversion as sincere, or his union with Clarissa as happy. He had committed a crime for which he deserved death by the law of the country; and notwithstanding those good qualities with which the author has invested him, that he may not seem an actual

* Life of Richardson, vol. I. p. 150.

† Correspondence of Richardson, vol. IV. p. 186.

incarnate fiend, there is no reader but feels vindictive pleasure when Morden passes the sword through his body.

On the other hand, Clarissa, reconciled to her violater, must have lost, in the eye of the reader, that dignity, with which the refusal of his hand, the only poor reparation he could offer, at present invests her; and it was right and fitting that a creature, every way so excellent, should, as is fabled of the ermine, pine to death on account of the stain with which she had been so injuriously sullied. We cannot, consistently with the high idea which we have previously entertained of her purity of character, imagine her surviving the contamination. On the whole, as Richardson himself pleaded, Clarissa has, as the narrative presently stands, the greatest of triumphs even in this world—the greatest, even in and after the outrage, and because of the outrage, that any woman ever had.

It has often been observed, that the extreme severity of the parents and relatives in this celebrated novel does not belong to our day, or perhaps even to Richardson's; and that Clarissa's dutiful scruples at assuming her own estate, or extricating herself by Miss Howe's means, are driven to extremity. Something, no doubt, is to be allowed for the license of an author, who must necessarily, in order to command interest and attention, extend his incidents to the extreme verge of probability; but, besides, it is well known, that at least within the century, the notions of the *patria potestas* were of a much severer nature than those now entertained. Forced marriages in those days did sometimes actually take place, and that in houses of considerable rank; and the voice of public opinion had then comparatively little effect upon great and opulent families, inhabiting their country-seats, and living amid their own dependants, where strange violences were sometimes committed, under the specious pretext of enforcing domestic discipline. Each family was a little tribe within itself; and the near relations, like the elders among the Jews, had their Sanhedrim, where resolutions were adopted, as laws to control the free will of each individual member. It is upon this family compact that the Harlowes ground the rights which they assert with so much tyranny; and before the changes which have slackened the bonds of relationship, we believe that such incidents were not infrequent. But whether we consider Richardson as exhibiting a state of manners which may have lingered in the remote parts of England down to his own time, or suppose that he coloured them according to his own invention, and particularly according to his high notions of the "awful rule and right supremacy," lodged in the head of a family, there can be no doubt of the spirit with which the picture is executed; and particularly of the various gradations in which the Harlowe spirit exhibits itself, in the insolent and conceited brother, the mean and envious sister, the stern and unrelenting father, softened down in the elder brother James, and again roughened and exaggerated in the old seaman Anthony, each of whom, in various modifications, exhibits the same family features of avarice, pride, and ambition.

Miss Howe is an admirably sketched character, drawn in strong contrast to that of Clarissa, yet worthy of being her friend—with more of worldly perspicacity, though less of abstracted principle: and who, when they argue upon points of doubt and delicacy, is often able, by going directly to the question at issue, to start the game, while her more gifted correspondent does but beat the bush. Her high spirit and disinterested devotion for her friend, acknowledging, as she does on all occasions, her own inferiority, show her in a noble point of view; and though we are afraid she must have given honest Hickman (notwithstanding her resolutions to the contrary) rather an uneasy time of it after marriage, yet it is impossible not to think that she was a prize worth suffering for.

The publication of *Clarissa* raised the fame of the author to the height. No work had appeared before, perhaps none has appeared since, containing so many direct appeals to the passions, stated too in a manner so irresistible. And high as his reputation stood in his own country, it was even more exalted in those of France and Germany, whose imaginations are more easily excited, and their passions more easily moved by tales of fictitious distress, than are the cold-blooded English. Foreigners of distinction have been known to visit Hampstead, and to inquire for the Flask-walk, distinguished as a scene in Clarissa's history, just as travellers visit the rocks of Meillerie to view the localities of Rousseau's tale of passion. Diderot vied with Rousseau in heaping incense upon the shrine of the English author. The former compares him to Homer, and predicts for his memory the same honours which are rendered to the Father of Epic poetry; and the last, besides, his well-known burst of eloquent panegyric, records his opinion in a letter to D'Alembert: "On n'a jamais fait encore, en quelque langue que ce soit, de roman égal à Clarisse, ni meme approchant."

There was never, perhaps, an author who was not encouraged by popular applause again to venture himself before the public; and Richardson, secure, moreover, in the prepossession of a large party of friends and admirers, was of course no exception to the general rule.

The subject of the third and last novel of this eminent author seems to have been in a great degree dictated by the criticisms which *Clarissa* had undergone. To his own surprise, as he assured his correspondents, he found that the gayety, spirit, and, occasionally, generosity of Lovelace, joined to his courage and ingenuity, had, in spite of his crimes, made him find too much grace in the eyes of his fair readers. He had been so studious to prevent this, that when he perceived his rake was rising into an undue and dangerous degree of favour with some of the young ladies of his own school, he threw in some darker shades of character. In this, according to the eulogy of Johnson, he was eminently successful; but still Lovelace appeared too captivating in the eyes of his fair friends, and even of Lady Bradshaigh; so that nothing remained for the author, in point of morality, but to prepare with all speed an antidote to the poison which he had incautiously administered.

With this view, the writer tasked his talents to embody the *beau ideal* of a virtuous character, who should have all the title to admiration which he could receive from wit, rank, figure, accomplishment, and fashion, yet compounded inseparably with the still higher qualifications which form the virtuous citizen and the faithful votary of religion. It was with this view that Richardson produced the work, originally denominated *The Good Man*; a title which, before publication, he judiciously exchanged for that of *Sir Charles Grandison*.

It must be acknowledged, that although the author exerted his utmost ability to succeed in the task which he had assumed, and, so far as detached parts of the work are considered, has given the same marks of genius which he employed in his former novels, yet this last production has neither the simplicity of the two first volumes of *Pamela*, nor the deep and overwhelming interest of the inimitable *Clarissa*, and must, considering it as a whole, be ranked considerably beneath both these works.

The principal cause of failure may be perhaps traced to Richardson's too strong recollection of the aversion which his friendly critics and correspondents had displayed to the melancholy scenes in *Clarissa*, in which, darkening and deepening as the story proceeds, his heroine is involved, until the scene is closed by death. He was resolved (perhaps) to give his readers some indemnification, and having formerly shown them virtue in its state of earthly persecution and calamity, now resolved to introduce her, as John Bunyan says, in her golden slippers, and walking abroad in the sunshine. But the author did not sufficiently reflect, that the beacon, upon an exposed headland, sending forth its saving light amid the rain and the storm, and burning

where all around combines to its extinction, is a far grander and more interesting object to the imagination than the chandelier in a lordly hall, secured by walls and casements from the possibility even of a transient breeze agitating its brilliancy of lustre.

Sir Charles Grandison is a man of large fortune, of rank and of family, high in the opinion of all who know him, and discharging with the most punctilious accuracy his duties in every relation of life. But in order to his doing so, he is accommodated with all those exterior advantages which command awe and attract respect, although entirely adventitious to excellence of principle. He is munificent, but his fortune bears out his generosity; he is affectionate in his domestic relations, but the devoted attachment of his family leaves him no temptation to be otherwise; his temperament is averse from excess; his passions are under the command of his reason; his courage has been so often proved, that he can safely, and without reproach of the world, prefer the dictates of Christianity to the rules of modern honour; and in adventuring himself into danger, he has all the strength and address of Lovelace himself to trust to. Sir Charles encounters no misfortunes, and can hardly be said to undergo any trials. The author, in a word, has sent him forth

——— Victorious,
Happy, and glorious.

The only dilemma to which he is exposed in the course of the seven volumes, is the doubt which of two beautiful and accomplished women, excellent in disposition and high in rank, sister excellencies as it were, both being devotedly attached to him, he shall be pleased to select for his bride; and this with so small a shade of partiality towards either, that we cannot conceive his happiness to be endangered wherever his lot may fall, except by a generous compassion for her, whom he must necessarily relinquish. Whatever other difficulties surround him occasionally, vanish before his courage and address; and he is almost secure to make friends, and even converts, of those whose machinations may for a moment annoy him. In a word, Sir Charles Grandison "walks the course," without competition or rivalry.

All this does well enough in a funeral sermon or monumental inscription, where, by privilege of suppressing the worst qualities and exaggerating the better, such images of perfection are sometimes presented. But in the living world, a state of trial and a valley of tears, such unspotted worth, such unvarying perfection, is not to be met with; and, what is still more important, it could not, if we suppose it to have existence, be attended by all those favours of fortune which are accumulated upon Richardson's hero;—and hence the fatal objection, of Sir Charles Grandison being the

——Faultless monster that the world ne'er saw.

It is not the moral and religious excellence of Sir Charles which the reader is so much disposed to quarrel with, as that, while Richardson designs to give a high moral lesson by the success of his hero, he has failed through resting that success on circumstances which have nothing to do either with morality or religion, but might have been, if indeed they are not, depicted as the properties of Lovelace himself. It is impossible that any very deep lesson can be derived from contemplating a character, at once of unattainable excellence, and which is placed in circumstances of worldly ease and prosperity that render him entirely superior to temptation. Propose the example of Sir Charles Grandison to the sordid spirit, he will answer, I will be generous when I have such an estate—to the unkind brother or the cold friend, I will be affectionate, is the ready answer, when I meet such reciprocity of tenderness. Ask him who fears the reproach of the world, why he gives or accepts a challenge?—I would do neither, he replies, were my reputation for courage established like that of Sir Charles Grandison. The timid may excuse himself for not being bold in the defence of innocence, because he has neither Sir Charles's resolution, nor that inimitable command of his sword, which enables the hero to baffle, and, in case of need, to disarm, all who may oppose his interference. Even the libertine will plead difference of temperament and habits, and contend, that Sir Charles had all his passions under such complete subjugation, that there was no more danger of his being hurried off by them, than that his six long-tailed horses should run away with his chariot. He does, unquestionably, now and then, in his communications to Dr. Bartlett and others, speak of his naturally passionate temperament as if it were still existing; but we see so little of its effects, or rather it appears, in spite of his own report, so utterly subdued and withered within him, that the only purpose of the confession seems to be, the adding this trait of modesty and humiliation to the more splendid virtues of the hero.

After all, there may, in this reasoning, be much of the perversity of human nature, which is always ready, like Job's tempter, to dispute that worth which has not been proved by adversity. But it was human nature which the author proposed to instruct; and, therefore, to human nature and its feelings, he should have adapted his example of piety and morality.

To take the matter less gravely, and consider *Sir Charles Grandison* as a work of amusement, it must be allowed, that the interest is destroyed in a great measure by the unceasing ascendency given to the fortune, as well as the character, of the hero. We feel he is too much under the special protection of the author to need any sympathy of ours, and that he has nothing to dread from all the Pollexfens, O'Haras, and so forth, in the world, so long as Richardson is decidedly his friend. Neither are our feelings much interested about him even while his fate is undetermined. He evinces too little passion, and certainly no preference, being clearly ready, with heart and good will, to marry either Clementina or Harriet Byron, as circumstances may render most proper, and to bow gracefully upon the hand of the rejected lady, and bid her adieu.

Lady Bradshaigh, the frankest of Richardson's correspondents, states this objection to him in full force, and without ceremony:—"You have made me bounce off my chair with reading that two good girls were in love with your hero, and that he was fond of both. I have such despicable notions of a divided love, that I cannot have an idea how a worthy object can entertain such a thought." The truth is, that Richardson was always arguing for the superiority of duty and principle over feeling, and, not very wisely perhaps, in an abstract view at least, set himself willingly to the task of combating even the sentiment of honest and virtuous love, considered as a passion, although implanted by nature in our breasts for the wisest, as well as kindest purposes, and leading, were it only by carrying our views and wishes beyond ourselves, to many more good consequences, under the modification of reason, than to evil, numerous as these may be, when it hurries us beyond reason's limits. So far did the author carry his contempt and defiance of Cupid, who had, down to his time, been the omnipotent deity of romance, as even to alarm Lady Bradshaigh by some hypothetical arguments in favour of polygamy, a system which goes to exclude individual preferences with a vengeance.

All this must be pardoned to the honest and kind-hearted Richardson, partly for argument's sake, partly because he had very high notions of the rights of the husband, as well as those of the master. It may be some comfort to the ladies to know, as appears from some passages in his Correspondence, that, like James the First of England, his despotism consisted more in theory than in practice; and that Mrs. Richardson appears to have had her full share of practical authority and control in whatever related to their quiet family.

Regarding Sir Charles, then, merely as the twenty-thousand prize, which was to be drawn by either of the ladies who might be so lucky as to win it, and whose own inclinations scarcely decided him more

to the one than to the other, it is clear that the interest must rest—no very flattering thing for the fair sex—upon that predilection which the reader may entertain for the English or for the Italian lady. And with respect to Miss Byron, amiable as she is represented, and with qualities supposed to approach almost to those of Clarissa in her happiest state, there attaches a sort of indelicacy, of which we must suppose Clarissa, in similar circumstances, entirely incapable. She literally forms a league in Sir Charles's family, and among his friends, for the purpose of engaging his affections, and is contented to betray the secret of her own love, even when she believes it unreturned—a secret which every delicate mind holds so sacred—not only to the sister of Sir Charles and old Dr. Bartlett, but to all her own relations, and the Lord knows whom besides, who are all to be edified by the perusal of Sir Charles's letters. Most readers have felt that this conduct on Miss Byron's part, though designed only to elevate the hero, has the contrary effect of degrading the character of the heroine.

The real heroine of the work, and the only one in whose fortunes we take a deep and decided interest, is the unhappy Clementina, whose madness, and indeed her whole conduct, is sketched with the same exquisite pencil which drew the distresses of Clarissa. There are in those passages relating to her, upon which we do not dwell, familiar as they must be to all our readers, scenes which equal any thing that Richardson ever wrote, and which would alone be sufficient to rank him with the highest name in his line of composition. These, with other detached passages in the work, serve to show that it was no diminution in Richardson's powers, but solely the adoption of an inferior plan, which renders his two earlier works preferable to *Sir Charles Grandison*.

The structure of *Sir Charles Grandison* being wholly different from that of *Pamela* and *Clarissa*, enabled the author entirely to avoid, in his last work, some free and broad descriptions, which were unavoidable while detailing the enterprises of Mr. B—— or Lovelace. But though he was freed from all temptation to fall into indelicate warmth of description, a fault which the grosser age of our fathers endured better than ours, Richardson was still unfortunate in assuming the tone of elegance and of high fashion, to which, in his last work, he evidently aspired. Mr. B—— is a country squire; the Harlowes, a purse-proud and vulgar race; Lovelace himself a *roué* in point of manners; Lord M—— has the manners and sentiments of an old rural gossip; and the vivacity of Miss Howe often approaches to vulgarity. Many models must have been under the observant eye of Richardson, extensive as his acquaintance was through all, excepting the highest circle of fashion, from which he might have drawn such characters, or at least have borrowed their manners and language.

But our author's aspiring to trace the manners of the great, as in *Sir Charles Grandison*, has called down the censure of an unquestionable judge, and who appears, in his case, disposed to be a severe critic. Lady Mary Wortley Montague, in her inimitable *Letters*, has the following passages:—"His Anna Howe and Charlotte Grandison are recommended as patterns of charming pleasantry, and applauded by his saint-like dames, who mistake folly for wit and humour, and impudence and ill-nature for spirit and fire. Charlotte behaves like a humoursome child, and should have been used like one, and whipped in the presence of her friendly confederate, Harriet. He (Richardson) has no idea of the manners of high life; his old Lord M—— talks in the style of a country justice, and his virtuous young ladies romp like the wenches round a May-pole. Such liberties as pass between Mr. Lovelace and his cousins, are not to be excused by the relation. I should have been much astonished if Lord Denbigh should have offered to kiss me; and I dare swear, Lord Trentham never attempted such impertinence to you."*

* Works of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, vol. IV. p. 182.

It is no disrespect to Richardson to say, that he could not have had many opportunities of seeing the manners of high life; for society is formed upon principles different entirely from a selection of the best and wisest men; and the author's condition, though far from being low, indigent, or disrespectable, placed him in an humbler and happier rank. But there is one sort of good breeding which is natural and unchangeable, and another, which, consisting of an acquaintance with the evanescent manners and fashions of the day, is merely conventional, and is perpetually changing, like the modes of dress observed in the same circles. The principles of the first are imprinted in every bosom of sense and delicacy. But to be ignorant of the latter, only shows that an author is not very conversant with the society where those flitting rules are observed, or, what may be equally the case, is incapable of tracing their changeful and fading hues. To transgress the rules of natural good breeding, or to represent characters by whom they should be practised as doing so, is a want of taste which must adhere as a blemish to the work so long as it is read. But crimes against conventional good breeding run a prescriptive course, and cease to be observed when the rules transgressed have, according to the usual mutability of fashion, been superseded by others. Such errors are like Livy's patavinity, which became imperceptible to latter readers. It was natural that a person of Lady Mary Wortley Montague's taste and rank should be shocked at the want of decorum which she complains of, but at this distance of time we are not sufficiently acquainted with the fashions of George the Second's reign to share her displeasure. We know in general, that salutation continued for a long period to be permitted by fashion, as much as the more lately licensed freedoms of shaking hands and offering the arm; and with this general knowledge it is of little consequence to us, at what particular year of God men of quality were restrained from kissing their cousins, or whether Richardson has made an anachronism in that important matter. The merit of Lovelace, considered as a portrait, remains to us the same, notwithstanding that wig, which is now frozen to his head amid his sentimental attendance in the ivy-coppice, and anon skimmed into the fire when he receives the fatal news of Clarissa's death. We think as little of dress or fashion as when we gaze on the portraits of Vandyke, without asking whether the ruff and the sleeve be or be not precisely of the cut of the period. Lovelace, whether exactly corresponding to the minute fashions of his own time or no, continues equally to be what he is described in the nervous language of Johnson, in his *Life of Rowe*. "The character of Lothario seems to have been expanded by Richardson into that of Lovelace; but he has excelled his original in the moral effect of the fiction. Lothario, with gayety which cannot be hated, and bravery which cannot be despised, retains too much of the spectator's kindness. It was in the power of Richardson alone, to teach us at once esteem and detestation; to make virtuous resentment overpower all the benevolence which wit, and elegance, and courage, naturally excite; and to lose at last the hero in the villain."†

Still, however, it is impossible altogether to vindicate Richardson from Lady Mary's charge, or to pronounce him wholly guiltless of trespassing upon the essence of good breeding, as well as upon its temporary rules and modifications. Lady G—— has as much horse-play in her raillery as Miss Howe, and her lord is a double of Mr. Hickman. Now there ought to have been a difference betwixt the vivacity of a country-bred young lady, trained up under a sufficiently vulgar mother, and that of Miss Grandison, who had always lived in the very first society; and this Lady Mary has a just right to complain of.

There is a fault also attaches to the manners of Sir Charles Grandison himself, though doubtless intended as a model of elegance and courtesy. The very care which the author has taken to dock his

† Life of Richardson, vol. I. p. 106.

manners and conversation with every becoming grace of action and words, has introduced a heavy formality, and a sort of flourishing politeness, into his whole person and deportment. His manner, in short, seems too much studied, and his talk too stiffly complimentary, too like a printed book, to use a Scottish phrase, to permit us to associate the ideas of gentlemanlike ease and affability, either to the one or the other. We believe this objection has been very generally entertained by the fairer sex, for whose protection the laws of politeness are introduced, and who must therefore be the best judges how far they are complied with.

Notwithstanding these imperfections, and the disadvantage which a new work always sustains at first comparison with its predecessors, Richardson's fame was not diminished by the publication of his *Sir Charles Grandison*, and his fortune would have been increased but for a mercantile fraud, of a nature peculiarly audacious. By some means which he could not detect, sheet after sheet of the work as it passed the press was stolen from the author's printing-house, and sent to Dublin, where, availing themselves of the relations between the two countries as they then stood, some unprincipled booksellers prepared an Irish edition of the book, which they were thus enabled to bring into the market as soon as the author, and, by underselling him, greatly limited his deserved profits. Richardson appears in vain to have sought redress for this injustice by means of his correspondents in Ireland. The union with the sister kingdom has, among other beneficial effects, had that of rendering such frauds impossible in future; and in that respect has been of the greatest service to literature.

Such is the succinct history of Richardson's productions, and such was its conclusion. It is only necessary to mention, that, besides his three celebrated novels, he completed that collection of *Familiar Letters*, the commencement of which led the way to *Pamela*—"A work," says Mrs. Barbauld, "usually found in the servant's drawer, but which, when so found, has not unfrequently detained the eye of the mistress, wondering all the while by what secret charm she was induced to turn over a book, apparently too low for her perusal, and that charm was—Richardson." This work, which we have never seen, is said, by the same authority, to illustrate the extreme accuracy with which Richardson had attended to all the duties of life.

Richardson also wrote, in order to assist Dr. Johnson, the ninety-seventh number of the *Rambler*, which the editor ushered in by the following deserved encomium:—"The reader is indebted for this day's entertainment to an author from whom the age has received greater favours, who has enlarged the knowledge of human nature, and taught the passions to move at the command of virtue."

In our detailed remarks on Richardson's several novels, we have, as usual, anticipated much which we otherwise had to say concerning his general merits as an author. It will be to his immortal praise, that he was perhaps the first author in this line of composition, who, in fictitious narrative, threw aside the trappings of romance, with all its extravagance, and appealed to the genuine passions of the human heart. The circumstances which led him to descend from the stilts of bombast into the walks of nature, are described in his own account of the origin of *Pamela*, and he quickly discovered that it was not in humble life only that those feelings exist which find sympathy in every reader's bosom; for, if the sympathy which the distresses and the magnanimity of Clarissa excite, be not universal, we cannot envy those who are proof against their charm.

Richardson was well qualified to be the discoverer of a new style of writing, for he was a cautious, deep, and minute examiner of the human heart, and, like Cook or Parry, left neither head, bay, nor inlet behind him, until he had traced its soundings, and laid it down in his chart, with all its minute sinuosities, its depths, and its shallows. Hence the high, and, comparatively considered, perhaps the undue superiority assigned by Johnson to Richardson over Fielding, against whom he seems to have entertained some prejudice. In one passage he asserts, that "there is more knowledge of the human heart in one letter of Richardson's than in all *Tom Jones*."* And in another, he thus explains the proposition: "There is all the difference in the world between characters of nature and characters of manners, and there is this difference between the characters of Fielding and those of Richardson. Characters of manners, are very entertaining; but they are to be understood by a more superficial observer than characters of nature, where a man must dive into the recesses of the human heart."† Again, in comparing these two distinguished authors, the critic uses this illustration,—"that there was as great a difference between them, as between a man who knew how a watch was made, and a man who could tell the hour by looking at the dial-plate."† Dissenting as we do from the conclusions to be deduced from Dr. Johnson's simile, we would rather so modify it as to describe both authors as excellent mechanics; the time-pieces of Richardson showing a great deal of the internal work by which the index is regulated; while those of Fielding merely point to the hour of the day, being all that most men desire to know. Or, to take a more manageable comparison, the analogy betwixt the writings of Fielding and Richardson resembles that which free, bold, and true sketches bear to paintings that have been very minutely laboured, and which, amid their excellence, still exhibit some of the heaviness that almost always attends the highest degree of finishing. This, indeed, is admitted by Johnson himself, in his reply to the observation of the Honourable Thomas Erskine, that Richardson was tedious,—"Why, sir, if you were to read Richardson for the story, your impatience would be so much fretted, that you would hang yourself. But you must read him for the sentiment, and consider the story only as giving occasion to the sentiment." Were we to translate the controversy into plain language, it might be summed up in pronouncing the works of Richardson the more instructive, and the more deeply affecting, those of Fielding the more amusing; and that a reader might select the one or the other for his studies, according to Tony Lumpkin's phrase, as he felt himself "in a concatenation accordingly;"—with this difference, however, that he who would laugh with Fielding, may open *Tom Jones* at a venture; but he who would weep with Richardson, must be content to read through many pages, until his mind is in the mood fittest to appreciate the pathetic scenes introduced by a succession of minute and highly laboured details. This no doubt frequently occasions a suspension of the narrative, in order to afford time for the minute delineation of character. "Richardson himself has explained his principle," as is well observed by Mr. D'Israeli. "If," he tells us, "I give speeches and conversations, I ought to give them justly, for the humours and persons of characters cannot be known, unless I repeat what they say, and their manner of saying it." This process of miniature painting has, however, its bounds; and many readers will be disposed to acquiesce in the remark of D'Alembert,—"*La Nature est bonne à imiter, mais non pas jusqu'à l'ennui.*"

It is impossible to tell whether Richardson's peculiar and circumstantial mode of narrative arose entirely out of the mode in which he evolves his story by the correspondence of the actors, or whether his early partiality for letter writing was not rather founded upon his innate love of detail. But these talents and propensities must have borne upon and fortified each other. To the letter writer every event is recent, and is described while immediately under the eye, without a corresponding degree of reference to its relative importance to what has past and what is to come. All is, so to speak, painted in the fore ground, and nothing in the distance. A game at whist, if the subject of a letter, must be de-

* Boswell's Life of Johnson, edition 1793, vol. II. p. 38.
† Ibid. vol. I. p. 508.

tailed as much at length as a debate in the House of Commons, upon a subject of great national interest; and hence, perhaps, that tendency to prolixity, of which the readers of Richardson frequently complain.

There is an additional advantage, tending to the same disagreeable impression, since it requires that incidents must be, in many instances, detailed again and again, by the various actors, to their different correspondents. If this affords the opportunity of placing the characters, each in their own peculiar light, and contrasting their thoughts, plans, and sentiments, that advantage is at least partly balanced, by arresting the progress of the story, which stands still while the characters show all their paces, like horses in the manege, without advancing a yard. But then it gives the reader, as Mrs. Barbauld well remarks, the assurance of being thoroughly acquainted with those in whose fate he is to be interested. In consequence of this, adds that accomplished lady, "our feelings are not transient, elicited here and there by a pathetic stroke, but we regard his characters as real personages, whom we know and converse with, and whose fate remains to be decided in the course of events."* The minute style of Richardson is accordingly attended with this peculiar advantage, that as strong a light as can be necessary is thrown on every personage who advances on the scene, and that we have as distinct an idea of the individual and peculiar character of every female in Mrs. Sinclair's family whom it is necessary to name; of the greedy and hypocritical Joseph Leman; of the plausible Captain Singleton, and of Lovelace's other agents, as we have of Lovelace himself. The character of Colonel Morden, for example, although we see so little of him, is quite individual. He is high-spirited, bold, and skilful at his weapon; a man of the world and a man of honour; neither violent enough to precipitate his revenge, nor forbearing enough to avoid grasping it when the fitting opportunity offers. The awe with which he is regarded by the Harlowes even before his appearance, the respect which Clarissa entertains for him as a natural protector, prepares us for his approach as he enters on the scene, like the Avenger of Blood; too late, indeed, to save Clarissa, but a worthy vindicater of her wrongs, and a no less worthy conqueror of Lovelace. Whatever piety and forbearance there is in his cousin's last charge to such a man as Colonel Morden, we cannot for a moment be either surprised or sorry that it is disobeyed.

It must not be overlooked, that, by the circumstantial detail of minute, trivial, and even uninteresting circumstances, the author gives to his fiction an air of reality that can scarcely otherwise be obtained. In every real narrative, he who tells it, dwells upon slight and inconsiderable circumstances, no otherwise interesting than because they are associated in his mind with the more important events which he desires to communicate. De Foe, who understood, and availed himself on all occasions of this mode of garnishing an imaginary history with all the minute accompaniments which distinguish a true one, was scarce a greater master of this peculiar art, than was our author Richardson.

Still, with all these advantages, which so peculiarly adapted the mode of carrying on the story by epistolary correspondence to Richardson's peculiar genius, it has its corresponding defects. In order that all may be written, which must be known for the purpose of the narrative, the characters must frequently write, when it would be more natural for them to be acting—must frequently write what it is not natural to write at all—and must at all times write a great deal oftener, and a great deal more, than one would now think human life has time for. But these arguments did not probably weigh much with Richardson, an inveterate letter-writer from his youth upwards, and himself certainly as indefatigable (we had almost said formidable) a correspondent as any of the characters he has drawn.

Richardson was himself aware of the luxuriance of his imagination, and that he was sometimes apt to exceed the patience of the reader. He indulged his own vein, by writing without any fixed plan, and at great length, which he afterwards curtailed and compressed; so that, strange as it may seem, his compositions were reduced almost one-half in point of size before they were committed to the press. In his two first novels, he showed much attention to the plot; and though diffuse and prolix in narration, can never be said to be rambling or desultory. No characters are introduced, but for the purpose of advancing the plot; and there are but few of those digressive dialogues and dissertations with which *Sir Charles Grandison* abounds. The story of *Pamela* and of *Clarissa* keeps the direct road, though it moves slowly. But in his last work, the author is much more excursive. There is indeed little in the plot to require attention; the various events, which are successively narrated, being no otherwise connected together, than as they place the character of the hero in some new and peculiar point of view. The same may be said of the numerous and long conversations upon religious and moral topics, which compose so great a part of the work, that a venerable old lady, whom we well knew, when in advanced age she became subject to drowsy fits, chose to hear *Sir Charles Grandison* read to her as she sat in her elbow-chair, in preference to any other work, "because," said she, "should I drop asleep in course of the reading, I am sure when I awake, I shall have lost none of the story, but shall find the party, where I left them, *conversing in the cedar-parlour.*"—It is probable, after all, that the prolixity of Richardson, which, to our giddy-paced times, is the greatest fault of his writing, was not such an objection to his contemporaries. Those who with patience had studied rant and bombast in the folios of Scuderi, could not readily tire of nature, sense, and genius, in the octavos of Richardson. But a modern reader may be permitted to wish that *Clarissa* had been a good deal abridged at the beginning, and *Sir Charles Grandison* at the end; that the last two volumes of *Pamela* had been absolutely cancelled, and the second much compressed. And, upon the whole, it might be desired that many of those trivial details of dresses and decorations, which relish, to say truth, of the mantua-makers' shops in which Richardson made his first efforts at composition, were altogether abolished, especially where they are put into the letters of sensible persons, or impertinently thrust upon us during the currency of a scene of passion. It requires the recollection of Richardson's highest powers to maintain our respect for him, where he makes Lovelace, amidst all his triumph at Clarissa's elopement, describe her dress to Belford, from top to toe, with all the professional accuracy of a man-milliner. But it is ungracious to dwell on defects, redeemed by so many excellencies.

The style of Richardson was of that pliable and facile kind, which could, with slight variety, be adapted to what best befitted his various personages. When he wrote in his higher characters, it was copious, expressive, and appropriate, but, through the imperfection of his education, not always strictly elegant, nor even accurate. During his life, the common cant as usual was, that he received assistance, which, as a practical admission of personal incompetence to the task they have undertaken, we believe few men of reputed talent would stoop to accept of. It is now known that he wrote his whole works without any such aid, excepting the *Ode to Wisdom* by Mrs. Carter, and a number of Latin quotations, furnished by a learned friend to bedizen the epistle of Elias Brand.

The power of Richardson's painting in his deeper scenes of tragedy, never has been, and probably never will be, excelled. Those of distressed innocence, as in the history of Clarissa and Clementina, rend the very heart; and few, jealous of manly equanimity, should read them for the first time in presence of society. In others, where the same heroines, and particularly Clarissa, display a noble elevation of soul, rising above earthly considerations and earthly

* Life of Richardson, vol. I. p. lxxxii.

oppression, the reader is perhaps as much elevated towards a pure sympathy with virtue and religion, as uninspired composition can raise him. His scenes of unmixed horror, as the deaths of Belton and of the infamous Sinclair, are as dreadful as the former are elevating; and they are directed to the same noble purpose, increasing our fear and hatred of vice, as the former are qualified to augment our love and veneration of virtue. In this respect Fielding might have paid to Richardson's genius the just tribute, which, after much depreciation of his talents in other respects, Dryden rendered to Otway—"Yet he succeeds in moving the passions, which I cannot do."

The lighter qualities of the novelist were less proper to this distinguished author than those which are allied to tragedy. Yet not even in these was Richardson deficient; and his sketches of this kind display the same accurate knowledge of humanity manifested in his higher efforts. His comedy is not overstrained; he never steps beyond the bounds of nature, and never sacrifices truth and probability to brilliancy of effect. Without what is properly termed wit, the author possessed liveliness and gayety sufficient to colour those comic scenes; and though he is never, like his rival Fielding, irresistibly ludicrous, nor indeed ever essays to be so, there is a fund of quaint drollery pervades his lighter sketches, which renders them very agreeable to the reader.

Without a complete copy of the Works of this distinguished and truly English classic, a collection would be deplorably deficient; yet the change of taste and of fashion, from the causes we have freely stated, has thrown a temporary shade over Richardson's popularity. Or, perhaps, he may, in the present generation, be only paying, by comparative neglect, the price of the very high reputation which he enjoyed during his own age. For if immortality, or any thing approaching to it, is granted to authors and to their works, it seems only to be on the conditions assigned to that of Nourjahad, in the beautiful Eastern tale, that they shall be liable to occasional intervals of slumber and comparative oblivion. Yet, under all these disadvantages, the genius of Richardson must be ever acknowledged to have done honour to the language in which he wrote, and his manly and virtuous application of his talents to have been of service to morality, and to human nature in general.

HENRY FIELDING.

Of all the works of imagination, to which English genius has given origin, the writings of Henry Fielding are, perhaps, most decidedly and exclusively her own. They are not altogether beyond the reach of translation, in the proper sense and spirit of the word, but we even question, whether they can be fully understood, or relished to the highest extent, by such natives of Scotland and Ireland, as are not habitually and intimately acquainted with the characters and manners of Old England. Parson Adams, Towwouse, Partridge, above all, Squire Western, are personages as peculiar to England, as they are unknown to other countries. Nay, the actors, whose character is of a more general cast, as Allworthy, Mrs. Miller, Tom Jones himself, and almost all the subordinate agents in the narrative, have the same cast of nationality, which adds not a little to the verisimilitude of the tale. The persons of the story live in England, travel in England, quarrel and fight in England; and scarce an incident occurs, without its being marked by something, which could not well have happened in any other country. This nationality may be ascribed to the author's own habits of life, which rendered him conversant, at different periods, with all the various classes of English society, specimens of which he has selected with inimitable spirit of choice and description, for the amusement of his readers. Like many other men of talent, Fielding was unfortunate,—his life was a life of imprudence and uncertainty; but it was while passing from the high society to which he was born, to that of the lowest and most miscellaneous kind to which his fortune condemned him, that he acquired the extended familiarity with the English character, in every rank and aspect, which has made his name immortal as a painter of national manners.

Henry Fielding, born 22d April, 1707, was of noble descent, the third son of General Edmund Fielding, himself the third son of the Hon. John Fielding, who was the fifth son of William, Earl of Denbigh, who died in 1655. Our author was nearly connected with the ducal family of Kingston, which boasted a brighter ornament than rank or titles could bestow, in the wit and beauty of the celebrated Lady Mary Wortley Montague. The mother of Henry Fielding was a daughter of Judge Gold, the first wife of his father the General. Henry was the only son of this marriage; but he had four sisters of the full blood, of whom Sarah, the third, was distinguished as an authoress by the history of David Simple, and other literary attempts. General Fielding married a second time, after the death of his first lady, and had a numerous family, one of whom is well remembered as a judge of police, by the title of Sir John Fielding. It is most probable, that the expense attending so large a family, together with a natural thoughtlessness of disposition on the part of his father, occasioned Henry's being early thrown into those precarious circumstances, with which, excepting at brief intervals, he continued to struggle through life.

After receiving the rudiments of education from the Rev. Mr. Oliver, who is supposed to have furnished him with the outline of Parson Trulliber's character, Fielding was removed to Eton, where he became imbued deeply with that love of classic literature, which may be traced through all his works. As his father destined him to the bar, he was sent from Eton to study at Leyden, where he is said to have given earnest attention to the civil law. Had he remained in this regular course of study, the courts would probably have gained a lawyer, and the world would have lost a man of genius; but the circumstances of General Fielding determined the chance in favour of posterity, though perhaps against his son. Remittances failed, and the young student was compelled to return, at the age of twenty, to plunge into the dissipation of London, without a monitor to warn, or a friend to support him. General Fielding, indeed, promised his son an allowance of two hundred pounds a-year; but this, as his son used to say, "any one might pay who would." It is only necessary to add, that Fielding was tall, handsome, and well-proportioned, had an expressive countenance, and possessed, with an uncommonly strong constitution, a keen relish of pleasure, with the power of enjoying the present moment, and trusting to chance for the future,—and the reader has before him sufficient grounds to estimate the extent of his improvidence and distress. Lady Mary Wortley Montague, his kinswoman, and early acquaintance, has traced his temperament, and its consequences, in a few lines; and no one who can use her words, would willingly employ his own.

"I am sorry for Henry Fielding's death," says her ladyship, in one of her letters, upon receiving information of that event, "not only as I shall read no more of his writings, but because I believe he lost more than others, as no man enjoyed life more than he did; though few had less occasion to do so, the highest of his preferment being raking in the lowest sinks of vice and misery. I should think it a nobler and less nauseous employment, to be one of the staff-officers that conduct the nocturnal weddings. His happy constitution (even when he had, with great pains, half demolished it,) made him forget every evil, when he was before a venison-pasty or over a flask of champaign; and I am persuaded he has known more happy moments than any prince upon earth. His natural spirits gave him rapture with his cook-maid, and cheerfulness when he was starving in a garret. There was a great similitude between his character and that of Sir Richard Steele. He had the advantage, both in learning, and, in my opinion, genius; they both agreed in wanting money, in spite of all their friends, and

would have wanted it, if their hereditary lands had been as extensive as their imagination; yet each of them was so formed for happiness, it is pity he was not immortal."

Some resources were necessary for a man of pleasure, and Fielding found them in his pen, having, as he used to say himself, no alternative, but to be a hackney writer, or a hackney coachman. He at first employed himself in writing for the theatre, then in high reputation, having recently engaged the talents of Wycherley, of Congreve, Vanburgh, and Farquhar. Fielding's comedies and farces were brought on the stage in hasty succession; and play after play, to the number of eighteen, sunk or swam on the theatrical sea, betwixt the years 1727 and 1736. None of these are now known or read, excepting the mock-tragedy of *Tom Thumb*, the translated play of *The Miser*, and the farces of *The Mock-Doctor* and *Intriguing Chamber-Maid;* and yet they are the production of an author unrivalled for his conception and illustration of character in the kindred walk of imaginary narrative.

Fielding, the first of British novelists, for such he may surely be termed, has thus added his name to that of Le Sage and others, who, eminent for fictitious narration, have either altogether failed in their dramatic attempts, or at least have fallen far short of that degree of excellence, which might have been previously augured of them. It is hard to fix upon any plausible reason for a failure, which has occurred in too many instances to be the operation of mere chance, especially since *à priori* one would think the same talents necessary for both walks of literature. Force of character, strength of expression, felicity of contrast and situation, a well-constructed plot, in which the development is at once natural and unexpected, and where the interest is kept uniformly alive, till summed up by the catastrophe—all these are requisites as essential to the labour of the novelist, as to that of the dramatist, and, indeed, appear to comprehend the sum of the qualities necessary to success in both departments. Fielding's biographers have, in this particular instance, explained his lack of theatrical success, as arising entirely from the careless haste with which he huddled up his dramatic compositions; it being no uncommon thing with him to finish an act or two in a morning, and to write out whole scenes upon the paper in which his favourite tobacco had been wrapped up. Negligence of this kind will no doubt give rise to great inequalities in the productions of an author, so careless of his reputation; but will scarcely account for an attribute something like dulness, which pervades Fielding's plays, and which is rarely found in those works which a man of genius throws off "at a heat," to use Dryden's expression, in prodigal self-reliance on his internal resources. Neither are we at all disposed to believe, that an author, so careless as Fielding, took much more pains in labouring his novels, than in composing his plays; and we are, therefore compelled to seek some other and more general reason for the inferiority of the latter. This may perhaps be found in the nature of those two studies, which, intimately connected as they seem to be, are yet naturally distinct in some very essential particulars; so much so as to vindicate the general opinion, that he who applies himself with eminent success to the one, becomes, in some degree, unqualified for the other;—like the artizan, who, by a particular turn for excellence in one mechanical department, loses the habit of dexterity necessary for acquitting himself with equal reputation in another; or as the artist, who has dedicated himself to the use of water-colours, is usually less distinguished by his skill in oil-painting.

It is the object of the novel-writer to place before the reader as full and accurate a representation of the events which he relates, as can be done by the mere force of an excited imagination, without the assistance of material objects. His sole appeal is made to the world of fancy and of ideas, and in this consists his strength and his weakness, his poverty and his wealth. He cannot, like the painter, present a visible and tangible representation of his towns and his woods, his palaces and his castles; but, by awakening the imagination of a congenial reader, he places before his mind's eye, landscapes fairer than those of Claude, and wilder than those of Salvator.' He cannot, like the dramatist, present before our living eyes the heroes of former days, or the beautiful creations of his own fancy, embodied in the grace and majesty of Kemble or of Siddons; but he can teach his reader to conjure up forms even more dignified and beautiful than theirs. The same difference follows him through every branch of his art. The author of a novel, in short, has neither stage nor scene-painter, nor company of comedians, nor dresser, nor wardrobe; words, applied with the best of his skill, must supply all that these bring to the assistance of the dramatist. Action, and tone, and gesture, the smile of the lover, the frown of the tyrant, the grimace of the buffoon,—all must be told, for nothing can be shown. Thus, the very dialogue becomes mixed with the narration; for he must not only tell what the characters actually said, in which his task is the same as that of the dramatic author, but must also describe the tone, the look, the gesture, with which their speech was accompanied,—telling, in short, all which, in the drama, it becomes the province of the actor to express. It must, therefore, frequently happen, that the author best qualified for a province, in which all depends on the communication of his own ideas and feelings to the reader, without any intervening medium, may fall short of the skill necessary to adapt his compositions to the medium of the stage, where the very qualities most excellent in a novelist are out of place, and an impediment to success. Description and narration, which form the essence of the novel, must be very sparingly introduced into dramatic composition, and scarce ever have a good effect upon the stage. Even Puff, in *The Critic*, has the good sense to leave out "all about gilding the eastern hemisphere;" and the very first thing which the players struck out of his memorable tragedy was, the description of Queen Elizabeth, her palfrey, and her side-saddle. The drama speaks to the eye and ear; and when it ceases to address these bodily organs, and would exact from a theatrical audience that exercise of the imagination which is necessary to follow forth and embody circumstances neither spoken nor exhibited, there is an immediate failure, though it may be the failure of a man of genius. Hence it follows, that though a good acting play may be made by selecting a plot and characters from a novel, yet scarce any effort of genius could render a play into a narrative romance. In the former case, the author has only to contract the events within the space necessary for representation, to choose the most striking characters, and exhibit them in the most forcible contrast, discard from the dialogue whatever is redundant or tedious, and so dramatize the whole. But we know not any effort of genius, which could successfully insert into a good play, those accessaries of description and delineation, which are necessary to dilate it into a readable novel. It may thus easily be conceived, that he whose chief talent lies in addressing the imagination only, and whose style, therefore, must be expanded and circumstantial, may fail in a kind of composition where so much must be left to the efforts of the actor, with his allies and assistants the scene-painter and property-man, and where every attempt to interfere with their province, is an error unfavourable to the success of the piece. Besides, it must be further remembered, that in fictitious narrative an author carries on his manufacture alone, and upon his own account; whereas, in dramatic writing, he enters into partnership with the performers, and it is by their joint efforts that the piece is to succeed. Copartnery is called, by Civilians, the mother of discord; and how likely it is to prove so in the present instance, may be illustrated by reference to the admirable dialogue between the Player and Poet in *Joseph Andrews*, Book III. chap. 10. The poet must either be contented to fail, or to make great condescensions to the experience, and pay much attention to the peculiar qualifications, of those by whom his

piece is to be represented. And he who in a novel had only to fit sentiments, action, and character, to the ideal beings, is now compelled to assume the much more difficult task of adapting all these to real existing persons, who, unless their parts are exactly suited to their own taste, and their peculiar capacities, have, each in his line, the means, and not infrequently the inclination, to ruin the success of the play. Such are, amongst many others, the peculiar difficulties of the dramatic art, and they seem impediments which lie peculiarly in the way of the novelist who aspires to extend his sway over the stage.

Another circumstance may in the present day greatly interfere with the success of dramatic authors, and arises from the decay of that familiar acquaintance with the stage and its affairs, which prevailed during the more splendid days of the British theatre. It requires a frequent and close attendance upon the stage to learn the peculiar points which interest an audience, and the art of forming the *situations*, as they are technically called, which arrest attention and bring down applause. This is a qualification for dramatic excellence, which fashionable hours and modern manners render difficult to any one who is not absolutely himself an actor. Nevertheless it is of such consequence, that it will be found, that the dullest and worst plays, written by authors who have themselves trod the stage, are, however intolerable in the closet, redeemed, in action, by some felicitous position or encounter of persons, which makes them pass muster on the boards. But this observation, though arising naturally out of the subject, cannot be said to apply to Fielding, much of whose life had probably been passed behind the scenes, and who had, indeed, as we shall see, been at one time a sort of manager himself.

We have noticed, that until the year 1737, or thereabouts, Fielding lived the life of a man of wit and pleasure about town, seeking and finding amusement in scenes of gayety and dissipation, and discharging the expense incidental to such a life, by the precarious resources afforded by the stage. He even became, for a season, the manager of a company, having assembled together, in 1735, a number of discarded comedians, who, he proposed, should execute his own dramas at the little theatre in the Haymarket, under the title of the Great Mogul's Company of Comedians. The project did not succeed; and the company, which, as he expressed it, had seemed to drop from the clouds, were under the necessity of disbanding.

During his theatrical career, Fielding, like most authors of the time, found it impossible to interest the public sufficiently in the various attempts which he made to gain popular favour, without condescending to flatter their political animosities. Two of his dramatic pieces, *Pasquin*, and *The Historical Register*, display great acrimony against Sir Robert Walpole, from whom, in the year 1730, he had in vain sought for patronage.* The freedom of his satire is said to have operated considerably in producing a measure which was thought necessary to arrest the license of the stage, and put an end to that proneness to personal and political satire which had been fostered by the success of Gay's *Beggar's Opera*. This measure was the discretional power vested in the Lord Chamberlain, of refusing a license to any piece of which he should disapprove. The regulation was the cause of much clamour at the time; but licentious satire has since found so many convenient modes of access to the public, that its exclusion from the stage is no longer a matter of interest or regret; nor is it now deemed a violent aggression on liberty, that contending political parties cannot be brought into collision within the walls of the theatres, intended, as they are, for places of public amusement, not for scenes of party struggle.

About 1736, Fielding seems to have formed the resolution of settling in life. He espoused a young lady of Salisbury, named Craddock, beautiful, amiable, and possessed of 1500*l*. About the same time, by the death, it has been supposed, of his mother, he succeeded to a small estate of about 200*l*. per annum, situated at Stower, in Derbyshire, affording him, in those days, the means of decent competence. To this place he retired from London, but unfortunately carried with him the same improvident disposition to enjoy the present at expense of the future, which seems to have marked his whole life. He established an equipage, with showy liveries; and his biographers lay some stress on the circumstance, that the colour being a bright yellow, required to be frequently renewed,—an important particular, which, in humble imitation of our accurate predecessors, we deem it unpardonable to suppress. Horses, hounds, and the exercise of an unbounded hospitality, soon aided the yellow livery-men in devouring the substance of their improvident master; and three years found Fielding without land, home, or revenue, a student in the Temple, where he applied himself closely to the law, and after the usual term was called to the bar. It is probable, he brought nothing from Derbyshire save that experience of a rural life, and its pleasures, which afterwards enabled him to delineate the inimitable Squire Western.

Fielding had now a profession, and, as he strongly applied his powerful mind to the principles of the law, it might have been expected that success would have followed in proportion. But those professional persons who can advance or retard the practice of a young lawyer, mistrusted, probably, the application of a wit and a man of pleasure, to the business they might otherwise have confided to him; and it is said, that Fielding's own conduct was such as to justify their want of confidence. Disease, the consequence of a free life, came to the aid of dissipation of mind, and interrupted the course of Fielding's practice by severe fits of the gout, which gradually impaired his robust constitution. We find him, therefore, having again recourse to the stage, where he attempted to produce a continuation of his own piece of *The Virgin Unmasked*; but, as one of the characters was supposed to be written in ridicule of a man of quality, the Chamberlain refused his license. Pamphlets of political controversy, fugitive tracts, and essays, were the next means he had recourse to for subsistence; and as his ready pen produced them upon every emergency, he contrived, by the profits, to support himself and his family, to which he was fondly attached.

Amid this anxious career of precarious expedient, and constant labour, he had the misfortune to lose his wife; and his grief at this domestic calamity was so extreme, that his friends became alarmed for the consequences to his reason. The violence of the emotion, however, was transient, though his regret was lasting; and the necessity of subsistence compelled him again to resume his literary labours. At length, in the year 1741 or 1742, circumstances induced him to engage in a mode of composition, which he retrieved from the disgrace in which he found it, and rendered a classical department of British literature.

The novel of *Pamela*, published in 1740, had carried the fame of Richardson to the highest pitch; and Fielding,—whether he was tired of hearing it over-praised, (for a book, several passages of which would now be thought highly indelicate, was in those days even recommended from the pulpit,) or whether, as a writer for daily subsistence, he caught at whatever interested the public for the time; or, whether, in fine, he was seduced by that wicked spirit of wit which cannot forbear turning into ridicule the idol of the day,—resolved to caricature the style, principles, and personages of this favourite performance. As Gay's desire to satirize Philips gave rise to *The Shepherd's Week*, so Fielding's purpose to ridicule *Pamela* produced the *History of Joseph Andrews*; and in both cases, but especially in the latter, a work was executed infinitely better than could have been expected to arise out of such a motive, and the reader received a degree of pleasure very different, as well as far superior, to what the author

* We preserve at the end of this Introduction, the verses addressed to Walpole on this occasion, as a specimen of Fielding's poetry

himself appears to have proposed. There is, indeed, a fine vein of irony in Fielding's novel, as will appear from comparing it with the pages of *Pamela*; but *Pamela*, to which that irony was applied, is now in a manner forgotten, and *Joseph Andrews* continues to be read, for the admirable pictures of manners which it presents, and above all, for the inimitable character of Mr. Abraham Adams, which alone is sufficient to stamp the superiority of Fielding over all writers of his class. The worthy parson's learning, his simplicity, his evangelical purity of heart, and benevolence of disposition, are so admirably mingled with pedantry, absence of mind, and with the habit of athletic and gymnastic exercise, then acquired at the universities by students of all descriptions, that he may be safely termed one of the richest productions of the Muse of Fiction. Like Don Quixote, Parson Adams is beaten a little too much, and too often; but the cudgel lights upon his shoulders, as on those of the honoured Knight of La Mancha, without the slightest stain to his reputation; and he is bastinadoed without being degraded. The style of this piece is said, in the preface, to have been an imitation of Cervantes; but both in *Joseph Andrews* and *Tom Jones*, the author appears also to have had in view the *Roman Comique* of the once celebrated Scarron. From this author he has copied the mock heroic style, which tells ludicrous events in the language of the classical Epic; a vein of pleasantry which is soon wrought out, and which Fielding has employed so often as to expose him to the charge of pedantry.

Joseph Andrews was eminently successful; and the aggrieved Richardson, who was fond of praise even to adulation, was proportionally offended, while his group of admirers, male and female, took care to echo back his sentiments, and to heap Fielding with reproach. Their animosity survived his life, and we find the most ungenerous reproaches thrown upon his memory, in the course of Richardson's correspondence. Richardson was well acquainted with Fielding's sisters, and complained to them,—not of Fielding's usage of himself, that he was too wise, or too proud to mention,—but of his unfortunate predilection to what was mean and low in character and description. The following expressions are remarkable, as well for the extreme modesty of the writer who thus rears himself into the paramount judge of Fielding's qualities, as for the delicacy which could intrude such observations on the ear of his rival's sister: "Poor Fielding! I could not help telling his sister, that I was equally surprised at, and concerned for, his continued lowness. Had your brother, said I, been born in a stable, or been a runner at a spunging-house, one should have thought him a genius, and wished he had had the advantage of a liberal education, and of being admitted into good company!"—After this, we are not surprised at its being alleged that Fielding was destitute of invention and talent; that the run of his best works was nearly over; and that he would soon be forgotten as an author! Fielding does not appear to have retorted any of this ill-will; so that, if he gave the first offence, and that an unprovoked one, he was also the first to retreat from the contest, and to allow to Richardson those claims which his genius really demanded from the liberality of his contemporaries. In the fifth number of the Jacobite Journal, Fielding highly commends *Clarissa*, which is by far the best and most powerful of Richardson's novels, and, with those scenes in *Sir Charles Grandison* which refer to the history of Clementina, contains the passages of deep pathos on which his claim to immortality must finally rest. Perhaps this is one of the cases in which one would rather have sympathized with the thoughtless offender, than with the less liberal and almost ungenerous mind which so long retained its resentment.

After the publication of *Joseph Andrews*, Fielding had again recourse to the stage, and brought out *The Wedding-day*, which, though on the whole unsuccessful, produced him some small profit. This was the last of his theatrical efforts which appeared during his life. The manuscript comedy of *The Fathers* was lost by Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, and, when recovered, was acted after the author's death, for the benefit of his family. An anecdote respecting the carelessness with which Fielding regarded his theatrical fame, is thus given by former biographers:—

"On one of the days of its rehearsal, (*i. e.* the rehearsal of the Wedding-day,) Garrick, who performed a principal part, and who was even then a favourite with the public, told Fielding, he was apprehensive that the audience would make free with him in a particular passage, and remarked, that as a repulse might disconcert him during the remainder of the night, the passage should be omitted,—'No d—n 'em,' replied he, 'if the scene is not a good one, let them find *that* out.' Accordingly, the play was brought out without alteration, and, as had been foreseen, marks of disapprobation appeared. Garrick, alarmed at the hisses he had met with, retired into the green-room, where the author was solacing himself with a bottle of champaign. He had by this time drank pretty freely; and, glancing his eye at the actor, while clouds of tobacco issued from his mouth, cried out,—'What's the matter, Garrick? what are they hissing now?'—'Why, the scene that I begged you to retrench,' replied the actor; 'I knew it would not do; and they have so frightened me, that I shall not be able to collect myself again the whole night.'—'Oh! d—n 'em,' rejoined he, with great coolness, 'they *have* found it out, have they?'"

Besides various fugitive pieces, Fielding published in, or about, 1743, a volume of Miscellanies, including *The Journey from this World to the Next*, a tract containing a good deal of Fielding's peculiar humour, but of which it is difficult to conceive the plan or purport. *The History of Jonathan Wild the Great* next followed. It is not easy to see what Fielding proposed to himself by a picture of complete vice, unrelieved by anything of human feeling, and never by any accident even deviating into virtue; and the ascribing a train of fictitious adventures to a real character, has in it something clumsy and inartificial on the one hand, and, on the other, subjects the author to a suspicion that he only used the title of Jonathan Wild in order to connect his book with the popular renown of that infamous depredator. But there are few passages in Fielding's more celebrated works, more marked with his peculiar genius, than the scene betwixt his hero and the Ordinary, when in Newgate.

Besides these more permanent proofs of his industrious application to literature, the pen of Fielding was busily employed in the political and literary controversies of the times. He conducted one paper called *The Jacobite Journal*, the object of which was to eradicate those feelings and sentiments which had been already so effectually crushed upon the Field of Culloden. *The True Patriot*, and *The Champion*, were works of the same kind, which he entirely composed, or in which, at least, he had a principal share. In these various papers he steadily advocated what was then called the Whig cause, being attached to the principles of the revolution, and the royal family of Brunswick, or, in other words, a person well affected to church and state. His zeal was long unnoticed, while far inferior writers were enriched out of the secret-service-money with unexampled prodigality. At length, in 1749, he received a small pension, together with the then disreputable office of a Justice of Peace for Westminster and Middlesex, of which he was at liberty to make the best he could by the worst means he might choose. This office, such as it was, he owed to the interference of Mr. ——, afterwards Lord Lyttleton.

At this period, the Magistrates of Westminster, thence termed Trading Justices, were repaid by fees for their services to the public; a mean and wretched system, which made it the interest of these functionaries to inflame every petty dispute which was brought before them, to trade, as it were, in guilt and in misery, and to wring their precarious subsistence out of thieves and pickpockets. The habits of Field-

ing, never choice or select in his society, were not improved by that to which his place exposed him. Horace Walpole gives us, in his usual unfeeling, but lively manner, the following description of a visit made to Fielding in his capacity of a Justice, by which we see his mind had stooped itself completely to his situation.

"Rigby gave me as strong a picture of nature. He and Peter Bathurst, t'other night, carried a servant of the latter's, who had attempted to shoot him, before Fielding, who, to all his other avocations, has, by the grace of Mr. Littleton, added that of Middlesex Justice. He sent them word he was at supper,—they must come next morning. They did not understand that freedom, and ran up, where they found him banqueting with a blind man, [Fielding's brother probably,] a wh—, and three Irishmen, on some cold mutton, and a bone of ham, both in one dish, and the dirtiest cloth. He never stirred, or asked them to sit. Rigby, who had seen him come so often to beg a guinea of Sir C. Williams, and Bathurst, at whose father's he had lived for victuals, understood that dignity as little, and pulled themselves chairs, on which he civilised."*

This is a humiliating anecdote, even after we have made allowance for the aristocratic exaggeration of Walpole, who, in acknowledging Fielding's talents elsewhere, has not failed to stigmatize the lowness of his society and habits.† Yet it is consoling to observe, that Fielding's principles remained unshaken, though the circumstances attending his official situation tended to increase the careless disrespectability of his private habits. His own account of his conduct respecting the dues of the office on which he depended for subsistence, has never been denied or doubted. "I will confess," says he, "that my private affairs, at the beginning of the winter, had but a gloomy aspect; for I had not plundered the public or the poor, of those sums which men, who are always ready to plunder both as much as they can, have been pleased to suspect me of taking; on the contrary, by composing, instead of inflaming, the quarrels of porters and beggars, (which, I blush when I say, hath not been universally practised,) and by refusing to take a shilling from a man who most undoubtedly would not have had another left, I had reduced an income of about 500*l.* a-year, of the dirtiest money upon earth, to little more than 300*l.*; a considerable portion of which remained with my clerk."

Besides the disinterestedness, of which he set an example unusual in those days, Fielding endeavoured, by various suggestions, to abridge the catalogue of crimes and depravity which his office placed so closely under his eye. His *Inquiry into the Increase of Thieves and Robbers*, contains several hints which have been adopted by succeeding statesmen, and some which are still worthy of more attention than they have yet received. As a magistrate, indeed, he was desirous of retrieving the dignity and independence of his own office; and his zeal on that subject has led him a little further than he will be followed by the friends of rational freedom. But we cannot omit mentioning, that he was the first to touch on the frequency of pardons, rendered necessary by the multiplication of capital punishments, and that he placed his finger on that swelling imposthume of the state, the poor's-rates, which has wrought so much evil, and is likely to work so much more. He published also a *Charge to the Grand Jury of Middlesex*, some *Tracts concerning Law Trials* of importance, and left behind him a manuscript on Crown Law. On the subject of the poor, he afterwards published a scheme for restricting them to their parishes, and providing for them in workhouses, which, like many others which have since appeared, only showed that he was fully sensible of the evil, without being able to suggest an effectual or practical remedy. A subsequent writer on the same thorny subject, Sir Frederick Morton Eden, observes, that Fielding's treatise exhibits both the knowledge of the magistrate, and the energy and expression of the novel writer. It was, however, before publishing his scheme for the provision of the poor, that he made himself immortal by the production of *Tom Jones*.

The *History of a Foundling* was composed under all the disadvantages incident to an author alternately pressed by the disagreeable task of his magisterial duties, and by the necessity of hurrying out some ephemeral essay or pamphlet to meet the demands of the passing day. It is inscribed to the Hon. Mr. Lyttleton, afterwards Lord Lyttleton, with a dedication, in which he intimates, that without his assistance, and that of the Duke of Bedford, the work had never been completed, as the author had been indebted to them for the means of subsistence while engaged in composing it. Ralph Allen, the friend of Pope, is also alluded to as one of his benefactors, but unnamed, by his own desire; thus confirming the truth of Pope's beautiful couplet—

> Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame,
> Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.

It is said that this munificent and modest patron made Fielding a present of 200*l.* at one time, and that even before he was personally acquainted with him.

Under such precarious circumstances the first English novel was given to the public, which had not yet seen any works of fiction founded upon the plan of painting from nature. Even Richardson's novels are but a step from the old romance, approaching, indeed, more nearly to the ordinary course of events, but still dealing in improbable incidents, and in characters swelled out beyond the ordinary limits of humanity. The *History of a Foundling* is truth and human nature itself, and there lies the inestimable advantage which it possesses over all previous fictions of this particular kind. It was received with unanimous acclamation by the public, and proved so productive to Millar the publisher, that he handsomely added 100*l.* to 600*l.*, for which last sum he had purchased the work.

The general merits of this popular and delightful work have been so often dwelt upon, and its imperfections so frequently censured, that we can do little more than hastily run over ground which has been repeatedly occupied. The felicitous contrivance, and happy extrication of the story, where every incident tells upon and advances the catastrophe, while, at the same time, it illustrates the characters of those interested in its approach, cannot too often be mentioned with the highest approbation. The attention of the reader is never diverted or puzzled by unnecessary digressions, or recalled to the main story by abrupt and startling occurrences; he glides down the narrative like a boat on the surface of some broad navigable stream, which only winds enough to gratify the voyager with the varied beauty of its banks. One exception to this praise, otherwise so well merited, occurs in the story of the Old Man of the Hill; an episode, which, in compliance with a custom introduced by Cervantes, and followed by Le Sage, Fielding has thrust into the midst of his narrative, as he had formerly introduced the History of Leonora, equally unnecessarily and inartificially, into that of *Joseph Andrews*. It has also been wondered, why Fielding should have chosen to leave the stain of illegitimacy on the birth of his hero; and it has been surmised, that he did so in allusion to his own first wife, who was also a natural child. A better reason may be discovered in the story itself; for had Miss Bridget been privately married to the father of Tom Jones, there could have been no adequate motive assigned for keeping his birth secret from a man so reasonable and compassionate as Allworthy.

But even the high praise due to the construction and arrangement of the story, is inferior to that claimed by the truth, force, and spirit of the cha-

* Letters from the Hon. Horace Walpole to George Montague, Esq.—Lond. 1818, p. 58.

† In his poetical account of Twickenham, Fielding's residence in the neighbourhood is not forgotten,—

> Where Fielding met his hunter muse,
> And as they quaff'd the fiery juice,
> Droll nature stamp'd each lucky hit,
> With unimaginable wit.
>
> *The Parish Register of Twickenham.*

racters, from Tom Jones himself, down to Black George the game-keeper, and his family. Amongst these, Squire Western stands alone; imitated from no prototype, and in himself an inimitable picture of ignorance, prejudice, irascibility, and rusticity, united with natural shrewdness, constitutional good-humour, and an instinctive affection for his daughter,—all which qualities, good and bad, are grounded upon that basis of thorough selfishness, natural to one bred up, from infancy, where no one dared to contradict his arguments, or to control his conduct. In one incident alone, Fielding has departed from this admirable sketch. As an English squire, Western ought not to have taken a beating so unresistingly from the friend of Lord Fellamar. We half suspect that the passage is an interpolation. It is inconsistent with the Squire's readiness to engage in rustic affrays. We grant a pistol or sword might have appalled him; but Squire Western should have yielded to no one in the use of the English horse-whip; and as, with all his brutalities, we have a sneaking interest in the honest jolly country-gentleman, we would willingly hope there is some mistake in this matter.

The character of Jones, otherwise a model of generosity, openness, and manly spirit, mingled with thoughtless dissipation, is, in like manner, unnecessarily degraded by the nature of his intercourse with Lady Bellaston; and this is one of the circumstances which incline us to believe, that Fielding's ideas of what was gentleman-like and honourable had sustained some depreciation, in consequence of the unhappy circumstances of his life, and of the society to which they condemned him.

A more sweeping and general objection was made against the *History of a Foundling* by the admirers of Richardson, and has been often repeated since. It is alleged, that the ultimate moral of *Tom Jones*, which conducts to happiness, and holds up to our sympathy and esteem, a youth who gives way to licentious habits, is detrimental to society, and tends to encourage the youthful reader in the practice of those follies, to which his natural passions, and the usual course of the world, but too much direct him. French delicacy, which, on so many occasions, has strained at a gnat, and swallowed a camel, saw this fatal tendency in the work, and by an *arret* prohibited the circulation of a bungled abridgment by De la Place, entitled a translation. To this charge Fielding himself might probably have replied, that the vices into which Jones suffers himself to fall, are made the direct cause of placing him in the distressful situation, which he occupies during the greater part of the narrative; while his generosity, his charity, and his amiable qualities, become the means of saving him from the consequences of his folly. But we suspect with Dr. Johnson, that there is something of cant both in the objection, and in the answer to it. "Men," says that moralist, "will not become highwaymen, because Macheath is acquitted on the stage;" and we add, they will not become swindlers and thieves, because they sympathize with the fortunes of the witty picaroon Gil Blas, or licentious debauchees, because they read *Tom Jones*. The professed moral of a piece is usually what the reader is least interested in; it is like the mendicant, who cripples after some splendid and gay procession, and in vain solicits the attention of those who have been gazing upon it. Excluding from consideration those infamous works, which address themselves directly to awakening the grosser passions of our nature, we are inclined to think, the worst evil to be apprehended from the perusal of novels is, that the habit is apt to generate an indisposition to real history, and useful literature; and that the best which can be hoped is, that they may sometimes instruct the youthful mind by real pictures of life, and sometimes awaken their better feelings and sympathies by strains of generous sentiment, and tales of fictitious wo. Beyond this point they are a mere elegance, a luxury contrived for the amusement of polished life, and the gratification of that half love of literature, which pervades all ranks in an advanced stage of society, and are read much more for amusement, than with the least hope of deriving instruction from them. The vices and follies of Tom Jones, are those which the world soon teaches to all who enter on the career of life, and to which society is unhappily but too indulgent; nor do we believe, that, in any one instance, the perusal of Fielding's novel has added one libertine to the large list, who would not have been such, had it never crossed the press. And it is with concern we add our sincere belief, that the fine picture of frankness and generosity, exhibited in that fictitious character, has had as few imitators as the career of his follies. Let it not be supposed that we are indifferent to morality, because we treat with scorn that affectation, which, while, in common life, it connives at the open practice of libertinism, pretends to detest the memory of an author, who painted life as it was, with all its shades, and more than all the lights which it occasionally exhibits, to relieve them. For particular passages of the work, the author can only be defended under the custom of his age, which permitted, in certain cases, much stronger language than ours. He has himself said, that there is nothing which can offend the chastest eye in the perusal; and he spoke probably according to the ideas of his time. But in modern estimation, there are several passages at which delicacy may justly take offence; and we can only say, that they may be termed rather jocularly coarse than seductive; and that they are atoned for by the admirable mixture of wit and argument, by which, in others, the cause of true religion and virtue is supported and advanced.

Fielding considered his works as an experiment in British literature; and, therefore, he chose to prefix a preliminary Chapter to each Book, explanatory of his own views, and of the rules attached to this mode of composition. Those critical introductions, which rather interrupt the course of the story, and the flow of the interest at the first perusal, are found, on a second or third, the most entertaining chapters of the whole work.

The publication of *Tom Jones* carried Fielding's fame to its height; but seems to have been attended with no consequences to his fortune, beyond the temporary relief which the copy-money afforded him. It was after this period, that he published his proposal for making an effectual Provision for the Poor, formerly noticed, and a pamphlet relating to the mysterious case of the celebrated Elizabeth Canning, in which he adopted the cause of common sense against popular prejudice, and failed in consequence in the object of his publication.

Amelia was the author's last work of importance. It may be termed a continuation of *Tom Jones*; but we have not the same sympathy for the ungrateful and dissolute conduct of Booth, which we yield to the youthful follies of Jones. The character of Amelia is said to have been drawn for Fielding's second wife. If he put her patience, as has been alleged, to tests of the same kind, he has, in some degree, repaid her, by the picture he has drawn of her feminine delicacy and pure tenderness. Fielding's Novels show few instances of pathos; it was, perhaps, inconsistent with the life which he was compelled to lead; for those who see most of human misery become necessarily, in some degree, hardened to its effects. But few scenes of fictitious distress are more affecting, than that in which Amelia is described as having made her little preparations for the evening, and sitting in anxious expectation of the return of her unworthy husband whose folly is, in the mean time, preparing for her new scenes of misery. But our sympathy for the wife is disturbed by our dislike of her unthankful helpmate, of whose conversion we have no hope, and with whose errors we have no sympathy. The tale is, therefore, on the whole, unpleasing, even though relieved by the humours of the doughty Colonel Bath, and the learned Dr. Harrison, characters drawn with such force and precision, as Fielding alone knew how to employ.

Millar published *Amelia* in 1751. He had paid a thousand pounds for the copy-right; and when he

began to suspect that the work would be judged inferior to its predecessor, he employed the following stratagem to push it upon the trade. At a sale made to the booksellers, previous to the publication, Miller offered his friends his other publications on the usual terms of discount; but when he came to *Amelia*, he laid it aside, as a work expected to be in such demand, that he could not afford to deliver it to the trade in the usual manner. The *ruse* succeeded—the impression was anxiously bought up, and the bookseller relieved from every apprehension of a slow sale.

Notwithstanding former failures, Fielding, in 1752, commenced a new attempt at a literary newspaper and review, which he entitled the *Covent-Garden Journal*, to be published twice a-week, and conducted by Sir Alexander Drawcansir. It was the author's failing, that he could not continue any plan of this nature, (for which otherwise his ready pen, sharp wit, and classical knowledge, so highly fitted him,) without involving himself in some of the party squabbles, or petty literary broils of the day. On the present occasion, it was not long ere he involved himself in a quarrel with Dr. Hill, and other periodical writers. Among the latter, we are sorry to particularize Smollett, although possessed of the most kindred genius to Fielding's which has yet appeared in British literature. The warfare was of brief duration, and neither party would obtain honour by an inquiry into the cause or conduct of its hostilities.

Meanwhile, Fielding's life was fast decaying; a complication of diseases had terminated in a dropsical habit, which totally undermined his strong constitution. The Duke of Newcastle, then prime minister, was desirous of receiving assistance from him in the formation of a plan, for the remedy and prevention of secret robberies, and improving the police of the metropolis. For the small consideration of 600*l*., paid by government, Fielding engaged to extirpate several gangs of daring ruffians, which at this time infested London, and its vicinity; and though his health was reduced to the last extremity, he continued himself to superintend the conduct of his agents, to take evidence, and make commitments, until this great object was attained.

These last exertions seem to have been fatal to his exhausted frame, which suffered at once under dropsy, and jaundice, and asthma. The Bath waters were tried in vain, and various modes of cure or alleviation were resorted to, of which tapping only appears to have succeeded to a certain extent. The medical attendants gave their last sad advice in recommending a milder climate. Of his departure for Lisbon, in conformity with their opinion, he has himself left the following melancholy record, painting the man and his situation a thousand times better than any other pen could achieve.

"On this day, Wednesday, June 26, 1754,"* he says, "the most melancholy sun I had ever beheld arose, and found me awake at my house at Fordhook. By the light of this sun, I was, in my own opinion, last to behold and take leave of some of those creatures on whom I doated with a mother-like fondness, guided by nature and passion, and uncured and unhardened by all the doctrine of that philosophical school, where I had learned to bear pains, and to despise death. In this situation, as I could not conquer Nature, I submitted entirely to her, and she made as great a fool of me, as she had ever done of any woman whatsoever; under pretence of giving me leave to enjoy, she drew me in to suffer, the company of my little ones, during eight hours; and I doubt not whether, in that time, I did not undergo more than in all my distemper. At twelve precisely my coach was at the door, which was no sooner told me, than I kissed my children round, and went into it with some little resolution. My wife, who behaved more like a heroine and philosopher, though at the same time the tenderest mother in the world, and my eldest daughter, followed me. Some friends went with us, and others here took their leave; and I heard my behaviour applauded, with many murmurs and praises, to which I well knew, I had no title."

* Voyage to Lisbon.

This affecting passage makes a part of his *Journey to Lisbon*, a work which he commenced during the voyage, with a hand trembling in almost its latest hour. It remains a singular example of Fielding's natural strength of mind, that while struggling hard at once with the depression and with the irritability of disease, he could still exhibit a few flashes of that bright wit, which once set the "world" in a roar. His perception of character, and power of describing it, had not forsaken him in those sad moments; for the master of the ship in which he sailed, the scolding landlady of the Isle of Wight, the military coxcomb who visits their vessel, are all portraits, marked with the master-hand which traced Parson Adams and Squire Western.

The *Journey to Lisbon* was abridged by fate. Fielding reached that city, indeed, alive, and remained there two months; but he was unable to continue his proposed literary labours. The hand of death was upon him, and seized upon its prey in the beginning of October 1754. He died in the forty-eighth year of his life, leaving behind him a widow, and four children, one of whom died soon afterwards. His brother, Sir John Fielding, well known as a magistrate, aided by the bounty of Mr. Allen, made suitable provision for the survivors; but of their fate we are ignorant.

Thus lived, and thus died, at a period of life when the world might have expected continued delight from his matured powers, the celebrated Henry Fielding, father of the English Novel; and in his powers of strong and national humour, and forcible yet natural exhibition of character, unapproached as yet, even by his successful followers.

ABBOTSFORD, OCTOBER 25, 1820.

TOBIAS SMOLLETT.

THE Life of Smollett, whose genius has raised an imperishable monument to his fame, has been written, with spirit and elegance, by his friend and contemporary, the celebrated Dr. Moore, and more lately by Dr. Robert Anderson of Edinburgh, with a careful research, which leaves to us little except the task of selection and abridgement.

Our author was descended from an ancient and honourable family; an advantage to which, from various passages in his writings, he seems to have attached considerable weight, and the consciousness of which seems to have contributed its share in forming some of the peculiarities of his character.

Sir James Smollett of Bonhill, the grandfather of the celebrated author, was bred to the bar, became one of the Commissaries (*i. e.* Consistorial Judges) of Edinburgh, represented the burgh of Dumbarton in the Scottish Parliament, and lent his aid to dissolve that representative body for ever, being one of the Commissioners for framing the Union with England. By his lady, a daughter of Sir Aulay MacAulay of Ardincaple, Sir James Smollett had four sons, of whom Archibald, the youngest, was father of the poet.

It appears that Archibald Smollett followed no profession, and that, without his father's consent, he married an amiable woman, Barbara, daughter of Mr. Cunningham of Gilbertfield. The disunion betwixt the son and father, to which this act of imprudence gave rise, did not prevent Sir James Smollett from assigning to him, for his support, the house and farm of Dalquhurn, near his own mansion of Bonhill. Archibald Smollett died early, leaving two sons and a daughter wholly dependent on the kindness of his grandfather. The eldest son embraced the military life, and perished by the shipwreck of a transport. The daughter, Jane, married Mr. Telfer of Leadhills, and her descendant, Captain John Smollett, R. N., now represents the family, and possesses the estate of Bonhill. The second son of Archibald Smollett is the subject of this Memoir.

Tobias Smollett (baptised Tobias George) was born in 1721, in the old house of Dalquhurn, in the valley of Leven, in perhaps the most beautiful district in Britain. Its distinguished native has celebrated the vale of Leven not only in the beautiful Ode addressed to his parent stream, but in the *Expedition of Humphry Clinker*, where he mentions the home of his forefathers in the following enthusiastic, yet not exaggerated terms:—"A very little above the source of the Leven, on the lake, stands the house of Cameron, belonging to Mr. Smollett,* so embosomed in an oak wood, that we did not see it till we were within fifty yards of the door. The lake approaches on one side to within six or seven yards of the window. It might have been placed in a higher situation, which would have afforded a more extensive prospect, and a drier atmosphere; but this imperfection is not chargeable on the present proprietor, who purchased it ready built, rather than be at the trouble of repairing his own family house of Bonhill, which stands two miles from hence on the Leven, so surrounded with plantations, that it used to be known by the name of the Mavis (or thrush) Nest. Above that house is a romantic glen, or cleft of a mountain, covered with hanging woods, having at bottom a stream of fine water that forms a number of cascades in its descent to join the Leven, so that the scene is quite enchanting.

'I have seen the Lago di Gardi, Albano de Vico, Bolsena, and Geneva, and I prefer Loch-Lomond to them all; a preference which is certainly owing to the verdant islands that seem to float upon its surface, affording the most enchanting objects of repose to the excursive view. Nor are the banks destitute of beauties which even partake of the sublime. On this side they display a sweet variety of woodland, corn-fields, and pasture, with several agreeable villas, emerging, as it were, out of the lake; till at some distance, the prospect terminates in huge mountains, covered with heath, which, being in the bloom, affords a very rich covering of purple. Everything here is romantic beyond imagination. This country is justly styled the Arcadia of Scotland: I do not doubt but it may vie with Arcadia in everything but climate. I am sure it excels it in verdure, wood, and water."

A poet bred up amongst such scenes, must become doubly attached to his art; and accordingly it appears that Smollet was in the highest degree sensible of the beauties of nature, although his fame has chiefly risen upon his power of delineating human character. He obtained the rudiments of classical knowledge at the Dumbarton grammar-school, then taught by Mr. John Love, the scarce less learned antagonist of the learned Ruddiman. From thence he removed to Glasgow, where he pursued his studies with diligence and success, and was finally bound apprentice to Mr. John Gordon, an eminent surgeon. This destination was contrary to young Smollett's wishes, which strongly determined him to a military life; and he is supposed to have avenged himself both of his grandfather, who contradicted his inclinations, and of his master, by describing the former under the unamiable character of the old Judge, and the latter as Mr. Potion, the first master of *Roderick Random*. At a later period he did Mr. Gordon justice by mentioning him in the following terms:—"I was introduced to Mr. Gordon," says Matthew Bramble, "a patriot of a truly noble spirit, who is father of the linen manufactory in that place, and was the great promoter of the city work-house, infirmary, and other works of public utility. Had he lived in ancient Rome, he would have been honoured with a statue at the public expense."

During his apprenticeship, Smollett's conduct indicated that love of frolic, practical jest, and playful mischief, of which his works show many proofs, and the young novelist gave also several indications of his talents and propensity to satire. It is said, that his master expressed his conviction of Smollett's future eminence in very homely but expressive terms, when some of his neighbours were boasting the superior decorum and propriety of their young pupils. "It may be all very true," said the keen-sighted Mr. Gordon; "but give me, before them all, my own bubbly-nosed callant, with the stane in his pouch." Without attempting to render this into English, our Southern readers must be informed, that the words contain a faithful sketch of a negligent, unlucky, but spirited urchin, never without some mischievous prank in his head, and a stone in his pocket ready to execute it.

In the eighteenth year of Smollett's life, his grandfather, Sir James, died, making no provision by his will for the children of his youngest son, a neglect which, joined to other circumstances already mentioned, procured him from his irritable descendant the painful distinction which the old Judge holds in the narrative of *Roderick Random*.

Without efficient patronage of any kind, Smollett, in his nineteenth year, went to London to seek his fortune wherever he might find it. He carried with him the *Regicide*, a tragedy, written during the progress of his studies, but which, though it evinces in particular passages the genius of the author, cannot be termed with justice a performance suited for the stage. Lord Lyttleton, as a patron—Garrick and Lacy, as managers—gave the youthful author some encouragement, which, perhaps, the sanguine temper of Smollett over-rated; for, in the story of Mr. Melopoyn, where he gives the history of his attempts to bring the *Regicide* on the stage, the patron and the manager are not spared; and, in *Peregrine Pickle*, the personage of Gosling Scrag, which occurs in the first edition only, is meant to represent Lord Lyttleton. The story is more briefly told in the preface to the first edition of the *Regicide*, where the author informs us that his tragedy "was taken into the protection of one of those little fellows who are sometimes called great men, and, like other orphans, neglected accordingly. Stung with resentment, which I mistook for contempt, I resolved to punish this barbarous indifference, and actually discarded my patron; consoling myself with the barren praise of a few associates, who, in the most indefatigable manner, employed their time and influence in collecting from all quarters observations on my piece, which, in consequence of those suggestions, put on a new appearance almost every day, until my occasions called me out of the kingdom."

Disappointed in the hopes he had founded on in his theatrical attempt, Smollett accepted the situation of surgeon's mate on board of a ship of the line, in the expedition to Carthagena, in 1741, of which he published a short account in *Roderick Random*, and a longer narrative in a *Compendium of Voyages*, published in 1751. But the term of our author's service in the navy was chiefly remarkable from his having acquired, in that brief space, such intimate knowledge of our nautical world, as enabled him to describe sailors with such truth and spirit of delineation, that from that time whoever has undertaken the same task has seemed to copy more from Smollett than from nature. Our author quitted the navy, in disgust alike with the drudgery, and with the despotic discipline, which in those days was qualified by no urbanity on the part of superior officers, and which exposed subordinates in the service to such mortifications, as a haughty spirit like that of Smollett could very ill endure. He left the service in the West Indies, and after a residence of some time in the island of Jamaica, returned to England in 1746. Obscure traces of the vexatious persecutions which he underwent during his service in the navy, may be found in *Roderick Random*; but the temper of the author was too irritable to encourage our full confidence in the truth of his satire.

It was at this time, when, incensed at the brutal severities exercised by the government's troops in the Highlands, to which romantic regions he was a neighbour by birth, Smollett wrote the pathetic, spirited, and patriotic verses entitled *The Tears of Caledonia*. The late Robert Graham, Esq., of Gartmore, a particular friend and trustee of Smollett, has recorded the manner in which this effusion was poured forth. "Some gentlemen having met at a

* The late Commissary Smollett.

tavern were amusing themselves before supper with a game at cards; while Smollett, not choosing to play, sat down to write. One of the company, who also was nominated by him one of his trustees, (Gartmore himself,) observing his earnestness, and supposing he was writing verses, asked him if it was not so. He accordingly read them the first sketch of his *Tears of Scotland*, consisting only of six stanzas; and on their remarking that the termination of the poem, being too strongly expressed, might give offence to persons whose political opinions were different, he sat down, without reply, and, with an air of great indignation, subjoined the concluding stanza:—

"While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my Country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat.
Yes, spite of thine insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow.
Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn,
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!"

To estimate the generous emotions with which Smollett was actuated on this occasion, it must be remarked that his patriotism was independent of party feeling, as he had been bred up in Whig principles, which were those of his family; and although these appear from his historical work to have been in some degree modified, yet the author continued attached to the principles of the Revolution. It is also to be remembered, that at the extinction of a civil war, the least appearance of sympathy with the vanquished party is sure to interrupt fairer prospects of preferment than any which opened to Smollett. His feelings for his country's distresses, and his resentment of the injuries she sustained, were as genuine and disinterested as the mode of expressing them is pathetic and spirited.

Smollett, on his return from the West Indies, settled in London, and commenced his career as a professional man. He was not successful as a physician, probably because his independent and haughty spirit neglected the by-paths which lead to fame in that profession. One account says, that he failed to render himself agreeable to his female patients, certainly not from want of address or figure, for both were remarkably pleasing, but more probably by a hasty impatience of listening to petty complaints, and a want of sympathy with the lamentations of those who laboured under no real indisposition. It is remarkable, that although very many, perhaps the greatest number of successful medical men, have assumed a despotic authority over their patients after their character was established, few or none have risen to pre-eminence in practice who used the same want of ceremony in the commencement of their career. Perhaps, however, Dr. Smollett was too soon discouraged, and abandoned prematurely a profession in which success is proverbially slow.

Smollet, who must have felt his own powers, had naturally recourse to his pen, to supply the deficiencies of an income which his practice did not afford; and besides repeated attempts to get his tragedy acted, he sent forth, in 1746, *Advice*, and in 1747, *Reproof*, both poetical satires possessed of considerable merit, but which only influenced the fate of the author, as they increased the number of his personal enemies. Rich, the manager, was particularly satirized in *Reproof*. Smollett had written for the Covent-Garden theatre an opera called *Alceste*, which was not acted in consequence of some quarrel betwixt the author and manager, which Smollett thus avenged.

About 1747, Smollett was married to Miss Lascelles, a beautiful and accomplished woman, to whom he had become attached in the West Indies. Instead of an expected fortune of 3000*l.*, he gained by this connexion only a lawsuit, and increased the expense of housekeeping, which he was still less able to afford, and was again obliged to have recourse to his literary talents.

Necessity is the mother of invention, in literature as well as in the arts, and the necessity of Smollett brought him forth in his pre-eminent character of a Novelist. *Roderick Random* may be considered as an imitation of Le Sage, as the hero flits through almost every scene of public and private life, recording, as he paints his own adventures, the manners of the times, with all their various shades and diversities of colouring; but forming no connected plot or story, the several parts of which hold connexion with, or bear proportion to, each other. It was the second example of the minor romance, or English novel. Fielding had shortly before set the example in his *Tom Jones*, and a rival of almost equal eminence, in 1748, brought forth the *Adventures of Roderick Random*; a work which was eagerly received by the public, and brought both reputation and profit to the author.

It was generally believed that Smollett painted some of his own early adventures under the veil of fiction; but the public carried the spirit of applying the characters of a work of fiction to living personages much further, perhaps, than the author intended. Gawkey, Crabbe, and Potion, were assigned to individuals in the West of Scotland; Mrs. Smollett was supposed to be Narcissa; the author himself represented Roderick Random, (of which there can be little doubt;) a book-binder and barber, the early acquaintances of Smollett, contended for the character of the attached, amiable, simple-hearted Strap; and the two naval officers, under whom Smollett had served, were stigmatized under the names of Oakum and Whiffle. Certain it is, that the contempt with which his unfortunate play had been treated, forms the basis of Mr. Melopoyn's story, in which Garrick and Lyttleton are roughly treated, under the characters of Marmozet and Sheerwit. The public did not taste less keenly the real merits of this interesting and humorous work, because they conceived it to possess the zest arising from personal allusion; and the sale of the work exceeded greatly the expectations of all concerned.

Having now the ear of the public, Smollett published, by subscription, his unfortunate tragedy, the *Regicide*, in order to shame those who had barred his access to the stage. The preface is filled with complaints, which are neither just nor manly, and with strictures upon Garrick and Lyttleton, which amount almost to abuse. The merits of the piece by no means vindicate this extreme resentment on the part of the author, and of this Smollett himself became at length sensible. He was impetuous, but not sullen in his resentment, and generously allowed, in his *History of England*, the full merit to those, whom, in the first impulse of passion and disappointment, he had treated with injustice.*

* Desirous "of doing justice in a work of truth for wrongs done in a work of fiction," (to use his own expression,) in giving a sketch of the liberal arts in his *History of England*, he remarked, "the exhibitions of the stage were improved to the most exquisite entertainment by the talents and management of Garrick, who greatly surpassed all his predecessors of this, and perhaps every other nation, in his genius for acting, in the sweetness and variety of his tones, the irresistible magic of his eye, the fire and vivacity of his action, the elegance of attitude, and the whole pathos of expression.

"Candidates for literary fame appeared even in the highest sphere of life, embellished by the nervous sense and extensive erudition of a Corke, by the delicate taste, the polished muse, and tender feelings of a Lyttleton."

Not satisfied with this *public* declaration of his sentiments, he wrote in still stronger terms to Mr. Garrick:

"Dear Sir, *Chelsea, Jan. 27, 1762.*

"I this morning received your *Winter's Tale*, and am agreeably flattered by this mark of your attention. What I have said of Mr. Garrick in the History of England, was, I protest, the language of my heart. I shall rejoice, if he thinks I have done him barely justice. I am sure the public will think I have done him no more than justice. In giving a short sketch of the liberal arts, I could not with any propriety, forbear mentioning a gentleman so eminently distinguished by a genius that has no rival. Besides, I thought it was a duty incumbent on me in particular, to make a public atonement in a work of truth for wrongs done him in a work of fiction.

"Among the other inconveniences, arising from ill-health, I deeply regret my being disabled from a personal cultivation of your good will, and the unspeakable enjoyment I should sometimes derive from your private conversation, as well as from the public exertion of your talents: but sequestered as I am from the world of entertainment, the consciousness of standing well in your opinion will ever afford singular satisfaction to,

"Dear Sir,

"Your very humble Servant,

"T. SMOLLETT."

In 1750, Smollett made a tour to Paris, where he gleaned materials for future works of fiction, besides enlarging his acquaintance with life and manners. A coxcomb painter, whom he met on this occasion, formed the original of the exquisite Pallet; while Dr. Akenside, a man of a very different character, was marked the future prey of satire as the pedantic Doctor of Medicine. He is said to have offended Smollett by some national reflections on Scotland, while his extravagant zeal for liberty, which was in no great danger, and his pedantic and exclusive admiration of the manners of classical antiquity, afforded, as Smollett has drawn them, an ample fund of ridicule.

Peregrine Pickle is supposed to have been written chiefly in Paris, and appeared in 1751. It was received by the public with uncommon avidity, and a large impression dispersed, notwithstanding the efforts of certain booksellers and others, whom Smollett accuses of attempts to obstruct the sale, the book being published on account of the author himself. His irritable temper induced him to run hastily before the public with complaints, which, howsoever well or ill grounded, the public has been at all times accustomed to hear with great indifference. Many professional authors, philosophers, and other public characters of the time, were also satirized with little restraint.

The splendid merits of the work itself were a much greater victory over the author's enemies, if he really had such, than any which he could gain by personal altercation with unworthy opponents. Yet by many his second novel was not thought quite equal to his first. In truth, there occurs betwixt *Roderick Random* and *Peregrine Pickle* a difference, which is often observed betwixt the first and second efforts of authors who have been successful in this line. *Peregrine Pickle* is more finished, more sedulously laboured into excellence, exhibits scenes of more accumulated interest, and presents a richer variety of character and adventure, than *Roderick Random*; but yet there is an ease and simplicity in the first novel which is not quite attained in the second, where the author has substituted splendid colouring for strict fidelity of outline. Thus, of the inimitable sea-characters, Trunnion, Pipes, and even Hatchway, border upon caricature; but Lieutenant Bowling and Jack Rattlin are truth and nature itself. The reason seems to be, that when an author brings forth his first representation of any class of characters, he seizes on the leading and striking outlines, and therefore, in the second attempt of the same kind, he is forced to make some distinction, and either to invest his personage with less obvious and ordinary traits of character, or to place him in a new and less natural light. Hence, it would seem, the difference in opinion which sometimes occurs betwixt the author and the reader, respecting the comparative value of early and of subsequent publications. The author naturally esteems that most upon which he is conscious much more labour has been bestowed, while the public often remain constant to their first love, and prefer the facility and truth of the earlier work to the more elaborate execution displayed in those which follow it. But though the simplicity of its predecessor was not, and could not be, repeated in Smollett's second novel, his powers are so far from evincing any falling off, that in *Peregrine Pickle* there is a much wider range of character and incident, than is exhibited in *Roderick Random*, as well as a more rich and brilliant display of the talents and humour of the distinguished author.

Peregrine Pickle did not, however, owe its success entirely to its intrinsic merit. The Memoirs of a Lady of Quality, a separate tale, thrust into the work, with which it has no sort of connexion, in the manner introduced by Cervantes, and followed by Le Sage and Fielding, added considerably to its immediate popularity. These Memoirs, which are now regarded as a tiresome and unnecessary excrescence upon the main story, contain the history of Lady Vane, renowned at that time for her beauty and her intrigues.* The lady not only furnished Smollett with the materials for recording her own infamy, but, it is said, rewarded him handsomely for the insertion of her story. Mr. MacKercher, a character of a different description, was also introduced. He was remarkable for the benevolent Quixotry with which he supported the pretensions of the unfortunate Mr. Annesley, a claimant of the title and property of Anglesea. The public took the interest in the frailties of Lady Vane, and the benevolence of Mr. MacKercher, which they always take in the history of living and remarkable characters; and the anecdotes respecting the demirep and the man of charity, greatly promoted the instant popularity of *Peregrine Pickle*.

The extreme license of some of the scenes described in this novel, gave deep offence to the thinking part of the public; and the work, in conformity to their just complaints, was much altered in the second edition. The preliminary advertisement has these words:—"It was the author's duty, as well as his interest, to oblige the public with this edition, which he has endeavoured to render less unworthy of their acceptance, by retrenching the superfluities of the first, reforming its manners, and correcting its expression. Divers uninteresting incidents are wholly suppressed; some humorous scenes he has endeavoured to heighten; and he flatters himself that he has expunged every adventure, phrase, and insinuation, that could be construed by the most delicate reader into a trespass upon the rules of decorum.

"He owns with contrition, that, in one or two instances, he gave way too much to the suggestions of personal resentment, and represented characters, as they appeared to him at the time, through the exaggerated medium of prejudice. But he has in this impression endeavoured to make atonement for these extravagancies. Howsoever he may have erred in point of judgment or discretion, he defies the whole world to prove that he was ever guilty of one act of malice, ingratitude, or dishonour. This declaration he may be permitted to make without incurring the imputation of vanity or presumption, considering the numerous shafts of envy, rancour, and revenge, that have lately, both in public and private, been levelled at his reputation."

In reference to this palinode, we may barely observe, that the passages retrenched in the second edition are, generally speaking, the detail of those frolics in which the author has permitted his turn for humour greatly to outrun his sense of decency and propriety; and, in this respect, notwithstanding what he himself says in the passage just quoted, the work would have been much improved by a more unsparing application of the pruning-knife. Several personal reflections were almost omitted, particularly those on Lyttleton and Fielding, whom he had upbraided for his dependence on that statesman's patronage.†

* Lady Vane was the daughter of Francis Hawes, Esq., of Furley-Hall, near Reading, in Berkshire, one of the South-Sea Directors in 1720, and married, about the beginning of 1732, at the age of seventeen, to Lord William Hamilton, who dying July 11, 1734, she married, May 19, 1735, Lord Viscount Vane, of the kingdom of Ireland, with whom she had various scandalous lawsuits, and died in London, March 31, 1788, in the seventy-second year of her life.

† Lyttleton's celebrated Monody on the death of his wife, was ridiculed by a burlesque Ode on the Death of my Grandmother, of which the following may be a sufficient specimen:

"Where wast thou, wittol Ward, when hapless fate
From these weak arms mine aged grandam tore:
These pious arms assay'd too late
To drive the dismal phantom from the door.
Could not thy healing drop, illustrious quack,
Could not thy salutary pill prolong her days,
For whom, so oft, to Marybone, alack!
The sorrels drag'd thee through the worst of ways

Neither is Smollett more respectful to Lyttleton in his personal character than to his poetical talent. He describes him as "the famous Goeling Scrag, Esq. son and heir of Sir Marmaduke Scrag, who seats himself in the chair of judgment and gives sentence upon the authors of the age. I should be glad to know, upon what pretensions to genius this predominance is founded? Do a few flimsy odes, barren epistles, pointless epigrams, and the superstitious suggestions of a half-witted enthusiast, entitle him to that eminent rank he maintains in the world of letters? or did he acquire the reputation of a wit, by a repetition of trite invectives against a minister, conveyed in a theatrical cadence, ac-

Dr. Anderson informs us, that, "at this period, Smollett seems to have obtained the degree of Doctor of Physic, probably from a foreign University, and announced himself a candidate for fame and fortune as a physician, by a publication entitled, 'An Essay on the External Use of Water, in a letter to Dr. ——, with particular Remarks upon the present Method of using the Mineral Waters at Bath in Somersetshire, and a Plan for rendering them more safe, agreeable, and efficacious; 4to. 1752.' The performance advanced his reputation as a man of science and taste, but failed to conduct the physician to professional eminence and wealth. This is the only publication in the line of his profession which is known to have proceeded from his pen." If the Essay was intended to serve as an introduction to practice, it was totally unsuccessful. Perhaps Smollett's character as a satirist, and the readiness he had shown to engraft the peculiarities and history of individuals into works of fiction, were serious obstacles to him in a profession which demands so much confidence as that of a family physician. But it is probable that the author's chief object in the publication was to assist the cause of a particular friend, Mr. Cleland, a surgeon at Bath, then engaged in a controversy concerning the use of these celebrated waters.

In the year 1753, Dr. Smollett published *The Adventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom*, one of those works which seem to have been written for the purpose of showing how far humour and genius can go, in painting a complete picture of human depravity. Smollett has made his own defence for the loathsome task which he has undertaken. "Let me not," says he, in the dedication to Dr. ——, (we are unable to supply the blank,) "be condemned for having chosen my principal character from the purlieus of treachery and fraud, when I declare my purpose is to set him up as a beacon for the benefit of the inexperienced and unwary, who, from the perusal of these memoirs, may learn to avoid the manifold snares with which they are continually surrounded in the paths of life, while those who hesitate on the brink of iniquity may be terrified from plunging into that irremediable gulf, by surveying the deplorable fate of Ferdinand Count Fathom." But, while we do justice to the author's motives, we are obliged to deny the validity of his reasoning. To a reader of a good disposition and well-regulated mind, the picture of moral depravity presented in the character of Count Fathom is a disgusting pollution of the imagination. To those, on the other hand, who hesitate on the brink of meditated iniquity, it is not safe to detail the arts by which the ingenuity of villany has triumphed in former instances; and it is well known that the publication of the real account of uncommon crimes, although attended by the public and infamous punishment of the perpetrators, has often had the effect of stimulating others to similar actions. To some unhappy minds, it may occur as a sort of extenuation of the crime which they meditate, that even if they carry their purpose into execution, their guilt will fall far short of what the author has ascribed to his fictitious character; and there are other imaginations so ill regulated, that they catch infection from stories of wickedness, and feel an insane impulse to emulate and to realize the pictures of villany, which are embodied in such narratives as those of Zeluco or Count Fathom.

Condemning, however, the plan and tendency of the work, it is impossible to deny our applause to the wonderful knowledge of life and manners, which is evinced in the tale of *Count Fathom*, as much as in any of Smollett's works. The horrible adventure in the hut of the robbers, is a tale of natural terror which rises into the sublime; and, though often imitated, has never yet been surpassed, or perhaps equalled. In *Count Fathom* also is to be found the first candid attempt to do justice to a calumniated race. The benevolent Jew of Cumberland had his prototype in the worthy Israelite, whom Smollett has introduced with very great effect into the history of *Fathom*.

Shortly after this publication, Smollett's warmth of temper involved him in an unpleasant embarrassment. A person, called Peter Gordon, after having been saved by Smollett's humanity from imprisonment and ruin, and after having prevailed upon him to interpose his credit in his behalf to an inconvenient extent, withdrew within the verge of the court, set his creditors at defiance, and treated his benefactor with so much personal insolence, that Smollett chastised him by a beating. A prosecution was commenced by Gordon, and his counsel, Mr. Home Campbell, whether in indulgence of his natural rudeness and impetuosity, of which he had a great share, or whether moved by some special enmity against Smollett, opened the case with an unusual torrent of violence and misrepresentation. But the good sense and impartiality of the jury acquitted Smollett of the assault, and he was no sooner cleared of the charge than he sent an angry remonstrance to Mr. Home Campbell, demanding that he should retract what he had said to his disadvantage. It does not appear how the affair was settled, but Smollett's manifesto, as a literary curiosity, is inserted in the Appendix to this Memoir. Besides that this expostulation is too long for the occasion, and far too violent to be dignified, Smollett imputes to Campbell the improbable charge, that he was desirous to revenge himself upon the author of *Ferdinand Count Fathom*, because he had satirized the profession of the law. Lawyers are seldom very sensitive on this head, and if they were, they would have constant exercise for their irritability; since scarce a satirical author, of whatsoever description, has concluded his work, without giving cause to the gentleman of the robe for some such offence, as Smollett supposes Campbell to have taken in the present instance. The manifesto of Smollett contains, however, some just censure on the prevailing mode in which witnesses are treated in the courts of justice in England, who, far from being considered as persons brought there to speak the truth in a matter wherein they have no concern, and who are therefore entitled to civil treatment, and to the protection of the court, on the contrary are often regarded as men standing forward to perjure themselves, and are therefore condemned beforehand to a species of moral pillory, where they are pelted with all the foul jests which the wit of their interrogators can suggest.

Smollett's next task was a new version of *Don Quixote*, to which he was encouraged by a liberal subscription. The work was inscribed to Don Ricardo Wall, Principal Secretary of State to his Most Catholic Majesty, by whom the undertaken had been encouraged. Smollett's version of this admirable classic is thus elegantly compared with those of Motteux, (or Ozell,) and of Jarvis, by the late ingenious and amiable Lord Woodhouselee, in his "Essay on the Principles of Translation."

"Smollett inherited from nature a strong sense of ridicule, a great fund of original humour, and a happy versatility of talent, by which he could accommodate his style to almost every species of writing. He could adopt, alternately, the solemn, the lively, the sarcastic, the burlesque, and the vulgar. To these qualifications, he joined an inventive genius, and a vigorous imagination. As he possessed talents equal to the composition of original works of the

companied with the most ridiculous gestures, before he believed it was his interest to desert his master, and renounce his party? For my own part, I never perused any of his performances. I never saw him open his mouth in public, I never heard him speak in private conversation, without recollecting and applying these two lines in Pope's Dunciad—

"Dulness, delighted, ey'd the lively dunce,
Remembering she herself was pertness once."

Lord Lyttleton's patronage of Fielding is thus contemptuously noticed, in a recommendation to a young author to feed the vanity of Gosling Scrag, Esq.: "I advise Mr. Spondy to give him the refusal of this same pastoral; and who knows but he may have the good fortune of being listed in the number of his beefeaters, in which case he may, in process of time, be provided for in the Customs or Church: and when he is inclined to marry his own cook-maid, his gracious patron may condescend to give the bride away; and may finally settle him in his old age as a trading Westminster Justice."—*Peregrine Pickle*, Edit. 1751, vol. IV. p. 122.

same species with the romance of Cervantes; so it is not perhaps possible to conceive a writer more completely qualified to give a perfect translation of that novel.

"Motteux, with no great abilities as an original writer, appears to me to have been endowed with a strong perception of the ridiculous in human character, a just discernment of the weaknesses and follies of mankind. He seems likewise to have had a great command of the various styles which are accommodated to the expression both of grave burlesque, and of low humour. Inferior to Smollett in inventive genius, he seems to have equalled him in every quality which was essentially requisite to a translator of Don Quixote. It may, therefore, be supposed, that the contest between them will be nearly equal, and the question of preference very difficult to be decided. It would have been so, had Smollett confided in his own strength, and bestowed on his task that time and labour which the length and difficulty of the work required; but Smollett too often wrote in such circumstances, that despatch was his primary object. He found various English translations at hand, which he judged might save him the labour of a new composition. Jarvis could give him faithfully the sense of his author; and it was necessary only to polish his asperities, and lighten his heavy and awkward phraseology. To contend with Motteux, Smollett found it necessary to assume the armour of Jarvis. This author had purposely avoided, through the whole of his work, the smallest coincidence of expression with Motteux, whom, with equal presumption and injustice, he accuses in his preface of having 'taken his version wholly from the French.' We find, therefore, both in the translation of Jarvis, and that of Smollett, which is little else than an improved edition of the former, that there is a studied rejection of the phraseology of Motteux. Now Motteux, though he has frequently assumed too great a license, both in adding to, and retrenching from the ideas of his original, has, upon the whole, a very high degree of merit as a translator. In the adoption of corresponding idioms, he has been eminently fortunate; and, as in these there is no great latitude, he has, in general, pre-occupied the appropriate phrases; so that a succeeding translator, who proceeded on the rule of invariably rejecting his phraseology, must have, in general, altered for the worse. Such, I have said, was the rule laid down by Jarvis, and by his copyist and improver Smollett, who, by thus absurdly rejecting what his own judgment and taste must have approved, has produced a composition decidedly inferior, on the whole, to that of Motteux.

"Smollett was a good poet, and most of the verse translations, interspersed through this work, are executed with ability. It is on this head that Motteux has assumed to himself the greatest license. He has very presumptuously mutilated the poetry of Cervantes, by leaving out many entire stanzas from the larger compositions, and suppressing some of the smaller altogether. Yet the translation of those poems which he has retained, is possessed of much poetical merit, and, in particular, those verses which are of a graver cast, are, in my opinion, superior to those of his rival.

"On the whole, I am inclined to think, the version of Motteux is by far the best we have yet seen of the romance of Cervantes, and that, if corrected in its licentious observations and enlargements, and in some other particulars, which I have noticed in the course of this comparison, we should have nothing to desire superior to it in the way of translation."

After the publication of *Don Quixote*, Smollett paid a visit to his native country, in order to see his mother, who then resided at Scotston, in Peeblesshire, with her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Telfer. Dr. Moore has given us the following beautiful anecdote respecting the meeting of the mother with her distinguished son.

"On Smollett's arrival, he was introduced to his mother, with the connivance of Mrs. Telfer, as a gentleman from the West Indies, who was intimately acquainted with her son. The better to support his assumed character, he endeavoured to preserve a serious countenance, approaching to a frown; but, while his mother's eyes were riveted on his countenance, he could not refrain from smiling: she immediately sprung from her chair, and, throwing her arms around his neck, exclaimed, 'Ah, my son! my son! I have found you at last!'

"She afterwards told him, that if he had kept his austere looks, and continued to *gloom*, he might have escaped detection some time longer; 'but your old roguish smile,' added she, 'betrayed you at once.'"

Having revisited the seat of his family, then possessed by his cousin, and spent a day or two at Glasgow, the scene of his early studies and frolics, Smollett returned to England, in order to undertake the direction of the *Critical Review*, a work which was established under patronage of the Tories and High-Church party; and which was intended to maintain their principles in opposition to the *Monthly Review*, conducted acccording to the sentiments of Whigs and Low-Churchmen.

Smollett's taste and talents qualified him highly for periodical criticism, as well as the promptitude of his wit, and the ready application which he could make of a large store of miscellaneous learning and acquired knowledge. But on the other hand, he was always a hasty, and often a prejudiced judge; and, while he himself applied the critical scourge without mercy, he could not endure that those who felt his blows should either wince or complain under his chastisement. To murmur against his decrees, was the sure way to incur further marks of his resentment, and thus his criticism deviated still more widely from dispassionate discussion, as the passions of the reviewer and of the author became excited into a clamorous contest of mutual rejoinder, recrimination, and abuse. Many petty squabbles, which occurred to teaze and embitter the life of Smollett, and to diminish the respectability with which his talents must otherwise have invested him, had their origin in his situation as Editor of the *Critical Review*. He was engaged in one controversy with the notorious Shebbeare, in another with Dr. Grainger, the elegant author of the beautiful Ode to Solitude, and in several wrangles and brawls with persons of less celebrity.

But the most unlucky controversy in which his critical office involved our author, was that with Admiral Knowles, who had published a pamphlet vindicating his own conduct in the secret expedition against Rochfort, which disgracefully miscarried, in 1757. This defence was examined in the *Critical Review*; and Smollett, himself the author of the article, used the following intemperate expressions concerning Admiral Knowles. "He is an admiral without conduct, an engineer without knowledge, an officer without resolution, and a man without veracity." The Admiral commenced a prosecution against the printer of the Review, declaring at the same time that he desired only to discover the author of the paragraph, and, should he prove a gentleman, to demand satisfaction of a different nature. This decoy, for such it proved, was the most effectual mode which could have been devised to draw the high-spirited Smollett within the danger of the law. When the court were about to pronounce judgment in the case, Smollett appeared, and took the consequences upon himself, and Admiral Knowles redeemed the pledge he had given, by enforcing judgment for a fine of one hundred pounds, and obtaining a sentence against the defendant of three months' imprisonment. How the Admiral reconciled his conduct to the rules usually observed by gentlemen, we are not informed; but the proceeding seems to justify even Smollett's strength of expression, when he terms him an officer without resolution, and a man without veracity. This imprisonment took place in 1759, and was, as we have stated already, the most memorable result of the various quarrels in which his duty as a critic engaged Dr. Smollett. We resume the account of his li-

terary labours, which our detail of these disputes has something interrupted.

About 1757, Smollett compiled and published, without his name, a useful and entertaining collection, entitled, *A Compendium of Authentic and Entertaining Voyages, digested in a chronological series; the whole exhibiting a clear view of the Customs, Manners, Religion, Government, Commerce, and Natural History of most Nations of the Known World; illustrated with a variety of Genuine Charts, Maps, Planes, Heads, &c.* in 7 vols. 12mo. This collection introduced to the British public several voyages which were otherwise little known, and contained, amongst other articles not before published, Smollett's own account of the *Expedition to Carthagena*, of which he had given a short sketch in the *Adventures of Roderick Random*.

In the same year, 1757, the farce or comedy of *The Reprisals, or the Tars of Old England*, was written and acted, to animate the people against the French, with whom we were then at war. In pursuance of this plan, every species of national prejudice is called up and appealed to, and the Frenchman is represented as the living representative and original of all the caricature prints and ballads against the eaters of *soupe maigre*, and wearers of wooden shoes. The sailors are drawn to the life, as the sailors of Smollett always are. The Scotchman and Irishman are hit off with the touch of a caricaturist of skill and spirit. But the story of the piece is as trivial as possible, and, on the whole, it forms no marked exception to the observation, that successful novelists have been rarely distinguished by excellence in dramatic composition.

Garrick's generous conduct to Smollett upon this occasion, fully obliterated all recollection of old differences. The manager allowed the author his benefit on the sixth, instead of the ninth night of the piece, abated certain charges or advances usually made on such occasions, and himself performed Lusignan on the same evening, in order to fill the theatre. Still, it seems, reports were in circulation that Smollett had spoken unkindly of Garrick, which called forth the following contradiction, in a letter which our author addressed to that celebrated performer.

"In justice to myself, I take the liberty to assure you, that if any person accuses me of having spoken disrespectfully of Mr. Garrick, of having hinted that he solicited for my farce, or had interested views in bringing it upon the stage, he does me wrong, upon the word of a gentleman. The imputation is altogether false and malicious. Exclusive of other considerations, I could not be such an idiot to talk in that strain when my own interest so immediately required a different sort of conduct. Perhaps the same insidious methods have been taken to inflame former animosities, which on my part are forgotten and self-condemned. I must own you have acted in this affair of the farce with that candour, openness, and cordiality, which even mortify my pride, while they lay me under the most sensible obligation; and I shall not rest satisfied until I have an opportunity to convince Mr. Garrick that my gratitude is at least as warm as any other of my passions. Meanwhile, I profess myself,

"Sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"T. SMOLLETT."

In the beginning of the year 1758, Smollett published his *Complete History of England, deduced from the Descent of Julius Cæsar to the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, in* 1748; in four volumes 4to. It is said that this voluminous work, containing the history of thirteen centuries, and written with uncommon spirit and correctness of language, was composed and finished for the press within fourteen months, one of the greatest exertions of facility of composition which was ever recorded in the history of literature. Within a space so brief it could not be expected that new facts should be produced; and all the novelty which Smollett's history could present must needs consist in the mode of stating facts, or in the reflections deduced from them. In this work, the author fully announced his political principles, which, notwithstanding his Whig education, were those of a modern Tory, and a favourer of the monarchical part of our constitution. For such a strain of sentiment, some readers will think no apology necessary; and by others none which we might propose would be listened to. Smollett has made his own defence, in a letter to Dr. Moore, dated 2d January, 1758.

"I deferred answering your kind letter, until I should have finished my history, which is now completed. I was agreeably surprised to hear that my work had met with any approbation at Glasgow, for it was not at all calculated for that meridian. The last volume will, I doubt not, be severely censured by the west-country Whigs of Scotland.

"I desire you will divest yourself of prejudice, at least as much as you can, before you begin to peruse it, and consider well the facts before you pass judgment. Whatever may be its defect, I protest before God I have, as far as in me lay, adhered to truth, without espousing any faction, though I own I sat down to write with a warm side to those principles in which I was educated; but in the course of my inquiries, some of the Whig ministers turned out such a set of sordid knaves, that I could not help stigmatising them for their want of integrity and sentiment."

In another letter to Dr. Moore, dated Chelsea, September 28, he expresses himself as follows:—

"I speak not of the few who think like philosophers, abstracted from the notions of the vulgar. The little petulant familiarities of our friend I can forgive, in consideration of the good-will he has always manifested towards me and my concerns. He is mistaken, however, in supposing that I have imbibed priestly notions; I consider the church not as a religious, but a political establishment, so minutely interwoven in our constitution, that the one cannot be detached from the other, without the most imminent danger of destruction to both. The use which our friend makes of the *Critical Review* is whimsical enough;* but I shall be glad if he uses it at any rate. I have not had leisure to do much in that work for some time past, therefore I hope you will not ascribe the articles indiscriminately to me; for I am equally averse to the praise and censure that belong to other men. Indeed, I am sick of both, and wish to God my circumstances would allow me to consign my pen to oblivion. I really believe that mankind grow every day more malicious.

"You will not be sorry to hear, that the weekly sale of the History has increased to above ten thousand. A French gentleman of talents and erudition has undertaken to translate it into that language, and I have promised to supply him with corrections."

As a powerful political party were insulted, and, as they alleged, misrepresented in Smollett's history, they readily lent their influence and countenance to the proprietors of Rapin's History, who, alarmed at the extensive sale of Smollett's rival work, deluged the public with criticisms and invectives against the author and his book. In process of time the controversy slept, and the main fault of the history was found to be, that the haste with which the author had accomplished his task, had necessarily occasioned his sitting down contented with superficial, and sometimes inaccurate, information.

In the course of 1760, and 1761, *The Adventures of Sir Launcelot Greaves* appeared, in detached portions, in various numbers of the *British Magazine*, or *Monthly Repository*, being written for the purpose of giving some spirit and popularity to that miscellany. Smollett appears to have executed his task with very little premeditation. During a part of the time he was residing at Paxton, in Berwick-

* Dr. Moore's friend was so much enraged at some criticisms in that Review, that he continued to take it for no other purpose than that he might read all the publications censured by it, and none of those which it praised.

shire, on a visit to the late George Home, Esq., and when post-time drew near, he used to retire for half an hour or an hour, to prepare the necessary quantity of copy, as it is technically called in the printing-house, which he never gave himself the trouble to correct, or even to read over. *Sir Lancelot Greaves* was published separately, in 1762.

The idea of this work was probably suggested to our author during his labours upon *Don Quixote*, and the plan forms a sort of corollary to that celebrated romance. The leading imperfection is the utter extravagance of the story, as applicable to England, and to the period when it is supposed to have happened. In Spain, ere the ideas of chivalry were extinct amongst that nation of romantic Hidalgos, the turn of Don Quixote's frenzy seems not *altogether* extravagant, and the armour which he assumed was still the ordinary garb of battle. But in England, and in modern times, that a young, amiable, and, otherwise sensible man, acquainted also with the romance of Cervantes, should have adopted a similar whim, gives good foundation for the obvious remark of Ferret: "What! you set up for a modern Don Quixote! The scheme is too stale and extravagant: what was an humourous and well-timed satire in Spain near two hundred years ago, will make but a sorry jest, when really acted from affectation, at this time of day in England." To this Sir Lancelot replies, by a tirade which does not remove the objection so shrewdly stated by the misanthrope, affirming that he only warred against the foes of virtue and decorum; or, in his own words, "had assumed the armour of his forefathers, to remedy evils which the law cannot reach, to detect fraud and treason, abase insolence, mortify pride, discourage slander, disgrace immodesty, and stigmatize ingratitude." The degree of sanity which the amiable enthusiast possesses ought to have shown him, that the generous career he had undertaken would be much better accomplished without his armour, than with that superfluous and ridiculous appendage; and that for all the purposes of reformation to be effected in England, his pocket-book, filled with bank-notes, would be a better auxiliary than either sword or lance. In short, it becomes clear to the reader, that Sir Lancelot wears paneply only that his youthful elegance and address, his bright armour and generous courser, may make him the more exact counterpart to the Knight of La Mancha.

If it be unnatural that Sir Lancelot should become a knight-errant, the whim of Crowe, the captain of a merchant vessel, adopting, at second-hand, the same folly, is, on the same grounds, still more exceptionable. There is nothing in the honest seaman's life or profession which renders it at all possible that he should have caught contagion from the insanity of Sir Lancelot. But, granting the author's premises,—and surely we often make large concessions with less advantage in prospect,—the quantity of comic humour which Smollett has extracted out of Crowe and Crabshaw, has as much hearty mirth in it as can be found even in his more finished compositions. The inferior characters are all sketched with the same bold, free, and peculiar touch that distinguishes this powerful writer; and, besides these we have named, Ferret and Clarke, the kind-hearted attorney's clerk, with several subordinate personages, have all the vivacity of Smollett's strong pencil. Aurelia Darnel is by far the most feminine, and, at the same time, lady-like person, to whom the author has introduced us. There is also some novelty of situation and incident, and Smollett's recent imprisonment in the King's Bench, for the attack on Admiral Knowles, enabled him to enrich his romance with a portrait of the unfortunate Theodore, King of Corsica, and other companions in his captivity, whose misfortunes or frolics had conducted them to that place of imprisonment.

Smollett's next labour was to lend his aid in finishing that useful compendium, *The Modern Universal History*, to which he contributed the Histories of France, Italy, and Germany. In the year 1761, he published, in detached numbers, his *Continuation of the History of England*, which he carried on until he brought the narrative down to 1765. The sale of this work was very extensive; and although Smollett acquired by both histories about 2000*l*., which, in those days, was a large sum, yet the bookseller is said to have made 1000*l*. clear profit on the very day he made his bargain, by transferring it to a brother of the trade. This Continuation, appended as it usually is to the History of England by Hume, forms a classical and standard work. It is not our present province to examine the particular merits of Smollett as an Historian; but it cannot be denied that, as a clear and distinct narrative of facts, strongly and vigorously told, with a laudable regard to truth and impartiality, the Continuation may vie with our best historical works. The author was incapable of being swayed by fear or favour; and where his judgment is influenced, we can see that he was only misled by an honest belief in the truth of his own arguments. At the same time, the Continuation, like Smollett's original History, has the defects incident to hurried composition, and likewise those which naturally attach themselves to contemporary narrative. Smollett had no access to those hidden causes of events which time brings forth in the slow progress of ages; and his work is chiefly compiled from those documents of a public and general description, which often contain rather the colourable pretexts which statesmen are pleased to assign for their actions, than the real motives themselves. The English history, it is true, suffers less than those of other countries from this restriction of materials; for there are so many eyes upon our public proceedings, and they undergo such sifting discussion, both in and out of parliament, that the actual motives of those in whose hands government is vested for the time, become speedily suspected, even if they are not actually avowed or unveiled. Upon the whole, with all its faults and deficiencies, it may be long ere we have a better History of Britain, during this latter period, than is to be found in the pages of Smollett.

Upon the accession of George III., and the commencement of Lord Bute's administration, Smollett's pen was employed in the defence of the young monarch's government, in a weekly paper called *The Briton*, which was soon silenced, and driven out of the field by the celebrated *North Briton*, conducted by John Wilkes. Smollett had been on terms of kindness with this distinguished demagogue, and had twice applied to his friendship,—once for the kind purpose of obtaining the dismission of Dr. Johnson's black servant, Francis Barber, from the navy, into which he had inconsiderately entered; and again, to mediate betwixt himself and Admiral Knowles, in the matter of the prosecution. Closer ties than these are readily dissolved before the fire of politics. The friends became political opponents; and Smollett, who had to plead an unpopular cause to unwilling auditors, and who, as a Scotchman, shared deeply and personally, in that unpopularity, was compelled to give up *The Briton*, mere, it would seem, from lack of spirit in his patron Lord Bute, to sustain the contest any longer, than from any deficiency of zeal on his own part. So, at least, we may interpret the following passage, in a letter which he wrote from Italy to Caleb Whiteford, in 1770:—"I hope you will not discontinue your endeavours to represent faction and false patriotism in their true colours, though I believe the ministry little deserves that any man of genius should draw his pen in their defence. They seem to inherit the absurd stoicism of Lord Bute, who set himself up as a pillory, to be pelted by all the blackguards of England, upon the supposition that they would grow tired and leave off. I don't find that your ministers take any pains even to vindicate their moral characters from the foulest imputations; I would never desire a stronger proof of a bad heart, than a total disregard of reputation. A late nobleman, who had been a member of several administrations, owned to me, that one good

writer was of more importance to the government than twenty placemen in the House of Commons."

In 1763, Smollett lent his assistance, or at least his name, to a translation of Voltaire's works, and also to a compilation entitled, *The Present State of all Nations, containing a Geographical, Natural, Commercial, and Political History of all the Countries of the known World.*

About this time, Elizabeth, an amiable and accomplished young person, the only offspring of Smollett's marriage, and to whom her father was devotedly attached, died in the fifteenth year of her life, leaving her parents overwhelmed with the deepest sorrow.

Ill health aided the effects of grief and it was under these circumstances that Smollett undertook a journey to France and Italy, in which countries he resided from 1763 to 1766. Soon after his return in 1766, he published his *Travels through France and Italy, containing Observations on Character, Customs, Religion, Government, Police, Commerce, Arts, and Antiquities, with a particular Description of the Town, Territory, and Climate of Nice; to which is added, a Register of the Weather, kept during a Residence of Eighteen Months in that City;* in 2 vols. 8vo, in the form of letters to his friends in England, from different parts of those countries.

Smollett's Travels are distinguished by acuteness of remark, and shrewdness of expression,—by strong sense and pointed humour; but the melancholy state of the author's mind induced him to view all the ordinary objects from which travellers receive pleasure, with cynical contempt. Although so lately a sufferer by the most injurious national prejudices, he failed not to harbour and cherish all those which he himself had formerly adopted against the foreign countries through which he travelled. Nature had either denied Smollett the taste necessary to understand and feel the beauties of art, or else his embittered state of mind had, for the time, entirely deprived him of the power of enjoying them. The harsh censures which he passes on the Venus de Medicis, and upon the Pantheon; and the sarcasm with which his criticisms are answered by Sterne, are both well known. Yet, be it said without offence to the memory of that witty and elegant writer, it is more easy to assume, in composition, an air of alternate gayety and sensibility, than to practice the virtues of generosity and benevolence, which Smollett exercised during his whole life, though often, like his own Matthew Bramble, under the disguise of peevishness and irritability. Sterne's writings show much flourish concerning virtues of which his life is understood to have produced little fruit; the temper of Smollett was

> ——"like a lusty winter,
> Frosty, but kindly."

On his return to Britain, in 1766, he visited Scotland for the last time, and had the pleasure of receiving a parent's last embrace. His health was now totally ruined. Constant rheumatism, and the pain arising from a neglected ulcer, which had got into a bad state, rendered him a victim to excruciating agonies. He afterwards recovered in a great degree, by applying mercurial ointment, and using the solution of corrosive sublimate. He gives a full account of the process of the cure in a letter to Dr. Moore, which concludes thus: "Had I been as well in summer, I should have exquisitely enjoyed my expedition to Scotland, which was productive of nothing to me but misery and disgust. Between friends, I am now convinced that my brain was in some measure affected; for I had a kind of *coma vigil* upon me from April to November without intermission. In consideration of these circumstances, I know you will forgive all my peevishness and discontent; and tell good Mrs. Moore, to whom I present my most cordial respects, that, with regard to me, she has as yet seen nothing but the wrong side of the tapestry."

Finding himself at liberty to resume his literary labours Smollett published, in 1769, the political satire, called *The Adventures of an Atom*, in which are satirized the several leaders of political parties, from 1754 till the dissolution of Lord Chatham's administration. His inefficient patron, Lord Bute, is not spared in this work; and Chatham is severely treated under the name of Jowler. The inconsistency of this great minister, in encouraging the German war, seems to have altered Smollett's opinion of his patriotism; and he does his acknowledged talents far less than justice, endeavouring by every means to undervalue the successes of his brilliant administration, or to impute them to causes independent of his measures. The chief purpose of the work, (besides that of giving the author the opportunity to raise his hand, like that of Ishmael, against every man,) is to inspire a national horror of continental connexions.

Shortly after the publication of *The Adventure of an Atom*, disease again assailed Smollett with redoubled violence. Attempts being vainly made to obtain for him the office of Consul, in some port of the Mediterranean, he was compelled to seek a warmer climate, without better means of provision than his own precarious finances could afford. The kindness of his distinguished friend and countryman, Dr. Armstrong, (then abroad,) procured for Dr. and Mrs. Smollett a house at Monte Novo, a village situated on the side of a mountain overlooking the sea, in the neighbourhood of Leghorn; a romantic and salutary abode, where he prepared for the press the last, and, like music "sweetest in the close," the most pleasing of his compositions, *The Expedition of Humphry Clinker*. This delightful work was published in 1771, in three volumes, 12mo, and very favourably received by the public.

The very ingenious scheme of describing the various effects produced upon different members of the same family by the same objects, was not original, though it has been supposed to be so. Anstey, the facetious author of the *New Bath Guide*, had employed it six or seven years before *Humphry Clinker* appeared. But Anstey's diverting satire was but a light sketch, compared to the finished and elaborate manner in which Smollett has, in the first place, identified his characters, and then fitted them with language, sentiments, and powers of observation, in exact correspondence with their talents, temper, condition, and disposition. The portrait of Matthew Bramble, in which Smollett described his own peculiarities, using towards himself the same rigid anatomy which he exercised upon others, is unequalled in the line of fictitious composition. It is peculiarly striking to observe, how often, in admiring the shrewd and sound sense, active benevolence, and honourable sentiments combined in Matthew, we lose sight of the humorous peculiarities of his character, and with what effect they are suddenly recalled to our remembrance, just at the time and in the manner when we least expect them. All shrewish old maids, and simple waiting-women, which shall hereafter be drawn, must be contented with the praise of approaching in merit to Mrs. Tabitha Bramble and Winifred Jenkins. The peculiarities of the hot-headed young Cantab, and the girlish romance of his sister, are admirably contrasted with the sense and pettish half-playful misanthropy of their uncle; and Humphry Clinker (who by the way resembles Strap, supposing that excellent person to have a turn towards methodism) is, as far as he goes, equally delightful. Captain Lismahago was probably no violent caricature, allowing for the manners of the time. We can remember a good and gallant officer who was said to have been his prototype, but believe the opinion was only entertained from the striking resemblance which he bore in externals to the doughty captain.

When *Humphry Clinker* appeared in London, the popular odium against the Scotch nation, which Wilkes and Churchill had excited, was not yet appeased, and Smollett had enemies amongst the periodical critics, who failed not to charge him with undue partiality to his own country. They observed, maliciously, but not untruly, that the cynicism of Matthew Bramble becomes gradually softened as

he journeys northward, and that he who equally detested Bath and London, becomes wonderfully reconciled to walled cities and the hum of men, when he finds himself an inhabitant of the northern metropolis. It is not worth defending so excellent a work against so weak an objection. The author was a dying man, and his thoughts were turned towards the scenes of youthful gayety and the abode of early friends, with a fond partiality, which, had they been even less deserving of his attachment, would have been not only pardonable, but praiseworthy.

Moritur, et moriens dulces reminiscitur Argos.

Smollett failed not, as he usually did, to introduce himself, with the various causes which he had to complain of the world, into the pages of this delightful romance. He appears as Mr. Serle, and more boldly under his own name, and in describing his own mode of living, he satirizes without mercy the book-makers of the day, who had experienced his kindness without repaying him by gratitude. It does not, however, seem perfectly fair to make them atone for their ungracious return to his hospitality, by serving up their characters as a banquet to the public; and, in fact, it too much resembles the design of which Pallet accuses the Physician, of converting his guests into patients, in order to make him amends for the expense of the entertainment.

But criticism, whether candid or unjust, was soon to be of little consequence to the author. After the publication of his last work, he lingered through the summer, and at length, after enduring the vicissitudes of a wasting and painful disorder with unabated composure, the world lost Tobias Smollett, on the 21st October, 1771, at the untimely age of only fifty-one years. There is little doubt, that grief for the loss of his daughter, a feeling of ungrateful neglect from those who were called upon to lend him assistance, a present sense of confined circumstances, which he was daily losing the power of enlarging by his own exertions, together with gloomy apprehensions for the future, materially aided the progress of the mortal disorder by which he was removed.

More happy in this respect than Fielding, Smollett's grave at Leghorn is distinguished by a plain monument, erected by his widow, to which Dr. Armstrong, his constant and faithful friend, supplied the following spirited inscription:—

Hic ossa conduntur
TOBIÆ SMOLLETT, Scoti;
Qui, prosapia generosa et antiqua natus,
Priscæ virtutis exemplar emicuit;
Aspectu ingenuo,
Corpore valido,
Pectore animoso,
Indole apprime benigna,
Et fere supra facultates munifica,
Insignis.
Ingenio feraci, faceto, versatili,
Omnigenæ fere doctrinæ mire capaci,
Varia fabularum dulcedine,
Vitam moresque hominum,
Ubertate summa ludens, depinxit.
Adverso, interim, nefas! tali tantoque alumno
Nisi quo satyræ opipare supplebat,
Seculo impio, ignavo, fatuo,
Quo muse vix nisi nothæ
Mecænatulis Britannicis
Fovebantur.
In memoriam
Optimi et amabilis omnino viri,
Permultis amicis desiderati,
Hocce marmor
Dilectissima simul et amantissima conjux
L. M.
Sacravit.

In the year 1774, a column was erected to Smollett's memory near the house in which he was born, by his cousin, James Smollett, Esq., of Bonhill, with the following nervous and classical inscription, written by Professor George Stewart of Edinburgh, and partly by the late John Ramsay, Esq., of Ochtertyre, and corrected by Dr. Johnson. The lines printed in Italics are by the latter:

[Siste, viator!
Si leporis ingeniique venam benignam
Si morum calidissimum pictorem,
Unquam es miratus,]
memorare paululum memoriæ
TOBIÆ SMOLLETT, M. D.
Viri virtutibus hisce
Quas in homine et cive
Et laudes et imitaris,
Haud mediocriter ornati:
Qui in literis variis versatus,
Postquam, felicitate sibi propria,
Sese posteris commendaverat,
Morte acerba raptus
Anno ætatis 51.
Eheu! quam procul a patria!
Prope Liburni portum in Italia,
Jacet sepultus.
Tali tantoque viro, viro, patruelo suo,
Cui in decursu lampada
Se potius tradidisse decuit,
Hanc Columnam,
Amoris, eheu! inane monumentum
In ipsis Levinæ ripis,
Quas vernicubis sub exitu vitæ illustratas,
Primis infans vagitibus personuit,
Ponendam curavit
JACOBUS SMOLLETT de Bonhill.
Abi et reminiscere,
Hoc quidem honore,
Non modo defuncti memoriæ,
Verum etiam exemplo, prospectum esse;
Aliis enim, si modo digni sint,
Idem erit virtutis præmium!

The widow of Smollett long continued an inhabitant of the neighbourhood of Leghorn, supporting herself in obscurity and with difficulty, upon the small remnant of fortune he had been able to bequeath to her. We remember a benefit play being performed on her account, at Edinburgh, in which Houston Stewart Nicholson, Esq., an amateur performer, appeared in the part of Pierre. The profits are said to have amounted to 300*l.* An epilogue, written for the occasion, by Mr. Graham, of Gartmore, was spoken by the late Mr. Woods, of the Theatre-Royal, Edinburgh.

Smollett's *Ode to Independence*, the most characteristic of his poetical works, was published, two years after his death, by the Messrs. Foulis of Glasgow. The mythological commencement is eminently beautiful.

His name was appended to a version of Telemachus, as, during his life, it had appeared to a translation of Gil Blas, to which it is supposed he contributed little or nothing more. In 1785, a farce, called *The Israelites*, or *The Pampered Nabob*, was acted on the Covent Garden stage, for the benefit of Mr. Aiken. It was ascribed to Smollett on very dubious evidence, was indifferently received, and has never since appeared, either on the stage or in print.

THE person of Smollett was eminently handsome, his features prepossessing, and, by the joint testimony of all his surviving friends, his conversation in the highest degree instructive and amusing. Of his disposition, those who have read his works, (and who has not done so?) may form a very accurate estimate; for in each of them he has presented, and sometimes under various points of view, the leading features of his own character, without disguising the most unfavourable of them. Nay, there is room to believe, that he rather exaggerated than softened that cynical turn of temper, which was the principal fault of his disposition, and which engaged him in so many quarrels. It is remarkable, that all his heroes, from Roderick Random downward, possess a haughty, fierce irritability of disposition, until the same features appear softened, and rendered venerable by age and philosophy, in Matthew Bramble. The sports in which they most delight are those which are attended with disgrace, mental pain, and bodily mischief to others; and their humanity is never represented as interrupting the course of their frolics. We know not that Smollett had any other marked failing, save that which he himself has so often and so liberally acknowledged. When unseduced by his satirical propensities, he was kind, generous, and humane to others; bold, upright, and independent in his own character; stooped to no patron, sued for no favour, but honestly and honour-

ably maintained himself on his literary labours; when, if he was occasionally employed in work which was beneath his talents, the disgrace must remain with those who saved not such a genius from the degrading drudgery of compiling and translating. He was a doating father and an affectionate husband; and the warm zeal with which his memory was cherished by his surviving friends, showed clearly the reliance which they placed upon his regard. Even his resentments, though often hastily adopted, and incautiously expressed, were neither ungenerous nor enduring. He was open to conviction, and ready to make both acknowledgment and allowance when he had done injustice to others, willing also to forgive and to be reconciled when he had received it at their hand.

Churchill,* and other satirists, falsely ascribe to Smollet the mean passion of literary envy, to which his nature was totally a stranger. The manner in which he mentions Fielding and Richardson in the account of the literature of the century, shows how much he understood, and how liberally he praised, the merit of those, who, in the view of the world, must have been regarded as his immediate rivals. "The genius of Cervantes," in his generous expression, "was transfused into the novels of Fielding, who painted the characters, and ridiculed the follies of life, with equal strength, humour, and propriety;" a passage which we record with pleasure, as a proof that the disagreement which existed betwixt Smollet and Fielding, did not prevent his estimating with justice, and recording in suitable terms, the merits of the Father of the English Novel. His historian, with equal candour, proceeds to tell his reader, that "the laudable aim of enlisting the passions on the side of virtue was successfully pursued by Richardson, in his *Pamela*, *Clarissa*, and *Grandison*, a species of writing equally new and extraordinary, where, mingled with much superfluity and impertinence, we find a sublime system of ethics, an amazing knowledge and command of human nature."

In leaving Smollett's personal for his literary character, it is impossible not to consider the latter as contrasted with that of his eminent contemporary, Fielding. It is true, that such comparisons, though recommended by the example of Plutarch, are not in general the best mode of estimating individual merit. But in the present case, the contemporary existence, the private history, accomplishments, talents, pursuits, and, unfortunately, the fates of these two great authors, are so closely allied, that it is scarce possible to name the one without exciting recollections of the other. Fielding and Smollet were both born in the highest rank of society, both educated to learned professions, yet both obliged to follow miscellaneous literature as the means of subsistence. Both were confined, during their lives, by the narrowness of their circumstances,—both united an humourous cynicism with generosity and good nature,—both died of the diseases incident to a sedentary life, and to literary labour,—and both drew their last breath in a foreign land, to which they retreated under the adverse circumstances of a decayed constitution, and an exhausted fortune.

Their studies were no less similar than their lives. They both wrote for the stage, and neither of them successfully. They both meddled in politics, and never obtained effectual patronage; they both wrote travels, in which they showed that their good humour was wasted under the sufferings of their disease; and, to conclude, they were both so eminently successful as novelists, that no other English author of that class has a right to be mentioned in the same breath with Fielding and Smollett.

If we compare the works of these two great masters yet more closely, we may assign to Fielding, with little hesitation, the praise of a higher and a purer taste than was shown by his rival; more elegance of composition and expression; a nearer approach to the grave irony of Swift and Cervantes; a great deal more address or felicity in the conduct of his story; and finally, a power of describing amiable and virtuous characters, and of placing before us heroes, and especially heroines, of a much higher as well as more pleasing character than Smollet was able to present.

Thus the art and felicity with which the story of *Tom Jones* evolves itself, is nowhere found in Smollett's novels, where the heroes pass from one situation in life, and from one stage of society, to another totally unconnected, except that, as in ordinary life, the adventures recorded, though not bearing upon each other, or on the catastrophe, befall the same personage. Characters are introduced and dropped without scruple, and, at the end of the work, the hero is found surrounded by a very different set of associates from those with whom his fortune seemed at first indissolubly connected. Neither are the characters which Smollet designed should be interesting, half so amiable as his readers could desire. The low-minded Roderick Random, who borrows Strap's money, wears his clothes, and, rescued from starving by the attachment of that simple and kind-hearted adherent, rewards him by squandering his substance, receiving his attendance as a servant, and beating him when the dice run against him, is not to be named in one day with the open-hearted, good-humoured, and noble-minded Tom Jones, whose libertinism (one particular omitted) is perhaps rendered but too amiable by his good qualities. We believe there are few readers who are not disgusted with the miserable reward assigned to Strap in the closing chapter of the novel. Five hundred pounds, (scarce the value of the goods he had presented to his master,) and the hand of a reclaimed street-walker, even when added to a highland farm, seem but a poor recompense for his faithful and disinterested attachment. The Englishman is a hundred times more grateful to Partridge (whose morality is very questionable, and who follows Jones's fortunes with the self-seeking fidelity of a cur, who, while he loves his master, has his eye upon the flesh-pots,) than Roderick Random shows himself towards the disinterested and generous attachment of poor Strap. There may be one way of explaining this difference of taste betwixt these great authors, by recollecting, that in Scotland, at that period, the absolute devotion of a follower to his master was something which entered into, and made part of the character of the lower ranks in general; and therefore domestic fidelity was regarded as a thing more of course than in England, and received less gratitude than it deserved, in consideration of its more frequent occurrence.

But, to recur to our parallel betwixt the characters of Fielding and those of Smollett, we should do Jones great injustice by weighing him in the balance with the wild and ferocious Pickle, who,—besides his gross and base brutality towards Emilia, besides his ingratitude to his uncle, and the savage propensity which he shows, in the pleasure he takes to torment others by practical jokes resembling those of a fiend in glee,—exhibits a low and ungentleman-like tone of thinking, only one degree higher than that of Roderick Random. The blackguard frolic of introducing a prostitute, in a false character, to his sister, is a sufficient instance of that want of taste and feeling which Smollett's admirers are compelled to acknowledge, may be detected in his writings. It is yet more impossible to compare Sophia or Amelia to the females of Smollet, who (excepting Aurelia Darnel) are drawn as the objects rather of appetite than of affection, and excite no higher or more noble interest than might be created by the houris of the Mahomedan paradise.

* The article upon *The Rosciad*, in the *Critical Review*, that fertile mother of all the dissensions in which Smollett was engaged,) was so severe as to call forth the bard's bitter resentment, in the 2d edition; where, ascribing the offensive article to Smollett, in which he was mistaken, he thus apostrophizes him:

"Whence could arise this mighty critic spleen,
The Muse a trifler, and her theme so mean?
What had I done, that angry heaven should send
The bitterest foe where most I wish'd a friend?
Oft hath my tongue been wanton at thy name,
And hail'd the honours of thy matchless fame.
For me let hoary *Fielding* bite the ground,
So nobler *Pickle* stand superbly bound;
From *Livy's* temples tear th' historic crown,
Which, with more justice, blooms upon thine own," &c.

A poet of inferior note, author of a poem called *The Race*, has brought the same charge against Smollett, in still coarser terms.

It follows from this superiority on the side of Fielding, that his novels exhibit, more frequently than those of Smollet, scenes of distress, which excite the sympathy and pity of the reader. No one can refuse his compassion to Jones, when, by a train of practices upon his generous and open character, he is expelled from his benefactor's house under the foulest and most heart-rending accusations; but we certainly sympathise very little in the distress of Pickle, brought on by his own profligate profusion, and enhanced by his insolent misanthropy. We are only surprised that his predominating arrogance does not weary out the benevolence of Hatchway and Pipes, and scarce think the ruined spendthrift deserves their persevering and faithful attachment.

But the deep and fertile genius of Smollet afforded resources sufficient to make up for these deficiencies; and when the full weight has been allowed to Fielding's superiority of taste and expression, his northern contemporary will still be found fit to balance the scale with his great rival. If Fielding had superior taste, the palm of more brilliancy of genius, more inexhaustible richness of invention, must in justice be awarded to Smollett. In comparison with his sphere, that in which Fielding walked was limited, and compared with the wealthy profusion of varied character and incident which Smollett has scattered through his works, there is a poverty of composition about his rival. Fielding's fame rests on a single *chef d'œuvre;* and the art and industry which produced *Tom Jones*, was unable to rise to equal excellence in *Amelia*. Though, therefore, we may justly prefer *Tom Jones* as the most masterly example of an artful and well-told novel, to any individual work of Smollett; yet *Roderick Random*, *Peregrine Pickle*, and *Humphry Clinker*, do each of them far excel *Joseph Andrews* or *Amelia;* and, to descend still lower, *Jonathan Wild*, or *The Journey to the next World*, cannot be put into momentary comparison with *Sir Lancelot Greaves*, or *Ferdinand Count Fathom*.

Every successful novelist must be more or less a poet, even although he may never have written a line of verse. The quality of imagination is absolutely indispensable to him: his accurate power of examining and embodying human character and human passion, as well as the external face of nature, is not less essential; and the talent of describing well what he feels with acuteness, added to the above requisites, goes far to complete the poetic character. Smollett was, even in the ordinary sense, which limits the name to those who write verses, a poet of distinction; and, in this particular, superior to Fielding, who seldom aims at more than a slight translation from the classics.* Accordingly, if he is surpassed by Fielding in moving pity, the northern novelist soars far above him in his powers of exciting terror. Fielding has no passages which approach in sublimity to the robber-scene in *Count Fathom;* or to the terrible description of a sea-engagement, in which Roderick Random sits chained and exposed upon the poop, without the power of motion or exertion, during the carnage of a tremendous engagement. Upon many other occasions, Smollett's descriptions ascend to the sublime; and, in general, there is an air of romance in his writings, which raises his narratives above the level and easy course of ordinary life. He was, like a preeminent poet of our own day, a searcher of dark bosoms, and loved to paint characters under the strong agitation of fierce and stormy passions. Hence misanthropes, gamblers, and duellists, are as common in his works, as robbers in those of Salvator Rosa, and are drawn, in most cases, with the same terrible truth and effect. To compare *Ferdinand Count Fathom* to the *Jonathan Wild* of Fielding, would be perhaps unfair to the latter author; yet, the works being composed on the same plan, (a very bad one, as we think,) we cannot help placing them by the side of each other; when it becomes at once obvious that the detestable Fathom is a living and existing miscreant, at whom we shrink as from the presence of an incarnate fiend, while the villain of Fielding seems rather a cold personification of the abstract principle of evil, so far from being terrible, that notwithstanding the knowledge of the world argued in many passages of his adventures, we are compelled to acknowledge him absolutely tiresome.

It is, however, chiefly in his profusion, which amounts almost to prodigality, that we recognize the superior richness of Smollett's fancy. He never shows the least desire to make the most either of a character, or a situation, or an adventure, but throws them together with a carelessness which argues unlimited confidence in his own powers. Fielding pauses to explain the principles of his art, and to congratulate himself and his readers on the felicity with which he constructs his narrative, or makes his characters evolve themselves in its progress. These appeals to the reader's judgment, admirable as they are, have sometimes the fault of being diffuse, and always the great disadvantage, that they remind us we are perusing a work of fiction; and that the beings with whom we have been conversant during the perusal, are but a set of evanescent phantoms, conjured up by a magician for our amusement. Smollett seldom holds communication with his readers in his own person. He manages his delightful puppet-show without thrusting his head beyond the curtain, like Gines de Passamont, to explain what he is doing; and hence, besides that our attention to the story remains unbroken, we are sure that the author, fully confident in the abundance of his materials, has no occasion to eke them out with extrinsic matter.

Smollett's sea-characters have been deservedly considered as inimitable; and the power with which he has diversified them, in so many instances, distinguishing the individual features of each honest tar, while each possesses a full proportion of professional manners and habits of thinking, is a most absolute proof of the richness of fancy with which the author was gifted, and which we have noticed as his chief advantage over Fielding. Bowling, Trunnion, Hatchway, Pipes, and Crowe, are all men of the same class, habits, and tone of thinking, yet so completely differenced by their separate and individual characters, that we at once acknowledge them as distinct persons, while we see and allow that every one of them belongs to the old English navy. These striking portraits have now the merit which is cherished by antiquaries—they preserve the memory of the school of Benbow and Boscawen, whose manners are now banished from the quarter-deck to the forecastle. The naval officers of the present day, the splendour of whose actions has thrown into shadow the exploits of a thousand years, do not now affect the manners of foremast-men, and have shown how admirably well their duty can be discharged without any particular attachment to tobacco or flip, or the decided preference of a check shirt over a linen one. But these, when memory carries them back thirty or forty years, must remember many a weather-beaten veteran, whose appearance, language, and sentiments, free Smollet from the charge of extravagance in his characteristic sketches of British seamen of the last century.

In the comic part of their writings, we have already said, Fielding is pre-eminent in grave irony, a Cervantic species of pleasantry, in which Smollett is not equally successful. On the other hand, the Scotchman, notwithstanding the general opinion denies that quality to his countrymen, excels in broad and ludicrous humour. His fancy seems to run riot in accumulating ridiculous circumstances one upon another, to the utter destruction of all power of gravity; and perhaps no books ever written have excited such peals of inextinguishable laughter as those of Smollett. The descriptions which affect

* A judge, competent in the highest degree, has thus characterized Smollett's poetical compositions. "They have a portion of delicacy, not to be found in his novels: but they have not, like those prose fictions, the strength of a master's hand. Were he to live again, we might wish him to write more poetry, in the belief that his poetical talent would improve by exercise; but we should be glad that we had more of his novels just as they are."—*Specimens of the British Poets, by Thomas Campbell*, vol. VI. The truth is, that in these very novels are expended many of the ingredients both of grave and humourous poetry.

us thus powerfully, border sometimes upon what is called farce or caricature; but if it be the highest praise of pathetic composition that it draws forth tears, why should it not be esteemed the greatest excellence of the ludicrous that it compels laughter? the one tribute is at least as genuine an expression of natural feeling as the other; and he who can read the calamitous career of Trunnion and Hatchway, when run away with by their mettled steeds, or the inimitable absurdities of the Feast of the Ancients, without a good hearty burst of honest laughter, must be well qualified to look sad and gentleman-like with Lord Chesterfield and Master Stephen.

Upon the whole, the genius of Smollett may be said to resemble that of Rubens. His pictures are often deficient in grace; sometimes coarse, and even vulgar in conception; deficient in keeping, and in the due subordination of parts to each other; and intimating too much carelessness on the part of the artist. But these faults are redeemed by such richness and brilliancy of colours; such a profusion of imagination—now bodying forth the grand and terrible—now the natural, the easy, and ludicrous; there is so much of life, action, and bustle, in every group he has painted; so much force and individuality of character,—that we readily grant to Smollett an equal rank with his great rival Fielding, while we place both far above any of their successors in the same line of fictitious composition.

ABBOTSFORD, 1*st June*, 1821.

APPENDIX.

LETTER FROM TOBIAS SMOLLETT TO THE HON. ALEXANDER HUME CAMPBELL.

THIS Letter exists in a rough draught, sent by the author to his friend Mr. MacKercher. The consequences are not known, but the letter appeared in the *European Magazine*, vol. V. from Smollett's hand-writing.

"I have waited several days in hope of receiving from you an acknowledgment touching those harsh, unjustifiable, (and, let me add,) unmannerly expressions which you annexed to my name, in the Court of King's Bench, when you opened the cause depending between me and Peter Gordon; and as I do not find that you have discovered the least inclination to retract what you said to my prejudice, I have taken this method to refresh your memory, and to demand such satisfaction as a gentleman, injured as I am, has a right to claim.

"The business of a counsellor is, I apprehend, to investigate the truth in behalf of his client; but surely he has no privilege to blacken and asperse the character of the other party, without any regard to veracity or decorum. That you assumed this unwarrantable privilege in commenting upon your brief, I believe you will not pretend to deny, when I remind you of those peculiar flowers of elocution which you poured forth on that notable occasion. First of all, in order to inspire the court with horror and contempt for the defendant, you gave the jury to understand that you did not know this Dr. Smollett; and, indeed, his character appeared in such a light, from the facts contained in your brief, that you never should desire to know him. I should be glad to learn, of what consequence it could be to the cause, whether you did or did not know the defendant, or whether you had or had not an inclination to be acquainted with him? Sir, this was a pitiful personality, calculated to depreciate the character of a gentleman to whom you was a stranger, merely to gratify the rancour and malice of an abandoned fellow who had feed you to speak in his cause. Did I ever seek your acquaintance, or court your protection? I had been informed, indeed, that your was a lawyer of some reputation, and, when the suit commenced, would have retained you for that reason, had I not been anticipated by the plaintiff; but, far from coveting your acquaintance, I never dreamed of exchanging a word with you on that or any other subject: you might therefore have spared your invidious declaration, until I had put it in your power to mortify me with a repulse, which, upon my honour, would never have been the case, were you a much greater man than you really are. Yet this was not the only expedient you used to prepossess the jury against me. You was hardy enough to represent me as a person devoid of all humanity and remorse; as a barbarous ruffian, who, in a cowardly manner, had, with two associates as barbarous as myself, called a peaceable gentleman out of his lodgings, and assaulted him in the dark, with an intent to murder. Such a horrid imputation, publicly fixed upon a person whose innocence you could hardly miss to know, is an outrage, for which, I believe I might find reparation from the law itself, notwithstanding your artful manner of qualifying the expression by saying, *provided the facts can be proved*. This low subterfuge may, for aught I know, screen you from a prosecution at law, but can never acquit you in that court which every man of honour holds in his own breast. I say, you must have known my innocence from the weakness of the evidence which you produced, and with which you either was, or ought to have been previously acquainted, as well as from my general character and that of my antagonist, which it was your duty to have learned. I will venture to say, you did know my character, and in your heart believed me incapable of such brutality as you laid to my charge. Surely I do not overrate my own importance in affirming, that I am not so obscure in life as to have escaped the notice of Mr. Hume Campbell; and I will be bold enough to challenge him and the whole world to prove one instance in which my integrity was called, or at least left, in question. Have not I, therefore, reason to suppose that, in spite of your internal conviction, you undertook the cause of a wretch, whose ingratitude, villany, and rancour, are, I firmly believe, without example in this kingdom; that you magnified a slight correction bestowed by his benefactor, in consequence of the most insolent provocation, into a deliberate and malicious scheme of assassination; and endeavoured, with all the virulence of defamation, to destroy the character, and even the life, of an injured person, who, as well as yourself, is a gentleman by birth, education, and profession? In favour of whom, and in consequence of what, was all this zeal manifested, all this slander exhausted, and all this scurrility discharged? Your client, whom you dignified with the title of Esquire, and endeavoured to raise to the same footing with one in point of station and character, you knew to be an abject miscreant, whom my companion in humanity had lifted from the most deplorable scenes of distress; whom I had saved from imprisonment and ruin; whom I had clothed and fed for a series of years; whom I had occasionally assisted with my purse, credit, and influence. You knew, or ought to have known, that, after having received a thousand marks of my benevolence, and prevailed upon me to endorse notes for the support of his credit, he withdrew himself into the verge of the court, and took up his habitation in a paltry alehouse, where he not only set me and the rest of his creditors at defiance, but provoked me by scurrilous and insolent letters and messages, to chastise him in such a manner as gave him a handle for this prosecution, in which you signalized yourself as his champion for a very honourable consideration. There is something so palpably ungrateful, perfidious, and indeed diabolical, in the conduct of the prosecutor, that, even in these degenerate days, I wonder how he could find an attorney to appear in his behalf. *O tempora! O mores!* After having thus sounded the trumpet of obloquy in your preamble, and tortured every circumstance of the plaintiff's evidence to my detriment and dishonour, you attempted to subject me to the ridicule of the Court, by asking a question of my first witness, which had no more relation to the cause, than if you had desired to know the name of his grandmother. What title had you to ask of a tradesman, if he knew me to be an author? What affinity had this question with the circumstances of the assault? Was not this foreign to the purpose? Was it not impertinent, and proposed with a view to put me out of countenance, and to raise the laugh of the spectators at my expense? There, indeed, you was disappointed, as you frequently are in those little digressive efforts by which you make yourself remarkable. Though I do not pretend to possess that superlative degree of effrontery by which some people make a figure at the bar, I have assurance enough to stand the mention of my works without blushing, especially when I despise the taste, and scorn the principles, of him who would turn them to my disgrace. You succeeded, however, in one particular; I mean, in raising the indignation of my witness; of which you took all imaginable advantage, puzzling, perplexing, and brow-beating him with such artifice, eagerness, and insult, as overwhelmed him with confusion, and had well nigh deprived me of the benefit of his evidence. Luckly for me, the next gentleman who was called confirmed what the other had sworn, and proved to the satisfaction of the judge and jury, and even to your own conviction, that this terrible deliberate assassination was no more than a simple blow given to a rascal after repeated provocation, and that of the most flagrant kind; that no advantage was taken in point of weapons; and that two drubs, whom they had picked up for the purpose, had affirmed upon oath a downright falsehood, with a view to blast my reputation. You yourself was so conscious of this palpable detection, that you endeavoured to excuse them by a forced explanation, which, you may depend upon it, shall not screen them from a prosecution for perjury. I will not say, that this was like patronizing a couple of gypsies who had forsworn themselves, consequently forfeited all title to the countenance, or indeed forbearance of the Court; but this I will say, that your tenderness for them was of a piece with your whole behaviour to me, which I think was equally insolent and unjust; for, granting that you had really supposed me guilty of an intended assassination before the trial began, you saw me in the course of evidence acquitted of that suspicion, and heard the judge insist upon my innocence in his charge to the jury, who brought in their verdict accordingly. Then, sir, you ought in common justice to have owned yourself mistaken, or to have taken some other opportunity of expressing your concern for what you had said to my disadvantage; though even such an acknowledgment would not have been a sufficient reparation, because, before my witnesses were called, many persons left the court with impressions to my prejudice, conceived from the calumnies which they heard you espouse and encourage. On the whole, you opened the trial with such hyperbolical impetuosity, and conducted it with such particular bitterness and rancour, that every body perceived you was more than ordinarly interested; and I could not divine the mysterious bond of union that attached you to Peter Gordon, Esq. until you furnished me with a key to the whole secret, by that strong emphasis with which you pronounced the words—*Ferdinand Count Fathom*. Then I discovered the source of your good will towards me, which is no other than the history of a lawsuit inserted in that performance, where the author takes occasion to observe that the counsel behaved like men of consummate abilities in their profession; exerting themselves with equal industry, eloquence, and erudition, in their endeavours to perplex the truth, brow-beat the evidence, puzzle the judge, and mislead the jury. Did any part of this character come home to your own conscience? or did you resent it as a sarcasm levelled at the whole bench without distinction? I take it for granted, that this must have been the origin of your enmity to me; because I can recollect no other circumstance in my conduct, by which I could incur the displeasure of a man whom I

scarce knew by sight, and with whom I never had the least dispute, or indeed concern. If this was the case, you pay a very scurvy compliment to your own integrity, by fathering a character which is not applicable to any honest man, and give the world a handle to believe, that our courts of justice stand greatly in need of reformation. Indeed, the petulance, license and buffoonery of some lawyers in the exercise of their function, is a reproach upon decency, and a scandal to the nation; and it is surprising that the Judge, who represents his Majesty's person, should suffer such insults upon the dignity of the place. But, whatever liberties of this kind are granted to counsel, no sort of freedom, it seems, must be allowed to the evidence, who, by the by, are of much more consequence to the cause. You will take upon you to divert the audience at the expense of the witness, by impertinent allusions to some parts of his private character and affairs; but if he pretends to retort the joke, you insult, abuse, and bellow against him, as an impudent fellow, who fails in his respect to the Court. It was in this manner you behaved to my first witness, whom you first provoked into a passion by your injurious insinuations; then you took an advantage of the confusion which you had entailed upon him; and, lastly, you insulted him, as a person who had shuffled in his evidence. This might have been an irreparable injury to the character of a tradesman, had not he been luckily known to the whole jury, and many other persons in Court, as a man of unquestionable probity and credit. Sir, a witness has as good a title as you have to the protection of the Court; and ought to have more, because evidence is absolutely necessary for the investigation of truth; whereas the aim of a lawyer is often to involve it in doubt and obscurity. Is it for this purpose you so frequently deviate from the point, and endeavour to raise the mirth of the audience with flat jokes and insipid similes? or have you really so miserably mistaken your own talents, as to set up for the character of a man of humour? For my own part, were I disposed to be merry, I should never desire a more pregnant subject of ridicule, than your own appearance and behaviour; but, as I am at present in a very serious mood, I shall content myself with demanding adequate reparation for the injurious treatment I have received at your hands; otherwise I will in four days put this letter in the press, and you shall hear in another manner—not from a ruffian and an assassin—but from an injured gentleman, who is not ashamed of subscribing himself," &c.

RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

THE author, distinguished in the eighteenth century, survived till the present was considerably advanced, interesting to the public, as well as to private society, not only on account of his own claims to distinction, but as the last of that constellation of genius which the predominating spirit of Johnson had assembled about him, and in which he presided a stern Aristarchus. Cumberland's character and writings are associated with those of Goldsmith, of Burke, of Percy, of Reynolds, names which sound in our ears as those of English classics. He was his own biographer; and from his Memoirs we are enabled to trace a brief sketch of his life and labours, as also of his temper and character; on which latter subject we have the evidence of contemporaries, and perhaps some recollections of our own.

RICHARD CUMBERLAND boasted himself, with honest pride, the descendant of parents respectable for their station, eminent in learning, and no less for worth and piety. The celebrated Richard Bentley was his maternal grandfather, a name dreaded as well as respected in literature, and which his descendant, on several occasions, protected with filial respect against those, who continued over his grave the insults which he had received from the wits of Queen Anne's reign. This eminent scholar had one son, the well-known author of *The Wishes*, and two daughters. The second, Joanna, the Phœbe of Byron's pastoral, married Denison Cumberland, son of an arch-deacon, and grandson of Richard Cumberland, Bishop of Peterborough.* Though possessed of some independence, he became Rector of Stanwick, at the instance of his father-in-law, Dr. Bentley, and, in course of time, Bishop of Clonfert, and was afterwards translated to the see of Kilmore.

Richard Cumberland, the subject of this memoir, was the second child of this marriage, the eldest being Joanna, a daughter. He was born on the 19th of February, 1732; and, as he naturally delights to record with precision, in an apartment called the Judge's Chamber, of the Master's Lodge of Trinity College, then occupied by his celebrated maternal grandfather—*inter sylvas Academi*. With equal minuteness the grandson of the learned Bentley goes through the course of his earlier studies, and registers his progress under Kinsman of St. Edmondsbury, afterwards at Westminster, and finally at Cambridge; in all which seminaries of classical erudition, he highly distinguished himself. At college he endangered his health by the severity with which he followed his studies, obtained his Bachelor's degree with honour, and passed with triumph a peculiarly difficult examination; the result of which was his being elected to a Fellowship.

Amid his classical pursuits, the cultivation of English letters was not neglected, and Cumberland became the author of many poems of considerable merit. It may be observed, however, that he seldom seems to have struck out an original path for himself, but rather wrote because others had written successfully, and in the manner of which they had set an example, than from the strong impulse of that inward fire, which makes or forces a way for its own coruscations, without respect to the course of others. Thus Cumberland wrote an Elegy in a Churchyard on Saint Mark's Eve, because Gray had, with general applause, published an Elegy in a Country Churchyard. He composed a drama on the subject of Elfrida, and with a chorus, in imitation of Mason; he imitated Hammond, and he imitated Spenser, and seems to display a mind full of information and activity, abounding with the natural desire of distinction, but which had not yet attained sufficient confidence in its own resources, to attempt a road to eminence of his own discovery; and this is a defect from which none of his compositions are perhaps entirely free.

Mr. Cumberland's original destiny was to have walked the respectable and retired path by which his ancestors had ascended to church dignity; and there is every reason to believe, that, as he was their equal in worth and learning, his success in life might have been the same as theirs. But a temptation, difficult to be resisted, turned him from the study of divinity to that of politics.

The Rev. Mr. Cumberland, father of the poet, had it in his power to render some important political services to the Marquis of Halifax, then distinguished as a public character; and in recompense or acknowledgment of this, young Richard was withdrawn from the groves of Cam, and the tranquil pursuit of a learned profession, to attend the noble lord in the advantageous and confidential situation of private secretary. Amidst much circumlocution and moral reflection, which Cumberland bestows on this promotion and change of pursuit, the reader may fairly infer, that though he discharged with regularity the ostensible duties of his office, it was not suited to him; nor did he give the full satisfaction which perhaps he might have done, had a raw academician, his head full, as he says, of Greek and Latin, and little acquainted with the affairs of the existing world, been in the first place introduced for a time to busy life as a spectator, ere called to take an active part in it as a duty. His situation, however, led him into the best society, and ensured liberal favour and patronage (so far as praise and recommendation went) to the efforts of his muse. In

* The following amiable picture of Richard Cumberland occurs in the lately published and very interesting Memoirs of Samuel Pepys:—

"*16th March*, 1667.—Comes my old friend Mr. Richard Cumberland to see me, being newly come to town, whom I have not seen almost, if not quite, these seven years. In a plain country parson's dress. I could not spend much time with him, but prayed him to come with his brother, who was with him, to dine with me to-day; which he did do: and I had a great deal of his good company; and a most excellent person he is as any I know, and one that I am sorry should be lost and buried in a little country-town, and would be glad to remove him thence; and the truth is, if he would accept of my sister's fortune, I should give 100*l.* more with him than to a man able to settle her four times as much as I fear he is able to do."

It is impossible to suppress a smile at the manner in which the candid journalist describes the brother-in-law whom he finally adopted, not without a glance of regret towards Cumberland:—

"*February 7th*, 1667-8.—Met my cosen Roger again, and Mr. Jackson, who is a plain young man, handsome enough for her, one of no education nor discourse, but of few words, and one altogether that I think, will please me well enough. My cosen said got me to give the odd sixth 100*l.* presently, which I intended to keep to the birth of the first child: and let it go—I shall be eased of the care. So there parted, my mind pretty well satisfied with this plain fellow for my sister; though I shall, I see, have no pleasure nor content in him, as if he had been a man of reading and parts, like Cumberland."—PEPYS' *Diary*, Vol. II. p. 29, and 189.

particular, his connexion with Lord Halifax introduced our author to Bubb Doddington, afterwards Lord Melcombe, of Diary memory, who affected the character of Mecænas, and was in reality an accomplished man.

It was under the joint auspices of Lords Halifax and Melcombe, that Cumberland executed what he has entitled his first legitimate drama, *The Banishment of Cicero*—an unhappy subject, the deficiencies of which are not redeemed by much powerful writing. This tragedy was recommended to Garrick by the two noble patrons of Cumberland; but, in despite of his deference for great names and high authorities, the manager would not venture on so unpromising a subject of representation. *The Banishment of Cicero* was published by the author, who frankly admits, that in doing so he printed Garrick's vindication.

About this time, as an earnest of future favours, Cumberland obtained, through the influence of Lord Halifax, the office of crown-agent for the province of Nova Scotia, and conceived his fortune sufficiently advanced in the world, to settle himself by marriage. In 1759, therefore, he united himself to Elizabeth, only daughter of George Ridge, of Kilmerton, by Miss Brooke, a niece of Cumberland's grandfather, Bentley. Mrs. Cumberland was accomplished and beautiful, and the path of promotion appeared to brighten before the happy bridegroom.

Lord Bute's star was now rising fast in the political horizon, and both the Marquis of Halifax and the versatile Bubb Doddington had determined to worship the influence of this short-lived luminary. The latter obtained a British peerage, a barren honour, which only entitled him to walk in the procession at the coronation, and the former had the Lieutenancy of Ireland. The celebrated Single-Speech Hamilton held the post of Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant, while Cumberland, not to his perfect content, was obliged to confine himself to the secondary department of Ulster Secretary. There was wisdom, perhaps, in the selection, though it would have been unreasonable to expect the disappointed private secretary to concur in that opinion. No one ever doubted the acute political and practical talents of William Gerard Hamilton, while Cumberland possessed, perhaps, too much of the poetical temperament to rival him as a man of business. A vivid imagination, eager on its own schemes, and unapt to be stirred by matter of duller import; a sanguine temper, to which hopes too often seem as certainties, joined to a certain portion both of self-opinion and self-will, although they are delightful, considered as the attributes of an intimate friend, are inconvenient ingredients in the character of a dependant, whose duty lies in the paths of ordinary business. Besides, Mr. D'Israeli has produced the following curious evidence, to show that Cumberland's habits were not those which fit a man for ordinary affairs: "A friend who was in office with the late Mr. Cumberland, assures me that he was so intractable to the forms of business, and so easily induced to do more or to do less than he ought, that he was compelled to perform the official business of this literary man, to free himself from his annoyance; and yet Cumberland could not be reproached with any deficiency in a knowledge of the human character, which he was always touching with a caustic pleasantry."*

Cumberland, however, rendered his principal some effectual service, even in the most worldly application of the phrase—he discovered a number of lapsed patents, the renewal of which the Lord-Lieutenant found a convenient fund of influence; but the Ulster Secretary had no other reward than the empty offer of a baronetcy, which he wisely declined. He was gratified, however, though less directly, by the promotion of his father to the see of Clonfert in Ireland. The new prelate shifted his residence to that kingdom, where, during his subsequent life, his son, with pious duty, spent some considerable part of every year in attendance on his declining age.

* The Literary Character illustrated, 1828, vol. ii. p. 106.

Lord Halifax, on his return to England, obtained the seals of Secretary of State, and Cumberland, a candidate for the office of Under Secretary, received the cold answer from his patron, that "he was not fit for every situation;" a reason scarce rendered more palatable by the special addition, that he did not possess the necessary fluency in the French tongue. Sedgewick, the successful competitor, vacated a situation at the Board of Trade, called Clerk of Reports, and Cumberland became desirous to hold it in his room. As this was in the gift of Lord Hillsborough, the proposal to apply for it was in a manner withdrawing from the patronage of Lord Halifax, who seems to have considered it as such, and there ensued some coldness betwixt the minister and his late private secretary. On looking at these events, we can see that Cumberland was probably no good man of business, as it is called, certainly no good courtier; for, holding such a confidential situation with Lord Halifax, he must otherwise have rendered himself either too useful, or too agreeable, to be easily parted with.

An attempt of Cumberland's to fill up the poetical part of an English opera, incurred the jealousy of Bickerstaff, the author of *Love in a Village*, then in possession of that department of dramatic composition. The piece, called the *Summer's Tale*, succeeded in such a degree, as induced the rival writer to vent his indignation in every species of abuse against the author and the drama. In a much better spirit, Cumberland ascribed Bickerstaff's hostility to an anxious apprehension for his interest, and generously intimated his intention to interfere no further with him as a writer of operas. The dispute led to important consequences; for Smith, well known by the deserved appellation of Gentleman Smith, then of Covent-Garden, turned the author's dramatic genius into a better channel, by strongly recommending to him to attempt the legitimate drama. By this encouragement, Mr. Cumberland was induced to commence his dramatic career, which he often pursued with success, and almost always with such indefatigable industry, as has no parallel in our theatrical history.

The Brothers was the first fruit of this ample harvest. It was received with applause, and is still on the stock list of acting plays. The sudden assumption of spirit by Sir Benjamin Dove, like Luke's change from servility to insolence, is one of those incidents which always tell well upon the spectator. The author acknowledges his obligations to Fletcher's *Little French Lawyer*; but the comedy is brought to bear on a point so different, that little is in this instance detracted from its merit.

But the *West Indian*, which succeeded in the following year, raised its author much higher in the class of dramatic writers of the period, and—had Sheridan not been—must have placed Cumberland decidedly at the head of the list. It is a classical comedy; the dialogue spirited and elegant; the characters well conceived, and presenting bold features, though still within the line of probability; and the plot regularly conducted, and happily extricated. The character of Major O'Flaherty, those who have seen it represented by Jack Johnstone,* will always consider as one of the most efficient in the British drama. It could only have been drawn by one who, like Cumberland, had enjoyed repeated opportunities of forming a true estimate of the Irish gentleman; and the Austrian cockade in his hat, might serve to remind the British administration,

* Commonly called Irish Johnstone. The judgment displayed by this excellent actor, in his bye-play, as it is called, was peculiarly exquisite. When he intercepts the cordial designed for Lady Rusport, and which her attendant asserts was only good for ladies' complaints, the quiet and sly expression of surprise, admirably subdued by good breeding, and by the respect of a man of gallantry even to the foibles of the fair sex, and the dry mode in which he pronounced that the potion was very "good for some gentlemen's complaints too," intimate at once the quality of her ladyship's composing draught, but in a manner accurately consistent with the perfect politeness of the discoverer, enjoying the jest himself, yet anxious to avoid the most distant appearance of insulting or ridiculing the lady's frailty. Go thy ways, old Jack! we shall hardly see thy like in thy range of character.

that they had sacrificed the services of this noble and martial race to unjust restrictions and political prejudices. The character of Major O'Flaherty may have had the additional merit of suggesting that of Sir Lucius O'Trigger; but the latter is a companion, not a copy, of Cumberland's portrait.

Garrick, reconciled with the author by a happy touch of praise in the prologue to *The Brothers*, contributed an epilogue, and Tom King supported the character of Belcour with that elastic energy, which gave reality to all the freaks of a child of the sun, whose benevolence seems as instinctive as his passions.

The *Fashionable Lover*, which followed the *West Indian*, was an addition to Cumberland's reputation. There was the same elegance of dialogue, but much less of the *vis comica*. The scenes hang heavy on the stage, and the character of Colin M'Leod, the honest Scotch servant, not being drawn from nature, has little, excepting tameness, to distinguish it from the Gibbies and Sawnies which had hitherto possession of the stage, as the popular representatives of the Scottish nation. The author himself is, doubtless, of a different opinion, and labours hard to place his *Fashionable Lovers* by the side of the *West Indian*, in point of merit; but the critic cannot avoid assenting to the judgment of the audience. The *Choleric Man* was next acted, and was well received, though now forgotten; and other dramatic sketches, of minor importance, were given by Cumberland to the public, before the production of his *Battle of Hastings*, a tragedy, in which the language, often uncommonly striking, has more merit than the characters or the plot. The latter has the inconvenient fault of being inconsistent with history, which at once affords a hold to every critic of the most ordinary degree of information. It was successful, however, Henderson performing the principal character. Bickerstaff being off the stage, our author also wrote *Calypso*, and another opera, with the view of serving a meritorious young composer, named Butler.

Neither did these dramatic labours entirely occupy Cumberland's time. He found leisure to defend the memory of his grandfather, Bentley, in a controversy with Lowth, and to plead the cause of the unhappy Daniel Perreau, over whose fate hangs a veil so mysterious. Cumberland drew up his address to the jury, an elegant and effecting piece of composition, which had much effect on the audience in general, though it failed in moving those who had the fate of the accused in their hands.

The satisfaction which the author must have derived from the success of his various dramatic labours, seems to have been embittered by the criticisms to which, whether just or invidious, all authors, but especially those who write for the theatre, are exposed. He acknowledges that he gave too much attention to the calumnies and abuse of the public press, and tells us, that Garrick used to call him the man without a skin. Unquestionably, toughness of hide is necessary on such occasions; but on the whole, it will be found that they who give but slight attention to such poisoned arrows, experience least pain from their venom.

There was, indeed, in Cumberland's situation, enough to console him for greater mortifications than malevolent criticism ought to have had power to inflict. He was happy in his family, consisting of four sons and two daughters. All the former entered the King's service; the first and third as soldiers, the second and fourth in the navy. Besides these domestic blessings, Cumberland stood in the first ranks of literature, and, as a matter of course, in the first rank in society, to which, in England, successful literature is a ready passport. His habits and manners qualified him for enjoying this distinguished situation, and his fortune, including the profits of his office, and his literary revenues, seems not to have been inadequate to his maintaining his ground in society. It was shortly after improved by Lord George Germain, afterwards Lord Sackville, who promoted him in the handsomest manner to the situation of Secretary to the Board of Trade, at which he had hitherto held a subordinate situation.

A distant relation also, Decimus Reynolds, constituted Mr. Cumberland heir to a considerable property, and placed his will in the hands of his intented successor, in order that he might not be tempted to alter it at a future period. Cumberland was too honourably minded to accept of it, otherwise than as a deposit to be called back at the testator's pleasure. After the course of several years, Mr. Reynolds resumed it accordingly. Another remarkable disappointment had in the meanwhile befallen, which, while it closed his farther progress in political life, gave a blow to his private fortune which it never seems to have recovered, and in the author's own words, "very strongly contrasted and changed the complexion of his latter days from that of the preceding ones."

In the year 1780, hopes were entertained of detaching Spain from the hostile confederacy by which Britain was all but overwhelmed. That kingdom could not but dread the example held out by the North Americans to their own colonies. It was supposed possible to open a negociation with the minister, Florida Blanca, and Richard Cumberland was the agent privately intrusted with conducting this political intrigue. He was to proceed in a frigate to Lisbon, under pretence of a voyage for health or pleasure; and either to go on to Madrid, or to return to Britain, as he should be advised, after communicating with the Abbé Hussey, chaplain to his Catholic Majesty, the secret agent in this important affair. Mrs. Cumberland and her daughters accompanied him on this expedition. On the voyage, the envoy had an opportunity, precious to an author and dramatist, of seeing British courage displayed, on its own proper element, by an action betwixt the Milford and a French frigate, in which the latter was captured. He celebrated this action in a very spirited sea song, which we remember popular some years afterwards.

There was one point of the utmost consequence in the proposed treaty, a point which always has been so in negotiations with Spain, and which will again become so whenever she shall regain her place in the European republic. This point respects Gibraltar. There is little doubt that the temptation of recovering this important fortress was the bait which drew the Spanish nation into the American war; and could this fortress have been ceded to its natural possessor, mere regard to the Family Compact would not have opposed any insurmountable obstacle to a separate peace with England. But the hearts of the English people were as unalterably fixed on retaining this badge of conquest, as those of the Spaniards upon regaining it; and in truth its surrender must have been generally regarded at home and abroad as a dereliction of national honour, and a confession of national weakness. Mr. Cumberland was therefore instructed not to proceed to Madrid, until he should learn from the Abbé Hussey whether the cession of this important fortress was, or was not, to be made, on the part of Spain, the basis of the proposed negotiation. In the former event, the secret envoy of England was not to advance to Madrid; but, on the contrary, to return to Britain. It was to ascertain this point that Hussey went to Madrid; but unhappily his letters to Cumberland, who remained at Lisbon, while they encouraged him to try the event of a negotiation, being desirous perhaps, on his own account, that the negotiations should not be broken off, gave him no assurances whatever upon the point by which his motions were to be regulated. Walpole, the British Minister at Lisbon, seems to have seen through the Abbé's duplicity, and advised Cumberland to conform implicitly to his instructions, and either return home, or at least not leave Lisbon without fresh orders from England. Unluckily, Mr. Cumberland had adopted the idea that delay would be fatal to the success of the treaty, and, sanguine respecting the peaceful dispositions of the Spanish ministry, and confident in the integrity of Hussey, he resolved to proceed to Madrid upon his own responsi-

bility—a temerity against which the event ought to warn all political agents.

The following paragraph of a letter to Lord Hillsborough, shows Mr. Cumberland's sense of the risk which he thought it his duty to incur:—

"I am sensible I have taken a step which exposes me to censure upon failure of success, unless the reasons on which I have acted be weighed with candour, and even with indulgence. In the decision I have taken for entering Spain, I have had no other object but to keep alive a treaty to which any backwardness or evasion on my part would, I am persuaded, be immediate extinction. I know where my danger lies; but as my endeavours for the public service, and the honour of your administration, are sincere, I have no doubt that I shall obtain your protection."

From this quotation, to which others might be added, it is evident that, even in Cumberland's own eyes, nothing but his success could entirely vindicate him from the charge of officious temerity; and the events which were in the mean time occurring in London, removed this chance to an incalculable distance. When he arrived at Madrid, he found Florida Blanca in full possession of the whole history of the mob termed Lord George Gordon's, and, like foreigners on all such occasions, bent to perceive in the explosion of a popular tumult the downfall of the British monarch and ministry.* A negotiation, of a delicate nature at any rate, and opened under such auspices, could hardly be expected to prosper, although Mr. Cumberland did his best to keep it alive. Under a reluctant permission of the British ministry, rather extorted than granted, the envoy resided about twelve months in Madrid, trying earnestly to knit the bonds of amity between ministers, who seem to have had little serious hope or intention of pacification, until at length Cumberland's return was commanded in express terms, on the 18th January, 1781. The point upon which his negotiation finally shipwrecked, was that very article to which his instructions from the beginning had especially directed him, the cession of Gibraltar. According to Cumberland, the Spaniards only wanted to talk on this subject; and if he had been permitted to have given accommodation in a matter of mere punctilio, the object of a separate treaty might have been accomplished. To this sanguine statement we can give no credit. Spain was at the very moment employed in actively combining the whole strength of her kingdom for the recovery of this fortress, with which she naturally esteemed her national honour peculiarly connected. She was bribed by the promise of the most active and powerful assistance from France; and it is very improbable that her ministry would have sacrificed the high hopes which they entertained of carrying this important place by force of arms, in exchange for any thing short of its specific surrender.

Still, however, as Mr. Cumberland acted with the most perfect good faith, and with a zeal, the fault of which was only its excess, the reader can scarce be prepared, by our account of his errors, for the unworthy treatment to which he was subjected. Our author affirms, and we must presume with perfect accuracy, that when he set out upon this mission, besides receiving a thousand pounds in hand, he had assurance from the Secretary of the Treasury, that all bills drawn by Mr. Cumberland on his own bank, should be instantly replaced from the treasury; and he states, that, notwithstanding this positive pledge, accompanied by the naming a very large sum as placed at his discretion, no one penny was ever so replaced by government; and that he was obliged to repay from his private fortune, to a ruinous extent, the bankers who had advanced money on his private credit; for which, by no species of appeal or application, was he ever able to obtain reimbursement.

Whatever may be thought of Mr. Cumberland's political prudence in venturing beyond his commission, or of his sanguine disposition, which too long continued to hope a favourable issue to a desperate negotiation, there can be no doubt that he was suffered to remain at Madrid, in the character of a British agent, recognized as such by the ministry, in constant correspondence with the Secretary of State, and receiving from him directions respecting his residence at, or departure from, Madrid. There seems, therefore, to have been neither humanity nor justice in refusing the payment of his draughts, and subjecting him to such wants and difficulties, that, after having declined the liberal offer of the Spanish monarch to defray his expenses, the British agent was only extricated from the situation of a pennyless bankrupt, by the compassion of a private friend, who advanced him a seasonable loan of five hundred pounds. The state of the balance due to him was indeed considerable, being no less than four thousand five hundred pounds; and it might be thought, that, as Mr. Cumberland's situation was ostensibly that of a private gentleman, travelling for health, much expense could not—at least ought not—to have attended his establishment. But his wife and daughters were in family with him; and we must allow for domestic comfort, and even some sort of splendour, in an individual, who was to hold communication with the principal servants of the Spanish crown. Besides, he had been promised an ample allowance for secret-service money, out of a sum placed at his own discretion. The truth seems to be, that Lord North's administration thought a thousand pounds was enough to have lost on an unsuccessful negotiation; and as Cumberland had certainly made himself in some degree responsible for the event, the same ministers, who, doubtless, would have had no objection to avow the issue of his intrigues had they been successful, chose, on the contrary event, to disown them.

To encounter the unexpected losses to which he was thus subjected, Mr. Cumberland was under the necessity of parting with his paternal property at an unfavourable season, and when its value could not be obtained. Shortly after followed the dissolution of the Board of Trade; and the situation of Secretary fell under Burke's economical pruning-knife—a compensation amounting only to one-half the value being appointed to the holder. Thus unpleasingly relieved from official and political duties, Mr. Cumberland adopted the prudent resolution of relinquishing his town residence, and settling himself and his family at Tunbridge, where he continued to live in retirement, yet not without the exercise of an elegant hospitality, till the final close of his long life.

The *Anecdotes of Eminent Painters in Spain*, in two volumes, together with a Catalogue of the Pictures which adorn the Escurial, suffered to be made by the King of Spain's express permission, were the principal fruits of our author's visit to the continent. Yet we ought to except the very pretty story of Nicolas Pedrosa, an excellent imitation of Le Sage, which appeared in the *Observer*, a periodical paper, which Cumberland edited with considerable success. This was one of the literary enterprizes in which the author, from his acquaintance with men and manners, as well as his taste and learning, was well qualified to excel, and the work continues to afford amusement both to the general reader and the scholar. The latter is deeply interested in the curious and classical account which the *Observer* contains of the early Greek drama. In this department, Cumberland has acknowledged his debts to the celebrated Bentley, his grandfather, and to his less known, but scarce less ingenious relation, Richard Bentley, son of the celebrated scholar, and author of the comedy or farce termed *The Wishes*. The aid of the former was derived from the notes which Cumberland possessed, but that of Richard Bentley was more direct.

This learned and ingenious, but rather eccentric person, was the friend of Horace Walpole, who, as his nephew Cumberland complains with some justice, exercised the rights of patronage rather unmercifully. He had been unsuccessful as a dramatic author. His comic piece entitled *The Wishes*, was written with a view of ridiculing the ancient drama

* Memoirs, Vol. II. p. 18.

of Greece, particularly in their pedantic adherence to the unities. This was a purpose which could scarcely be understood by a vulgar audience, for much of it turned on the absurd structure of the stage of Athens, and the peculiar stoicism with which the Chorus, supposed to be spectators of the scene, deduce moral lessons of the justice of the gods from the atrocities which the action exhibits, but without stirring a finger to interfere or to prevent them. In ridicule of this absurdity, the Chorus in *The Wishes* are informed that a madman has just broken his way into the cellars, with a torch in his hand, to set fire to a magazine of gunpowder; on which, instead of using any means of prevention or escape, they began, in strophe and antistrophe, to lament their own condition, and exclaim against the thrice-unhappy madman—or rather the thrice-unhappy friends of the madman, who had not taken measures of securing him—or rather upon the sixtimes unhappy fate of themselves, thus exposed to the madman's fury. All this is a good jest to those who remember the stoicism with which the Choruses of Æschylus and Euripides view and comment upon the horrors which they witness on the stage, but it might have been esteemed caviare to the British audience in general; yet the entertainment was well received until the extravagant incident of hanging Harlequin on the stage. The author was so sensible of the absurdity of this exhibition, that he whispered to his nephew, Cumberland, during the representation,—"If they do not damn this, they deserve to be d—d themselves;" and, as he spoke, the condemnation of the piece was complete. It is much to be wished that this singular performance were given to the public in print. The notice of Richard Bentley has led us something from our purpose, which only called on us to remark, that he furnished Cumberland with those splendid translations from the Greek dramatists which adorn *The Observer*. The author, however, claims for himself the praise due to a version of the Clouds of Aristophanes, afterwards incorporated with this periodical work.

The modern characters introduced by Cumberland in his *Observer*, were his own; and that of the benevolent Israelite, Abraham Abrahams, was, he informs us, written upon principle, in behalf of a persecuted race. He followed up this generous intention in a popular comedy, entitled "*The Jew*." The dramatic character of Sheva, combining the extremes of habitual parsimony and native philanthropy, was written in the same spirit of benevolence as that of Abrahams, and was excellently performed by Jack Bannister. The public prints gave the Jews credit for acknowledging their gratitude in a very substantial form. The author, in his Memoirs, does not disguise his wish, that they had flattered him with some token of the debt which he conceives them to have owed. We think, however, that a prior token of regard should have been bestowed on the author of *Joshua*, in the tale of *Count Fathom*; and, moreover, we cannot be surprised that the people in question felt a portrait in which they were rendered ludicrous as well as interesting, to be something between an affront and a compliment. Few of the better class of the Jewish persuasion would, we believe, be disposed to admit either Abrahams or Sheva as fitting representatives of their tribe.

In his retreat at Tunbridge, labouring in the bosom of his family, and making their common sitting-room his place of study, Cumberland continued to compose a number of dramatic pieces, of which he himself seems almost to have forgotten the names, and of which a modern reader can trace very few. We have subjoined, however, a list of them, with his other works, taken from the index of his Memoirs. Several were successful; several unfortunate; many never performed at all; but the spirit of the author continued unwearied and undismayed. *The Arab*, *The Walloons*, and many other plays, are forgotten; but the character of Penruddock, in the *Wheel of Fortune*, well conceived in itself, and admirably supported by Kemble, and since by Charles Young, continues to command attention and applause. *The Carmelite*, a tragedy, on the regular tragic plan, attracted much attention, as the inimitable Siddons played the part of the Lady of Saint Valois, and Kemble that of Montgomery. The plot, however, had that fault which, after all, clings to many of Cumberland's pieces—there was a want of originality. The spectator, or reader, was by the story irresistibly reminded of *Douglas*, and there was more taste than genius in the dialogue. The language was better than the sentiments; but the grace of the one could not always disguise that the other wanted novelty. *The Brothers*, *The West Indian*, and *The Wheel of Fortune*, stand high in the list of acting plays, and we are assured, by a very competent judge, that *First Love*, which we have not ourselves lately seen, is an excellent comedy, and maintains possession of the stage. The drama must have been Cumberland's favourite style of composition, for he went on, shooting shaft after shaft at the mark which he did not always hit, and often effacing by failures the memory of triumphant successes. His plays at last amounted to upwards of fifty; and intercession and flattery were sometimes necessary to force their way to the stage. On these occasions, the Green-room traditions avow that the veteran bard did not hesitate to bestow the most copious praises on the company who were to bring forward a new piece, at the expense of their rivals of the other house, who had its tribute of commendation in their turn, when their acceptance of a play put them in his good graces. It was also said, that when many of the dramatic authors united in a complaint to the Lord Chancellor against the late Mr. Sheridan, then manager of Drury-Lane, he prevented Cumberland from joining the confederacy, by offering to bring out any manuscript play which he should select for performance. But selection was not an easy task to an author, to whom all the offspring of his genius were equally dear. After much nervous hesitation, he trusted the chance of fortune; and out of a dozen of manuscript plays which lay by him, is said to have reached the manager the first which came to hand, without reading the title. Yet if Cumberland had the fondness of an author for his own productions, it must be owned he had also the fortitude to submit, without murmuring, to the decision of the public. "I have had my full share of success, and I trust I have paid my tax for it," he says, good-humouredly, "always without mutiny, and very generally without murmuring. I have never irritated the town by making a sturdy stand against their opposition, when they have been pleased to point it against any one of my productions. I never failed to withdraw myself on the very first intimation that I was unwelcome; and the only offence that I have been guilty of, is, that I have not always thought the worse of a composition, only because the public did not think well of it."*

The Sacred Muse shared with her dramatic sisters in Cumberland's worship. In his poem of *Calvary*, he treated of a subject which, notwithstanding Klopstock's success, may be termed too lofty and too awful to be the subject of verse. He also wrote, in a literary partnership with Sir James Bland Burgess, (well known as the author of *Richard Cœur de Lion*, and other compositions,) *The Exodiad*, an epic poem, founded on sacred history. By *Calvary* the author sustained the inconvenient loss of a hundred pounds, and *The Exodiad* did not prove generally successful.

The author also undertook the task of compiling his own Memoirs; and the well-known Mr. Richard Sharpe, equally beloved for his virtues, and admired for the extent of his information, and the grace with which he communicates it, by encouraging Mr. Cumberland to become his own biographer, has performed a most acceptable service to the public. It is indeed one of the author's most pleasing works, and conveys a very accurate idea of his talents, feelings, and character, with many powerful sketches of the age which has passed away. It is impossible to read, without deep interest, Cumberland's ac-

* Memoirs, vol. i. p. 269.

count of the theatre in Goodmans Fields, where Garrick, in the flower of his youth, and all the energy of genius, bounded on the stage as Lothario, and pointed out to ridicule the wittol husband and the heavy-paced Horatio; while in the last character, Mr. Quin, contrasting the old with the modern dramatic manner, surly and solemn, in a dark-green coat, profusely embroidered, an enormous perriwig, rolled stockings, and high-heeled, square-toed shoes, mouthed out his heroics in a deep, full, unvaried tone of declamation, accompanied by a kind of sawing action, which had more of the senate than the stage. Several characters of distinguished individuals were also drawn in the Memoirs with much force; particularly those of Doddington, Lord Halifax, Lord Sackville, George Selwyn, and others of the past age. There are some traits of satire and ridicule which are perhaps a little over-charged. This work was to have remained in manuscript until the author's death, when certainly such a publication appears with a better grace than while the auto-biographer still treads the stage. But Mr. Cumberland, notwithstanding his indefatigable labours, had never been in easy circumstances since his unlucky negotiation in Spain; and in the work itself, he makes the affecting confession, that circumstances, paramount to prudence and propriety, urged him to anticipate the date of publication. The Memoirs were bought by Lackington's house for 500l., and passed speedily from a quarto to an octavo shape.

We have yet to mention another undertaking of this unwearied author, at a period of life advanced beyond the ordinary date of humanity. The *Edinburgh Review* was now in possession of a full tide of popularity, and the *Quarterly Review* was just commenced, or about to commence, under powerful auspices, when Mr. Cumberland undertook the conduct of a critical work, which he entitled *The London Review*, on an entirely new plan, inasmuch as each article was to be published with the author's name annexed. He was supported by assistants of very considerable talents; but, after two or three numbers, the scheme became abortive. In fact, though the plan contained an appearance of more boldness and fairness than the ordinary scheme of anonymous criticism, yet it involved certain inconveniences, which its author did not foresee. It is true, no one seriously believes that, because the imposing personal plural *We* is adopted in a critical article, the reader is from that circumstance to infer that the various pieces in a periodical review, are subjected to the revisal of a board of literary judges, and that each criticism is sanctioned by their general suffrage, and bears the stamp of their joint wisdom. Still, however, the use of the first personal plural is so far legitimate, that in every well-governed publication of the kind, the articles, by whomsoever written, are at least revised by the competent person selected as editor, which affords a better warrant to the public for candour and caution, than if each were to rest on the separate responsibility of the individual writer. It is even more important to remark, that the anonymous character of periodical criticism has a tendency to give freedom to literary discussion, and at the same time, to soften the animosities to which it might otherwise give rise; and, in that respect, the peculiar language which members of the senate hold towards each other, and which is for that reason called parliamentary, resembles the ordinary style of critical discussion. An author who is severely criticised in a review, can hardly be entitled, in the ordinary case, to take notice of it otherwise than as a literary question; whereas a direct and immediate collision with a particular individual, seems to tend either, on the one hand, to limit the freedom of criticism, by placing it under the regulation of a timid complaisance, or, on the other, to render it (which is, to say the least, needless) of a fiercer and more personal cast, and thereby endanger the decorum, and perhaps the peace of society. Besides this, there will always be a greater authority ascribed by the generality of readers to the oracular opinion issued from the cloudy sanctuary of an invisible body, than to the mere *dictum* of a man with a Christian name and surname, which may not sound much better than those of the author over whom he predominates. In the far-famed Secret Tribunal of Germany, it was the invisibility of the judges which gave them all their awful jurisdiction.

So numerous were Cumberland's publications, that, having hurried through the greater part of them, we have yet to mention his novels, though it is as a writer of fictitious history he is here introduced. They were three in number, *Arundel*, *Henry*, and *John de Lancaster*. The two first were deservedly well received by the public; the last was a labour of old age, and was less fortunate. It would be altogether unfair to dwell upon it, as forming a part of those productions on which the author's literary reputation must permanently rest.

Arundel, the first of these novels, was hastily written during the residence of a few weeks at Brighthelmstone, and sent to the press by detached parcels. It showed at the first glance what is seldom to be found in novels, the certainty that the author had been well acquainted with schools, with courts, and with fashionable life, and knew the topics on which he was employing his pen. The style, also, was easy and clear, and the characters boldly and firmly sketched. Cumberland, in describing Arundel's feelings at exchanging his college society, and the pursuits of learning, to become secretary to the Earl of G., unquestionably remembered the alteration of his own destination in early life. But there is no reason to think that in the darker shades of the Earl of G. he had any intention to satirize his patron, the Earl of Halifax, whom he paints in his Memoirs in much more agreeable colours.

The success which this work obtained, without labour, induced the author to write *Henry*, on which he bestowed his utmost attention. He formed it upon Fielding's model, and employed two years in polishing and correcting the style. Perhaps it does not, after all, claim such great precedence over *Arundel* as the labour of the author induced him to expect. Yet it would be unjust to deny to *Henry* the praise of an excellent novel. There is much beauty of description, and considerable display of acquaintance with English life in the lower ranks; indeed, Cumberland's clowns, sketched from his favourite men of Kent, amongst whom he spent his life, may be placed by the side of similar portraits by the first masters.

Above all, the character of Ezekiel Daw, though the outline must have been suggested by that of Abraham Adams, is so well distinguished by original and spirited conception, that it may pass for an excellent original. The Methodists, as they abhor the lighter arts of literature, and perhaps contemn those which are more serious, have, as might have been expected, met much rough usage at the hands of novelists and dramatic authors, who generally represent them either as idiots or hypocrites. A very different feeling is due to many, perhaps to most, of this enthusiastic sect; nor is it rashly to be inferred, that he who makes religion the general object of his life, is for that sole reason to be held either a fool or an impostor. The professions of strict piety are inconsistent with open vice, and therefore must, in the general case, lead men to avoid the secret practice of what, openly known, must be attended with loss of character; and thus the Methodists, and other rigid sectaries, oppose to temptation the strong barriers of interest and habitual restraint, in addition to those restrictions which religion and morality impose on all men. The touch of enthusiasm connected with Methodism renders it a species of devotion, warmly affecting the feelings, and therefore peculiarly calculated to operate upon the millions of ignorant poor, whose understandings the most learned divines would in vain address by mere force of argument; and, doubtless, many such simple enthusiasts as Ezekiel Daw, by their well-meant and indefatigable exertions amongst the stubborn and ignorant, have been the instruments of Providence to call such men from a

state of degrading and brutal profligacy, to a life more worthy of rational beings, and of the name of Christians. Thus thinking, we are of opinion that the character of Ezekiel Daw, which shows the Methodist preacher in his strength and in his weakness, bold and fervent when in discharge of his mission, simple, well-meaning, and even absurd, in the ordinary affairs of life, is not only an exquisite, but a just portrait.

Cumberland seems to have been less happy in some of the incidents of low life, which he has introduced. He forced, as we have some reason to suspect, his own elegance of ideas, into an imitation of Fielding's scenes of this nature; and, as bashful men sometimes turn impudent in labouring to be easy, our ingenious author has occasionally, in his descriptions of Zachary Cawdle and his spouse, become disgusting, when he meant to be humorous.

The author of *Henry* piqued himself particularly on the conduct of the story, but we confess ourselves unable to discover much sufficient reason. His skein is neither more artfully perplexed, nor more happily disentangled, than in many tales of the same kind; there is the usual, perhaps we should call it the necessary, degree of improbability, for which the reader must make the usual and necessary allowance, and little can be said in this respect, either to praise or censure the author. But there is one series of incidents, connected with a train of sentiment rather peculiar to Cumberland, which may be traced through several of his dramas, which appears in *Arundel*, and which makes a principal part of the interest in *Henry*. He had a peculiar taste in love affairs, which induced him to reverse the usual and natural practice of courtship, and to throw upon the softer sex the task of wooing, which is more gracefully, as well as naturally, the province of the man. In *Henry*, he has carried this further, and endowed his hero with all the self-denial of the Hebrew patriarch, when he has placed him within the influence of a seductive being, much more fascinating in her address, than the frail Egyptian matron. In this point, Cumberland either did not copy his master, Fielding, at all, or, what cannot be conceived of an author so acute, he mistook for serious that author's ironical account of the continence of Joseph Andrews. We do not desire to bestow many words on this topic; but we are afraid, such is the universal inaccuracy of moral feeling in this age, that a more judicious author would not have striven against the stream, by holding up his hero as an example of what is likely to create more ridicule than imitation.

It might be also justly urged against the author, that the situations in which Henry is placed with Susan May, exceed the decent license permitted to modern writers; and certainly they do so. But Cumberland himself entertained a different opinion, and concludes with this apology;—"If, in my zeal to exhibit virtue triumphant over the most tempting allurements, I have painted those allurements in too vivid colours, I am sorry, and ask pardon of all those who think the moral did not heal the mischief."

Another peculiarity of our author's plots is, that an affair of honour, a duel either designed or actually fought, forms an ordinary part of them. This may be expected in fictitious history, as a frequent incident, since the remains of the Gothic customs survive in that particular only, and since the indulgence which it yields to the angry passions gives an opportunity, valuable to the novelist, of stepping beyond the limits prescribed by the ordinary rules of society, and introducing scenes of violence, without incurring the charge of improbability. But Cumberland himself had something of a chivalrous disposition. His mind was nurtured in sentiments of honour, and in the necessity of maintaining reputation with the hazard of life; in which he resembled another dramatic poet, the celebrated author of *Douglas*, who was also an enthusiast on the point of honour. In private life, Cumberland has proved his courage; and in his Memoirs he mentions, with some complacency, his having extorted from a "rough and boisterous captain of the sea" an apology for some expressions reflecting on his friend and patron, Lord Sackville. In his Memoirs, he dwells with pleasure on the attachment shown to him by two companies of Volunteers, raised in the town of Tunbridge, and attaches considerable importance to the commission of Commandant, with which their choice had invested him. They presented their commander with a sword, and, when their pay was withdrawn, offered to continue their service, gratuitously, under him.

The long and active literary life of this amiable man and ingenious author, was concluded on the 7th of May, 1811, in his eightieth year, at the house of Mr. Henry Fry, in Bedford Place, Russel Square, and he was interred in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey.

His literary executors were Mr. Richard Sharpe, already mentioned, Mr. Rogers, the distinguished author of *The Pleasures of Memory*, and Sir James Bland Burgess; but we have seen none of his posthumous works, except *Retrospection*, a poem in blank verse, which appeared in 1812, and which seems to have been wrought up out of the ideas which had suggested themselves, while he was engaged in writing his Memoirs.

Mr. Cumberland had the misfortune to outlive his lady and several of his family. His surviving offspring were Charles, who, we believe, held high rank in the army, and William, a post-captain in the navy. His eldest daughter, Elizabeth, married Lord Edward Bentinck, son of the Duke of Portland; his second, Sophia, was less happily wedded to William Badcock, Esq., who died in the prime of life, and left a family of four grand children, whom Chancery awarded to the care of Mr. Cumberland. His third surviving daughter was Frances Marianne, born during his unlucky embassy to Spain. To her the author affectionately inscribed his Memoirs, "as having found in her filial affection, all the comforts that the best of friends could give, and derived, from her talents and understanding, all the enjoyments that the most pleasing of companions could communicate."

In youth, Mr. Cumberland must have been handsome; in age, he possessed a pleasing external appearance, and the polite ease of a gentleman, accustomed to the best company. In society, he was eloquent, well-informed, and full of anecdote; a willing dealer in the commerce of praise, or—for he took no great pains to ascertain its sincerity—we should rather say, of flattery. His conversation often showed the author in his strong and in his weak points. The foibles are well known which Sheridan embodied on the stage, in the character of Sir Fretful Plagiary. But it is not from a caricature that a just picture can be drawn, and in the little pettish sub-acidity of temper which Cumberland sometimes exhibited, there was more of humorous sadness, than of ill-will, either to his critics or his contemporaries. He certainly, like most poets, was little disposed to yield to the assaults of the former, and often like a gallant commander, drew all his forces together, to defend the point which was least tenable. He was a veteran also, the last living representative of the literature of his own age, and conceived himself the surviving depository of their fame, obliged to lay lance in rest against all which was inconsistent with the rules which they had laid down or observed. In these characters it cannot be denied, that while he was stoutly combatting for the cause of legitimate comedy and the regular novel, Cumberland manifested something of personal feeling in his zeal against those contemporaries who had found new roads, or by-paths, as he thought them, to fame and popularity, and forestalled such as were scrupulously treading the beaten high-way, without turning to the right or to the left. These imperfections, arising, perhaps, from natural temper, from a sense of unmerited neglect, and the pressure of disadvantageous circumstances of fortune, or from the keen spirit of rivalry proper to men of an ardent disposition, rendered irritable by the eagerness of a contest for public

applause, are the foibles rather of the profession than the individual; and though the man of letters might have been more happy had he been able entirely to subdue them, they detract nothing from the character of the man of worth, the scholar, and the gentleman.

We believe Cumberland's character to have been justly, as well as affectionately, summed up in the sermon preached on occasion of his funeral, by his venerable friend, Dr. Vincent, then Dean of Westminster. "The person you now see deposited, is Richard Cumberland, an author of no small merit; his writings were chiefly for the stage, but of strict moral tendency—they were not without their faults, but these were not of a gross description. He wrote as much as any, and few wrote better; and his works will be held in the highest estimation, so long as the English language is understood. He considered the theatre as a school for moral improvement, and his remains are truly worthy of mingling with the illustrious dead which surround us. In his subjects on Divinity, you find the true Christian spirit; and may God, in his mercy, assign him the true Christian reward!"

CATALOGUE OF CUMBERLAND'S WORKS, FROM THE INDEX TO HIS MEMOIRS.

Epic.

Calvary, Exodiad.

Dramatic.

Arab, Banishment of Cicero, Battle of Hastings, Brutus, the Elder, Box-Lobby Challenge, Brothers, Choleric Man, Country Attorney, Calypso, Caractacus, Carmelite, Clouds, from the Greek of Aristophanes, Dependant, Days of Geri, Don Pedro, Eccentric Lover, Fashionable Lover, False Demetrius, False Impressions, First Love, Hint to Husbands, Impostor, Jew, Joanna of Montfaucon; a Dramatic Romance, Last of the Family, Mysterious Husband, Natural Son, Note of Hand, Sailor's Daughter, Shakspeare in the Shades, Timon of Athens, Torrendal, Walloons, Wat Tyler, West Indian, Wheel of Fortune, Widow of Delphi, Word for Nature.

Fugitive Pieces.

Affectation, Lines to Princess Amelia, Avarice, Dreams, Envy, Epilogue to the Arab, Fragment, Hamlet, Hammond, Humility, Judges, Verses to Dr. James, Verses to Lord Mansfield, Verses on Nelson's Death, Ode to the Sun, Lines addressed to Pitt, Lines on Pride, Lines on Prudery, Lines to the Prince of Wales, Lines to Romney the Painter, Elegy on St. Mark's Eve, Translations from the Troades, Translations from Virgil.

Prose Publications.

Curtius Redeemed from the Gulph, Evidences of the Christian Revelation, Controversy with Lowth on the subject of Dr. Bentley.

Miscellaneous.

Anecdotes of eminent Painters in Spain, Catalogue of Paintings in the King of Spain's Palace, Sermons, Periodical Papers in the Observer, Translation of the Psalms, Memoirs.

Novels.

Arundel, Henry, John De Lancaster.

To this formidable list there remain yet to be added the critical papers written by the author for the London Review; *Retrospection*, a poem, in blank verse, on the author's own past life; and perhaps other publications, unknown to the Editor.

ABBOTSFORD, DECEMBER, 1824.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

OUR biographical notices of distinguished Novelists were in some degree proportioned to the space which their labours occupy in the Collection for which these sketches were originally written. On that principle, the present subject, so interesting in every other point of view, could not be permitted long to detain us. The circumstances also of Dr. Goldsmith's life, his early struggles with poverty and distress, the success of his brief and brilliant career after he had become distinguished as an author, are so well known, and have been so well and so often told, that a short outline is all that ought here to be attempted.

Oliver Goldsmith was born on the 29th November, 1728, at Pallas, (or rather, Palice,) in the parish of Farney, and county of Longford, in Ireland, where his father, the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, a minister of the Church of England, at that time resided. This worthy clergyman, whose virtues his celebrated son afterwards rendered immortal, in the character of the Village Preacher, had a family of seven children, for whom he was enabled to provide but very indifferently. He obtained ultimately a benefice in the county of Roscommon, but died early; for the careful researches of the Rev. John Graham, of Lifford, have found his widow *nigra veste senescens*, residing with her son Oliver in Ballymahon, so early as 1740. Among the shop accounts of a petty grocer of the place, Mrs. Goldsmith's name occurs frequently as a customer for trifling articles; on which occasions Master Noll appears to have been his mother's usual emissary. He was recollected, however, in the neighbourhood, by more poetical employments, as that of playing on the flute, and wandering in solitude on the shores, or among the islands of the river Inny, which is remarkably beautiful at Ballyhamon.

Oliver early distinguished himself by the display of lively talents, as well as by that uncertainty of humour which is so often attached to genius, as the slave in the chariot of the Roman triumph. An uncle by affinity, the Rev. Thomas Contarine, undertook the expense of affording to so promising a youth the advantages of a scholastic education. He was put to school at Edgeworths-town, and, in June 1744, was sent to Dublin College as a sizer; a situation which subjected him to much discouragement and ill usage, especially as he had the misfortune to fall under the charge of a brutal tutor.

On the 15th June, 1747, Goldsmith obtained his only academical laurel, being an Exhibition on the foundation of Erasmus Smythe, Esq. Some indiscreet frolic induced him soon afterwards to quit the University for a period; and he appears thus early to have commenced that sort of idle strolling life, which has often great charms for youths of genius, because it frees them from every species of subjection, and leaves them full masters of their own time, and their own thoughts; a liberty which they do not feel too dearly bought, at the expense of fatigue, of hunger, and of all the other inconveniences incidental to those who travel without money. Those who can recollect journeys of this kind, with all the shifts, necessities, and petty adventures, which attend them, will not wonder at the attractions which they had for such a youth as Goldsmith. Notwithstanding these erratic expeditions, he was admitted Bachelor of Arts in 1749.

Goldsmith's persevering friend, Mr. Contarine, seems to have recommended the direction of his nephew's studies to medicine, and in the year 1752 he was settled at Edinburgh to pursue that science. Of his residence in Scotland, Goldsmith retained no favourable recollections. He was thoughtless, and he was cheated; he was poor, and he was nearly starved. Yet, in a very lively letter from Edinburgh, addressed to Robert Brianton of Ballymahon, he closes a sarcastic description of the country and its inhabitants, with the good-humoured candour which made so distinguished a part of his character. "An ugly and a poor man is society only for himself, and such society the world lets me enjoy in great abundance. Fortune has given you circumstances, and Nature a power to look charming in the eyes of the fair. Nor do I envy my dear Bob such blessings, while I may sit down and laugh at the world and at myself, the most ridiculous object in it."

From Edinburgh our student passed to Leyden, not not without the diversities of an arrest for debt, a captivity of seven days at Newcastle, from having been found in company with some Scotchmen in the French service, and the no less unpleasing variety of a storm. At Leyden, Goldsmith was peculiarly exposed to a temptation which he never at any period of his life could easily resist. The opportunities of gambling were frequent,—he seldom declined them, and was at length stripped of every shilling.

In this hopeless condition Goldsmith commenced his travels, with one shirt in his pocket, and a devout reliance on providence. It is understood that in the narrative of George, eldest son of the Vicar of Wakefield, the author gave a sketch of the resources which enabled him, on foot and without money, to make the tour of Europe. Through Germany and Flanders he had recourse to his violin, in which he was tolerably skilled; and a lively tune usually procured him a lodging in some peasant's cottage for the evening. In Italy, where his musical skill was held in less esteem, he found hospitality by disputing at the monasteries, in the character of a traveling scholar, upon certain philosophical theses, which the learned inhabitants were obliged, by their foundation, to uphold against all impugners. Thus, he obtained sometimes money, sometimes lodgings. He must have had other resources to procure both, which he has not thought proper to intimate. The foreign Universities afford similar facilities to poor scholars, with those presented by the Monasteries. Goldsmith resided at Padua for several months, and is said to have taken a degree at Louvain. Thus far is certain, that an account of the tour made by so good a judge of human nature, in circumstances so singular, would have made one of the most entertaining books in the world; and it is both wonder and pity, that Goldsmith did not hit upon a publication of his travels, amongst the other literary resources in which his mind was fertile. He was not ignorant of the advantages which his mode of travelling had opened to him. "Countries," he says, in his *Essay on Polite Literature in Europe*, "wear very different appearances to travellers of different circumstances. A man who is whirled through Europe in his post-chaise, and the pilgrim who walks the great tour on foot, will form very different conclusions. *Haud inexpertus loquor.*" Perhaps he grew ashamed of the last admission, which he afterwards omitted. Goldsmith spent about twelve months in these wanderings, and landed in England in the year 1746, after having perambulated France, Italy, and part of Germany.

Poverty was now before our author in all its bitterness. His Irish friends had long renounced or forgotten him; and the wretched post of usher to an academy, of which he has drawn so piteous a picture in George's account of himself, was his refuge from actual starving. Unquestionably, his description was founded on personal recollections, where he says, "I was up early and late; I was brow-beat by the master; hated for my ugly face by the mistress; worried by the boys within; and never permitted to stir out, to seek civility abroad." This state of slavery he underwent at Peckham Academy, and had such bitter recollection thereof, as to be offended at the slightest allusion to it. An acquaintance happening to use the proverbial phrase, "Oh, that is all a holiday at Peckham," Goldsmith reddened, and asked if he meant to affront him. From this miserable condition he escaped with difficulty, to that of journeyman, or rather shop-porter, to a chemist in Fish-street-hill, in whose service he was recognized by Dr. Sleigh,* his countryman and fellow-student at Edinburgh, who, to his eternal honour, relieved Oliver Goldsmith from this state of slavish degradation.

Under the auspices of his friend and countryman, Goldsmith commenced practice as a physician about the Bankside, and afterwards near the Temple; and although unsuccessful in procuring fees, had soon plenty of patients. It was now that he first thought of having recourse to that pen, which afterwards afforded the public so much delight. He wrote, he laboured, he compiled; he is described by one contemporary as wearing a rusty full-trimmed black suit, the very livery of the muses, with his pockets stuffed with papers, and his head with projects; gradually he forced himself and his talents into notice, and was at last enabled to write, in one letter to a friend, that he was too poor to be gazed at, but too rich to need assistance;† and to boast in another,‡ of the refined conversation which he was sometimes admitted to partake in.

He now circulated proposals for publishing, by subscription, his *Essay on Polite Literature in Europe*, the profits of which he destined to equipping himself for India, having obtained from the Company the appointment of physician to one of their factories on the coast of Coromandel. But to rise in literature was more his desire than to increase his fortune. "I eagerly long," he said, "to embrace every opportunity to separate myself from the vulgar, as much in my circumstances as I am already in my sentiments.——I find I want constitution and a strong steady disposition, which alone makes men great. I will, however, correct my faults, since I am conscious of them."§

Goldsmith's versatile talents and ready pen soon engaged him in the service of the booksellers; and doubtless the touches of his spirit and humour were used to enliven the dull pages of many a sorry miscellany and review; a mode of living which, joined to his own improvidence, rendered his income as fluctuating as his occupation. He wrote many Essays for various periodical publications, and afterwards collected them into one volume, finding that they were unceremoniously appropriated by his contemporaries. In the preface, he compares himself to the fat man in a famine, who, when his fellow-sufferers propose to feast on the superfluous part of his person, insisted with some justice on having the first slice himself. But his most elaborate effort in this style is the *Citizen of the World;* letters supposed to be written by a Chinese philosopher, resident in England, in imitation of the *Lettres Persannes* of Montesquieu. Still, however, though subsisting thus precariously, he was getting forward in society; and had already, in the year 1761, made his way as far as Dr. Johnson, who seems, from their first acquaintance, till death separated them, to have entertained for Goldsmith the most sincere friendship, regarding his genius with respect, his failings with indulgence, and his person with affection.

It was probably soon after this first acquaintance, that Necessity, the parent of so many works of genius, gave birth to the *Vicar of Wakefield*. The circumstances attending the sale of the work to the fortunate publisher, are too singular to be told in any other words than those of Johnson, as reported by his faithful chronicler, Boswell.

"I received one morning a message from poor Goldsmith, that he was in great distress; and as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return, and, having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill."

Newberry, the purchaser of the *Vicar of Wake-*

* The Dr. Sligo of Foote's farce, "The Devil upon Two Sticks in London."

† Letter to Daniel Hodson, Esq. See Life of Goldsmith, prefixed to his works, in four volumes, 1801, vol. I. 42.

‡ Page 48.

§ Pages 48, 49.

field, best known to the present generation by recollection of their infantine studies, was a man of worth as well as wealth, and the frequent patron of distressed genius. When he completed the bargain, which he probably entered into partly from compassion, partly from deference to Johnson's judgment, he had so little confidence in the value of his purchase, that the *Vicar of Wakefield* remained in manuscript until the publication of the *Traveller* had established the fame of the author.

For this beautiful poem Goldsmith had collected materials during his travels; and a part of it had been actually written in Switzerland, and transmitted from that country to the author's brother, the Rev. Dr. Henry Goldsmith. His distinguished friend, Dr. Johnson, aided him with several general hints; and is said to have contributed the sentiment which Goldsmith has so beautifully versified in the concluding lines.

The publication of the *Traveller* gave the author all that celebrity which he had so long laboured to attain. He now assumed the professional dress of the medical science, a scarlet cloak, wig, sword, and cane, and was admitted as a valued member of that distinguished society, which afterwards formed the Literary Club, or as it is more commonly called, emphatically, *The* Club. For this he made certain sacrifices, renouncing some of the public places which he had formerly found convenient in point of expense and amusement; not without regret, for he used to say, "In truth, one must make some sacrifices to obtain good society; for here am I shut out of several places where I used to play the fool very agreeably." It often happened amid those sharper wits with whom he now associated, that the simplicity of his character, mingled with an inaccuracy of expression, an undistinguishing spirit of vanity, and a hurriedness of conception, which led him often into absurdity, rendered Dr. Goldsmith in some degree the butt of the company. Garrick, in particular, who probably presumed somewhat on the superiority of a theatrical manager over a dramatic author, shot at him many shafts of small epigrammatic wit. It is likely that Goldsmith began to feel that this spirit was carried too far, and, to check it in the best taste, he composed his celebrated poem of *Retaliation*, in which the characters and failings of his associates are drawn with satire, at once pungent and good humoured. Garrick is smartly chastised; Burke, the Dinner-bell of the House of Commons, is not spared; and of all the more distinguished names of the Club, Johnson, Cumberland, and Reynolds, alone escape the lash of the satirist. The former is not mentioned, and the two latter are even dismissed with unqualified and affectionate applause. *Retaliation* had the effect of placing the author on a more equal footing with his society than he had ever before assumed. Even against the despotism of Johnson, though much respecting him, and as much beloved by him, Goldsmith made a more spirited stand than was generally ventured upon by the compeers of that arbitrary Sultan of literature. Of this Boswell has recorded a striking instance. Goldsmith had been descanting on the difficulty and importance of making animals in an apologue speak in character, and particularly instanced the Fable of the Little Fishes. Observing that Doctor Johnson was laughing scornfully, he proceeded smartly; "Why, Dr. Johnson, this is not so easy as you seem to think; for if *you* were to make little fishes talk, they would talk like whales."

To support the expense of his new dignities, Goldsmith laboured incessantly at the literary oar. The *Letters on the History of England*, commonly ascribed to Lord Lyttleton, and containing an excellent and entertaining abridgment of the annals of Britain, are the work of Goldsmith. His mode of compiling them we learn from some interesting anecdotes of the author, communicated to the public by Lee Lewes, an actor of genius, whom he patronized, and with whom he often associated.

"He first read in a morning, from Hume, Rapin, and sometimes Kennet as much as he designed for one letter, marking down the passages referred to on a sheet of paper, with remarks. He then rode or walked out with a friend or two, whom he constantly had with him; returned to dinner, spent the day generally convivially, without much drinking, (which he was never in the habit of,) and when he went up to bed, took up his books and paper with him, where he generally wrote the chapter or the best part of it, before he went to rest. This latter exercise cost him very little trouble, he said; for having all his materials ready for him, he wrote it with as much facility as a common letter.

"But of all his compilations, he used to say, his *Selections of English Poetry* showed more 'the art of profession.' Here he did nothing but mark the particular passages with a red-lead pencil, and for this he got *two hundred pounds*—but then he used to add, 'a man shows his judgment in these selections, and he may be often twenty years of his life cultivating that judgment.'"

Goldsmith, amid these more petty labours, aspired to the honours of the sock, and the *Good-natured Man* was produced at Covent-Garden, 29th January, 1768, with the moderate success of nine nights' run. The principal character the author probably drew from the weak side of his own; for no man was more liable than Goldsmith to be gulled by pretended friends. The character of Croaker, highly comic in itself, and admirably represented by Shuter, helped to save the piece, which was endangered by the scene of the Bailiffs, then considered as too vulgar for the stage. Upon the whole, however, Goldsmith is said to have cleared five hundred pounds by this dramatic performance. He hired better chambers in the Temple, embarked more boldly in literary speculation, and unfortunately at the same time enlarged his ideas of expense, and indulged his habit of playing at games of hazard. The Memoirs, or Anecdotes, which we have before quoted, give a minute and curious description of his habits and enjoyments about this period, when he was constantly occupied with extracts, abridgments, and other arts of book-making, but at the same time working slowly, and in secret, on those immortal verses, which secure for him so high a rank among English poets.

"Goldsmith, though quick enough at prose,' continues Mr. Lewes, "was rather slow in his poetry—not from the tardiness of fancy, but the time he took in pointing the sentiment, and polishing the versification. He was, by his own confession, four or five years collecting materials in all his country excursions for this poem, (*The Deserted Village*.) and was actually engaged in the construction of it above two years. His manner of writing poetry was thus; he first sketched a part of his design in prose, in which he threw out his ideas as they occurred to him; he then sat carefully down to versify them, correct them, and add such other ideas as he thought better fitted to the subject. He sometimes would exceed his prose design by writing several verses impromptu, but these he would take uncommon pains afterwards to revise, lest they should be found unconnected with his main design.

"The writer of these Memoirs, (Lee Lewes,) called upon the Doctor the second morning after he had begun *The Deserted Village*, and to him he communicated the plan of his poem. 'Some of my friends,' continued he, 'differ with me on this plan, and think this depopulation of villages does not exist—but I am myself satisfied of the fact. I remember it in my own country, and have seen it in this.' He then read what he had done of it that morning, beginning,

> 'Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
> Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
> How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
> Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
> How often have I paused on every charm,—
> The sheltered cot—the cultivated farm,—
> The never failing brook,—the busy mill,—
> The decent church, that topt the neighbouring hill,—
> The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
> For talking age and whispering lovers made.'

'Come,' says he, 'let me tell you this is no bad morning's work; and now, my dear boy, if you are

not better engaged, I should be glad to enjoy a *Shoemaker's holiday* with you.' This *Shoemaker's holiday* was a day of great festivity to poor Goldsmith, and was spent in the following innocent manner:—

"Three or four of his intimate friends rendezvoused at his chambers, to breakfast, about ten o'clock in the morning; at eleven they proceeded to the City-Road, and through the fields to Highbury Barn to dinner; about six o'clock in the evening they adjourned to White Conduit House to drink tea; and concluded the evening by supping at the Grecian or Temple Exchange Coffee-houses, or at the Globe, in Fleet Street. There was a very good ordinary of two dishes and pastry kept at Highbury Barn about this time (five-and-twenty years ago, in 1796) at 10*d.* per head, including a penny to the waiter, and the company generally consisted of literary characters, a few Templars, and some citizens who had left off trade. The whole expenses of this day's fete never exceeded a crown, and oftener from three- and six-pence to four shillings, for which the party obtained good air and exercise, good living, the example of simple manners, and good conversation."

The reception given to the *Deserted Village*, so full of natural elegance, simplicity, and pathos, was of the warmest kind. The publisher showed at once his skill and generosity, by pressing upon Dr. Goldsmith a hundred pounds, which the author insisted upon returning, when upon computation he found that it came to nearly a crown for every couplet, a sum which he conceived no poem could be worth. The sale of the poem made him ample amends for this unusual instance of moderation. Lissoy, near Ballymahon, where his brother the clergyman had his living, claims the honour of being the spot from which the localities of the *Deserted Village* were derived. The church which tops the neighbouring hill, the mill, and the lake, are still pointed out; and a hawthorn has suffered the penalty of poetical celebrity, being cut to pieces by those admirers of the bard, who desired to have classical tooth-pick cases and tobacco stoppers. Much of this supposed locality may be fanciful, but it is a pleasing tribute to the poet in the land of his fathers.

Goldsmith's *Abridgments of the History of Rome and England* may here be noticed. They are eminently well calculated to introduce youth to the knowledge of their studies; for they exhibit the most interesting and striking events, without entering into controversy or dry detail. Yet the tone assumed in the *History of England* drew on the author the resentment of the more zealous Whigs, who accused him of betraying the liberties of the people, when, "God knows," as he expresses himself in a letter to Langton, "I had no thought for or against liberty in my head; my whole aim being to make up a book of a decent size, and which, as Squire Richard says, would do no harm to nobody."

His celebrated play of *She Stoops to Conquer*, was Goldsmith's next work of importance. If it be the object of comedy to make an audience laugh, Johnson says that it was better obtained by this play than by any other of the period. Lee Lewes was, for the first time, produced in a speaking character, as young Marlow, and is, therefore, entitled to record his own recollections concerning the piece.

"The first night of its performance, Goldsmith, instead of being at the Theatre, was found sauntering, between seven and eight o'clock, in the Mall, St. James's Park; and it was on the remonstrance of a friend, who told him 'how useful his presence might be in making some sudden alterations which might be found necessary in the piece,' that he was prevailed on to go to the Theatre. He entered the stage-door just in the middle of the fifth act, when there was a hiss at the improbability of Mrs. Hardcastle supposing herself forty miles off, though on her own grounds, and near the house. 'What's that?' says the Doctor, terrified at the sound. 'Pshaw, Doctor,' says Colman, who was standing by the side of the scene, 'don't be fearful of *squibs*, when we have been sitting almost these two hours upon a barrel of gunpowder.'

"In the *Life of Dr. Goldsmith*, prefixed to his *Works*, the above reply of Colman's is said to have happened at the last rehearsal of the piece, but the fact was (I had it from the Doctor himself) as I have stated, and he never forgave it to Colman to the last hour of his life."—It may be here noticed, that the leading incident of the piece was borrowed from a blunder of the author himself, who, while travelling in Ireland, actually mistook a gentleman's residence for an inn. It is remarkable enough that we ourselves are acquainted with another instance of the kind, which took place, however, in the middle rank of life.

It must be owned, that however kind, amiable, and benevolent, Goldsmith showed himself to his contemporaries, more especially to such as needed his assistance, he had no small portion of the jealous and irritable spirit proper to the literary profession. He suffered a newspaper lampoon about this time to bring him into a foolish affray with Evans the Editor, which did him but little credit.

In the meantime, a neglect of economy, occasional losses at play, and too great a reliance on his own versatility and readiness of talent, had considerably embarrassed his affairs. He felt the pressure of many engagements, for which he had received advances of money, and which it was, nevertheless, impossible for him to carry on with that despatch, which the booksellers thought themselves entitled to expect. One of his last publications was a *History of the Earth and Animated Nature*, in six volumes, which is to science what his abridgments are to history; a book which indicates no depth of research, or accuracy of information, but which presents to the ordinary reader a general and interesting view of the subject, couched in the clearest and most beautiful language, and abounding with excellent reflections and illustrations. It was of this work that Johnson threw out the remark which he afterwards interwove in his friend's epitaph,—"He is now writing a Natural History, and will make it as agreeable as a Persian Tale."

But the period of his labours was now near. Goldsmith had for some time been subject to fits of the strangury, brought on by too severe application to sedentary labours; and one of those attacks, aggravated by mental distress, produced a fever. In spite of cautions to the contrary, he had recourse to Dr. James's fever powders, from which he received no relief. He died on the 4th of April, 1774, and was privately interred in the Temple burial-ground. A monument, erected by subscription in Westminster-Abbey, bears a Latin inscription from the pen of Dr. Johnson:—

OLIVARI GOLDSMITH,
Poetæ, Physici, Historici,
Qui nullum fere scribendi genus non tetigit,
Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit,
Sive risus essent movendi,
Sive lacrymæ,
Affectuum potens at lenis dominator.
Ingenio, sublimis, vividus, versatilis;
Oratione, grandis, nitidus, venustus.
Hoc monumentum Memoriam colent
Sodalium amor,
Amicorum fides,
Lectorum veneratio.
Natus in Hibernia Fernæ Longfordiensis,
In loco cui somen Pallas,
Nov. XXIX. MDCCXXXI,
Eblanæ literis institutus,
Obiit Londini,
April IV. MDCCLXXIV.

This elegant epitaph was the subject of a petition to Dr. Johnson, in the form of a round robin, entreating him to substitute an English inscription, as more proper for an author who had distinguished himself entirely by works written in English; but the Doctor kept his purpose.

The person and features of Dr. Goldsmith were rather unfavourable. He was a short stout man, with a round face, much marked with the small-pox, and a low forehead, which is represented as projecting in a singular manner. Yet these ordinary features were marked by a strong expression of reflection and of observation.

The peculiarities of Goldsmith's disposition have been already touched upon in the preceding narra-

tive. He was a friend to virtue, and in his most playful pages never forgets what is due to it. A gentleness, delicacy, and purity of feeling, distinguishes whatever he wrote, and bears a correspondence to the generosity of a disposition which knew no bounds but his last guinea. It was an attribute almost essential to such a temper, that he wanted the proper guards of firmness and decision, and permitted, even when aware of their worthlessness, the intrusions of cunning and of effrontery. The story of the *White Mice* is well known; and in the humourous *History of the Haunch of Venison*, Goldsmith has recorded another instance of his being duped. This could not be entirely out of simplicity; for he, who could so well embody and record the impositions of Master Jenkinson, might surely have penetrated the schemes of more ordinary swindlers. But Goldsmith could not give a refusal; and, being thus cheated with his eyes open, no man could be a surer or easier victim to the impostors, whose arts he could so well describe. He might certainly have accepted the draught on neighbour Flamborough, and indubitably would have made the celebrated bargain of the gross of green spectacles. With this callibility of temper was mixed a hasty and eager jealousy of his own personal consequence: he unwillingly admitted that any thing was done better than he himself could have performed it; and sometimes made himself ridiculous by hastily undertaking to distinguish himself upon subjects which he did not understand. But with these weaknesses, and with that of carelessness in his own affairs, terminates all that censure can say of Goldsmith. The folly of submitting to imposition may be well balanced with the universality of his benevolence; and the wit which his writings evince, more than counterbalances his defects in conversation, if these could be of consequence to the present and future generations. "As a writer," says Dr. Johnson, "he was of the most distinguished class. Whatever he composed, he did it better than any other man could. And whether we regard him as a poet, as a comic writer, or as an historian, he was one of the first writers of his time, and will ever stand in the foremost class."

Excepting some short Tales, Goldsmith gave to the department of the novelist only one work—the inimitable *Vicar of Wakefield*. We have seen that it was suppressed for nearly two years, until the publication of the *Traveller* had fixed the author's fame. Goldsmith had, therefore, time for revisal, but he did not employ it. He had been paid for his labour, as he observed, and could have profited nothing by rendering the work ever so perfect. This, however, was false reasoning, though not unnatural in the mouth of the author who must earn daily bread by daily labour. The narrative, which in itself is as simple as possible, might have been cleared of certain improbabilities, or rather impossibilities, which it now exhibits. We cannot, for instance, conceive how Sir William Thornhill should contrive to masquerade under the name of Burchell among his own tenantry, and upon his own estate; and it is absolutely impossible to see how his nephew, the son, doubtless, of a younger brother, (since Sir William inherited both title and property,) should be nearly as old as the Baronet himself. It may be added, that the character of Burchell, or Sir William Thornhill, is in itself extravagantly unnatural. A man of his benevolence would never have so long left his nephew in the possession of wealth which he employed to the worst of purposes. Far less would he have permitted his scheme upon Olivia in a great measure to succeed, and that upon Sophia also to approach consummation; for, in the first instance, he does not interfere at all, and in the second, his intervention is accidental. These, and some other little circumstances in the progress of the narrative, might easily have been removed upon revisal.

But whatever defects occur in the tenor of the story, the admirable ease and grace of the narrative, as well as the pleasing truth with which the principal characters are designed, make the *Vicar of Wakefield* one of the most delicious morsels of fictitious composition on which the human mind was ever employed. The principal character, that of the simple Pastor himself, with all the worth and excellency which ought to distinguish the ambassador of God to man, and yet with just so much of pedantry and of literary vanity as serves to show that he is made of mortal mould, and subject to human failings, is one of the best and most pleasing pictures ever designed. It is perhaps impossible to place frail humanity before us in an attitude of more simple dignity than the Vicar, in his character of pastor, of parent, and of husband. His excellent helpmate, with all her motherly cunning, and housewifely prudence, loving and respecting her husband but counterplotting his wisest schemes, at the dictates of maternal vanity, forms an excellent counterpart. Both, with their children around them, their quiet labour and domestic happiness, compose a fireside picture of such a perfect kind, as perhaps is nowhere else equalled. It is sketched indeed from common life, and is a strong contrast to the exaggerated and extraordinary characters and incidents which are the resource of those authors, who, like Bayes, make it their business to elevate and surprise; but the very simplicity of this charming book renders the pleasure it affords more permanent. We read the *Vicar of Wakefield* in youth and in age—we return to it again and again, and bless the memory of an author who contrives so well to reconcile us to human nature. Whether we choose the pathetic and distressing incidents of the fire, the scenes at the jail, or the lighter and humorous parts of the story, we find the best and truest sentiments enforced in the most beautiful language; and perhaps there are few characters of purer dignity have been described than that of the excellent pastor, rising above sorrow and oppression, and labouring for the conversion of those felons, into whose company he had been thrust by his villanous creditor. In too many works of this class, the critics must apologize for or censure particular passages in the narrative, as unfit to be perused by youth and innocence. But the wreath of Goldsmith is unsullied; he wrote to exalt virtue and expose vice; and he accomplished his task in a manner which raises him to the highest rank among British authors. We close his volume, with a sigh that such an author should have written so little from the stores of his own genius, and that he should have been so prematurely removed from the sphere of literature, which he so highly adorned.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Of all the men distinguished in this or any other age, Dr. Johnson has left upon posterity the strongest and most vivid impression, so far as person, manners, disposition, and conversation, are concerned. We do but name him, or open a book which he has written, and the sound and action recall to the imagination at once, his form, his merits, his peculiarities, nay, the very uncouthness of his gestures, and the deep impressive tone of his voice. We learn not only what he said, but form an idea how he said it; and have, at the same time, a shrewd guess of the secret motive why he did so, and whether he spoke in sport or in anger, in the desire of conviction, or for the love of debate. It was said of a noted wag, that his bon-mots did not give full satisfaction when published, because he could not print his face. But with respect to Dr. Johnson, this has been in some degree accomplished; and, although the greater part of the present generation never saw him, yet he is, in our mind's eye, a personification as lively as that of Siddons in *Lady Macbeth*, or Kemble in *Cardinal Wolsey*.

All this, as the world well knows, arises from Johnson having found in James Boswell such a biographer, as no man but himself ever had, or ever deserved to have. The performance, which chiefly resembles it in structure, is the life of the philosopher Demophon, in Lucian; but that slight sketch

is far inferior in detail and in vivacity to Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, which, considering the eminent persons to whom it relates, the quality of miscellaneous information and entertaining gossip which it brings together, may be termed, without exception, the best parlour-window book that ever was written. Accordingly such has been the reputation which it has enjoyed, that it renders useless even the form of an abridgment, which is the less necessary in this work, as the great Lexicographer only stands connected with the department of fictitious narrative by the brief tale of *Rasselas*.

A few dates and facts may be shortly recalled, for the sake of uniformity of plan, after which we will venture to offer a few remarks upon *Rasselas*, and the character of its great author.

Samuel Johnson was born and educated in Litchfield, where his father was a country bookseller of some eminence, since he belonged to its magistracy. He was born 18th September, 1709. His school days were spent in his native city, and his education completed at Pembroke College, Oxford. Of gigantic strength of body, and mighty powers of mind, he was afflicted with that nameless disease of the spirits, which often rendered the latter useless: and externally deformed by a scrofulous complaint, the scars of which disfigured his otherwise strong and sensible countenance. The indigence of his parents compelled him to leave College upon his father's death in 1731, when he gathered in a succession of eleven pounds sterling. In poverty, however, his learning and his probity secured him respect. He was received in the best society of his native place. His first literary attempt, the translation of *Father Lobo's Voyage to Abyssinia*, appeared during this period, and probably led him, at a later period, to lay in that remote kingdom the scene of his philosophical tale, which follows this essay. About the same time, he married a wife considerably older than himself, and attempted to set up a school in the neighbourhood of Litchfield. The project proved *unsuccessful*; and in 1737, he set out to try to mend his fortunes in London, attended by David Garrick. Johnson had with him in manuscript his tragedy of *Irene*, and meant to commence dramatic author; Garrick was to be bred to the law—Fate had different designs for both.

There is little doubt, that upon his outset in London, Johnson felt in full force the ills which assail the unprotected scholar, whose parts are yet unknown to the public, and who must write at once for bread and for distinction. His splendid imitation of Juvenal, *London*, a satire, was the first of his works which drew the attention of the public; yet, neither its celebrity, nor that of its more brilliant successor, the *Vanity of Human Wishes*, the deep and pathetic morality of which has often extracted tears from those whose eyes wander dry over pages professedly sentimental, could save the poet from the irksome drudgery of a writer of all work. His tragedy of *Irene* was unfortunate on the stage, and his valuable hours were consumed in obscure labour. He was fortunate, however, in a strong and virtuous power of thinking, which prevented his plunging into those excesses, in which neglected genius, in catching at momentary gratification, is so apt to lose character and respectability. While his friend Savage, was wasting considerable powers in temporary gratification, Johnson was advancing slowly but surely into a higher class of society. The powers of his pen were supported by those of his conversation; he lost no friend by misconduct, no respect by a closer approach to intimacy, and each new friend whom he made, continued still his admirer.

The booksellers, also, were sensible of his value as a literary labourer, and employed him in that laborious and gigantic task, a Dictionary of the language. How it is executed is well known, and sufficiently surprising, considering that the learned author was a stranger to the Northern languages, on which English is radically grounded, and that the discoveries in grammar, since made by Horne Tooke, were then unknown. In the meantime, the publication of the *Rambler*, though not very successful during its progress, stamped the character of the author as one of the first moral writers of the age, and as eminently qualified to write, and even to improve, the English language.

In 1752, Johnson was deprived of his wife, a loss which he appears to have felt most deeply. After her death, society, the best of which was now open to a man who brought such stores to increase its pleasures, seems to have been his principal enjoyment, and his great resource when assailed by that malady of mind which embittered his solitary moments.

The *Idler*, scarcely so popular as the *Rambler*, followed in 1758. In 1759, *Rasselas* was hastily composed, in order to pay the expenses of his mother's funeral, and some small debts which she had contracted. This beautiful tale was written in one week, and sent in portions to the printer. Johnson told Sir Joshua Reynolds that he never afterwards read it over! The publishers paid the author a hundred pounds, with twenty-four more when the work came to a second edition.

The mode in which *Rasselas* was composed, and the purposes for which it was written, show that the author's situation was still embarrassed. But his circumstances became more easy in 1762, when a pension of 300*l.* placed him beyond the drudgery of labouring for mere subsistence. It was distinctly explained, that this grant was made on public grounds alone, and intended as homage to Johnson's services for literature. But two political pamphlets, *The False Alarm*, and that upon the *Falkland Islands*, afterwards showed that the author was grateful.

In 1765, pushed forward by the satire of Churchill, Johnson published his subscription Shakspeare, for which proposals had been long in circulation.

The author's celebrated *Journey to the Hebrides* was published in 1775. Whatever might be his prejudices against Scotland, its natives must concede, that his remarks concerning the poverty and barrenness of the country, tended to produce those subsequent exertions, which have done much to remedy the causes of reproach. The Scots were angry because Johnson was not enraptured with their scenery, which, from a defect of bodily organs, he could not appreciate, or even see; and they appear to have set rather too high a rate on the hospitality paid to a stranger, when they contended it should shut the mouth of a literary traveller upon all subjects but those of panegyric. Dr. Johnson took a better way of repaying the civilities he received, by exercising kindness and hospitality in London to all such friends as he had received attention from in Scotland.

His pamphlet, entitled *Taxation no Tyranny*, which drew upon him much wrath from those who supported the American cause, is written in a strain of high toryism, and tended to promote an event, pregnant with much good and evil, the separation of the mother country from the American colonies.

In 1777, he was engaged in one of his most pleasing as well as most popular works, *The Lives of the British Poets*, which he executed with a degree of critical force and talent which has seldom been concentrated.

Johnson's laborious and distinguished career terminated in 1783, when virtue was deprived of a steady supporter, society of a brilliant ornament, and literature of a successful cultivater. The latter part of his life was honoured with general applause, for none was more fortunate in obtaining and preserving the friendship of the wise and the worthy. Thus loved and venerated, Johnson might have been pronounced happy. But Heaven, in whose eyes strength is weakness, permitted his faculties to be clouded occasionally with that morbid affection of the spirits, which disgraced his talents by prejudices, and his manners by rudeness.

When we consider the rank which Dr. Johnson held, not only in literature, but in society, we cannot help figuring him to ourselves as the benevolent giant of some fairy tale, whose kindnesses and courtesies are still mingled with a part of the rugge-

ferocity imputed to the fabulous sons of Anak; or rather, perhaps, like a Roman Dictator, fetched from his farm, whose wisdom and heroism still relished of his rustic occupation. And there were times when, with all Johnson's wisdom, and all his wit, this rudeness of disposition, and the sacrifices and submissions which he unsparingly exacted, were so great, that even his kind and devoted admirer, Mrs. Thrale, seems at length to have thought that the honour of being Johnson's hostess was almost counterbalanced by the tax which he exacted on her time and patience.

The cause of those deficiencies in temper and manners, was no ignorance of what was fit to be done in society, or how far each individual ought to suppress his own wishes in favour of those with whom he associates; for, theoretically, no man understood the rules of good breeding better than Dr. Johnson, or could act more exactly in conformity with them, when the high rank of those with whom he was in company for the time required that he should put the necessary constraint upon himself. But during the greater part of his life, he had been in a great measure a stranger to the higher society, in which such restraint is necessary; and it may be fairly presumed, that the indulgence of a variety of little selfish peculiarities, which it is the object of good breeding to suppress, became thus familiar to him. The consciousness of his own mental superiority in most companies which he frequented, contributed to his dogmatism; and when he had attained his eminence as a dictator in literature, like other potentates, he was not averse to a display of his authority: resembling in this particular Swift, and one or two other men of genius, who have had the bad taste to imagine that their talents elevated them above observance of the common rules of society. It must be also remarked, that in Johnson's time, the literary society of London was much more confined than at present, and that he sat the Jupiter of a little circle, sometimes indeed nodding approbation, but always prompt, on the slightest contradiction, to launch the thunders of rebuke and sarcasm. He was, in a word, despotic, and despotism will occasionally lead the best dispositions into unbecoming abuse of power. It is not likely that any one will again enjoy, or have an opportunity of abusing, the singular degree of submission which was rendered to Johnson by all around him. The unreserved communications of friends, rather than the spleen of enemies, have occasioned his character being exposed in all its shadows, as well as its lights. But those, when summed and counted, amount only to a few narrow-minded prejudices concerning country and party, from which few ardent tempers remain entirely free, an over-zeal in politics, which is an ordinary attribute of the British character, and some violences and solecisms in manners, which left his talents, morals, and benevolence, alike unimpeachable.

Of *Rasselas*, translated into so many languages, and so widely circulated through the literary world, the merits have been long justly appreciated. It was composed in solitude and sorrow; and the melancholy cast of feeling which it exhibits, sufficiently evinces the temper of the author's mind. The resemblance, in some respects, betwixt the tenor of the moral and that of *Candide*, is striking, and Johnson himself admitted, that if the authors could possibly have seen each other's manuscript, they could not have escaped the charge of plagiarism. But they resemble each other like a wholesome and a poisonous fruit. The object of the witty Frenchman is to induce a distrust of the wisdom of the great Governor of the Universe, by presuming to arraign him of incapacity before the creatures of his will. Johnson uses arguments drawn from the same premises, with the benevolent view of encouraging men to look to another and a better world, for the satisfaction of wishes, which in this seem only to be awakened in order to be disappointed. The one is a fiend—a merry devil, we grant—who scoffs at and derides human miseries; the other, a friendly though grave philosopher who shows us the nothingness of earthly hopes, to teach us that our affections ought to be placed higher.

The work can scarce be termed a narrative, being in a great measure void of incident; it is rather a set of moral dialogues on the various vicissitudes of human life, its follies, its fears, its hopes, its wishes, and the disappointment in which all terminate. The style is in Johnson's best manner; enriched and rendered sonorous by the triads and quaternions which he so much loved, and balanced with an art which perhaps he derived from the learned Sir Thomas Brown. The reader may sometimes complain, with Boswell, that the unalleviated picture of human helplessness and misery, leaves sadness upon the mind after perusal. But the moral is to be found in the conclusion of the *Vanity of Human Wishes*, a poem which treats of the same melancholy subject, and closes with this sublime strain of morality:—

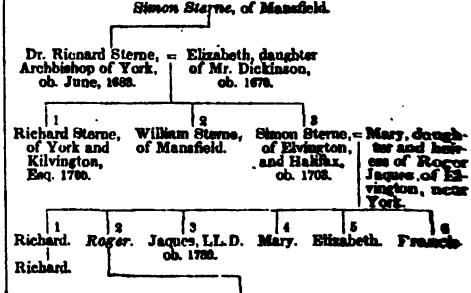
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resign'd;
For Love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For Patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill;
For Faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind nature's signal of retreat:
These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain;
These goods He grants, who grants the power to gain;
With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she cannot find.

LAURENCE STERNE.

Laurence Sterne was one of those few authors who have anticipated the labours of the biographer, and left to the world what they desired should be known of their family and their life. It is but a slight sketch, however, addressed to his daughter, and stops short just where the reader becomes most interested in its progress, being very succinct in all which regards the author's personal history.

"Roger Sterne,* (says this narrative,) grandson to Archbishop Sterne, Lieutenant in Handaside's regiment, was married to Agnes Hebert, widow of a captain of a good family. Her family name was (I believe) Nuttle;—though, upon recollection, that was the name of her father-in-law, who was a noted sutler in Flanders, in Queen Anne's wars, where my father married his wife's daughter, (N. B. he was in debt to him,) which was in September 25, 1711, old style.—This Nuttle had a son by my grandmother,—a fine person of a man, but a graceless whelp!—what became of him I know not.—The family (if any left) live now at Clonmel, in the south of Ireland; at which town I was born, November 24, 1713, a few days after my mother arrived from Dunkirk.—My birth-day was ominous to my poor father, who was, the day of our arrival, with many other brave officers, broke, and sent adrift into the wide world, with a wife and two children;—the elder of which was Mary. She was born at Lisle, in French Flanders, July 10, 1712, new style.—This child was the most unfortunate:—She married one

* Mr. Sterne was descended from a family of that name in Suffolk, one of which settled in Nottinghamshire. The following genealogy is extracted from Thoresby's Ducatus Leodiensis, p. 219.



Weemans, in Dublin, who used her most unmercifully;—spent his substance, became a bankrupt, and left my poor sister to shift for herself; which she was able to do but for a few months, for she went to a friend's house in the country, and died of a broken heart. She was a most beautiful woman, of a fine figure, and deserved a better fate.—The regiment in which my father served being broke, he left Ireland as soon as I was able to be carried, with the rest of his family, and came to the family-seat at Elvington, near York, where his mother lived. She was daughter to Sir Roger Jacques, and an heiress. There we sojourned for about ten months, when the regiment was established, and our household decamped with bag and baggage for Dublin.—Within a month of our arrival, my father left us, being ordered to Exeter; where, in a sad winter, my mother and her two children followed him, travelling from Liverpool, by land, to Plymouth.—(Melancholy description of this journey not necessary to be transmitted here.)—In twelve months we were all sent back to Dublin.—My mother, with three of us, (for she lay-in at Plymouth of a boy, Joram,) took ship at Bristol, for Ireland, and had a narrow escape from being cast away, by a leak springing up in the vessel.—At length, after many perils and struggles, we got to Dublin.—There my father took a large house, furnished it, and in a year and a half's time spent a great deal of money. In the year one thousand seven hundred and nineteen, all unhinged again; the regiment was ordered, with many others, to the Isle of Wight, in order to embark for Spain in the Vigo expedition. We accompanied the regiment, and were driven into Milford Haven, but landed at Bristol; from thence, by land, to Plymouth again, and to the Isle of Wight;—where, I remember, we stayed encamped some time before the embarkation of the troops—(in this expedition, from Bristol to Hampshire, we lost poor Joram,—a pretty boy, four years old, of the small-pox)—my mother, sister, and myself, remained at the Isle of Wight during the Vigo expedition, and until the regiment had got back to Wicklow, in Ireland; from whence my father sent for us.—We had poor Joram's loss supplied, during our stay in the Isle of Wight, by the birth of a girl, Anne, born September the twenty-third, one thousand seven hundred and nineteen.—This pretty blossom fell at the age of three years, in the barracks of Dublin. She was, as I well remember, of a fine delicate frame, not made to last long,—as were most of my father's babes. We embarked for Dublin, and had all been cast away by a most violent storm; but through the intercessions of my mother, the captain was prevailed upon to turn back into Wales, where we stayed a month, and at length got into Dublin, and travelled by land to Wicklow; where my father had for some weeks given us over for lost. We lived in the barracks at Wicklow one year—(one thousand seven hundred and twenty) when Devijeher (so called after Colonel Devijeher) was born; from thence we decamped to stay half a year with Mr. Featherston, a clergyman, about seven miles from Wicklow; who, being a relation of my mother's, invited us to his parsonage at Animo.* It was in this parish, during our stay, that I had that wonderful escape in falling through a mill-race whilst the mill was going, and of being taken up unhurt; the story is incredible, but known for truth in all that part of Ireland, where hundreds of the common people flocked to see me. From hence we followed the regiment to Dublin, where we lay in the barracks a year. In this year (one thousand seven hundred and twenty-one) I learnt to write, &c. The regiment ordered in twenty-two to Carrickfergus, in the north of Ireland. We all decamped; but got no farther than Drogheda;—thence ordered to Mullengar, forty miles west, where, by Providence, we stumbled upon a kind relation, a collateral descendant from Archbishop Sterne, who took us all to his castle, and kindly entertained us for a year, and sent us to the regiment to Carrickfergus, loaded with kindnesses, &c. A most rueful and tedious journey had we all (in March) to Carrickfergus, where we arrived in six or seven days.—Little Devijeher here died; he was three years old; he had been left behind at nurse at a farm-house near Wicklow, but was fetched to us by my father the summer after:—another child sent to fill his place, Susan. This babe, too, left us behind in this weary journey. The autumn of that year, or the spring afterwards (I forget which) my father got leave of his colonel to fix me at school,—which he did near Halifax, with an able master; with whom I stayed some time, till, by God's care of me, my cousin Sterne, of Elvington, became a father to me, and sent me to the university, &c. &c. To pursue the thread of our story, my father's regiment was, the year after, ordered to Londonderry, where another sister was brought forth, Catherine, still living; but most unhappily estranged from me by my uncle's wickedness and her own folly. From this station the regiment was sent to defend Gibraltar, at the siege, where my father was run through the body by Captain Phillips, in a duel (the quarrel being about a goose!) with much difficulty he survived, though with an impaired constitution, which was not able to withstand the hardships it was put to; for he was sent to Jamaica, where he soon fell by the country fever, which took away his senses first, and made a child of him; and then, in a month or two, walking about continually without complaining, till the moment he sat down in an arm-chair, and breathed his last, which was at Port Antonio, on the north of the island. My father was a little smart man, active to the last degree in all exercises, most patient of fatigue and disappointments, of which it pleased God to give him full measure. He was, in his temper, somewhat rapid and hasty, but of a kindly sweet disposition, void of all design; and so innocent in his own intentions, that he suspected no one; so that you might have cheated him ten times in a day, if nine had not been sufficient for your purpose. My poor father died in March, 1731. I remained at Halifax till about the latter end of that year, and cannot omit mentioning this anecdote of myself and school-master:—He had the ceiling of the school-room new white-washed; the ladder remained there. I, one unlucky day, mounted it, and wrote with a brush, in large capital letters, LAU. STERNE, for which the usher severely whipped me. My master was very much hurt at this, and said, before me, that never should that name be effaced, for I was a boy of genius, and he was sure I should come to preferment. This expression made me forget the stripes I had received. In the year thirty-two† my cousin sent me to the university, where I staid some time. 'Twas there that I commenced a friendship with Mr. H——, which has been lasting on both sides. I then came to York, and my uncle got me the living of Sutton; and at York I became acquainted with your mother, and courted her for two years:—she owned she liked me, but thought herself not rich enough, or me too poor, to be joined together. She went to her sister's in S——; and I wrote to her often. I believe then she was partly determined to have me, but would not say so. At her return she fell into a consumption;—and one evening that I was sitting by her, with an almost broken heart to see her so ill, she said, "My dear Laurey, I never can be yours, for I verily believe I have not long to live! but I have left you every shilling of my fortune." Upon that she showed me her will. This generosity overpowered me. It pleased God that she recovered, and I married her in the year 1741. My uncle‡ and

* This village, or rather hamlet, is within a few miles of the romantic lake called Glandylow, on which are to be seen the singularly interesting ecclesiastical antiquities, called the Seven Churches. The mill where Sterne encountered this remarkable risk has been only lately destroyed; and his escape still lives in village tradition.

† He was admitted of Jesus' College, in the University of Cambridge, 6th July, 1739, under the tuition of Mr. Cannon.
Matriculated 28th March, 1726.
Admitted to the degree of B. A. in January 1736.
Admitted M. A. at the commencement of 1740.

‡ Jaques Sterne, LL.D. He was Prebendary of Durham, Canon Residentiary, Precentor, and Prebendary of York, Rector of Rise, and Rector of Hornsey cum Riston, both in the East Riding of the county of York. He died June 8th, 1759.

myself were then upon very good terms; for he soon got me the Prebendary of York;—but he quarrelled with me afterwards, because I would not write paragraphs in the newspapers;—though he was a party man, I was not, and detested such dirty work, thinking it beneath me. From that period he became my bitterest enemy.* By my wife's means I got the living of Stillington; a friend of hers in the south had promised her, that, if she married a clergyman in Yorkshire, when the living became vacant, he would make her a compliment of it. I remained near twenty years at Sutton, doing duty at both places. I had then very good health. Books, painting,† fiddling, and shooting, were my amusements. As to the Squire of the parish, I cannot say we were on a very friendly footing; but at Stillington the family of the C——s showed us every kindness: 'twas most truly agreeable to be within a mile and a half of an amiable family, who were ever cordial friends. In the year 1760, I took a house at York for your mother and yourself, and went up to London to publish‡ my two first volumes of Shandy.§ In that year Lord Falconbridge presented me with the curacy of Coxwould; a sweet retirement in comparison of Sutton. In sixty-two I went to France before the peace was concluded; and you both followed me. I left you both in France, and in two years after, I went to Italy for the recovery of my health; and, when I called upon you, I tried to engage your mother to return to England with me:‖ she and yourself are at length come, and I have had the inexpressible joy of seeing my girl everything I wished for.

"*I have set down these particulars relating to my family and self for my Lydia, in case hereafter she might have a curiosity, or a kinder motive, to know them.*"

To these notices, the following brief account of his death has been added by another writer:—

As Mr. Sterne, in the foregoing, hath brought down the account of himself until within a few months of his death, it remains only to mention, that he left York about the end of the year 1767, and came to London, in order to publish *The Sentimental Journey*, which he had written during the preceding summer at his favourite living of Coxwould. His health had been for some time declining; but he continued to visit his friends, and retained his usual flow of spirits. In February, 1768, he began to perceive the approaches of death; and with the concern of a good man, and the solicitude of an affectionate parent, devoted his attention to the future welfare of his daughter. His letters, at this period, reflect so much credit on his character, that it is to be lamented some others in the collection were permitted to see the light. After a short struggle with his disorder, his debilitated and worn-out frame submitted to fate on the 18th day of March, 1768, at his lodgings in Bond-street. He was buried at the new burying-ground belonging to the parish of St. George, Hanover-square, on the 22d of the same month, in the most private manner; and hath since been indebted to strangers for a monument very unworthy of his memory; on which the following lines are inscribed:

Near to this Place
Lies the Body of
The Reverend LAURENCE STERNE, A. M.
Died September 13, 1768,¶
Aged 53 Years.

To these Memoirs we can only add a few circumstances. The Archbishop of York, referred to as great-grandfather of the author, was Dr. Richard Sterne, who died in June, 1683. The family came from Suffolk to Nottinghamshire, and are described by Guillam as bearing Or a cheveron, between three crosses flory sable. The crest is that Starling proper, which might incur the censure of a zealous herald. It is a pun upon *Estourneau*, the French for a starling, as approaching to the proper name Sterne. This may be termed *canting*, in the armorial language, but the pen of Yoric has rendered it immortal.

Sterne was educated at Jesus College, Cambridge, and took the degree of Master of Arts there in 1740. His protector and patron, in the outset of life, was his uncle Dr. Jaques Sterne, who was Prebendary of Durham, Canon Residentiary, Precentor, and Prebendary of York, with other good preferments. Dr. Sterne was a keen Whig, and zealous supporter of the Hanoverian succession. The politics of the times being extremely violent, he was engaged in many controversies, particularly with Dr. Richard Burton, a surgeon and man-midwife, whom he had arrested upon a charge of high-treason, during the affair of 1745. Laurence Sterne, in the Memoir which precedes these notices, represents himself as having quarrelled with his uncle, because he would not assist him with his pen in controversies of this description; yet there is reason to believe he adopted his kinsman's enmities in some degree, since he consigned Dr. Burton to painful immortality, under the name of Dr. Slop.

When settled in Yorkshire, Sterne has represented his time as much engaged with books, music and painting. The former seems to have been in a great measure supplied by the library of Skelton Castle, the abode of his intimate friend and relation, John Hall Stevenson, author of the witty and indecent collection, entitled *Crazy Tales*, where there is a very humourous description of his ancient residence, under the name of Crazy Castle. This library had the same cast of antiquity which belonged to the Castle itself, and doubtless contained much of that rubbish of ancient literature, in which the labour and ingenuity of Sterne contrived to find a mine. Until 1759, Sterne had only printed two Sermons; but in that year he surprised the world, by publishing the two first volumes of *Tristram Shandy*. Sterne states himself, in a letter to a friend, as being "tired of employing his brains for other people's advantage—a foolish sacrifice I have made for some years to an ungrateful person."—This passage probably alludes to his quarrel with his uncle; and as he mentions having taken a small house in York for the education of his daughter, it is probable that he looked to his pen for *some* assistance, though, in a letter to a nameless doctor, who had accused him of writing, in order to have *nummum in loculo*, he declares he wrote, not to be fed, but to be famous. *Tristram*, however, procured the author both fame and profit. The brilliant genius, which mingled with so much real or affected eccentricity, the gaping astonishment of the readers who could not conceive the drift or object of the publication, with the ingenuity of those who attempted to discover the meaning of passages which really had none, gave the book a most extraordinary degree of eclat. But the applause of the public was not unmingled with censure. Sterne was not on good terms with his professional brethren: he had too much wit, and too little forbearance in the use of it; too much vivacity, and too little respect for his cloth and character, to maintain the formalities, or even the decencies, of the clerical station; and, moreover, he had, in the full career of

* It hath, however, been insinuated, that he for some time wrote a periodical electioneering paper at York, in defence of the Whig Interest.—*Monthly Review*, vol. LIII., p. 344.

† A specimen of Mr. Sterne's abilities in the art of designing, may be seen in Mr. Wodhull's Poems, 8vo. 1772.

‡ The first edition was printed in the preceding year at York.

§ The following is the order in which Mr. Sterne's publications appeared:—

1747. The case of Elijah and the Widow of Zarephath considered. A Charity Sermon preached on Good Friday, April 17, 1747, for the support of two charity schools in York.

1750. The Abuses of Conscience. Set forth in a sermon preached in the cathedral church of St. Peter, York, at the summer Assizes, before the Hon. Mr. Baron Clive, and the Hon. Mr. Baron Smythe, on Sunday, July 29, 1750.

1759. Vol. 1 and 2 of Tristram Shandy.
1760. Vol. 1 and 2 of Sermons.
1761. Vol. 3 and 4 of Tristram Shandy
1762. Vol. 5 and 6 of Tristram Shandy.
1765. Vol. 7 and 8 of Tristram Shandy.
1766. Vols. 3, 4, 5, and 6 of Sermons.
1767. Vol. 9 of Tristram Shandy.
1768. The Sentimental Journey.

The remainder of his works were published after his death.

‖ From this passage, it appears that the present account of Mr. Sterne's Life and Family were written about six months only before his death.

¶ It is scarcely necessary to observe, that this date is erroneous.

his humour, assigned to some of his grave compeers ridiculous epithets and characters, which they did not resent the less, that they were certainly witty, and probably applicable. Indeed, to require a person to pardon an insult on account of the wit which accompanies the infliction, although it is what jesters often seem to expect, is as reasonable as to desire a wounded man to admire the painted feathers which wing the dart by which he is pierced. The tumult was loud on all sides; but amid shouts of applause and cries of censure, the notoriety of *Tristram* spread still wider and wider, and the fame of Sterne rose in proportion. The author therefore triumphed, and bid the critics defiance. "I shall be attacked and pelted," he says, in one of his letters, "either from cellar or garret, write what I will; and besides, must expect to have a party against me of many hundreds, who either do not, or will not laugh—'tis enough that I divide the world—at least I will rest contented with it." On another occasion he says, "If my enemies knew that, by their rage of abuse and ill will, they were effectually serving the interests both of myself and works, they would be more quiet; but it has been the fate of my betters, who have found that the way to fame is like the way to heaven, through much tribulation; and till I shall have the honour to be as much maltreated as Rabelais and Swift were, I must continue humble, for I have not filled up the measure of half their persecutions."

The author went to London to enjoy his fame, and met with all that attention which the public gives to men of notoriety. He boasts of being engaged fourteen dinners deep, and received this hospitality as a tribute; while his contemporaries saw the festivity in a very different light. "Any man who has a name, or who has the power of pleasing," said Johnson, "will be very generally invited in London. The *man Sterne*, I am told, has had engagements for three months." Johnson's feelings of morality and respect for the priesthood led him to speak of *Sterne* with contempt; but when Goldsmith added, "And a very dull fellow," he replied with his emphatic, "Why, no, sir."

The two first volumes of *Tristram* proved introductors—singular in their character certainly—to two volumes of Sermons, which the simple name of the Rev. Laurence Sterne, (ere yet he became known as the author of this wild and capricious offspring of fancy,) would never have recommended to notice, but which were sought for and read eagerly under that of Yorick. They maintained the character of the author for wit, genius, and eccentricity.

The third and fourth volumes of *Tristam* appeared in 1761, and the fifth and sixth in 1762. Both these publications were as popular as the two first volumes. The seventh and eighth, which came forth in 1765, did not attract so much attention. The novelty was in a great measure over; and although they contain some of the most beautiful passages which ever fell from the author's pen, yet neither uncle Toby nor his faithful attendant were sufficient to attract the public favour in the same degree as before. Thus the popularity of this singular work was for a time impeded by that peculiar and affected style, which had at first attracted by its novelty, but which ceased to please when it was no longer new. Four additional volumes of Sermons appeared in 1766; and in 1767 the ninth and last volume of *Tristram Shandy*. "I shall publish," he says, "but one this year; and the next I shall begin a new work of four volumes, which when finished, I shall continue *Tristram* with fresh spirit."

The new work was unquestionably his *Sentimental Journey*; for which, according to the evidence of La Fleur, Sterne had made much larger collections than were ever destined to see the light. The author's health was now become extremely feeble; and his Italian travels were designed, if possible, to relieve his consumptive complaints. The remedy proved unsuccessful; yet he lived to arrive in England, and to prepare for the press the first part of the *Sentimental Journey*, which was published in 1768

In this place we may insert with propriety those notices of Sterne and his valet La Fleur, which appear in Mr. Davis's interesting selection of anecdotes, which he has entitled an *Olio*.

"La Fleur was born in Burgundy. When a mere child he conceived a strong passion to see the world, and at eight years of age ran away from his parents. His prevenancy was always his passport, and his wants were easily supplied—milk, bread, and a straw-bed amongst the peasantry, were all he wanted for the night, and in the morning he wished to be on his way again. This rambling life he continued till he attained his tenth year, when being one day on the Pont Neuf at Paris, surveying with wonder the objects that surrounded him, he was accosted by a drummer, who easily enlisted him in the service. For six years La Fleur beat his drum in the French army; two years more would have entitled him to his discharge, but he preferred anticipation, and, exchanging dress with a peasant, easily made his escape. By having recourse to his old expedients, he made his way to Montreuil, where he introduced himself to Varenne, who fortunately took a fancy to him. The little accommodations he needed were given him with cheerfulness; and as what we sow we wish to see flourish, this worthy landlord promised to get him a master; and as he deemed the best not better than La Fleur merited, he promised to recommend him to *un Milord Anglois*. He fortunately could perform as well as promise, and he introduced him to Sterne, ragged as a colt, but full of health and hilarity. The little picture which Sterne has drawn of La Fleur's Amours is so far true—He was fond of a very pretty girl at Montreuil, the elder of two sisters, who, if living, he said, resembled the Maria of Moulines: her he afterwards married, and, whatever proof it might be of his affection, was none of his prudence, for it made him not a jot richer or happier than he was before. She was a mantua-maker, and her closest application could produce no more than *six sous* a-day; finding that her assistance could go little towards their support, and after having had a daughter by her, they separated, and he went to service. At length, with what money he had got together by his servitude, he returned to his wife, and they took a public-house in Royal-street, Calais.—There ill-luck attended him,—war broke out; and the loss of the English sailors, who navigated the packets, and who were his principal customers, so reduced his little business, that he was obliged again to quit his wife, and confide to her guidance the little trade which was insufficient to support them both. He returned in March 1783, but his wife had fled. A strolling company of comedians passing through the town, had seduced her from her home, and no tale or tidings of her have ever since reached him. From the period he lost his wife, says our informant, he has frequently visited England, to whose natives he is extremely partial, sometimes as a sergeant, at others as an express. Where zeal and diligence were required, La Fleur was never yet wanting."

In addition to La Fleur's account of himself, (continues Mr. Davis,) the writer of the preceding obtained from him several little circumstances relative to his master, as well as the characters depicted by him, a few of which, as they would lose by abridgement, I shall give *verbatim*.

"There were moments," said La Fleur, "in which my master appeared sunk into the deepest dejection—when his calls upon me for my services were so seldom, that I sometimes apprehensively pressed in upon his privacy, to suggest what I thought might divert his melancholy. He used to smile at my well-meant zeal, and I could see was happy to be relieved. At others, he seemed to have received a new soul—he launched into the levity natural à *mon pays*," said La Fleur, "and cried gaily enough, '*Vive la bagatelle!*' It was in one of these moments that he became acquainted with the Grisette of the glove shop—she afterwards visited him at his lodgings, upon which La Fleur made not a single remark; but on naming the *fille de chambre*, his other visit-

ant, he exclaimed, 'It was certainly a pity—she was so pretty and *petite*.'"

The lady mentioned under the initial L., was the Marquise Lamberti; to the interest of this lady he was indebted for the passport, the want of which began to make him seriously uneasy. Count de B. (Breteuil,) notwithstanding the Shakspeare, La Fleur thinks, would have troubled himself little about him. Choiseul was minister at the time.

"Poor Maria

Was, alas! no fiction.—When we came up to her," said La Fleur, "she was grovelling in the road like an infant, and throwing the dust upon her head—and yet few were more lovely. Upon Sterne's accosting her with tenderness, and raising her in his arms, she collected herself, and resumed some composure—told him her tale of misery, and wept upon his breast—my master sobbed aloud. I saw her gently disengage herself from his arms, and she sung him the service to the Virgin; my poor master covered his face with his hands, and walked by her side to the cottage where she lived; there he talked earnestly to the old woman."

"Every day," said La Fleur, "while we stayed there, I carried them meat and drink from the hotel, and when we departed from Moulines, my master left his blessings and some money with the mother."—"How much," added he, "I know not—he always gave more than he could afford."

Sterne was frequently at a loss upon his travels for ready money. Remittances were become interrupted by war, and he had wrongly estimated his expenses; he had reckoned along the post-roads, without adverting to the wretchedness that was to call upon him in his way.

"At many of our stages my master has turned to me with tears in his eyes—'These poor people oppress me, La Fleur; how shall I relieve me? He wrote much, and to a late hour." I told La Fleur of the inconsiderable quantity he had published; he expressed extreme surprise. "I know," said he, "upon our return from this tour, there was a large trunk completely filled with papers."—"Do you know any thing of their tendency, La Fleur?"—"Yes; they were miscellaneous remarks upon the manners of the different nations he visited; and in Italy he was deeply engaged in making the most elaborate enquiries into the differing governments of the towns, and the characteristic peculiarities of the Italians of the various states."

To effect this, he read much—for the collections of the Patrons of Literature were open to him; he observed more. Singular as it may seem, Sterne endeavoured in vain to speak Italian. His valet acquired it on their journey; but his master, though he applied now and then, gave it up at length as unattainable.—"I the more wondered at this," said La Fleur, "as he must have understood Latin."

The assertion, sanctioned by Johnson, that Sterne was licentious and dissolute in conversation, stands thus far contradicted by the testimony of La Fleur: "His conversation with women," he said, "was of the most interesting kind; he usually left them serious, if he did not find them so."

The Dead Ass

Was no invention. The mourner was as simple and affecting as Sterne has related. La Fleur recollected the circumstance perfectly.

To Monks

Sterne never exhibited any particular sympathy, La Fleur remembered several pressing in upon him, to all of whom his answer was the same—*Mon père, je suis occupé. Je suis pauvre comme vous.*

In February 1768, Laurence Sterne, his frame exhausted by long debilitating illness, expired at his lodgings at Bond Street, London. There was something in the manner of his death singularly resembling the particulars detailed by Mrs. Quickly, as attending that of Falstaff, the compeer of Yorick for infinite jest, however unlike in other particulars. While life was ebbing fast, and the patient lay on his bed totally exhausted, he complained that his feet were cold, and requested the female attendant to chafe them. She did so, and it seemed to relieve him. He complained that the cold came up higher; and whilst the assistant was in the act of rubbing his ankles and legs, he expired without a groan. It was also remarkable that his death took place much in the manner which he himself had wished; and that the last offices were rendered him, not in his own house, or by the hand of kindred affection, but in an inn, and by strangers.

We are well acquainted with Sterne's features and personal appearance, to which he himself frequently alludes. He was tall and thin, with a hectic and consumptive appearance. His features, though capable of expressing with peculiar effect the sentimental emotions by which he was often affected, had also a shrewd, humorous, and sarcastic character, proper to the wit, and the satirist, and not unlike that which predominates in the portraits of Voltaire. His conversation was animated and witty; but Johnson complained that it was marked by license, better suiting the company of the Lord of Crazy Castle, than of the great moralist. It has been said, and probably with truth, that his temper was variable and unequal, the natural consequence of an irritable bodily frame, and continued bad health. But we will not readily believe that the parent of uncle Toby could be a harsh, or habitually a bad-humoured man. Sterne's letters to his friends, and especially to his daughter, breathe all the fondness of affection; and his resources, such as they were, seem to have been always at the command of those whom he loved.

If we consider Sterne's reputation as chiefly founded on *Tristram Shandy*, he must be regarded as liable to two severe charges;—those, namely, of indecency, and affectation. Upon the first accusation Sterne was himself peculiarly sore; and used to justify the licentiousness of his humour by representing it as a mere breach of decorum, which had no perilous consequence to morals. The following anecdote we have from a sure source:—Soon after *Tristram* had appeared, Sterne asked a Yorkshire lady of fortune and condition whether she had read his book. "I have not, Mr. Sterne," was the answer; "and to be plain with you, I am informed it is not proper for female perusal."—"My dear good lady," replied the author, "do not be gulled by such stories; the book is like your young heir there, (pointing to a child of three years old, who was rolling on the carpet in his white tunics,) he shows at times a good deal that is usually concealed, but it is all in perfect innocence!" This witty excuse may be so far admitted; for it cannot be said that the licentious humour of *Tristram Shandy* is of the kind which applies itself to the passions, or is calculated to corrupt society. But it is a sin against taste, if allowed to be harmless as to morals. A handful of mud is neither a firebrand nor a stone; but to fling it about in sport, argues coarseness of mind, and want of common manners.

Sterne, however, begun and ended by braving the censure of the world in this particular. A remarkable passage in one of his letters shows how lightly he was sometimes disposed to treat the charge; and what is singular enough, his plan for turning it into ridicule seems to have been serious. "Crebillon (*le fils*) has made a convention with me, which, if he is not too lazy, will be no bad *persiflage*. As soon as I get to Toulouse, he has agreed to write me an expostulatory letter on the indecencies of T. Shandy—which is to be answered by recrimination upon the liberties in his own works. These are to be printed together—Crebillon against Sterne—Sterne against Crebillon—the copy to be sold; and the money equally divided: this is good Swiss policy."

In like manner, the greatest admirers of Sterne must own, that his style is affected, eminently, and in a degree which even his wit and pathos are inadequate to support. The style of Rabelais, which he assumed for his model, is to the highest excess rambling, excursive, and intermingled with the

greatest absurdities. But Rabelais was in some measure compelled to adopt this Harlequin's habit, in order that, like licensed jesters, he might, under the cover of his folly, have permission to vent his satire against church and state. Sterne assumed the manner of his master, only as a mode of attracting attention, and of making the public stare; and, therefore, his extravagancies, like those of a feigned madman, are cold and forced, even in the midst of his most irregular flights. A man may, in the present day, be, with perfect impunity, as wise or as witty, nay as satirical, as he can, without assuming the cap and bells of the ancient jester as an apology; and that Sterne chose voluntarily to appear under such a disguise, must be set down as mere affectation, and ranked with his unmeaning tricks of black or marbled pages, employed merely *ad captandum vulgus*. All popularity thus founded, carries in it the seeds of decay; for eccentricity in composition, like fantastic modes of dress, however attractive when first introduced, is sure to be caricatured by stupid imitators, to become soon unfashionable, and of course to be neglected.

If we proceed to look more closely into the manner of composition which Sterne thought proper to adopt, we find a sure guide in the ingenious Dr. Ferriar of Manchester, who, with most singular patience, has traced our author through the hidden sources whence he borrowed most of his learning, and many of his more striking and peculiar expressions. Rabelais, (much less read than spoken of,) the lively but licentious miscellany called *Moyen de Parventir*, and D'Aubigne's *Baron de Faneste*, with many other forgotten authors of the sixteenth century, were successively laid under contribution. Burton's since celebrated work on Melancholy, (which Dr. Ferriar's Essay instantly raised to double price in the book-market,) afforded Sterne an endless mass of quotations, with which he unscrupulously garnished his pages, as if they had been collected in the course of his own extensive reading. The style of the same author, together with that of Bishop Hall, furnished the author of *Tristram* with many of those whimsical expressions, similes, and illustrations, which were long believed the genuine effusions of his own eccentric wit. For proofs of this sweeping charge we must refer the reader to Dr. Ferriar's well-known Essay and Illustrations, as he delicately terms them, of Sterne's Writings, in which it is clearly shown, that he, whose manner and style were so long thought original, was, in fact, the most unhesitating plagiarist who ever cribbed from his predecessors in order to garnish his own pages. It must be owned, at the same time, that Sterne selects the materials of his mosaic work with so much art, places them so well, and polishes them so highly, that in most cases, we are disposed to pardon the want of originality, in consideration of the exquisite talent with which the borrowed materials are wrought up into the new form.

One of Sterne's most singular thefts, considering the tenor of the passage stolen, in his declamation against literary depredators of his own class: "Shall we," says Sterne, "for ever make new books, as apothecaries make new medicines, by pouring only out of one vessel into another? Are we for ever to be twisting and untwining the same rope—for ever in the same track? for ever at the same pace?" The words of Burton are, "As apothecaries, we make new mixtures, every day pour out of one vessel into another; and as the Romans robbed all the cities in the world to set out their bad-sited Rome, we skim the cream of other men's wits, pick the choice flowers of their tilled gardens, to set out our own sterile plots. We weave the same web, still twist the same rope again and again." We cannot help wondering at the coolness with which Sterne could transfer to his own work so eloquent a tirade against the very arts which he was practising.

Much has been said about the right of an author to avail himself of his predecessors' labours; and, certainly, in a general sense, he that revives the wit and learning of a former age, and puts it into the form likely to captivate his own, confers a benefit on his contemporaries. But to plume himself with the very language and phrases of former writers, and to pass their wit and learning for his own, was the more unworthy in Sterne, as he had enough of original talent, had he chosen to exert it, to have dispensed with all such acts of literary petty larceny.

Tristram Shandy is no narrative, but a collection of scenes, dialogues and portraits, humorous or affecting, intermixed with much wit, and with much learning, original or borrowed. It resembles the irregularities of a Gothic room, built by some fanciful collector, to contain the miscellaneous remnants of antiquity which his pains have accumulated, and bearing as little proportion in its parts, as there is connexion between the pieces of rusty armour with which it is decorated. Viewing it in this light, the principal figure is Mr. Shandy the elder, whose character is formed in many respects upon that of Martinus Scriblerus. The history of Martin was designed by the celebrated club of wits, by whom it was commenced, as a satire upon the ordinary pursuits of learning and science. Sterne, on the contrary, had no particular object of ridicule; his business was only to create a person, to whom he could attach the great quantity of extraordinary reading, and antiquated learning, which he had collected. He, therefore, supposed in Mr. Shandy a man of an active and metaphysical, but at the same time, a whimsical cast of mind, whom too much and too miscellaneous learning had brought within a step or two of madness, and who acted in the ordinary affairs of life upon the absurd theories adopted by the pedants of past ages. He is most admirably contrasted with his wife, well described as a good lady of the true peco-curante school, who neither obstructed the progress of her husband's hobbyhorse, to use a phrase which Sterne had rendered classical, nor could be prevailed upon to spare him the least admiration for the grace and dexterity with which he managed it.

Yorick, the lively, witty, sensitive, and heedless Parson, is the well-known personification of Sterne himself, and undoubtedly, like every portrait of himself, drawn by a master of the art, bore a strong resemblance to the original. Still, however, there are shades of simplicity thrown into the character of Yorick, which did not exist in that of Sterne. We cannot believe, that the jests of the latter were so void of malice prepense, or that his satire flowed entirely out of honesty of mind and mere jocundity of humour. It must be owned, moreover, that Sterne was more like to have stolen a passage out of Stevinus if he could have found one to his purpose, than to have left one of his manuscripts in the volume, with the careless indifference of Yorick. Still, however, we gladly recognize the general likeness between the author and the child of his fancy, and willingly pardon the pencil, which, in the delicate task of self-delineation, has softened some traits of his own features and improved others.

Uncle Toby, and his faithful Squire, the most delightful characters in the work, or perhaps in any other, are drawn with such a pleasing force and discrimination, that they more than entitle the author to a free pardon for his literary peculations, his indecorum, and his affectation; nay authorize him to leave the court of criticism not forgiven only, but applauded and rewarded, as one who has exalted and honoured humanity, and impressed upon his readers such a lively picture of kindness and benevolence, blended with courage, gallantry, and simplicity, that their hearts must be warmed whenever it is recalled to memory. Sterne, indeed, might boldly plead in his own behalf, that the passages which he borrowed from others were of little value, in comparision to those which are exclusively original; and that the former might have been written by many persons, while in his own proper line, he stands alone and inimitable. Something of extravagance may, perhaps, attach to Uncle Toby's favourite amuse-

ments. Yet in England, where men think and act with little regard to ridicule or censure of their neighbours, there is no impossibility, perhaps no great improbability in supposing, that an humorist might employ such a mechanical aid as my Uncle's bowling-green, in order to encourage and assist his imagination, in the pleasing but delusive task of castle building. Men have been called children of larger growth, and among the antic toys and devices with which they are amused, the device of my Uncle, with whose pleasures we are so much disposed to sympathize, does not seem so unnatural upon reflection as it may appear at first sight.

It is well known (through Dr. Ferriar's labours) that Dr. Slop, with all his obstetrical engines, may be identified with Dr. Burton of York, who published a treatise of Midwifery in 1751. This person, as we have elsewhere noticed, was on bad terms with Sterne's uncle; and though there had come strife and unkindness between the uncle and the nephew, yet the latter seems to have retained aversion against the enemy of the former. But Sterne, being no politician had forgiven the Jacobite, and only prosecutes the Doctor with his raillery, as a quack and a Catholic.

It is needless to dwell longer on a work so generally known. The style employed by Sterne is fancifully ornamented, but at the same time vigorous and masculine, and full of that animation and force which can only be derived by an intimate acquaintance with the early English prose writers. In the power of approaching and touching the finer feelings of the heart, he has never been excelled, if indeed he has ever been equalled; and may be at once recorded as one of the most affected, and one of the most simple of writers,—as one of the greatest plagiarists, and one of the most original geniuses, whom England has produced. Dr. Ferriar, who seemed born to trace and detect the various mazes through which Sterne carried on his depredations upon ancient and dusty authors, apologizes for the rigour of his inquest, by doing justice to those merits which were peculiarly our author's own. We cannot better close this article than with the sonnet in which his ingenious inquisitor makes the amende honourable to the shade of Yorick.

"Sterne, for whose sake I plod through miry ways,
Of antique wit and quibbling mazes drear,
Let not thy shade malignant censure fear,
Though ought of borrowed mirth my search betrays.
Long slept that mirth in dust of ancient days,
(Frewhile to Guise or wanton Valois dear;)
Till waked by thee in Skelton's joyous pile.
She flung on Tristram her capricious rays;
But the quick tear that checks our wandering smile,
In sudden pause or unexpected story,
Owns thy true mastery—and Le Fevre's woes,
Maria's wanderings, and the prisoner's throes,
Fix thee conspicuous on the throne of glory."

HENRY MACKENZIE.

For the biographical part of the following Memoir we are chiefly indebted to a short sketch of the life of our distinguished contemporary, compiled from the most authentic sources, and prefixed to a beautiful duodecimo edition of *The Man of Feeling*, printed at Paris a few years since. We have had the further advantage of correcting and enlarging the statements which it contains, from undoubted authority.

Henry Mackenzie, Esq. was born at Edinburgh in August 1745, on the same day on which Prince Charles Stuart landed in Scotland. His father was Dr. Joshua Mackenzie, of that city: and his mother, Margaret, the eldest daughter of Mr. Rose of Kilravock, of a very ancient family in Nairnshire. After being educated at the High-school and University of Edinburgh, Mr. Mackenzie, by the advice of some friends of his father, was articled to Mr. Inglis of Redhall, in order to acquire a knowledge of the business of the Exchequer, a law department, in which he was likely to have fewer competitors than in any other in Scotland

To this profession, although not perfectly compatible with that literary taste which he very early displayed, Mr. Mackenzie applied with due diligence; and, in 1765, went to London, to study the modes of English Exchequer practice, which, as well as the constitution of the court, are similar in both countries. While there, his talents induced a friend to solicit his remaining in London, and qualifying himself for the English bar. But the anxious wishes of his family that he should reside with them, and the moderation of an unambitious mind, decided his return to Edinburgh: and here he became, first, partner, and afterwards successor, to Mr. Inglis, in the office of the Attorney for the Crown.

His professional labour, however, did not prevent his attachment to literary pursuits. When in London, he sketched some part of his first, and very popular work, *The Man of Feeling*, which was published in 1771, without his name; and was so much a favourite with the public, as to become, a few years after, the occasion of a remarkable literary fraud. A young clergyman, Mr. Eccles, of Bath, observing that this work was unaccompanied by an author's name, laid claim to it, transcribed the whole in his own hand, with blottings, interlineations, and corrections; and maintained his assumed right with such plausible pertinacity, that Messrs. Cadell and Strachan (Mr. Mackenzie's publishers) found it necessary to undeceive the public by a formal contradiction. This impostor was afterwards drowned while bathing in the river Ayon.

In a few years after this, Mr. Mackenzie published his *Man of the World*, which seems to be intended as a second part to *The Man of Feeling*. It breathes the same tone of exquisite moral delicacy, and of refined sensibility. In his former fiction, he imagined a hero constantly obedient to every emotion of his moral sense: in *The Man of the World*, he exhibited, on the contrary, a person rushing headlong into guilt and ruin, and spreading misery all around him, by pursuing a selfish and sensual happiness which he expected to obtain in defiance of the moral sense. His next production was *Julia de Roubigné*, a novel in a series of letters. The fable is deeply interesting, and the letters are written with great elegance and propriety of style.

In 1776, Mr. Mackenzie was married to Miss Penuel Grant, daughter of Sir Ludovick Grant of Grant, Bart., and Lady Margaret Ogilvy, by whom he has a numerous family; the eldest of whom, Mr. Henry Joshua Mackenzie, has been called to the situation of a Judge of the Supreme Court of Session, with the unanimous approbation of his profession and his country.

In 1777, or 1778, a society of gentlemen, of Edinburgh, were accustomed at their meetings to read short essays of their composition, in the manner of the *Spectator*, and Mr. Mackenzie being admitted a member, after hearing several of them read, suggested the advantage of given greater variety to their compositions, by admitting some of a lighter kind, descriptive of common life and manners; and he exhibited some specimens of the kind in his own writing. From this arose the *Mirror*,* a well known periodical publication, to which Mr. Mackenzie performed the office of editor, and was also the principal contributor. The success of the *Mirror* naturally led Mr. Mackenzie and his friends to undertake the *Lounger*,† upon the same plan, which was not less read, admired, and generally circulated.

When the Royal Society of Edinburgh was instituted, Mr. Mackenzie became one of its most active members, and he has occasionally enriched the volumes of its *Transactions* by his valuable communications; particularly by an elegant tribute to the memory of his friend, Judge Abercromby, and a memoir on German Tragedy. He is one of the original members of the Highland Society; and by him have been published the volumes of their *Transactions*, to which he has prefixed an account of the Institution and principal proceedings of the Society, and an interesting account of Gaelic poetry.

* Begun the 23d January 1779; ended 27th May 1780.
† Begun 6th February 1785; ended 6th January 178-

In the year 1792 he was one of those literary men who contributed some little occasional tracts to disabuse the lower orders of the people, led astray at that time by the prevailing frenzy of the French Revolution. In 1793, he wrote the *Life of Dr. Blacklock*, at the request of his widow, prefixed to a quarto edition of that blind poet's works. His intimacy with Blacklock gave him an opportunity of knowing the habits of his life, the bent of his mind, and the feelings peculiar to the privation of sight, under which that amiable and interesting poet laboured.

The literary society of Edinburgh, in the latter part of last century, whose intimacy he enjoyed, is described in his *Life of John Home*, which he read to the Royal Society in 1812, and, as a sort of Supplement to that Life, he then added some Critical Essays, chiefly on Dramatic Poetry, which have not been published. He has since contributed to the Society a curious Essay on Dreaming, which was heard with much interest.

In 1808, Mr. Mackenzie published a complete edition of his works, in eight volumes octavo; including a tragedy, *The Spanish Father*, and a comedy, *The White Hypocrite*, which last was once performed at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden. The tragedy had never been represented, in consequence of Mr. Garrick's opinion, that the catastrophe was of too shocking a kind for the modern stage; though he owned the merit of the poetry, the force of some of the scenes, and the scope for fine action in the character of Alphonso, the leading person of the drama. In this edition also is given a carefully corrected copy of the tragedy of *The Prince of Tunis*, which had been represented at Edinburgh in 1763 with great success.

Among the prose compositions of Mr. Mackenzie, is a political tract, *An Account of the Proceedings of the Parliament of* 1784, which he was induced to write at the persuasion of his old and steady friend, Mr. Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville. It introduced him to the countenance and regard of Mr. Pitt, who revised the work with particular care and attention, and made several corrections in it with his own hand. Some years after, Mr. Mackenzie was appointed, on the recommendation of Lord Melville and the Right Hon. George Rose, also his particular friend, to the office of Comptroller of the Taxes for Scotland, an appointment of very considerable labour and responsibility, and in discharging which this fanciful and ingenious author has shown his power of entering into and discussing the most dry and complicated details, when such labour became a matter of duty.

The time, we hope, is yet distant, when, speaking of this author as of those with whom his genius ranks him, a biographer may with delicacy trace his personal character and peculiarities, or record the manner in which he has discharged the duties of a citizen. When that hour shall arrive, we trust few of his own contemporaries will be left to mourn him; but we can anticipate the sorrow of a later generation, when deprived of the wit which enlivened their hours of enjoyment, the benevolence which directed and encouraged their studies, and the wisdom which instructed them in their duties to society. It is enough to say here, that Mr. Mackenzie survives, venerable and venerated, as the last link of the chain which connects the Scottish literature of the present age with the period when there were giants in the land—the days of Robertson, and Hume, and Smith, and Home, and Clerk, and Fergusson: and that the remembrance of an era so interesting could not have been intrusted to a sounder judgment, a more correct taste, or a more tenacious memory. It is much to be wished, that Mr. Mackenzie, taking a wider view of his earlier years than in the *Life of Home*, would place on a more permanent record some of the anecdotes and recollections with which he delights society. We are about to measure his capacity for the task by a singular standard, but it belongs to Mr. Mackenzie's character. He has, we believe, shot game of every description which Scotland contains (deer, and probably grouse, excepted,) on the very grounds at present occupied by the extensive and splendid streets of the New Town of Edinburgh; has sought for hares and wild-ducks, where there are now palaces, churches, and assembly-rooms; and has witnessed moral revolutions as surprising as this extraordinary change of local circumstances. These mutations in manners and in morals have been gradual indeed in their progress, but most important in their results, and they have been introduced into Scotland within the last half century. Every sketch of them, or of the circumstances by which they were produced, from the pen of so intelligent an observer, and whose opportunities of observation have been so extensive, would, however slight and detached, rival in utility and amusement any work of the present time.

As an author, Mr. Mackenzie has shown talents both for poetry and the drama. Indeed we are of opinion, that no man can succeed perfectly in the line of fictitious composition, without most of the properties of a poet, though he may be no writer of verses; but Mr. Mackenzie possesses the powers of melody in addition to those of poetical conception. He has given a beautiful specimen of legendary poetry in two little Highland ballads, a style of composition which becomes fashionable from time to time, on account of its simplicity and pathos, and then is again laid aside, when worn out by the common-place productions of mere imitators, to whom its approved facility offers its chief recommendation. But it is as a Novelist that we are now called on to consider our author's powers; and the universal and permanent popularity of his writings entitles us to rank him among the most distinguished of his class. His works possess the rare and invaluable property of originality, to which all other qualities are as dust in the balance; and the sources to which he resorts to excite our interest, are rendered accessible by a path peculiarly his own. The reader's attention is not rivetted, as in Fielding's works, by strongly marked character, and the lucid evolution of a well-constructed fable; or as in Smollett's novels, by broad and strong humour, and a decisively superior knowledge of human life in all its varieties; nor, to mention authors whom Mackenzie more nearly resembles, does he attain the pathetic effect which is the object of all three, in the same manner as Richardson, or as Sterne. An accumulation of circumstances, sometimes amounting to tediousness, a combination of minutely traced events, with an ample commentary on each, were thought necessary by Richardson to excite and prepare the mind of the reader for the affecting scenes which he has occasionally touched with such force; and without denying him his due merit, it must be allowed that he has employed preparatory volumes in accomplishing what has cost Mackenzie and Sterne only a few pages, perhaps only a few sentences.

On the other hand, although the two last authors have, in particular passages, a more strong resemblance to each other than those formerly named, yet there remains such essential points of difference betwixt them, as must secure for Mackenzie the praise of originality, which we have claimed for him. It is needless to point out to the reader the difference between the general character of their writings, or how far the chaste, correct, almost studiously decorous manner and style of the works of the author of *The Man of Feeling*, differ from the wild wit, and intrepid contempt at once of decency, and regularity of composition, which distinguish *Tristram Shandy*. It is not in the general conduct or style of their works that they in the slightest degree approach; nay, no two authors in the British language can be more distinct. But even in the particular passages where both had in view to excite the reader's pathetic sympathy, the modes resorted to are different. The pathos of Sterne in some degree resembles his humour, and is seldom attained by simple means; a wild, fanciful, beautiful flight of thought and expression is remarkable in the former, as an extravagant, burlesque, and ludicrous strain of conception and language characterizes the latter. The celebrated passage, where the tear of the recording Angel blots

the profane oath of Uncle Toby out of the register of heaven, a flight so poetically fanciful as to be stretched to the very verge of extravagance, will illustrate our position. To attain his object—that is, to make us thoroughly sympathize with the excited state of mind which betrays Uncle Toby into the indecorous assertion which forms the ground-work of the whole—the author calls Heaven and Hell into the lists, and represents in a fine poetic frenzy, its effects on the accusing Spirit and registering Angel. Let this be contrasted with the fine tale of *La Roche*, in which Mackenzie has described, with such unexampled delicacy, and powerful effect, the sublime scene of the sorrows and resignation of the bereaved father. This also is painted reflectively; that is, the reader's sympathy is excited by the effect produced on one of the drama, neither angel nor devil, but a philosopher, whose heart remains sensitive, though his studies have misled his mind into the frozen regions of scepticism. To say nothing of the tendency of the two passages, which will scarce, in the mind of the most unthinking, bear any comparison, we would only remark, that Mackenzie has given us a moral truth, Sterne a beautiful trope; and that if the one claims the palm of superior brilliancy of imagination, that due to nature and accuracy of human feeling must abide with the Scottish author.

Yet while marking this broad and distinct difference between these two authors, the most celebrated certainly among those who are termed sentimental, it is but fair to Sterne to add, that although Mackenzie has rejected his license of wit, and flights of imagination, retrenched, in a great measure, his episodical digressions, and altogether banished the indecency and buffoonery to which he had too frequent recourse, still their volumes must be accounted as belonging to the same class; and amongst the thousand imitators who have pursued their path, we cannot recollect one English author who is entitled to the same honour. The foreign authors, Riccoboni and Marivaux, belong to the same department; but of the former we remember little; and the latter, though full of the most delicate touches, often depends for effect on the turn of phrase, and the protracted embarrassments of artificial gallantry, more than upon the truth and simplicity of nature. The *Heloise* and *Emile* partake of the insanity of their author, and are exaggerated, though most eloquent, descriptions of overwhelming passion, rather than works of sentiment.

In future compositions, the author dropped even that resemblance which the style of *The Man of Feeling* bears, in some particulars, to the works of Sterne; and his country may boast, that, in one instance at least, she has produced, in Mackenzie, a writer of pure musical Addisonian prose, which retains the quality of vigour, without forfeiting that of clearness and simplicity.

We are hence led to observe, that the principal object of Mackenzie, in all his novels, has been to reach and sustain a tone of moral pathos, by representing the effect of incidents, whether important or trifling, upon the human mind, and especially on those which were not only just, honourable, and intelligent, but so framed as to be responsive to those finer feelings to which ordinary hearts are callous. This is the direct and professed object of Mackenzie's first work, which is in fact no narrative, but a series of successive incidents, each rendered interesting by the mode in which they operate on the feelings of Harley. The attempt had been perilous in a meaner hand; for, sketched by a pencil less nicely discriminating, Harley, instead of a being whom we love, respect, sympathize with, and admire, had become the mere Quixote of sentiment, an object of pity perhaps, but of ridicule at the same time. Against this the author has guarded with great skill; and while duped and swindled in London, Harley neither loses our consideration as a man of sense and spirit, nor is subjected to that degree of contempt with which readers in general regard the misadventures of a novice upon town, whilst they hug themselves in their own superior knowledge of the world. Harley's spirited conduct towards an impertinent passenger in the stage-coach, and his start of animated indignation on listening to Edward's story, are skilfully thrown in, to satisfy the reader that his softness and gentleness of temper were not allied to effeminacy; and that he dared, on suitable occasions, to do all that might become a man. We have heard that some of Harley's feelings were taken from those of the author himself, when, at his first entrance on the dry and barbarous study of the municipal law, he was looking back, like Blackstone, on the land of the Muses, which he was condemned to leave behind him. It has also been said, that the fine sketch of Miss Walton was taken from the heiress of a family of distinction, who ranked at that time high in the Scottish fashionable world. But such surmises are little worth the tracing; for we believe no original character was ever composed by any author, without the idea having been previously suggested by something which he had observed in nature.

The other novels of Mr. Mackenzie, although assuming a more regular and narrative form, are, like *The Man of Feeling*, rather the history of effects produced on the human mind by a series of events, than the narrative of those events themselves. The villany of Sindall is the tale of a heart hardened to selfishness, by incessant and unlimited gratification of the external senses; a contrast to that of Harley, whose mental feelings have acquired such an ascendency as to render him unfit for the ordinary business of life. The picture of the former is so horrid, that we would be disposed to deny its truth, did we not unhappily know, that sensual indulgences, in the words of Burns,

> ——hardens a' within,
> And petrifies the feeling;

and that there never did, and never will exist, any thing permanently noble and excellent in character, which was a stranger to the exercise of resolute self-denial. The account of the victims of Sindall's arts and crimes, particularly the early history of the Annesleys, is exquisitely well drawn; and, perhaps, the scene between the brother and sister by the pond, equals any part of the author's writings. Should the reader doubt this, he may easily make the experiment, by putting it into the hands of any young person of feeling and intelligence, and of an age so early as not to have forgotten the sports and passions of childhood.

The beautiful and tragic tale of *Julia de Roubigné*, is of a very different tenor from *The Man of the World*; and we have good authority for thinking, that it was written in some degree as a counter-part to the latter work. A friend of the author, the celebrated Lord Kames, we believe, had represented to Mr. Mackenzie, in how many poems, plays, and novels, the distress of the piece is made to turn upon the designing villany of some one of the dramatis personæ. On considering his observations, the author undertook, as a task fit for his genius, the composition of a story, in which the characters should be all naturally virtuous, and where the calamities of the catastrophe should arise, as frequently happens in actual life, not out of schemes of premeditated villany, but from the excess and over-indulgence of passions and feelings, in themselves blameless, nay, praiseworthy, but which, encouraged to a morbid excess, and coming into fatal though fortuitous concourse with each other, lead to the most disastrous consequences. Mr. Mackenzie executed his purpose; and as the plan fell in most happily with the views of a writer, whose object was less to describe external objects, than to read a lesson on the human passions, he has produced one of the most heart-wringing histories that has ever been written. The very circumstances which palliate the errors of the sufferers, in whose distress we interest ourselves, point out to the reader that there is neither room for hope, remedy, nor revenge. When a Lovelace or a Sindall comes forth like an Evil Principle, the agent of all the misery of the scene, we see a chance of their artifices being detected, at least the victims have the consciousness of innocence, the reader the stern hope of vengeance. But when, as in *Julia de*

Roubigné, the revival of mutual affection on the part of two pure and amiable beings, imprudently and incautiously indulged, awakens, and not unjustly, the jealous honour of a high-spirited husband,—when we see Julia precipitated into misery by her preference of filial duty to early love,—Savillon, by his faithful and tender attachment to a deserving object,—and Montauban, by a jealous regard to his spotless fame,—we are made aware, at the same time, that there is no hope of aught but the most unhappy catastrophe. The side of each sufferer is pierced by the very staff on which he leant, and the natural and virtuous feelings which they at first most legitimately indulged, precipitate them into error, crimes, remorse, and misery. The cruelty to which Montauban is hurried, may, perhaps, be supposed to exempt him from our sympathy, especially in an age when such crimes as that of which Julia is suspected, are usually borne by the injured parties with more equanimity than her husband displays. But the irritable habits of the time, and of his Spanish descent, must plead the apology of Montauban, as they are admitted to form that of Othello. Perhaps, on the whole, *Julia de Roubigné* gives the reader too much actual pain to be so generally popular as *The Man of Feeling*, since we have found its superiority to that beautiful essay on human sensibility, often disputed by those whose taste we are in general inclined to defer to. The very acute feelings which the work usually excites among the readers whose sympathies are liable to be awakened by scenes of fictitious distress, we are disposed to ascribe to the extreme accuracy and truth of the sentiments, as well as the beautiful manner in which they are expressed. There are few who have not, at one period of life, broken ties of love and friendship, secret disappointments of the heart, to mourn over; and we know no book which recalls the recollection of such more severely than *Julia de Roubigné*.

We return to consider the key-note, as we may term it, on which Mackenzie has formed his tales of fictitious wo, and which we have repeatedly described to be the illustration of the nicer and finer sensibilities of the human breast. To attain this point, and to place it in the strongest and most unbroken light, the author seems to have kept the other faculties with which we know him to be gifted, in careful subordination. The Northern Addison, who revived the art of periodical writing, and sketched, though with a light pencil, the follies and the lesser vices of his time, has showed himself a master of playful satire. The historian of the Homespun family may place his narrative, without fear of shame, by the side of *The Vicar of Wakefield*. Colonel Caustic and Umfraville are masterly conceptions of the *laudator temporis acti*; and many personages in those papers which Mr. Mackenzie contributed to the *Mirror* and *Lounger*, attest with what truth, spirit, and ease, he could describe, assume, and sustain, a variety of characters. The beautiful landscape-painting which he has exhibited in many passages, (take, for example, that where the country-seat of the old Scottish lady and its accompaniments are so exquisitely delineated,) assures us of the accuracy and delicacy of his touch in delineating the beauties of nature.

But all these powerful talents, any single one of which might have sufficed to bring men of more bounded powers into notice, have been by Mackenzie carefully subjected to the principal object which he proposed to himself—the delineation of the human heart. Variety of character he has introduced sparingly, and has seldom recourse to any peculiarity of incident, availing himself generally of those which may be considered as common property to all writers of romance. His sense of the beauties of nature, and power of describing them are carefully *kept down*, to use the expression of the artists; and like the single straggling bough, which shades the face of his sleeping veteran, just introduced to relieve his principal object, but not to eclipse it. It cannot be termed an exception to this rule, though certainly a peculiarity of this author, that on all occasions where sylvan sports can be introduced, he displays an intimate familiarity with them, and, from personal habits, to which we have elsewhere alluded, shows a delight to dwell for an instant upon a favourite topic.

Lastly. The wit which sparkles in his periodical Essays, and in his private conversation, shows itself but little in his Novels; and although his peculiar vein of humour may be much more frequently traced, yet it is so softened down, and divested of the broad ludicrous, that it harmonizes with the most grave and affecting parts of the tale, and becomes, like the satire of Jacques, only a more humourous shade of melancholy. In short, Mackenzie aimed at being the historian of feeling, and has succeeded in the object of his ambition. But as mankind are never contented, and as critics are certainly no exception to a rule so general, we could wish that, without losing or altering a line our author has written, he had condescended to give us, in addition to his stores of sentiment,—a romance on life and manners, by which, we are convinced, he would have twisted another branch of laurel into his garland. However, as Sebastian expresses it,

"What has been, is unknown; what is, appears."

We must be proudly satisfied with what we have received, and happy that, in this line of composition, we can boast a living author, of excellence like that of Henry Mackenzie.

HORACE WALPOLE.

The *Castle of Otranto* is remarkable, not only for the wild interest of the story, but as the first modern attempt to found a tale of amusing fiction upon the basis of the ancient romances of chivalry. The neglect and discredit of these venerable legends had commenced so early as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when, as we learn from the criticism of the times, Spenser's fairy web was approved rather on account of the mystic and allegorical interpretation, than the plain and obvious meaning of his chivalrous pageant. The drama, which shortly afterwards rose into splendour, and English versions from the innumerable novelists of Italy, supplied to the higher class the amusement which their fathers received from the legends of Don Belianis and the Mirror of Knighthood; and the huge volumes, which were once the pastime of nobles and princes, shorn of their ornaments, and shrunk into abridgements, were banished to the kitchen or nursery, or, at best, to the hall-window of the old-fashioned country manor house. Under Charles II., the prevailing taste for French literature dictated the introduction of those dullest of dull folios, the romances of Calprenede and Scuderi, works which hover between the ancient tale of chivalry and the modern novel. The alliance was so ill conceived, that these ponderous tomes retained all the insufferable length and breadth of the prose volumes of chivalry, the same detailed account of reiterated and unvaried combats, the same unnatural and extravagant turn of incident, without the rich and sublime strokes of genius, and vigour of imagination, which often distinguished the early romance; while they exhibited all the unnatural metaphysical jargon, sentimental languor, and flat love-intrigue of the novel, without being enlivened by its variety of character, just traits of feeling, or acute views of life. Such an ill-imagined species of composition retained its ground longer than might have been expected, only because these romances were called works of entertainment, and that there was nothing better to supply their room. Even in the days of the *Spectator*, Clelia, Cleopatra, and the Grand Cyrus, (as that precious folio is christened by its butcherly translator,) were the favourite closet companions of the fair sex. But this unnatural taste began to give way early in the eighteenth century; and, about the middle of it, was entirely superseded by the works of Le Sage, Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett; so that even the very name of romance, now so venerable in the ear of antiquaries and book-collectors,

was almost forgotten at the time *The Castle of Otranto* made its first appearance.

The peculiar situation of Horace Walpole, the ingenious author of this work, was such as gave him a decided predilection for what may be called the Gothic style, a term which he contributed not a little to rescue from the bad fame into which it had fallen, being currently used before his time to express whatever was in pointed and diametrical opposition to the rules of true taste.

Horace Walpole, it is needless to remind the reader, was the son of Sir Robert Walpole, that celebrated minister, who held the reins of government under two successive monarchs, with a grasp so firm and uncontrolled, that his power seemed entwined with the rights of the Brunswick family. Horace was born in the year 1716-17; was educated at Eton, and formed, at that celebrated seminary, a school-boy acquaintance with the celebrated Gray, which continued during the earlier part of their residence together at Cambridge, so that they became fellow-travellers by joint consent in 1739. They disagreed and parted on the continent; the youthful vivacity, and, perhaps, the aristocratic assumption of Walpole, not agreeing with the somewhat formal opinions and habits of the professed man of letters. In the reconciliation afterwards effected between them, Walpole frankly took on himself the blame of the rupture, and they continued friends until Gray's death.

When Walpole returned to England, he obtained a seat in Parliament, and entered public life as the son of a prime minister as powerful as England had known for more than a century. When the father occupied such a situation, his sons had necessarily their full share of that court which is usually paid to the near connexions of those who have the patronage of the state at their disposal. To the feeling of importance inseparable from the object of such attention, was added the early habit of connecting and associating the interest of Sir Robert Walpole, and even the domestic affairs of his family, with the parties in the Royal Family of England, and with the changes in the public affairs of Europe. It is not therefore wonderful, that the turn of Horace Walpole's mind, which was naturally tinged with the love of pedigree, and a value for family honours, should have been strengthened in that bias by circumstances, which seemed, as it were, to implicate the fate of his own house with that of princes, and to give the shields of the Walpoles, Shorters, and Robsarts, from whom he descended, an added dignity, unknown to their original owners. If Mr. Walpole ever founded hopes of raising himself to political eminence, and turning his family importance to advantage in his career, the termination of his father's power, and the personal change with which he felt it attended, disgusted him with active life, and early consigned him to literary retirement. He had, indeed, a seat in Parliament for many years; but, unless upon one occasion, when he vindicated the memory of his father with great dignity and eloquence, he took no share in the debates of the House, and not much interest in the parties which maintained them. Indeed, in the account which he has himself rendered us of his own views and dispositions with respect to state affairs, he seems rather to have been bent on influencing party spirit, and bustling in public affairs, for the sake of embroilment and intrigue, than in order to carry any particular measure, whether important to himself, or of consequence to the state. In the year 1758, and at the active age of forty-one, secured from the caprices of fortune, he retired altogether from public life, to enjoy his own pursuits and studies in retirement. His father's care had invested him with three good sinecure offices, so that his income, managed with economy, which no one understood better how to practise, was sufficient for his expense in matters of virtue, as well as for maintaining his high rank in society.

The subjects of Horace Walpole's studies were, in a great measure, dictated by his habits of thinking and feeling operating upon an animated imagination, and a mind, acute, active, penetrating, and fraught with a great variety of miscellaneous knowledge. Travelling had formed his taste for the fine arts; but his early predilection in favour of birth and rank connected even those branches of study with that of Gothic history and antiquities. His *Anecdotes of Painting and Engraving* evince many marks of his favourite pursuits; but his *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors*, and his *Historical Doubts*, we owe entirely to his pursuits as an antiquary and genealogist. The former work evinces, in a particular degree, Mr. Walpole's respect for birth and rank; yet is, perhaps, ill calculated to gain much sympathy for either. It would be difficult, by any process or principle of subdivision, to select a list of as many plebeian authors, containing so very few whose genius was worthy of commemoration; but it was always Walpole's foible to disclaim a professed pursuit of public favour, for which, however, he earnestly thirsted, and to hold himself forth as a privileged author, "one of the right-hand file," who did not mean to descend into the common arena, where professional authors contend before the public eye, but wrote merely to gratify his own taste, by throwing away a few idle hours on literary composition. There was much affectation in this, which accordingly met the reward which affectation usually incurs; as Walpole seems to have suffered a good deal from the criticism which he affected to despise, and occasionally from the neglect which he appeared to court.

The *Historical Doubts* are an acute and curious example how minute antiquarian research may shake our faith in the facts most pointedly averred by general history. It is remarkable also to observe, how, in defending a system which was probably at first adopted as a mere literary exercise, Mr. Walpole's doubts acquired, in his own eyes, the respectability of certainties, in which he could not brook controversy.

Mr. Walpole's domestic occupations, as well as his studies, bore evidence of a taste for English antiquities, which was then uncommon. He loved, as a satirist has expressed it, "to gaze on Gothic toys through Gothic glass;" and the villa at Strawberry-Hill, which he choose for his abode, gradually swelled into a feudal castle, by the addition of turrets, towers, galleries, and corridors, whose fretted roofs, carved panels, and illuminated windows, were garnished with the appropriate furniture of scutcheons, armorial bearings, shields, tilting lances, and all the panoply of chivalry. The Gothic order of architecture is now so generally, and, indeed, indiscriminately used, that we are rather surprised if the country-house of a tradesman retired from business does not exhibit lancolated windows, divided by stone shafts, and garnished by painted glass, a cup-board in the form of a cathedral stall, and a pig-house with a front borrowed from the facade of an ancient chapel. But, in the middle of the eighteenth century, when Mr. Walpole began to exhibit specimens of the Gothic style, and to show how patterns, collected from cathedrals and monuments, might be applied to chimney-pieces, ceilings, windows, and balustrades, he did not comply with the dictates of a prevailing fashion, but pleased his own taste, and realized his own visions, in the romantic cast of the mansion which he erected.

Mr. Walpole's lighter studies were conducted upon the same principle which influenced his historical researches, and his taste in architecture. His extensive acquaintance with foreign literature, in which he justly prided himself, was subordinate to his pursuits as an antiquary and genealogist, in which he gleaned subjects for poetry and for romantic fiction, as well as for historical controversy. These are studies, indeed, proverbially dull; but it is only when they are pursued by those whose fancies nothing can enliven. A Horace Walpole, or a Thomas Warton, is not a mere collector of dry and minute facts, which the general historian passes over with disdain. He brings with him the torch of genius, to illuminate the ruins through which he loves to wander; nor does the classic scholar de-

ive more inspiration from the pages of Virgil, than such an antiquary from the glowing, rich, and powerful feudal painting of Froissart. His mind being thus stored with information, accumulated by researches into the antiquities of the middle ages, and inspired, as he himself informs us, by the romantic cast of his own habitation, Mr. Walpole resolved to give the public a specimen of the Gothic style adapted to modern literature, as he had already exhibited its application to modern architecture.

As, in his model of a Gothic modern mansion, our author had studiously endeavoured to fit to the purposes of modern convenience, or luxury, the rich, varied, and complicated tracery and carving of the ancient cathedral, so, in *The Castle of Otranto*, it was his object to unite the marvellous turn of incident, and imposing tone of chivalry, exhibited in the ancient romance, with that accurate display of human character, and contrast of feelings and passions, which is, or ought to be, delineated in the modern novel. But Mr. Walpole, being uncertain of the reception which a work upon so new a plan might experience from the world, and not caring, perhaps, to encounter the ridicule which would have attended its failure, *The Castle of Otranto* was, in 1764, ushered into the world, as a translation, by William Marshall, from the Italian of Onuphrio Muralto, a sort of anagram, or translation, of the author's own name. It did not, however, long impose upon the critics of the day. It was soon suspected to proceed from a more elegant pen than that of any William Marshall, and, in the second edition Walpole disclosed the secret. In a private letter, he gave the following account of the origin of the composition, in which he contradicts the ordinary assertion, that it was completed in eight days.

"*9th March* 1763.

"Shall I confess to you what was the origin of this romance? I awaked one morning in the beginning of last June from a dream, of which all I could recover was, that I had thought myself in an ancient castle, (a very natural dream for a head filled like mine with gothic story,) and that on the uppermost bannister of a great staircase, I saw a gigantic hand in armour. In the evening I sat down and began to write, without knowing in the least what I intended to say or relate. The work grew on my hands, and I grew fond of it. Add, that I was very glad to think of any thing rather than politics. In short, I was so engrossed with my tale, which I completed in less than two months, that one evening I wrote from the time I had drank my tea, about six o'clock, till half an hour after one in the morning, when my hands and fingers were so weary, that I could not hold the pen to finish the sentence, but left Matilda and Isabella talking in the middle of a paragraph."

It does not seem that the authenticity of the narrative was at first suspected. Mr. Gray writes to Mr. Walpole, on 30th December 1764: "I have received *The Castle of Otranto*, and return you my thanks for it. It engages our attention here, (*i. e.* at Cambridge,) makes some of us cry a little; and all, in general, afraid to go to bed o'nights. We take it for a translation; and should believe it to be a true story, if it were not for St. Nicholas." The friends of the author, as appears from the letter already quoted, were probably soon permitted to peep beneath the veil he had thought proper to assume: and, in the second edition, it was altogether withdrawn by a preface, in which the tendency and nature of the work are shortly commented upon and explained. From the following passage, translated from a letter by the author to Madame Deffand, it would seem that he repented of having laid aside his incognito; and sensitive to criticism, like most dilletante authors, was rather more hurt by the raillery of those who liked not his tale of chivalry, than gratified by the applause of his admirers. "So they have translated my *Castle of Otranto*, probably in ridicule of the author. So be it;—however, I beg you will let their raillery pass in silence. Let the critics have their own way; they give me no uneasiness. I have not written the book for the present age, which will endure nothing but *cold common sense*. I confess to you, my dear friend, (and you will think me madder than ever,) that this is the only one of my works with which I am myself pleased; I have given reins to my imagination till I became on fire with the visions and feelings which it excited. I have composed it in defiance of rules, of critics, and of philosophers; and it seems to me just so much the better for that very reason. I am even persuaded, that sometime hereafter, when taste shall resume the place which philosophy now occupies, my poor *Castle* will find admirers: we have actually a few among us already, for I am just publishing the third edition. I do not say this in order to mendicate your approbation.* I told you from the beginning you would not like the book,—your visions are all in a different style. I am not sorry the translator has given the Second Preface; the first, however, accords best with the style of the fiction. I wished it to be believed ancient, and almost every body was imposed upon." If the public applause, however, was sufficiently qualified by the voice of censure to alarm the feelings of the author, the continued demand for various editions of *The Castle of Otranto*, showed how high the work really stood in popular estimation, and probably eventually reconciled Mr. Walpole to the taste of his own age. This romance has been justly considered not only as the original and model of a peculiar species of composition, attempted and successfully executed by a man of great genius, but as one of the standard works of our lighter literature.

Horace Walpole continued the mode of life which he had adopted so early as 1753, until his death, unless it may be considered as an alteration, that his sentiments of Whiggism, which, he himself assures us, almost amounted to Republicanism, received a shock from the French Revolution, which he appears from its commencement to have thoroughly detested. The tenor of his life could be hardly said to suffer interruption by his father's earldom of Oxford devolving upon him when he had reached his 74th year, by the death of his nephew. He scarce assumed the title, and died a few years after it had descended to him, 2d March, 1797, at his house in Berkeley square.

While these sheets are passing through the press, we have found in Miss Hawkins's very entertaining reminiscences of her early abode at Twickenham, the following description of the person of Horace Walpole, before 1772, giving us the most lively idea of the person and manners of a Man of Fashion about the middle of the last century:—"His figure was not merely tall, but more properly long and slender to excess; his complexion, and particularly his hands, of a most unhealthy paleness. His eyes were remarkably bright and penetrating, very dark and lively:—his voice was not strong, but his tones were extremely pleasant, and, if I may so say, highly gentlemanly. I do not remember his common gait; he always entered a room in that style of affected delicacy, which fashion had then made almost natural; *chapeau bras* between his hands, as if he wished to compress it, or under his arm; knees bent, and feet on tiptoe, as if afraid of a wet floor.—His dress in visiting was most usually, in summer, when I most saw him, a lavender suit, the waistcoat embroidered with a little silver, or of white silk worked in the tambour, partridge silk stockings, and gold buckles, ruffles and frill generally lace. I remember, when a child, thinking him very much under-dressed, if at any time, except in mourning, he wore hemmed cambrick. In summer no powder, but his wig combed straight, and showing his very smooth, pale forehead, and queued behind; in winter, powder."

We cannot help thinking that this most respectable lady, by whose communications respecting eminent individuals the public has been so much obliged, has been a little too severe on the Gothic whims of

* Madame Deffand had mentioned having read *The Castle of Otranto* twice over; but she did not add a word of approbation. She blamed the translator for giving the Second Preface, chiefly because she thought it might commit Walpole with Voltaire.

the architecture at Strawberry Hill. The admirers of the fine arts should have forbearance for each other, when their fervent admiration of a favourite pursuit leads them into those extremes which are caviar to the multitude. And as the ear of the architect should not be hasty to condemn the over-learned conceits of the musician, so the eye of the musician should have some toleration for the turrets and pinnacles of the fascinated builder.

It is foreign to our plan to say much of Horace Walpole's individual character. His works bear evidence to his talents; and, even striking out the horribly impressive but disgusting drama of *The Mysterious Mother*, and the excellent romance which we are about to analyze more critically, they must leave him the reputation of a man of excellent taste, and certainly of being the best letter-writer in the English language.

In private life, his temper appears to have been precarious; and though expensive in indulging his own taste, he always seems to have done so on the most economical terms possible. He is often, in his epistolary correspondence, harsh and unkind to Madame Deffand, whose talents, her blindness, and her enthusiastic affection for him, claimed every indulgence from a warm-hearted man. He is also severe and rigid towards Bentley, whose taste and talents he had put into continual requisition for the ornaments of his house. These are unamiable traits of character, and they have been quoted often, and exaggerated much. But his memory has suffered most on account of his conduct towards Chatterton, in which we have always thought he was perfectly defensible. That unhappy son of genius endeavoured to impose upon Walpole a few stanzas of very inferior merit, as ancient; and sent him an equally gross and palpable imposture under the shape of a pretended List of Painters. Walpole's sole crime lies in not patronizing at once a young man, who only appeared before him in the character of a very inartificial impostor, though he afterwards proved himself a gigantic one. The fate of Chatterton lies, not at the door of Walpole, but of the public at large, who, two years (we believe) afterwards, were possessed of the splendid proofs of his natural powers, and any one of whom was as much called upon as Walpole to prevent the most unhappy catastrophe.

Finally, it must be recorded to Walpole's praise, that, though not habitually liberal, he was strictly just, and readily parted with that portion of his income which the necessities of the state required. He may, perhaps, have mistaken his character when he assumes as its principal characteristic, "disinterestedness and contempt of money," which, he intimates, was with him less "a virtue than a passion." But by the generous and apparently most sincere offer to divide his whole income with Marshal Conway, he showed, that if there existed in his bosom more love of money than perhaps he was himself aware of, it was subjugated to the influence of the nobler virtues and feelings.

We are now to offer a few remarks on *The Castle of Otranto*, and on the class of compositions to which it belongs, and of which it was the precursor.

It is doing injustice to Mr. Walpole's memory to allege, that all which he aimed at in *The Castle of Otranto*, was "the art of exciting surprise and horror;" or, in other words, the appeal to that secret and reserved feeling of love for the marvellous and supernatural, which occupies a hidden corner in almost every one's bosom. Were this all which he had attempted, the means by which he sought to attain his purpose might, with justice, be termed both clumsy and puerile. But Mr. Walpole's purpose was both more difficult of attainment, and more important when attained. It was his object to draw such a picture of domestic life and manners, during the feudal times, as might actually have existed, and to paint it chequered and agitated by the action of supernatural machinery, such as the superstition of the period received as matter of devout credulity. The natural parts of the narrative are so contrived, that they associate themselves with the marvellous occurrences; and, by the force of that association, render those *speciosa miracula* striking and impressive, though our cooler reason admits their impossibility. Indeed, to produce, in a well-cultivated mind, any portion of that surprise and fear which are founded on supernatural events, the frame and tenor of the whole story must be adjusted in perfect harmony with this main-spring of the interest. He who, in early youth, has happened to pass a solitary night in one of the few ancient mansions which the fashion of more modern times has left undespoiled of their original furniture, has probably experienced, that the gigantic and preposterous figures dimly visible in the defaced tapestry,—the remote clang of the distant doors which divide him from living society,—the deep darkness which involves the high and fretted roof of the apartment,—the dimly-seen pictures of ancient knights, renowned for their valour, and perhaps for their crimes,—the varied and indistinct sounds which disturb the silent desolation of a half-deserted mansion,—and, to crown all, the feeling that carries us back to ages of feudal power and papal superstition, join together to excite a corresponding sensation of supernatural awe, if not of terror. It is in such situations, when superstition becomes contagious, that we listen with respect, and even with dread, to the legends which are our sport in the garish light of sunshine, and amid the dissipating sights and sounds of every-day life. Now, it seems to have been Walpole's object to attain, by the minute accuracy of a fable, sketched with singular attention to the costume of the period in which the scene was laid, that same association which might prepare his reader's mind for the reception of prodigies congenial to the creed and feelings of the actors. His feudal tyrant, his distressed damsel, his resigned yet dignified churchman,—the Castle itself, with its feudal arrangements of dungeons, trap-doors, oratories, and galleries,—the incidents of the trial, the chivalrous procession, and the combat;—in short, the scene, the performers, and action, so far as it is natural, form the accompaniments of his spectres and his miracles, and have the same effect on the mind of the reader, that the appearance and drapery of such a chamber as we have described may produce upon that of a temporary inmate. This was a task which required no little learning, no ordinary degree of fancy, no common portion of genius, to execute. The association of which we have spoken is of a nature peculiarly delicate, and subject to be broken and disarranged. It is, for instance, almost impossible to build such a modern Gothic structure as shall impress us with the feelings we have endeavoured to describe. It may be grand, or it may be gloomy; it may excite magnificent or melancholy ideas; but it must fail in bringing forth the sensation of supernatural awe, connected with halls that have echoed to the sounds of remote generations, and have been pressed by the footsteps of those who have long since passed away. Yet Horace Walpole has attained in composition, what, as an architect, he must have felt beyond the power of his art. The remote and superstitious period in which his scene is laid,—the art with which he has furnished forth its Gothic decorations,—the sustained, and, in general, the dignified tone of feudal manners,—prepare us gradually for the favourable reception of prodigies, which, though they could not really have happened at any period, were consistent with the belief of all mankind at that in which the action is placed. It was, therefore, the author's object, not merely to excite surprise and terror, by the introduction of supernatural agency, but to wind up the feelings of his reader till they became for a moment identified with those of a ruder age, which

Held each strange tale devoutly true.

The difficulty of attaining this nice accuracy of delineation may be best estimated by comparing *The Castle of Otranto* with the less successful efforts of later writers; where, amid all their attempts to assume the tone of antique chivalry, something occurs in every chapter so decidedly incongruous, as at once

reminds us of an ill-sustained masquerade, in which ghosts, knights-errant, magicians, and damsels gent, are all equipped in hired dresses from the same warehouse in Tavistock-street.

There is a remarkable particular in which Mr. Walpole's steps have been departed from by the most distinguished of his followers.

Romantic narrative is of two kinds,—that which, being in itself possible, may be matter of belief at any period; and that which, though held impossible by more enlightened ages, was yet consonant with the faith of earlier times. The subject of *The Castle of Otranto* is of the latter class. Mrs. Radcliffe, a name not to be mentioned without the high respect due to genius, has endeavoured to effect a compromise between those different styles of narrative, by referring her prodigies to an explanation founded on natural causes, in the latter chapters of her romances. To this improvement upon the Gothic romance there are so many objections, that we own ourselves inclined to prefer, as more simple and impressive, the narrative of Walpole, which details supernatural incidents as they would have been readily believed and received in the eleventh or twelfth century. In the first place, The reader feels indignant at discovering that he has been cheated into sympathy with terrors, which are finally explained as having proceeded from some very simple cause; and the interest of a second reading is entirely destroyed by his having been admitted behind the scenes at the conclusion of the first. Secondly, The precaution of relieving our spirits from the influence of supposed supernatural terror, seems as unnecessary in a work of professed fiction, as that of the prudent Bottom, who proposed that the human face of the representative of his lion should appear from under his mask, and acquaint the audience plainly that he was a man as other men, and nothing more than Snug the joiner. Lastly, These substitutes for supernatural agency are frequently to the full as improbable as the machinery which they are introduced to explain away and to supplant. The reader, who is required to admit the belief of supernatural interference, understands precisely what is demanded of him; and, if he be truly a gentle reader, throws his mind into the attitude best adapted to humour the deceit which is presented for his entertainment, and grants, for the time of perusal, the premises on which the fable depends.* But if the author voluntarily binds himself to account for all the wondrous occurrences which he introduces, we are entitled to exact that the explanation shall be natural, easy, ingenious, and complete. Every reader of such works must remember instances, in which the explanation of mysterious circumstances in the narrative has proved equally, nay, even more incredible, than if they had been accounted for by the agency of supernatural beings; for the most incredulous must allow, that the interference of such agency is more possible than that an effect resembling it should be produced by an utterly inadequate cause. But it is unnecessary to enlarge farther on a part of the subject, which we have only mentioned to exculpate our author from the charge of using machinery more clumsy than his tale from its nature required. The bold assertion of the actual existence of phantoms and apparitions seems to us to harmonize much more naturally with the manners of ancient times, and to produce a more powerful effect upon the reader's mind, than any attempt to reconcile the superstitious credulity of feudal ages with the philosophic scepticism of our own, by referring those prodigies to the operation of fulminating powder, combined mirrors, magic lanterns, trapdoors, speaking trumpets, and such-like apparatus of German phantasmagoria.

It cannot, however, be denied, that the character of the supernatural machinery in *The Castle of Otranto* is liable to objections. Its action and interference is rather too frequent, and presses too hard and constantly upon the same feelings in the reader's mind, to the hazard of diminishing the elasticity of the spring upon which it should operate. The fund of fearful sympathy which can be afforded by a modern reader to a tale of wonder, is much diminished by the present habits of life and modes of education. Our ancestors could wonder and thrill through all the mazes of an interminable metrical romance of fairy land, and of an enchantment, the work perhaps of some

> Prevailing poet, whose undoubting mind
> Believed the magic wonders which he sung.

But our own habits and feelings and belief are different, and a transient, though vivid impression, is all that can be excited by a tale of wonder, even in the most fanciful mind of the present day. By the too frequent recurrence of his prodigies, Mr. Walpole ran, perhaps, his greatest risk of awakening *la raison froide*, that "cold common sense," which he justly deemed the greatest enemy of the effect which he hoped to produce. It may be added also, that the supernatural occurrences of *The Castle of Otranto* are brought forward into too strong daylight, and marked by an over degree of distinctness and accuracy of outline. A mysterious obscurity seems congenial at least, if not essential, to our ideas of disembodied spirits; and the gigantic limbs of the ghost of Alphonso, as described by the terrified domestics, are somewhat too distinct and corporeal to produce the feelings which their appearance is intended to excite. This fault, however, if it be one, is more than compensated by the high merit of many of the marvellous incidents in the romance. The descent of the picture of Manfred's ancestor, although it borders on extravagance, is finely introduced, and interrupts an interesting dialogue with striking effect. We have heard it observed, that the animated figure should rather have been a statue than a picture. We greatly doubt the justice of the criticism. The advantages of the colouring induce us decidedly to prefer Mr. Walpole's fiction to the proposed substitute. There are few who have not felt, at some period of their childhood, a sort of terror from the manner in which the eye of an ancient portrait appears to fix that of the spectator from every point of view. It is, perhaps, hypercritical to remark, (what, however, Walpole of all authors might have been expected to attend to,) that the time assigned to the action, being about the eleventh century, is rather too early for the introduction of a full length portrait. The apparition of the skeleton hermit to the Prince of Vicenza was long accounted a master-piece of the horrible; but of late the valley of Jehosaphat could hardly supply the dry bones necessary for the exhibition of similar spectres, so that injudicious and repeated imitation has, in some degree injured the effect of its original model. What is more striking in *The Castle of Otranto*, is the manner in which the various prodigious appearances, bearing each upon the other, and all upon the accomplishment of the ancient prophecy, denouncing the ruin of the house of Manfred, gradually prepare us for the grand catastrophe. The moonlight vision of Alphonso dilated to immense magnitude, the astonished group of spectators in the front, and the shattered ruins of the castle in the back-ground, are briefly and sublimely described. We know no passage of similar merit, unless it be the apparition of Fadzean, or Fadoun, in an ancient Scottish poem.†

That part of the romance which depends upon human feelings and agency, is conducted with the dramatic talent which afterwards was so conspicuous in *The Mysterious Mother*. The persons are indeed rather generic than individual; but this was in a degree necessary to a plan, calculated rather to exhibit a general view of society and manners during the times which the author's imagination loved to contemplate, than the most minute shades and discriminating points of particular characters. But the actors in the romance are strikingly drawn, with bold outlines becoming the age and nature of the

* There are instances to the contrary, however. For example, that stern votary of severe truth, who cast aside Gulliver's Travels as containing a parcel of improbable fictions.

† This spectre, the ghost of a follower whom he had slain upon suspicion of treachery, appeared to no less a person than Wallace, the champion of Scotland, in the ancient castle of Gask-hall.—See Ellis's *Specimens*, vol. I.

story. Feudal tyranny was, perhaps, never better exemplified, than in the character of Manfred. He has the courage, the art, the duplicity, the ambition, of a barbarous chieftain of the dark ages, yet with touches of remorse and natural feeling, which preserve some sympathy for him when his pride is quelled, and his race extinguished. The pious Monk, and the patient Hippolita, are well contrasted with this selfish and tyrannical Prince. Theodore is the juvenile hero of a romantic tale, and Matilda has more interesting sweetness than usually belongs to its heroine. As the character of Isabella is studiously kept down, in order to relieve that of the daughter of Manfred, few readers are pleased with the concluding insinuation, that she became at length the bride of Theodore. This is in some degree a departure from the rules of chivalry; and, however natural an occurrence in common life, rather injures the magic illusions of romance. In other respects, making an allowance for the extraordinary incidents of a dark and tempestuous age, the story, so far as within the course of natural events, is happily detailed, its progress is uniform, its events interesting and well combined, and the conclusion grand, tragical, and affecting.

The style of *The Castle of Otranto* is pure and correct English of the earlier and more classical standard. Mr. Walpole rejected, upon taste and principle, those heavy though powerful auxiliaries which Dr. Johnson imported from the Latin language, and which have since proved to many a luckless wight, who has essayed to use them, as unmanageable as the gauntlets of Bryx,

——————et pondus et ipsa
Huc illuc vinclorum immensa volumina versat.

Neither does the purity of Mr. Walpole's language, and the simplicity of his narrative, admit that luxuriant, florid, and high-varnished landscape-painting, with which Mrs. Radcliffe often adorned, and not unfrequently encumbered, her kindred romances. Description, for its own sake, is scarcely once attempted in *The Castle of Otranto*; and if authors would consider how very much this restriction tends to realize narrative, they might be tempted to abridge at least the showy and wordy exuberance of a style fitter for poetry than prose. It is for the dialogue that Walpole reserves his strength; and it is remarkable how, while conducting his mortal agents with all the art of a modern dramatist, he adheres to the sustained tone of chivalry, which marks the period of the action. This is not attained by patching his narrative or dialogue with glossarial terms, or antique phraseology, but by taking care to exclude all that can awaken modern associations. In the one case, his romance would have resembled a modern dress, preposterously decorated with antique ornaments; in its present shape, he has retained the form of the ancient armour, but not its rust and cobwebs. In illustration of what is above stated, we refer the reader to the first interview of Manfred with the Prince of Vicenza, where the manners and language of chivalry are finely painted, as well as the perturbation of conscious guilt, confusing itself in attempted exculpation, even before a mute accuser. The characters of the inferior domestics have been considered as not bearing a proportion sufficiently dignified to the rest of the story. But this is a point on which the author has pleaded his own cause fully in the original Prefaces.

We have only to add, in conclusion to these desultory remarks, that if Horace Walpole, who led the way in this new species of literary composition, has been surpassed by some of his followers in diffuse brilliancy of description, and perhaps in the art of detaining the mind of the reader in a state of feverish and anxious suspense, through a protracted and complicated narrative, more will yet remain with him than the single merit of originality and invention. The applause due to chastity and precision of style,—to a happy combination of supernatural agency with human interest,—to a tone of feudal manners and language, sustained by characters strongly drawn and well discriminated,—and to unity of action, producing scenes alternately of interest and of grandeur;—the applause, in fine, which cannot be denied to him who can excite the passions of fear and of pity, must be awarded to the author of *The Castle of Otranto*.

CLARA REEVE.

Clara Reeve, the ingenious authoress of *The Old English Baron*, was the daughter of the Reverend William Reeve, M. A., Rector of Freston, and of Kerton, in Suffolk, and perpetual Curate of Saint Nicholas. Her grandfather was the Reverend Thomas Reeve, Rector of Storeham Aspal, and afterwards of St. Mary Stoke, in Ipswich, where the family had been long resident, and enjoyed the rights of free burghers. Miss Reeve's mother's maiden name was Smithies, daughter of —— Smithies, goldsmith and jeweller to King George I.

In a letter to a friend, Mrs. Reeve thus speaks of her father:—"My father was an old Whig; from him I have learned all that I know; he was my oracle; he used to make me read the Parliamentary debates, while he smoked his pipe after supper. I gaped and yawned over them at the time, but, unawares to myself, they fixed my principles once and forever. He made me read Rapin's *History of England*; the information it gave, made amends for its dryness. I read *Cato's Letters*, by Trenchard and Gordon; I read the Greek and Roman Histories, and *Plutarch's Lives*;—all these at an age when few people of either sex can read their names."

The Reverend Mr. Reeves, himself one of a family of eight children, had the same numerous succession; and it is therefore likely, that it was rather Clara's strong natural turn for study, than any degree of exclusive care which his partiality bestowed, which enabled her to acquire such a stock of early information. After his death, his widow resided in Colchester with three of their daughters; and it was here that Miss Clara Reeve first became an authoress, by translating from Latin Barclay's fine old romance, entitled *Argenis*, published in 1772, under the title of *The Phœnix*. It was in 1777, five years afterwards, that she produced her first and most distinguished work. It was published by Mr. Dilly of the Poultry (who gave ten pounds for the copyright) under the title of *The Champion of Virtue, a Gothick Story*. The work came to a second edition in the succeeding year, and was then first called *The Old English Baron*. The cause of the change we do not pretend to guess; for if Fitzowen be considered as the Old English Baron, we do not see wherefore a character, passive in himself from beginning to end, and only acted upon by others, should be selected to give a name to the story. We ought not to omit to mention, that this work is inscribed to Mrs. Brigden, the daughter of Richardson, who is stated to have lent her assistance to the revisal and correction of the work.

The success of *The Old English Baron* encouraged Miss Reeve to devote more of her leisure hours to literary composition, and she published in succession the following works:—*The Two Mentors, a Modern Story; the Progress of Romance, through Times, Countries, and Manners; The Exile; or Memoirs of the Count de Cronstadt*, the principal incidents of which are borrowed from a novel by M. D'Arnaud; *The School for Widows, a Novel; Plans of Education, with Remarks on the System of other Writers*, in a duodecimo volume; and *The Memoirs of Sir Roger de Clarendon, a natural Son of Edward the Black Prince; with Anecdotes of many other eminent Persons of the fourteenth Century*.

To these works we have to add another tale, of which the interest turned upon supernatural appearances. Miss Reeve informs the public, in a preface to a late edition of *The Old English Baron*, that in compliance with the suggestion of a friend, she had composed *Castle Connor, an Irish Story*, in

which apparitions were introduced. The manuscript, being entrusted to some careless or unfaithful person, fell aside, and was never recovered.

The various novels of Clara Reeve are all marked by excellent good sense, pure morality, and a competent command of those qualities which constitute a good romance. They were, generally speaking, favourably received at the time, but none of them took the same strong possession of the public mind as *The Old English Baron*, upon which the fame of the author may be considered as now exclusively rested.

Miss Reeve, respected and beloved, led a retired life, admitting no materials for biography, until 3d December, 1803, when she died at Ipswich, her native city, at the advanced age of seventy-eight years. She was buried in the church-yard of St. Stephens, according to her particular direction, near to the grave of her friend, the Reverend Mr. Derby. Her brother, the Reverend Thomas Reeve, still lives, as also her sister, Mrs. Sarah Reeve, both advanced in life. Another brother, bred to the navy, attained the rank of vice-admiral in that service.

Such are the only particulars which we have been able to collect concerning this accomplished and estimable woman, and, in their simplicity, the reader may remark that of her life and of her character. As critics, it is our duty to make some further observations, which shall be entirely confined to her most celebrated work, upon which her fame arose, and on which, without meaning disparagement to her other compositions, we conceive it entitled to rest.

The authoress has herself informed us that *The Old English Baron* is the "literary offspring of *The Castle of Otranto*;" and she has obliged us by pointing out the different and more limited view which she had adopted, of the supernatural machinery employed by Horace Walpole. She condemns the latter for the extravagance of several of his conceptions; for the gigantic size of his sword and helmet; and for the violent fictions of a walking picture, and a skeleton in a hermit's cowl. A ghost, she contends, to be admitted as an ingredient in romance, must behave himself like ghosts of sober demeanour, and subject himself to the common rules still preserved in grange and hall, as circumscribing beings of his description.

We must, however, notwithstanding her authority, enter our protest against fettering the realm of shadows by the opinions entertained of it in the world of realities. If we are to try ghosts by the ordinary rules of humanity, we bar them of their privileges entirely. For instance, why admit the existence of an aerial phantom, and deny it the terrible attribute of magnifying its stature? why admit an enchanted helmet, and not a gigantic one? why allow as an impressive incident the fall of a suit of armour thrown down, we must suppose, by no mortal hand, and at the same time deny the same supernatural influence the power of producing the illusion (for it is only represented as such) upon *Manfred*, which gives seeming motion and life to the portrait of his ancestor? It may be said, and it seems to be Miss Reeve's argument, that there is a verge of probability, which even the most violent figment must not transgress; but we reply by the cross question, that if we are once to subject our preternatural agents to the limits of human reason, where are we to stop? We might, under such a rule, demand of ghosts an account of the very circuitous manner in which they are pleased to open their communications with the living world. We might, for example, move a *quo warranto* against the spectre of the murdered Lord Lovel, for lurking about the eastern apartment, when it might have been reasonably expected, that if he did not at once impeach his murderers to the next magistrate, he might at least have put Fitzowen into the secret, and thus obtained the succession of his son more easily than by the dubious and circuitous route of a single combat. If there should be an appeal against this imputation, founded on the universal practice of ghosts in such circumstances, who always act with singular obliquity in disclosing the guilt of which they complain, the matter becomes a question of precedent; in which view of the case, we may vindicate Horace Walpole for the gigantic exaggeration of his phantom, by the similar expansion of the terrific vision of Fawdoun, in Blind Harry's *Life of Wallace*; and we could, were we so disposed, have paralleled his moving picture, by the example of one with which we ourselves had some acquaintance, which was said both to move and to utter groans, to the great alarm of a family of the highest respectability.

Where, then, may the reader ask, is the line to be drawn? or what are the limits to be placed to the reader's credulity, when those of common sense and ordinary nature are once exceeded? The question admits only one answer, namely, that the author himself, being in fact the magician, shall evoke no spirits whom he is not capable of endowing with manners and language corresponding to their supernatural character. Thus Shakspeare, drawing such characters as Caliban and Ariel, gave them reality, not by appealing to actual opinions which his audience might entertain respecting the possibility or impossibility of their existence, but by investing them with such attributes as all readers and spectators recognized as those which must have corresponded to such extraordinary beings, had their existence been possible. If he had pleased to put into language the "squeaking and gibbering" of those disembodied phantoms which haunted the streets of Rome, no doubt his wonderful imagination could have filled up the sketch, which, marked by these two emphatic and singularly felicitous expressions, he has left as characteristic of the language of the dead.

In this point of view, our authoress has, with equal judgment and accuracy, confined her flight within those limits on which her pinions could support her; and though we are disposed to contest her general principle, we are willing to admit it as a wise and prudent one, so far as applied to regulate her own composition. In no part of *The Old English Baron*, or of any other of her works, does Miss Reeve show the possession of a rich or powerful imagination. Her dialogue is sensible, easy, and agreeable, but neither marked by high flights of fancy, nor strong bursts of passion. Her apparition is an ordinary fiction, of which popular superstition used to furnish a thousand instances, when nights were long, and a family, assembled round a Christmas log, had little better to do than to listen to such tales. Miss Reeve has been very felicitously cautious in showing us no more of Lord Lovel's ghost than she needs must—he is a silent apparition, palpable to the sight only, and never brought forward into such broad day-light as might have dissolved our reverence. And so far, we repeat, the authoress has used her own power to the utmost advantage, and gained her point by not attempting a step beyond it. But we cannot allow that the rule which, in her own case, has been well and wisely adopted, ought to circumscribe a bolder and a more imaginative writer.

In what may be called the costume, or keeping, of the chivalrous period in which the scene of both is laid, the language and style of Horace Walpole, together with his intimate acquaintance with the manners of the middle ages, form an incalculable difference betwixt *The Castle of Otranto* and *The Old English Baron*. Clara Reeve, probably, was better acquainted with Plutarch and Rapin, than with Froissart or Olivier de la Marche. This is no imputation on the taste of that ingenious lady. In her days, Macbeth was performed in a general's full uniform, and Lord Hastings was dressed like a modern high chamberlain going to court. Or, if she looked to romances for her authority, those of the French school were found introducing, under the reign of Cyrus or of Faramond, or in the early republic of Rome, the sentiments and manners of the court of Louis XIV. In the present day, more attention to costume is demanded, and authors, as well as players, are obliged to make attempts, however fantastic or grotesque, to imitate the manners,

on the one hand, and the dress, on the other, of the times in which the scene is laid. Formerly, nothing of this kind was either required or expected; and it is not improbable that the manner in which Walpole circumscribes his dialogue (in most instances) within the stiff and stern precincts prescribed by a strict attention to the manners and language of the times, is the first instance of such restrictions. In *The Old English Baron*, on the contrary, all parties speak and act much in the fashion of the seventeenth century; employ the same phrases of courtesy; and adopt the same tone of conversation. Baron Fitzowen, and the principal characters, talk after the fashion of country squires of that period, and the lower personages like gaffers and gammers of the same era. And "were but the combat in lists left out," or converted into a modern duel, the whole train of incidents might, for any peculiarity to be traced in the dialect or narration, have taken place in the time of Charles II., or in either of the two succeeding reigns. As it is, the story reads as if it had been transcribed into the language, and remodelled according to the ideas, of this latter period. Yet we are uncertain whether, upon the whole, this does not rather add to, than diminish the interest of the work;—at least it gives an interest of a different kind, which, if it cannot compete with that which arises out of a highly exalted and poetical imagination, and strict attention to the character and manners of the middle ages, has yet this advantage, that it reaches its point more surely, than had a higher, more difficult, and more ambitious line of composition been attempted.

To explain our meaning:—He that would please the modern world, yet present the exact impression of a tale of the middle ages, will repeatedly find that he will be obliged, in despite of his utmost exertions, to sacrifice the last to the first object, and eternally expose himself to the just censure of the rigid antiquary, because he must, to interest the readers of the present time, invest his characters with language and sentiments unknown to the period assigned to his story; and thus his utmost efforts only attain a sort of composition between the true and the fictitious,—just as the dress of Lear, as performed on the stage, is neither that of a modern sovereign, nor the cerulean painting and bear-hide with which the Britons, at the time when that monarch is supposed to have lived, tattooed their persons, and sheltered themselves from cold. All this inconsistency is avoided, by adopting the style of our grandfathers and great-grandfathers, sufficiently antiquated to accord with the antiquated character of the narrative, yet copious enough to express all that is necessary to its interest, and to supply that deficiency of colouring which the more ancient times do not afford.

It is no doubt true, that *The Old English Baron*, written in the latter and less ambitious taste, is sometimes tame and tedious, not to say mean and tiresome. The total absence of peculiar character, (for every person introduced is rather described as one of a genus than as an original, discriminated, and individual person,) may have its effect in producing the tædium which loads the story in some places. This is a general defect in the novels of the period, and it was scarce to be expected that the amiable and accomplished authoress, in her secluded situation, and with acquaintance of events and characters derived from books alone, should have rivalled those authors who gathered their knowledge of the human heart from having, like Fielding and Smollett, become acquainted, by sad experience, with each turn of "many-coloured life." Nor was it to be thought that she should have emulated in this particular her prototype Walpole, who, as a statesman, a poet, and a man of the world, "who knew the world like a man," has given much individual character to his sketch of Manfred. What we here speak of is not the deficiency in the style and costume, but a certain creeping and low line of narrative and sentiment, which may be best illustrated by the grave and minute accounting into which Sir Philip Harclay and the Baron Fitzowen enter,—after an event so unpleasant as the judgment of Heaven upon a murderer, brought about by a judicial combat, and that combat occasioned by the awful and supernatural occurrences in the eastern chamber,—where we find the arrears of the estate gravely set off against the education of the heir, and his early maintenance in the Baron's family. Yet even these prolix, minute, and unnecessary details, are precisely such as would occur in a similar story told by a grandsire or grandame to a circle assembled round a winter's fire; and while they take from the dignity of the composition, and would therefore have been rejected by a writer of more exalted imagination, do certainly add in some degree to its reality, and bear in that respect a resemblance to the art with which De Foe impresses on his readers the truth of his fictions, by the insertion of many minute, and immaterial, or unnatural circumstances, which we are led to suppose could only be recorded because they are true. Perhaps, to be circumstantial and abundant in minute detail, and in one word, though an unauthorized one, to be somewhat *prosy*, is a secret mode of securing a certain necessary degree of credulity from the hearers of a ghost-story. It gives a sort of quaint antiquity to the whole, as belonging to the times of "superstitious elde," and those whom we have observed to excel in oral narratives of such a nature, usually study to secure the attention of their audience by employing this art. At least, whether owing to this mode of telling her tale, or to the interest of the story itself, and its appeal to the secret reserve of superstitious feeling which maintains its influence in most bosoms, *The Old English Baron* has always produced as strong an effect as any story of the kind, although liable to the objections which we have freely stated, without meaning to impeach the talents of the amiable authoress.

Dismissing this interesting subject for the present, we trust we may find some future opportunity to offer a few more general remarks on the introduction of supernatural machinery into modern works of fiction.

MRS. ANN RADCLIFFE.

The life of Mrs. Ann Radcliffe, spent in the quiet shade of domestic privacy, and in the interchange of familiar affections and sympathies, appears to have been as retired and sequestered, as the fame of her writings was brilliant and universal. The most authentic account of her birth, family, and personal appearance, seems to be that contained in the following communication to a work of contemporary biography.

"She was born in London, in the year 1764, [9th July;] the daughter of William and Ann Ward, who, though in trade, were nearly the only persons of their two families not living in handsome, or at least easy independence. Her paternal grandmother was a Cheselden, the sister of the celebrated surgeon, of whose kind regard her father had a grateful recollection, and some of whose presents, in books, I have seen. The late Lieutenant-Colonel Cheselden, of Somerby in Leicestershire, was, I think, another nephew of the surgeon. Her father's aunt, the late Mrs. Barwell, first of Leicester, and then of Duffield in Derbyshire, was one of the sponsors at her baptism. Her maternal grandmother was Anne Oates, the sister of Dr. Samuel Jebb, of Stratford, who was the father of Sir Richard: on that side she was also related to Dr. Halifax, Bishop of Gloucester, and to Dr. Halifax, Physician to the King. Perhaps it may gratify curiosity to state further, that she was descended from a near relative of the De Witts of Holland. In some family papers which I have seen, it is stated, that a De Witt, of the family of John and Cornelius, came to England, under the patronage of government, upon some design of draining the fens in Lincolnshire, bringing with him a daughter, Amelia, then an infant. The prosecution of the plan is supposed to have been interrupted

to the rebellion, in the time of Charles the First; but De Witt appears to have passed the remainder of his life in a mansion near Hull, and to have left many children, of whom Amelia was the mother of one of Mrs. Radcliffe's ancestors.

"This admirable writer, whom I remember from about the time of her twentieth year, was, in her youth, of a figure exquisitely proportioned; while she resembled her father, and his brother and sister, in being low of stature. Her complexion was beautiful, as was her whole countenance, especially her eyes, eyebrows, and mouth. Of the faculties of her mind, let her works speak. Her tastes were such as might be expected from those works. To contemplate the glories of creation, but more particularly the grander features of their display, was one of her chief delights: to listen to fine music was another. She had also a gratification in listening to any good verbal sounds; and would desire to hear passages repeated from the Latin and Greek classics; requiring, at intervals, the most literal translations that could be given, with all that was possible of their idiom, how much soever the version might be embarrassed by that aim at exactness. Though her fancy was prompt, and she was, as will readily be supposed, qualified in many respects for conversation, she had not the confidence and presence of mind, without which, a person conscious of being observed, can scarcely be at ease, except in long-tried society. Yet she had not been without some good examples of what must have been ready conversation in more extensive circles. Besides that a great part of her youth had been passed in the residence of her superior relatives, she had the advantage of being much loved, when a child, by the late Mr. Bentley; to whom, on the establishment of the fabric known by the name of Wedgwood and Bentley's, was appropriated the superintendence of all that related to form and design. Mr. Wedgwood was the intelligent man of commerce, and the able chemist; Mr. Bentley the man of more general literature, and of taste in the arts. One of her mother's sisters was married to Mr. Bentley; and, during the life of her aunt, who was accomplished 'according to the moderation,'—may I say, the *wise* moderation?—of that day, the little niece was a favourite guest at Chelsea, and afterwards at Turnham Green, where Mr. and Mrs. Bentley resided. At their house she saw several persons of distinction for literature; and others who, without having been so distinguished, were beneficial objects of attention for their minds and their manners. Of the former class the late Mrs. Montague, and once, I think, Mrs. Piozzi; of the latter, Mrs. Ord. The gentleman, called Athenian Stuart, was also a visiter there."

Thus respectably born and connected, Miss Ward, at the age of twenty-three, acquired the name which she has made so famous, by marrying William Radcliffe, Esq. graduated at Oxford, and a student of law. He renounced prosecution of his legal studies, and became afterwards proprietor and editor of the *English Chronicle*.

Thus connected in a manner which must have induced her to cherish her literary powers, Mrs. Radcliffe first came before the public as a novelist in 1789, only two years after her marriage, and when she was twenty-five years old. A Romance, entitled *The Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne*, which she then produced, gave but moderate intimation of the author's eminent powers. The scene is laid in Scotland, during the dark ages, but without any attempt to trace either the peculiar manners or scenery of the country: and although, in reading the work with that express purpose, we can now trace some germs of that taste and talent for the wild, romantic, and mysterious, which the authoress afterwards employed with such effect, we cannot consider the work, on the whole, as by any means worthy of her pen. It is nevertheless curious to compare this sketch with Mrs. Radcliffe's more esteemed productions, since it is of consequence to the history of human genius to preserve its earlier efforts, that we may trace, if possible, how the oak at length germinates from the unmarked acorn.

Mrs. Radcliffe's genius was more advantageously displayed in the *Sicilian Romance*, which appeared in 1790, and which, as we ourselves (then novel-readers of no ordinary appetite) well recollect, attracted in a considerable degree the attention of the public. This work displays the exuberance and fertility of imagination, which was the author's principal characteristic. Adventures heaped on adventures, in quick and brilliant succession, with all the hair-breadth charms of escape or capture, hurry the reader along with them, and the imagery and scenery by which the action is relieved, are like those of a splendid oriental tale. Still this work had marked traces of the defects natural to an unpractised author. The scenes were inartificially connected, and the characters hastily sketched, without any attempt at individual distinctions; being cast in the usual mould of ardent lovers, tyrannical parents, with domestic ruffians, guards, and others, who had wept or stormed through the chapters of romance, without much alteration in their family habits or features, for a quarter of a century before Mrs. Radcliffe's time. Nevertheless, the *Sicilian Romance* attracted much notice among the novel-readers of the day, as far excelling the ordinary meagreness of stale and uninteresting incident with which they were at that time regaled from the Leadenhall press. Indeed, the praise may be claimed for Mrs. Radcliffe, of having been the first to introduce into her prose fictions a beautiful and fanciful tone of natural description and impressive narrative, which had hitherto been exclusively applied to poetry. Fielding, Richardson, Smollett, even Walpole, though writing upon an imaginative subject, are decidedly prose authors. Mrs. Radcliffe has a title to be considered as the first poetess of romantic fiction, that is, if actual rhythm shall not be deemed essential to poetry.

The Romance of the Forest, which appeared in 1791, placed the author at once in that rank and pre-eminence in her own particular style of composition, which her works have ever since maintained. Her fancy, in this new effort, was more regulated, and subjected to the fetters of a regular story. The persons, too, although perhaps there is nothing very original in the conception, were depicted with skill far superior to that which the author had hitherto displayed, and the work attracted the public attention in proportion. That of La Motte, indeed, is sketched with particular talent, and most part of the interest of the piece depends upon the vacillations of a character, who, though upon the whole we may rather term him weak and vicious, than villanous, is, nevertheless, at every moment on the point of becoming an agent in atrocities which his heart disapproves of. He is the exact picture "of the needy man who has known better days;" one who, spited at the world, from which he has been expelled with contempt, and condemned by circumstances to seek an asylum in a desolate mansion full of mysteries and horrors, avenges himself, by playing the gloomy despot within his own family, and tyrannizing over those who were subjected to him only by their strong sense of duty. A more powerful agent appears on the scene—obtains the mastery over this dark but irresolute spirit, and, by alternate exertion of seduction and terror, compels him to be his agent in schemes against the virtue, and even the life of an orphan, whom he was bound in gratitude, as well as in honour and hospitality, to cherish and protect.

The heroine, too, wearing the usual costume of innocence, purity, and simplicity, as proper to heroines as white gowns are to the sex in general, has some pleasant touches of originality. Her grateful affection for the La Motte family—her reliance on their truth and honour, when the wife had become unkind, and the father treacherous towards her, is an interesting and individual trait in her character.

But although undoubtedly the talents of Mrs. Radcliffe, in the important point of drawing and finishing the characters of her narrative, were greatly improved since her earlier attempts, and manifested sufficient power to raise her far above the common crowd of novelists, this was not the department of

art on which her popularity rested. The public were chiefly aroused, or rather fascinated, by the wonderful conduct of a story, in which the author so successfully called out the feelings of mystery and of awe, while chapter after chapter, and incident after incident, maintained the thrilling attraction of awakened curiosity and suspended interest. Of these, every reader felt the force, from the sage in his study, to the family group in middle life, which assembles round the evening taper, to seek a solace from the toils of ordinary existence by an excursion into the regions of imagination. The tale was the more striking, because varied and relieved by descriptions of the ruined mansion, and the forest with which it is surrounded, under so many different points, now pleasing and serene, now gloomy, now terrible—scenes which could only have been drawn by one to whom nature had given the eye of a painter, with the spirit of a poet.

In 1793, Mrs. Radcliffe had the advantage of visiting the scenery of the Rhine, and, although we are not positive of the fact, we are strongly inclined to suppose, that *The Mysteries of Udolpho* were written, or at least corrected, after the date of this journey; for the mouldering castles of the robber-chivalry of Germany, situated on the wild and romantic banks of that celebrated stream, seem to have given a bolder flight to her imagination, and a more glowing character to her colouring, than are exhibited in *The Romance of the Forest*. The scenery on the Lakes of Westmoreland, which Mrs. Radcliffe visited about the same time, was also highly calculated to awaken her fancy, as nature has in these wild but beautiful regions realized the descriptions in which this authoress loved to indulge. Her remarks upon these countries were given to the public in 1794, in a very well written work, entitled, *A Journey through Holland, &c.*

Much was of course expected from Mrs. Radcliffe's next effort, and the booksellers felt themselves authorised in offering what was then considered as an unprecedented sum, 500*l*, for *The Mysteries of Udolpho*. It often happens, that a writer's previous reputation proves the greatest enemy which, in a second attempt upon public favour, he has to encounter. Exaggerated expectations are excited and circulated, and criticism, which had been seduced into former approbation by the pleasure of surprise, now stands awakened and alert to pounce upon every failing. Mrs. Radcliffe's popularity, however, stood the test, and was heightened rather than diminished by *The Mysteries of Udolpho*. The very name was fascinating, and the public, who rushed upon it with all the eagerness of curiosity, rose from it with unsated appetite. When a family was numerous, the volumes always flew, and were sometimes torn, from hand to hand, and the complaints of those whose studies were thus interrupted, were a general tribute to the genius of the author. Another might be found of a different and higher description, in the dwelling of the lonely invalid, or unregarded votary of celibacy, who was bewitched away from a sense of solitude, of indisposition, of the neglect of the world, or of secret sorrow, by the potent charm of this mighty enchantress. Perhaps the perusal of such works may, without injustice, be compared with the use of opiates, baneful, when habitually and constantly resorted to, but of most blessed power in those moments of pain and of languor, when the whole head is sore, and the whole heart sick. If those who rail indiscriminately at this species of composition, were to consider the quantity of actual pleasure which it produces, and the much greater proportion of real sorrow and distress which it alleviates, their philanthropy ought to moderate their critical pride, or religious intolerance.

To return to *The Mysteries of Udolpho*. The author, pursuing her own favourite bent of composition, and again waving her wand over the world of wonder and imagination, had judiciously used a spell of broader and more potent command. The situation and distresses of the heroines, have here, and in *The Romance of the Forest*, a general aspect of similarity. Both are divided from the object of their attachment by the gloomy influence of unfaithful and oppressive guardians, and both become inhabitants of time-stricken towers, and witnesses of scenes now bordering on the supernatural, and now upon the horrible. But this general resemblance is only such as we love to recognize in pictures which have been painted by the same hand, and as companions for each other. Every thing in *The Mysteries of Udolpho* is on a larger and more sublime scale, than in *The Romance of the Forest*: the interest is of a more agitating and tremendous nature; the scenery of a wilder and more terrific description; the characters distinguished by fiercer and more gigantic features. Montoni, a lofty souled desperado, and Captain of Condottieri, stands beside La Motte and his Marquis, like one of Milton's fiends beside a witch's familiar. Adeline is confined within a ruined manor-house, but her sister heroine, Emily, is imprisoned in a huge castle, like those of feudal times; the one is attacked and defended by bands of armed banditti, the other only threatened by a visit from constables and thief-takers. The scale of the landscape is equally different; the quiet and limited woodland scenery of the one work forming a contrast with the splendid and high-wrought descriptions of Italian mountain-grandeur which occurs in the other.

In general, *The Mysteries of Udolpho* was, at its first appearance, considered as a step beyond Mrs. Radcliffe's former work, high as that had justly advanced her. We entertain the same opinion in again reading them both, even after some years' interval. Yet there were persons of no mean judgment, to whom the simplicity of *The Romance of the Forest* seemed preferable to the more highly coloured and broader style of *The Mysteries of Udolpho*; and it must remain matter of opinion, whether their preference be better founded than in the partialities of a first love, which in literature, as in life, are often unduly predominant. With the majority of readers, the superior magnificence of landscape, and dignity of conception of character, secured the palm for the more recent work.

The fifth production by which Mrs. Radcliffe arrested the attention of the public, was fated to be her last. *The Italian*, which appeared in 1790, was purchased by the booksellers for 800*l*, and obtained a share of public favour equal to any of its predecessors. Here, too, the author had, with much judgment, taken such a point of distance and distinction, that while employing her own peculiar talent, and painting in the style of which she may be considered the inventor, she cannot be charged with repeating or copying herself. She selected the new and powerful machinery afforded her by the Popish religion, when established in its paramount superiority, and thereby had at her disposal, monks, spies, dungeons, the mute obedience of the bigot, the dark and dominating spirit of the crafty priest,—all the thunders of the Vatican, and all the terrors of the Inquisition. This fortunate adoption placed in the hands of the authoress a powerful set of agents, who were at once supplied with means and motives for bringing forward scenes of horror; and thus a tinge of probability was thrown over even those parts of the story, which are most inconsistent with the ordinary train of human events.

Most writers of romance have been desirous to introduce their narrative to the reader, in some manner which might at once excite interest, and prepare his mind for the species of excitation which it was the author's object to produce. In *The Italian*, this has been achieved by Mrs. Radcliffe with an uncommon degree of felicity, nor is there any part of the romance itself which is more striking, than its impressive commencement.

A party of English travellers visit a Neapolitan church. "Within the shade of the portico, a person with folded arms, and eyes directed towards the ground, was pacing behind the pillars the whole extent of the pavement, and was apparently so engaged by his own thoughts, as not to observe that strangers were approaching. He turned, however, suddenly, as if startled by the sound of steps, and

then, without further pausing, glided to a door that opened into the church, and disappeared.

"There was something too extraordinary in the figure of this man, and too singular in his conduct, to pass unnoticed by the visiters. He was of a tall thin figure, bending forward from the shoulders; of a sallow complexion, and harsh features, and had an eye, which, as it looked up from the cloak that muffled the lower part of his countenance, was expressive of uncommon ferocity.

"The travellers, on entering the church, looked round for the stranger, who had passed thither before them, but he was nowhere to be seen; and, through all the shade of the long aisles, only one other person appeared. This was a friar of the adjoining convent, who sometimes pointed out to strangers the objects in the church which were most worthy of attention, and who now, with this design, approached the party that had just entered.

"When the party had viewed the different shrines and whatever had been judged worthy of observation, and were returning through an obscure aisle towards the portico, they perceived the person who had appeared upon the steps, passing towards a confessional on the left, and, as he entered it, one of the party pointed him out to the friar, and enquired who he was; the friar turning to look after him, did not immediately reply, but, on the question being repeated, he inclined his head, as in a kind of obeisance, and calmly replied, 'He is an assassin.'

"'An assassin!' exclaimed one of the Englishmen; 'an assassin, and at liberty!'

"An Italian gentleman, who was of the party, smiled at the astonishment of his friend.

"'He has sought sanctuary here,' replied the friar; 'within these walls he may not be hurt.'

"'Do your altars, then, protect a murderer!' said the Englishman.

"'He could find shelter nowhere else,' answered the friar, meekly.

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"'But observe yonder confessional,' added the Italian, 'that beyond the pillars on the left of the aisle, below a painted window. Have you discovered it? The colours of the glass throw, instead of a light, a shade over that part of the church, which, perhaps, prevents your distinguishing what I mean.'

"The Englishman looked whither his friend pointed, and observed a confessional of oak, or some very dark wood, adjoining the wall, and remarked also, that it was the same which the assassin had just entered. It consisted of three compartments, covered with a black canopy. In the central division was the chair of the confessor, elevated by several steps above the pavement of the church; and on either hand was a small closet, or box, with steps leading up to a grated partition, at which the penitent might kneel, and, concealed from observation, pour into the ear of the confessor, the consciousness of crimes that lay heavy at his heart.

"'You observe it?' said the Italian.

"'I do,' replied the Englishman; 'it is the same which the assassin had passed into; and I think it one of the most gloomy spots I ever beheld; the view of it is enough to strike a criminal with despair!'

"'We, in Italy, are not so apt to despair,' replied the Italian, smilingly.

"'Well, but what of this confessional?' enquired the Englishman. 'The assassin entered it.'

"'He has no relation with what I am about to mention,' said the Italian; 'but I wish you to mark the place, because some very extraordinary circumstances belong to it.'

"'What are they?' said the Englishman.

"'It is now several years since the confession, which is connected with them, was made at that very confessional,' added the Italian; 'the view of it, and the sight of the assassin, with your surprise at the liberty which is allowed him, led me to a recollection of the story. When you return to the hotel, I will communicate it to you, if you have no pleasanter mode of engaging your time.'

"'After I have taken another view of this solemn edifice' replied the Englishman. 'and particularly of the confessional you have pointed to my notice.'

"While the Englishman glanced his eye over the high roofs, and along the solemn perspectives of the Santa del Pianto, he perceived the figure of the assassin stealing from the confessional across the choir, and, shocked on again beholding him, he turned his eyes, and hastily quitted the church.

"The friends then separated, and the Englishman, soon after returning to his hotel, received the volume. He read as follows."

This introductory passage, which, for the references which it bears to the story, and the anxious curiosity it excites in the reader's mind, may be compared to the dark and vaulted gateway of an ancient castle, is followed by a tale of corresponding mystery and terror; in detailing which, the art of Mrs. Radcliffe, who was so great a mistress of throwing her narrative into mystery, affording half intimations of veiled and secret horrors, is used perhaps to the very uttermost. And yet, though our reason ultimately presents us with this criticism, we believe she generally suspends her remonstrance till the perusal is ended; and it is not until the last page is read, and the last volume closed, that we feel ourselves disposed to censure that which has so keenly interested us. We become then at length aware, that there is no uncommon merit in the general contrivance of the story; that many of the incidents are improbable, and some of the mysteries left unexplained; yet the impression of general delight which we have received from the perusal, remains unabated, for it is founded on recollection of the powerful emotions of wonder, curiosity, even fear, to which we have been subjected during the currency of the narrative.

A youth of high birth and noble estates becomes enamoured of a damsel of low fortunes, unknown race, and all that portion of beauty and talents which belongs to a heroine of romance. Their union is opposed by his family, and chiefly by the pride of his mother, who calls to her aid the real hero of the tale, her confessor, Father Schedoni, a strongly drawn character as ever stalked through the regions of romance, equally detestable for the crimes he has formerly perpetrated, and those which he is willing to commit; formidable from his talents and energy; at once a hypocrite and a profligate, unfeeling, unrelenting, and implacable. With the aid of this agent, Vivaldi, the lover, is thrown into the dungeons of the Inquisition, while Ellena, his bride, is carried by the pitiless monk to an obscure den, where, finding the services of an associate likely to foil his expectation, he resolves to murder her with his own hand. Hitherto the story, or, at least, the situation, is not altogether dissimilar from the *Mysteries of Udolpho*; but the fine scene, where the monk, in the act of raising his arm to murder his sleeping victim, discovers her to be his own child, is of a new, grand, and powerful character, and the horrors of the wretch, who, on the brink of murder, has but just escaped from committing a crime of yet more exaggerated horror, constitute the strongest painting which has been produced by Mrs. Radcliffe's pencil, and form a crisis well fitted to be actually embodied on canvass by some great master. In the prisons of the Inquisition, the terrific Schedoni is met, counterplotted, and at length convicted, by the agency of a being as wicked as himself, who had once enjoyed his confidence. Several pauses of breathless suspense are thrown in, during the detail of these intrigues, by which Mrs. Radcliffe knew so well how to give interest to the work.

On re-considering the narrative, we indeed discover that many of the incidents are imperfectly explained, and that we can distinguish points on which the authoress had doubtless intended to lay the foundation of something which she afterwards forgot or omitted. Of the first class, is the astonishment testified by the Grand Inquisitor with such striking effect, when a strange voice was heard, even in the awful presence of that stern tribunal, to assume the task of interrogation proper to its judges. The incident in itself is most impressive.

As Vivaldi is blindfolded, and bound upon the rack, the voice of a mysterious agent, who had repeatedly crossed his path, and always eluded his search, is heard to mingle in his examination, and strikes the whole assembly with consternation. "'Who is come amongst us?' he [the Grand Inquisitor] repeated, in a louder tone. Still no answer was returned; but again a confused murmur sounded from the tribunal, and a general consternation seemed to prevail. No person spoke with sufficient pre-eminence to be understood by Vivaldi: something extraordinary appeared to be passing, and he awaited the issue with all the patience he could command. Soon after he heard the doors opened, and the noise of persons quitting the chamber. A deep silence followed; but he was certain that the familiars were still beside him, waiting to begin their work of torture." This is all unquestionably very impressive; but no other explanation of the intruder's character is given, than that he is an officer of the Inquisition; circumstance which may explain his being present at Vivaldi's examination, but by no means his interference with it, against the pleasure of the Grand Inquisitor. The latter certainly would neither have been surprised at the presence of one of his own officials, nor overawed by his deportment; since the one was a point of ordinary duty, and the other must have been accounted as an impertinence. It may be added also, that there is no full or satisfactory reason assigned for the fell and unpitying hostility of Zampari to Schedoni, and that the reasons which can be gathered are inadequate and trivial.

We may notice an instance of even greater negligence, in the passages respecting the ruined palace of the Barone di Cambrusca, where the imperfect tale of horror hinted at by a peasant, the guide of Schedoni, appears to jar upon the galled conscience of the monk, and induces the reader to expect a train of important consequences. Unquestionably, the ingenious authoress had meant this half-told tale to correspond with some particulars in the proposed developement of the story, which having been finished more hastily, or in a different manner from what she intended, she had, like a careless knitter, neglected to take up her "loose stitches." It is, however, a baulking of the reader's imagination, which authors in this department would do well to guard against. At the same time, critics are bound in mercy to remember, how much more easy it is to devise a complicated chain of interest, than to disentangle it with perfect felicity. Dryden, it is said, used to curse the inventors of fifth acts in the drama, and romance-writers owe no blessings to the memory of him who devised explanatory chapters.

We have been told, that in this beautiful romance, the customs and rules of the Inquisition have been violated; a charge more easily made than proved, and which, if true, is of minor importance, because its mode is happily but little known to us. It is matter of more obvious criticism, and therefore a greater error, that the scraps of Italian language introduced to give locality to the scene, are not happily chosen, and savour of affectation. But if Mrs. Radcliffe did not intimately understand the language and manners of Italy, the following extract may prove how well she knew how to paint Italian scenery, which she could only have seen in the pictures of Claude or Poussin.

"These excursions sometimes led to Puzzuoli, Baia, or the woody cliffs of Pausilippo; and as, on their return, they glided along the moonlight bay, the melodies of Italian strains seemed to give enchantment to the scenery of its shore. At this cool hour the voices of the vine-dressers were frequently heard in trio, as they reposed, after the labour of the day, on some pleasant promontory, under the shade of poplars; or the brisk music of the dance from fishermen, on the margin of the waves below. The boatmen rested on their oars, while their company listened to voices modulated by sensibility to finer eloquence, than it is in the power of art alone to display; and at others, while they observed the airy natural grace, which distinguishes the dance of the fishermen and peasant girls of Naples. Frequently, as they glided round a promontory, whose shaggy masses impended far over the sea, such magic scenes of beauty unfolded, adorned by these dancing groups on the bay beyond, as no pencil could do justice to. The deep clear waters reflected every image of the landscape; the cliffs, branching into wild forms, crowned with groves, whose rough foliage often spread down their steeps in picturesque luxuriance; the ruined villa, on some bold point, peeping through the trees; peasants' cabins hanging on the precipices, and the dancing figures on the strand—all touched with the silvery tint and soft shadows of moonlight. On the other hand, the sea, trembling with a long line of radiance, and showing in the clear distance the sails of vessels stealing in every direction along its surface, presented a prospect as grand as the landscape was beautiful." There are other descriptive passages, which, like those in *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, approach more nearly to the style of Salvator Rosa.

The Italian was received with as much ardour as Mrs. Radcliffe's two previous novels, and it was from no coldness on the part of the public, that, like an actress in full possession of applauded powers, she chose to retreat from the stage in the blaze of her fame. After publication of *The Italian*, in 1797, the public were not favoured with any more of Mrs. Radcliffe's publications.

We are left in vain to conjecture the reasons, which, for more than twenty years, condemned an imagination so fertile, so far as the public were concerned, to sterility. The voice of unfriendly criticism, always as sure an attendant upon merit as envy herself, may perhaps have intimidated the gentleness of her character; or Mrs. Radcliffe, as frequently happens, may have been disgusted at seeing the mode of composition, which she had brought into fashion, profaned by the host of servile imitators, who could only copy and render more prominent her defects, without aspiring to her merits. But so steadily did she keep her resolution, that for more than twenty years the name of Mrs. Radcliffe was never mentioned, unless with reference to her former productions, and in general (so retired was the current of her life) there was a belief that Fate had removed her from the scene.

Notwithstanding her refraining from publication, it is impossible to believe that an imagination so strong, supported by such ready powers of expression, should have remained inactive during so long a period; but the manuscripts on which she was occasionally employed have as yet been withheld from the public. We have reason to believe, that arrangements were at one time almost concluded between Mrs. Radcliffe and a highly respectable publishing-house, respecting a poetical romance, but were broken off in consequence of the author changing or delaying her intention of publication. It is to be hoped, that the world will not be ultimately deprived of what undoubtedly must be the source of much pleasure whenever it shall see the light.

The tenor of Mrs. Radcliffe's private life seems to have been peculiarly calm and sequestered. She probably declined the sort of personal notoriety, which, in London society, usually attaches to persons of literary merit; and perhaps no author whose works were so universally read and admired, was so little personally known even to the most active of that class of people of distinction, who rest their peculiar pretensions to fashion upon the selection of literary society. Her estate was certainly not the less gracious; and it did not disturb Mrs. Radcliffe's domestic comforts, although many of her admirers believed, and some are not yet undeceived, that, in consequence of brooding over the terrors which she depicted, her reason had at length been overturned, and that the author of *The Mysteries of Udolpho* only existed as the melancholy inmate of a private mad-house. This report was generally spread, and so confidently repeated in print, as well as in conversation, that the Editor believed it for several years, until, greatly to his satisfaction, he learned from good authority that there neither was,

nor ever had been, the most distant foundation for this unpleasing rumour.

A false report of another kind gave Mrs. Radcliffe much concern. In Miss Seward's Correspondence, among the literary gossip of the day, it is roundly stated, that the *Plays upon the Passions* were Mrs. Radcliffe's, and that she owned them. Mrs. Radcliffe was much hurt at being reported capable of borrowing from the fame of a gifted sister; and the late Miss Seward would probably have suffered equally, had she been aware of the pain she inflicted by giving currency to a rumour so totally unfounded. The truth is, that, residing at a distance from the metropolis, and living upon literary intelligence as her daily food, Miss Seward was sometimes imposed upon by those friendly caterers, who were more anxious to supply her with the newest intelligence, than solicitous about its accuracy.

During the last twelve years of her life, Mrs. Radcliffe suffered from a spasmodic asthma, which considerably affected her general health and spirits. This chronic disorder took a more fatal turn upon the 9th of January 1822, and upon the 7th of February following, terminated the life of this ingenious and amiable lady, at her own house in London.

Mrs. Radcliffe, as an author, has the most decided claim to take her place among the favoured few, who have been distinguished as the founders of a class, or school. She led the way in a peculiar style of composition, affecting powerfully the mind of the reader, which has since been attempted by many, but in which no one has attained or approached the excellencies of the original inventor, unless perhaps the author of *The Family of Montorio*.

The species of romance which Mrs. Radcliffe introduced, bears nearly the same relation to the novel that the modern anomaly entitled a melo-drame does to the proper drama. It does not appeal to the judgment by deep delineations of human feeling, or stir the passions by scenes of deep pathos, or awaken the fancy by tracing out, with spirit and vivacity, the lighter traces of life and manners, or excite mirth by strong representations of the ludicrous or humorous. In other words, it attains its interest neither by the path of comedy nor of tragedy; and yet it has, notwithstanding, a deep, decided, and powerful effect, gained by means independent of *both*—by an appeal, in one word, to the passion of fear, whether excited by natural dangers, or by the suggestions of superstition. The force, therefore, of the production, lies in the delineation of external incident, while the characters of the agents, like the figures in many landscapes, are entirely subordinate to the scenes in which they are placed; and are *only* distinguished by such outlines as make them seem appropriate to the rocks and trees, which have been the artist's principal objects. The persons introduced,—and here also the correspondence holds betwixt the melo-drame and the romantic novel,—bear the features, not of individuals, but of the class to which they belong. A dark and tyrannical count; an aged crone of a housekeeper, the depositary of many a family legend; a garrulous waiting-maid; a gay and light-hearted valet; a villain or two of all-work; and a heroine, fulfilled with all perfections, and subjected to all manner of hazards, form the stock-in-trade of a romancer or a melo-dramatist; and if these personages be dressed in the proper costume, and converse in language sufficiently appropriate to their stations and qualities, it is not expected that the audience shall shake their sides at the humour of the dialogue, or weep over its pathos.

On the other hand, it is necessary that these characters, though not delineated with individual features, should be truly and forcibly sketched in the outline; that their dress and general appearance should correspond with and support the trick of the scene; and that their language and demeanour should either enhance the terrors amongst which they move, or form, as the action may demand, a strong and vivid contrast to them. Mrs. Radcliffe's powers of fancy were particularly happy in depicting such personages, in throwing upon them and their actions just enough of that dubious light which mystery requires, and in supplying them with language and manners which correspond with their situation and business upon the scene. We may take, as an example, the admirable description of the monk Schedoni.—"His figure was striking, but not so from grace; it was tall, and, though extremely thin, his limbs were large and uncouth, and as he stalked along, wrapt in the black garments of his order, there was something terrible in his air; something almost superhuman. His cowl, too, as it threw a shade over the livid paleness of his face, increased its severe character, and gave an effect to his large melancholy eye, which approached to horror. His was not the melancholy of a sensible and wounded heart, but apparently that of a gloomy and ferocious disposition. There was something in his physiognomy extremely singular, and that cannot easily be defined. It bore the traces of many passions, which seemed to have fixed the features they no longer animated. An habitual gloom and severity prevailed over the deep lines of his countenance; and his eyes were so piercing, that they seemed to penetrate, at a single glance, into the hearts of men, and to read their most secret thoughts; few persons could support their scrutiny, or even endure to meet them twice. Yet, notwithstanding all this gloom and austerity, some rare occasions of interest had called forth a character upon his countenance entirely different; and he could adapt himself to the tempers and passions of persons whom he wished to conciliate with astonishing facility, and generally with complete triumph. This monk, this Schedoni, was the confessor and secret adviser of the Marchesa di Vivaldi."

To draw such portraits as Schedoni's, and others which occur in Mrs. Radcliffe's novels, requires no mean powers; and although they belong rather to romance than to real life, the impression which they make upon the imagination is scarce lessened by the sense, that they are in some sort as fabulous as fairies or ogres. But when the public have been surprised into a universal burst of applause, it is their custom to indemnify themselves by a corresponding degree of censure; just as children, when tired of admiring a new play-thing, find a fresh and distinct pleasure in breaking it to pieces. Mrs. Radcliffe, who had afforded such general delight to the public, was not doomed to escape the common fate; and the criticism with which she was assailed, was the more invidious, that it was inflicted, in more than one case, by persons of genius, who followed the same pursuit with herself. It was the cry at the period, and has sometimes been repeated since, that the romances of Mrs. Radcliffe, and the applause with which they were received, were evil signs of the times, and argued a great and increasing degradation of the public taste, which, instead of banqueting as heretofore upon scenes of passion, like those of Richardson, or of life and manners, as in the pages of Smollett and Fielding, was now coming back to the fare of the nursery, and gorged upon the wild and improbable fictions of an overheated imagination. There might be some truth in this, if it were only applied to the crowd of copyists who came forward in imitation of Mrs. Radcliffe, and assumed her magic wand, without having the power of wielding it with effect. No author can be arraigned for the deficiencies of those who servilely copy his style, and, following their original as the shadow follows the substance, present an obscure, distorted, and indistinct outline of what is in itself clear, precise, and distinct. But the inferiority of this servile race is much more like to put the particular style they imitate out of fashion, than to engraft its peculiarities upon the public taste.

When applied to Mrs. Radcliffe herself, the tone of criticism which we allude to will, when justly examined, be found to rest chiefly on that depreciating spirit, which would undermine the fair fame of an accomplished writer, by showing that she does not possess the excellencies proper to a style of composition totally different from that which she has attempted. The question is neither, whether the ro-

mances of Mrs. Radcliffe possess merits which her plan did not require, nay, almost excluded; nor whether hers is to be considered as a department of fictitious composition, equal in dignity and importance to those where the great ancient masters have long pre-occupied the ground. The real and only point is, whether, considered as a separate and distinct species of writing, that introduced by Mrs. Radcliffe produces merit, and affords pleasure; for, these premises being admitted, it is as unreasonable to complain of the absence of advantages foreign to her style and plan, and proper to those of another mode of composition, as to regret that the peach-tree does not produce grapes, or the vine peaches. A glance upon the face of nature is, perhaps, the best cure for this unjust and unworthy system of criticism. We there behold, that not only each star differs from another in glory, but that there is spread over the face of Nature a boundless variety; and that as a thousand different kinds of shrubs and flowers, not only have beauties independent of each other, but are more delightful from that very circumstance than if they were uniform, so the fields of literature admit the same variety; and it may be said of the Muse of Fiction, as well as of her sisters,

Mille habet ornatus, mille decenter habet.

It may be stated, to the additional confusion of such hypercritics as we allude to, that not only does the infinite variety of human tastes require different styles of composition for their gratification; but if there were to be selected one particular structure of fiction, which possesses charms for the learned and unlearned, the grave and gay, the gentleman and the clown, it would be, perhaps, that of those very romances which the severity of their criticism seeks to depreciate. There are many men too mercurial to be delighted by Richardson's beautiful, but protracted display of the passions; and there are some too dull to comprehend the wit of Le Sage, or too saturnine to relish the nature and spirit of Fielding; and yet these very individuals will with difficulty be divorced from *The Romance of the Forest*, or *The Mysteries of Udolpho*; for curiosity and a lurking love of mystery, together with a germ of superstition, are more general ingredients in the human mind, and more widely diffused through the mass of humanity, than either genuine taste for the comic, or true feeling of the pathetic. The unknown author of *The Pursuits of Literature*, who, in respect to common tales of terror,

"beats an English heart,
Unused at ghosts or rattling bones to start,"

acknowledges, nevertheless, the legitimate character of Mrs. Radcliffe's art, and pays no mean tribute to her skill. Of some sister novelist he talks with slight regard. "Though all of them are ingenious ladies, yet they are too frequently whining and frisking in novels, till our girls' heads turn wild with impossible adventures; and now and then are tainted with democracy. Not so the mighty magician of *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, bred and nourished by the Florentine muses in their secret solitary caverns, amid the paler shrines of Gothic superstition, and in all the dreariness of enchantment; a poetess whom Ariosto would with rapture have acknowledged, as,

——— 'La nudrita
Damigella Trivulzia al sacro speco.' "—O. F. c. xlvi.

Mrs. Radcliffe was not made acquainted with this high compliment till long after the satire was published; and its value was enhanced by the author's general severity of judgment, and by his perfect acquaintance with the manners and language of Italy, in which she had laid her scene.

It is further to be observed, that the same class of critics who ridiculed these romances as unnatural and improbable, were disposed to detract from the genius of the author on account of the supposed facility of her task. Art or talent, they said, was not required to produce that sort of interest and emotion, which is perhaps, after all, more strongly excited by a vulgar legend of a village ghost, than by the high painting and laboured descriptions of Mrs. Radcliffe. But this criticism is not much better founded than the former. The feelings of suspense and awful attention which she excites, are awakened by means of springs which lie open indeed to the first touch, but which are peculiarly liable to be worn out by repeated pressure. The public soon, like Macbeth, become satiated with horrors, and indifferent to the strongest *stimuli* of that kind. It shows, therefore, the excellence and power of Mrs. Radcliffe's genius, that she was able three times to bring back her readers with fresh appetite to a banquet of the same description; while of her numerous imitators, who rang the changes upon old castles and forests, and "antres dire," scarcely one attracted attention, until Mr. Lewis published his *Monk*, several years after she had resigned her pen.

The materials of these celebrated romances, and the means employed in conducting the narrative, are all selected with a view to the author's primary object, of moving the reader by ideas of impending danger, hidden guilt, supernatural visitings,—by all that is terrible, in short, combined with much that is wonderful. For this purpose, her scenery is generally as gloomy as her tale, and her personages are those at whose frown that gloom grows darker. She has uniformly selected the south of Europe for her place of action, whose passions, like the weeds of the climate, are supposed to attain portentous growth under the fostering sun; which abounds with ruined monuments of antiquity, as well as the more massive remnants of the middle ages; and where feudal tyranny and Catholic superstition still continue to exercise their sway over the slave and bigot, and to indulge to the haughty lord, or more haughty priest, that sort of despotic power, the exercise of which seldom fails to deprave the heart, and disorder the judgment. These circumstances are skilfully selected, to give probability to events which could not, without great violation of truth, be represented as having taken place in England. Yet, even with the allowances which we make for foreign minds and manners, the unterminating succession of misfortunes which press upon the heroine, strikes us as unnatural. She is continually struggling with the tide of adversity, and hurried downwards by its torrent; and if any more gay description is occasionally introduced, it is only as a contrast, and not a relief, to the melancholy and gloomy tenor of the narrative.

In working upon the sensations of natural and superstitious fear, Mrs. Radcliffe has made much use of obscurity and suspense, the most fertile source perhaps, of sublime emotion; for there are few dangers that do not become familiar to the firm mind, if they are presented to consideration as certainties, and in all their open and declared character; whilst, on the other hand, the bravest have shrunk from the dark and the doubtful. To break off the narrative, when it seemed at the point of becoming most interesting—to extinguish a lamp just when a parchment containing some hideous secret ought to have been read—to exhibit shadowy forms and half-heard sounds of wo, are resources which Mrs. Radcliffe has employed with more effect than any other writer of romance. It must be confessed, that in order to bring about these situations, some art or contrivance, on the part of the author, is rather too visible. Her heroines voluntarily expose themselves to situations, which in nature a lonely female would certainly have avoided. They are too apt to choose the midnight hour for investigating the mysteries of a deserted chamber or secret passage, and generally are only supplied with an expiring lamp, when about to read the most interesting documents. The simplicity of the tale is thus somewhat injured—it is as if we witnessed a dressing up of the very phantom by which we are to be startled; and the imperfection, though redeemed by many beauties, did not escape the censure of criticism.

A principal characteristic of Mrs. Radcliffe's romances, is the rule which the author imposed upon herself, that all the circumstances of her narrative,

however mysterious, and apparently superhuman, were to be accounted for on natural principles, at the winding up of the story. It must be allowed, that this has not been done with uniform success, and that the author has been occasionally more successful in exciting interest and apprehensions, than in giving either interest or dignity of explanation to the means she has made use of. Indeed, we have already noticed, as the torment of romance-writers, those necessary evils, the concluding chapters, when they must unravel the skein of adventures which they have been so industrious to perplex, and account for all the incidents which they have been at so much pains to render unaccountable. Were these great magicians, who deal in the wonderful and fearful, permitted to dismiss their spectres as they raise them, amidst the shadowy and indistinct light so favourable to the exhibition of phantasmagoria, without compelling them into broad daylight, the task were comparatively easy, and the fine fragment of *Sir Bertrand* might have rivals in that department. But the modern author is not permitted to escape in that way. We are told of a formal old judge before whom evidence was tendered, of the ghost of a murdered person having declared to a witness, that the prisoner at the bar was guilty: the judge admitted the evidence of the spirit to be excellent, but denied his right to be heard through the mouth of another, and ordered the spectre to be summoned into open court. The public of the current day deal as rigidly, in moving for a *quo warranto* to compel an explanation from the story-teller; and the author must either at once represent the knot as worthy of being severed by supernatural aid, and bring on the stage his actual fiend or ghost, or, like Mrs. Radcliffe, explain by natural agency the whole marvels of his story.

We have already, in some brief remarks on *The Castle of Otranto*, avowed some preference for the more simple mode, of boldly avowing the use of supernatural machinery. Ghosts and witches, and the whole tenets of superstition, having once, and at no late period, been matter of universal belief, warranted by legal authority, it would seem no great stretch upon the reader's credulity to require him, while reading of what his ancestors did, to credit for the time what those ancestors devoutly believed in. And yet, notwithstanding the success of Walpole and Maturin, (to whom we may add the author of *Forman*,) the management of such machinery must be acknowledged a task of a most delicate nature. "There is but one step," said Bonaparte, "betwixt the sublime and the ridiculous;" and in an age of universal incredulity, we must own it would require, at the present day, the support of the highest powers, to save the supernatural from slipping into the ludicrous. The *Incredulus odi* is a formidable objection.

There are some modern authors, indeed, who have endeavoured, ingeniously enough, to compound betwixt ancient faith and modern incredulity. They have exhibited phantoms, and narrated prophecies strangely accomplished, without giving a defined or absolute opinion, whether these are to be referred to supernatural agency, or whether the apparitions were produced (no uncommon case) by an overheated imagination, and the presages apparently verified by a casual, though singular, coincidence of circumstances. This is, however, an evasion of the difficulty, not a solution; and besides, it would be leading us too far from the present subject, to consider to what point the author of a fictitious narrative is bound by his charter to gratify the curiosity of the public, and whether, as a painter of actual life, he is not entitled to leave something in shade, when the natural course of events conceals so many incidents in total darkness. Perhaps, upon the whole, this is the most artful mode of terminating such a tale of wonder, as it forms the means of compounding with the taste of two different classes of readers; those who, like children, demand that each particular circumstance and incident of the narrative shall be fully accounted for; and the more imaginative class, who, resembling men that walk for pleasure through a moonlight landscape, are more teased than edified by the intrusive minuteness with which some well-meaning companion disturbs their reveries, divesting stock and stone of the shadowy semblances in which fancy had dressed them, and pertinaciously restoring to them the ordinary forms and commonplace meanness of reality.

It may indeed be claimed as meritorious in Mrs. Radcliffe's mode of expounding her mysteries, that it is founded in impossibilities. Many situations have occurred, highly tinctured with romantic incident and feeling, the mysterious obscurity of which has afterwards been explained by deception and confederacy. Such have been the impostures of superstition in all ages, and such delusions were also practised by the members of the Secret Tribunal, in the middle ages, and in more modern times by the Rosicrucians and Illuminati, upon whose machinations Schiller has founded the fine romance of *The Ghost Seer*. But Mrs. Radcliffe has not had recourse to so artificial a solution. Her heroines often sustain the agony of fear, and her readers that of suspense, from incidents which, when explained, appear of an ordinary and trivial nature; and in this we do not greatly applaud her art. A stealthy step behind the arras, may doubtless, in some situations, and when the nerves are tuned to a certain pitch, have no small influence upon the imagination; but if the conscious listener discovers it to be only the noise made by the cat, the solemnity of the feeling is gone, and the visionary is at once angry with his senses for having been cheated, and with his reason for having acquiesced in the deception.* We fear that some such feeling of disappointment and displeasure attends most readers, when they read for the first time the unsatisfactory solution of the mysteries of the black pall and the wax figure, which has been adjourned from chapter to chapter, like something suppressed, because too horrible for the ear.

There is a separate inconvenience attending a narrative where the imagination has been long kept in suspense, and is at length imperfectly gratified by an explanation falling short of what the reader has expected; for, in such a case, the interest terminates on the first reading of the volumes, and cannot, so far as it rests upon a high degree of excitation, be recalled upon a second perusal. A plan of narrative, happily complicated and ingeniously resolved, continues to please after many readings; for, although the interest of eager curiosity is no more, it is supplied by the rational pleasure, which admires the author's art, and traces a thousand minute passages, which render the catastrophe probable, yet escape notice in the eagerness of a first perusal. But it is otherwise, when some inadequate cause is assigned for a strong emotion; the reader feels tricked, and as in the case of a child who has once seen the scenes of a theatre too nearly, the idea of pasteboard, cords, and pulleys, destroys for ever the illusion with which they were first seen from the proper point of view. Such are the difficulties and dilemmas which attend the path of the professed story-teller, who, while it is expected of him that his narrative should be interesting and extraordinary, is neither permitted to explain its wonders, by referring them to ordinary causes, on account of their triteness, nor to supernatural agency, because of its incredibility. It is no wonder that, hemmed in by rules so strict, Mrs. Radcliffe, a mistress of the art of exciting curiosity, has not been uniformly fortunate in the mode of gratifying it.

The best and most admired specimen of her art, is the mysterious disappearance of Ludovico, after having undertaken to watch for a night in a haunted apartment; and the mind of the reader is finely wound up for some strange catastrophe, by the admirable ghost-story which he is represented as perusing to amuse his solitude, as the scene closes upon him. Neither can it be denied, that the explanation afforded of this mysterious incident is as probable as romance requires, and in itself completely satis-

* By a singular coincidence, the late lamented author of *Don Juan* has introduced this very idea into the last canto of that poem.

factory. As this is perhaps the most favorable example of Mrs. Radcliffe's peculiar skill in composition, the incidents of the black veil and the waxen figure, may be considered as instances where the explanation falls short of expectation, and disappoints the reader entirely. On the other hand, her art is at once, according to the classical precept, exerted and concealed in the beautiful and impressive passage, where the Marchesa is in the choir of the convent of San Nicolo, contriving with the atrocious Schedoni the murder of Ellena.

"'Avoid violence, if that be possible,' she added, immediately comprehending him, 'but let her die quickly! The punishment is due to the crime.'

"The Marchesa happened, as she said this, to cast her eyes upon the inscription over a confessional, where appeared, in black letters, these awful words, '*Gen hears thee!*' It appeared an awful warning: her countenance changed; it had struck upon her heart. Schedoni was too much engaged by his own thoughts to observe, or understand her silence. She soon recovered herself: and, considering that this was a common inscription for confessionals, disregarded what she had at first considered as a peculiar admonition: yet some moments elapsed before she could renew the subject.

"'You were speaking of a place, father,' resumed the Marchesa—'you mentioned a——'

"'Ay,' muttered the confessor, still musing—'in a chamber of that house there is——'

"'What noise is that?' said the Marchesa, interrupting him. They listened. A few low and querulous notes of the organ sounded at a distance, and stopped again.

"'What mournful music is that?' said the Marchesa, in a faltering voice; 'it was touched by a fearful hand! Vespers were over long ago?'

"'Daughter,' said Schedoni, somewhat sternly, 'you said you had a man's courage. Alas! you have a woman's heart.'

"'Excuse me, father; I know not why I feel this agitation, but I will command it.—That chamber?'

"'In that chamber,' resumed the confessor, 'is a secret door, constructed long ago.'

"'And for what purpose constructed?' said the fearful Marchesa.

"'Pardon me, daughter; 'tis sufficient that it is there: we will make a good use of it. Through that door—in the night—when she sleeps——'

"'I comprehend you,' said the Marchesa, 'I comprehend you. But why,—you have your reasons, no doubt,—but why the necessity of a secret door in a house which you say is so lonely—inhabited by only one person?'

"'A passage leads to the sea,' continued Schedoni, without replying to the question. 'There, on the shore, when darkness covers it; there, plunged amidst the waves, no stain shall hint of——'

"'Hark!' interrupted the Marchesa, starting, 'that note again!'

"The organ sounded faintly from the choir, and paused, as before. In the next moment, a slow chanting of voices was heard, mingling with the rising peal, in a strain particularly melancholy and solemn.

"'Who is dead?' said the Marchesa, changing countenance; 'it is a requiem!'

"'Peace be with the departed!' exclaimed Schedoni, and crossed himself; 'peace rest with his soul!'

"'Hark! to that chaunt,' said the Marchesa, in a trembling voice; 'it is a first requiem; the soul has but just quitted the body!'

"They listened in silence. The Marchesa was much affected; her complexion varied at every instant; her breathings were short and interrupted, and she even shed a few tears, but they were those of despair, rather than of sorrow."

Mrs. Radcliffe's powers, both of language and description, have been justly estimated very highly. They bear, at the same time, considerable marks of that warm, and somewhat exuberant imagination, which dictated her works. Some artists are distinguished by precision and correctness of outline, others by the force and vividness of their colouring; and it is to the latter class that this author belongs. The landscapes of Mrs. Radcliffe are far from equal in accuracy and truth to those of her contemporary, Mrs. Charlotte Smith, whose sketches are so very graphical, that an artist would find little difficulty in actually painting from them. Those of Mrs. Radcliffe, on the contrary, while they would supply the most noble and vigorous ideas, for producing a general effect, would leave the task of tracing a distinct and accurate outline to the imagination of the painter. As her story is usually enveloped in mystery, so there is, as it were, a haze over her landscapes, softening indeed the whole, and adding interest and dignity to particular parts, and thereby producing every effect which the author desired, but without communicating any absolutely precise or individual image to the reader. The beautiful description of the Castle of Udolpho, upon Emily's first approach to it, is of this character. It affords a noble subject for the pencil: but were six artists to attempt to embody it upon canvass, they would probably produce six drawings entirely dissimilar to each other, yet all of them equally authorised by the printed description, which, although a long one, is so beautiful a specimen of Mrs. Radcliffe's peculiar talents, that we do not hesitate to insert it.

"Towards the close of the day, the road wound into a deep valley. Mountains, whose shaggy steeps appeared to be inaccessible, almost surrounded it. To the east, a vista opened, and exhibited the Appennines in their darkest horrors; and the long perspective of retiring summits rising over each other, their ridges clothed with pines, exhibited a stronger image of grandeur, than any that Emily had yet seen. The sun had just sunk below the top of the mountains she was descending, whose long shadow stretched athwart the valley, but his slanting rays, shooting through an opening of the cliffs, touched with a yellow gleam the summits of the forest that hung upon the opposite steeps, and streamed in full splendour upon the towers and battlements of a castle that spread its extensive ramparts along the brow of a precipice above. The splendour of these illumined objects was heightened by the contrasted shade which involved the valley below.

"'There,' said Montoni, speaking for the first time in several hours, 'is Udolpho.'

"Emily gazed with melancholy awe upon the castle, which she understood to be Montoni's: for, though it was now lighted up by the setting sun, the Gothic greatness of its features, and its mouldering walls of dark gray stone, rendered it a gloomy and sublime object. As she gazed, the light died away on its walls, leaving a melancholy purple tint, which spread deeper and deeper, as the thin vapour crept up the mountain, while the battlements above were still tipped with splendour. From those, too, the rays soon faded, and the whole edifice was invested with the solemn duskiness of evening. Silent, lonely, and sublime, it seemed to stand the sovereign of the scene, and to frown defiance on all who dared to invade its solitary reign. As the twilight deepened, its features became more awful in obscurity, and Emily continued to gaze, till its clustering towers were alone seen rising over the tops of the woods, beneath whose thick shade the carriages soon after began to ascend.

"The extent and darkness of these tall woods awakened terrific images in her mind, and she almost expected to see banditti start up from under the trees. At length the carriages emerged upon a heathy rock, and soon after reached the castle gates, where the deep tone of the portal bell, which was struck upon to give notice of their arrival, increased the fearful emotions that had assailed Emily. While they waited till the servant within should come to open the gates, she anxiously surveyed the edifice; but the gloom that overspread it, allowed her to distinguish little more than a part of its outline, with the massy walls of the ramparts, and to know that it was vast, ancient, and dreary. From the parts she saw, she judged of the heavy strength and extent of the whole. The gateway before her, leading into the courts, was of gigantic size, and was de-

flanked by two round towers, crowned by overhanging turrets, embattled, where, instead of banners, now waved long grass and wild plants, that had taken root among the mouldering stones, and which seemed to sigh, as the breeze rolled past, over the desolation around them. The towers were united by a curtain, pierced and embattled also, below which appeared the pointed arch of a huge portcullis, surmounting the gates: from these, the walls of the ramparts extended to other towers, overlooking the precipice, whose shattered outline, appearing on a gleam that lingered in the west, told of the ravages of war.—Beyond these all was lost in the obscurity of evening."

We think it interesting to compare this splendid and beautiful fancy-picture with the precision displayed by the same author's pencil, when she was actually engaged in copying nature, and probably the reader will be of opinion, that *Udolpho* is an exquisite effect-piece, *Hardwick* a striking and faithful portrait.

"Northward, beyond London, we may make one stop, after a country, not otherwise necessary to be noticed, to mention Hardwick, in Derbyshire, a seat of the Duke of Devonshire, once the residence of the Earl of Shrewsbury, to whom Elizabeth deputed the custody of the unfortunate Mary. It stands on an easy height, a few miles to the left of the road from Mansfield to Chesterfield, and is approached through shady lanes, which conceal the view of it, till you are on the confines of the park. Three towers of hoary gray then rise with great majesty among old woods, and their summits appear to be covered with the lightly shivered fragments of battlements, which, however, are soon discovered to be perfectly carved open work, in which the letters E. S. frequently occur under a coronet, the initials, and the memorials of the vanity, of Elizabeth, Countess of Shrewsbury, who built the present edifice. Its tall features, of a most picturesque tint, were finely disclosed between the luxuriant woods and over the lawns of the park, which every now and then let in a glimpse of the Derbyshire hills. The scenery reminded us of the exquisite descriptions of Harewood.

"The deep embowering shades, that veil Elfrida, and those of Hardwick, once veiled a form as lovely as the ideal graces of the poet, and conspired to a fate more tragical than that which Harewood witnessed.

"In front of the great gates of the castle court, the ground, adorned by old oaks, suddenly sinks to a darkly shadowed glade, and the view opens over the vale of Scarsdale, bounded by the wild mountains of the Peak. Immediately to the left of the present residence, some ruined features of the ancient one, enwreathed with the rich drapery of ivy, give an interest to the scene, which the later, but more historical structure, heightens and prolongs. We followed, not without emotion, the walk which Mary had so often trodden, to the folding-doors of the great hall, whose lofty grandeur, aided by silence, and seen under the influence of a lowering sky, suited the temper of the whole scene. The tall windows, which half subdue the light they admit, just allowed us to distinguish the large figures in the tapestry, above the oak wainscoting, and showed a colonnade of oak supporting a gallery along the bottom of the hall, with a pair of gigantic elk's horns flourishing between the windows opposite to the entrance. The scene of Mary's arrival, and her feelings upon entering this solemn shade, came involuntarily to the mind: the noise of horses' feet, and many voices from the court; her proud, yet gentle and melancholy look, as, led by my Lord Keeper, she passed slowly up the hall; his somewhat obsequious, yet jealous and vigilant air, while, awed by her dignity and beauty, he remembers the terrors of his own queen; the silence and anxiety of her maids, and the bustle of the surrounding attendants.

"From the hall, a staircase ascends to the gallery of a small chapel in which the chairs and cushions used by Mary still remain, and proceeds to the first story, where only one apartment bears memorials of her imprisonment, the bed, tapestry, and chairs, having been worked by herself. This tapestry is richly embossed with emblematic figures, each with its title worked above it, and, having been scrupulously preserved, is still entire and fresh.

"Over the chimney of an adjoining dining-room, to which, as well as to other apartments on this floor, some modern furniture has been added, is this motto, carved in oak:—

"'There is only this: To fear God, and keep his Commandments.' So much less valuable was timber than workmanship, when this mansion was constructed, that, where the stair-cases are not of stone, they are formed of solid oaken steps, instead of planks; such is that from the second, or state story, to the roof, whence, on clear days, York and Lincoln Cathedrals are said to be included in the extensive prospect. This second floor is that which gives its chief interest to the edifice. Nearly all the apartments of it were allotted to Mary; some of them for state purposes; and the furniture is known by other proof than its appearance, to remain as she left it. The chief room, or that of audience, is of uncommon loftiness, and strikes by its grandeur, before the veneration and tenderness arise, which its antiquities, and the plainly told tale of the sufferings they witnessed, excite."*

The contrast of these two descriptions will satisfy the reader, that Mrs. Radcliffe knew as well how to copy nature, as when to indulge imagination. The towers of Udolpho are undefined, boundless, and wreathed in mist and obscurity; the ruins of Hardwick are as fully and boldly painted, but with more exactness of outline, and perhaps less warmth and magnificence of colouring.

It is singular, that though Mrs. Radcliffe's beautiful descriptions of foreign scenery, composed solely from the materials afforded by travellers, collected and embodied by her own genius, were marked in a particular degree, (to our thinking at least,) with the characteristics of fancy-portraits; yet many of her contemporaries conceived them to be exact descriptions of scenes which she had visited in person. One report transmitted to the public by the Edinburgh Review, stated, that Mr. and Mrs. Radcliffe had visited Italy, that Mr. Radcliffe had been attached to one of the British Embassies in that country; and that it was there his gifted consort imbibed the taste for picturesque scenery, for mouldering ruins, and for the obscure and gloomy anecdotes which tradition relates of their former inhabitants. This is so far a mistake, as Mrs. Radcliffe was never in Italy; but we have already mentioned the probability of her having availed herself of the acquaintance she formed in 1793 with the magnificent scenery on the banks of the Rhine, and the frowning remains of feudal castles with which it abounds. The inaccuracy of the reviewer is of no great consequence; but a more absurd report found its way into print, that Mrs. Radcliffe, namely, having visited the fine old Gothic mansion of Haddon House, had insisted upon remaining a night there, in the course of which she had been inspired with all that enthusiasm for Gothic residences, hidden passages, and mouldering walls, which mark her writings. Mrs. Radcliffe, we are assured, never saw Haddon House; and although it was a place excellently worth her attention, and could hardly have been seen by her without suggesting some of those ideas in which her imagination naturally revelled, yet we should suppose the mechanical aid to invention—the recipe for fine writing—the sleeping in a dismantled and unfurnished old house, was likely to be rewarded with nothing but a cold, and was an affectation of enthusiasm to which Mrs. Radcliffe would have disdained to have recourse.

The warmth of imagination which Mrs. Radcliffe manifests, was naturally connected with an inclination towards poetry, and accordingly songs, sonnets, and pieces of fugitive verse, amuse and relieve the

* Journey through Holland and the Western Frontier of Germany, with a Return down the Rhine. To which are added, Observations during a Tour to the Lakes of Lancashire, Westmoreland, and Cumberland. By Ann Radcliffe. 4to 1795 Page 271.

reader in the course of her volumes. These are not, in this place, the legitimate subject of criticism; but it may be remarked, that they display more liveliness and richness of fancy, than correctness of taste, or felicity of expression. The language does not become pliant in Mrs. Radcliffe's hands; and, unconscious of this defect, she has attempted, nevertheless, to bend it into new structures of verse, for which the English is not adapted. The song of the glow-worm is an experiment of this nature. It must also be allowed, that the imagination of the author sometimes carries her on too fast, and that if she herself formed a competent and perfect idea of what she meant to express, she has sometimes failed to convey it to the reader. At other and happier times, her poetry partakes of the rich and beautiful colouring which distinguishes her prose composition, and has, perhaps, the same fault, of not being in every case quite precise in expressing the meaning of the author. The following address to Melancholy may be fairly selected as a specimen of her powers.

Spirit of love and sorrow—hail!
Thy solemn voice from far I hear,
Mingling with evening's dying gale:
Hail, with this sadly-pleasing tear!

O! at this still, this lonely hour,
Thine own sweet hour of closing day,
Awake thy lute, whose charmful power
Shall call up fancy to obey;

To paint the wild romantic dream,
That meets the poet's musing eye,
As on the bank of shadowy stream
He breathes to her the fervid sigh.

O lonely spirit! let thy song
Lead me through all thy sacred haunt;
The minister's moonlight aisles along,
Where spectres raise the midnight chaunt.

I hear their dirges faintly swell!
Then, sink at once in silence drear,
While, from the pillar'd cloister's cell,
Dimly their gliding forms appear.

Lead where the pine-woods wave on high,
Whose pathless sod is darkly seen,
As the cold moon, with trembling eye,
Darts her long beams the leaves between.

Lead to the mountains dusky head,
Where, far below, in shades profound,
Wide forests, plains, and hamlets spread,
And sad the chimes of vesper sound.

Or guide me where the dashing oar
Just breaks the stillness of the vale,
As slow it tracks the winding shore,
To meet the ocean's distant sail:

To pebbly banks that Neptune laves,
With measured surges, loud and deep,
Where the dark cliff bends o'er the waves,
And wild the winds of autumn sweep.

There pause at midnight's spectred hour,
And list the long-resounding gale:
And catch the fleeting moonlight's power,
O'er foaming seas and distant sail.

It cannot, we think, be denied, that we have here beautiful ideas expressed in appropriate versification; yet here, as in her prose compositions, the poetess is too much busied with external objects, too anxious to describe the outward accompaniments of melancholy, to write upon the feeling itself; and although the comparison be made at the expense of a favourite author, we cannot help contrasting the poetry we have just inserted, with a song, by Fletcher, on a similar subject.

PAN. (*Sings.*) Hence, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly!
There's nought in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see't,
But only melancholy!

Welcome, folded arms, and fixed eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that's fasten'd to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up without a sound!
Fountain heads, and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves!
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls!
A midnight bell, a parting groan!
These are the sounds we feed upon;
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley.
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.
The Nice Valour.

In these last verses the reader may observe, that the human feeling of the votary of Melancholy, or rather the pale passion itself, is predominant; that our thoughts are of, and with, the pensive wanderer; and that the "fountain heads and pathless groves," like the landscape in a portrait, are only secondary parts of the picture. In Mrs. Radcliffe's verses, it is different. The accessaries and accompaniments of melancholy are well described, but they call for so much of our attention, that the feeling itself scarce solicits due regard. We are placed among melancholy objects, but our sadness is reflected from the scene, it is not the growth of our own minds. Something like this may be observed in Mrs. Radcliffe's romances, where our curiosity is too much interested about the evolution of the story, to permit our feelings to be acted upon by the distresses of the hero or heroine. We do not acknowledge them as personal objects of our interest, and, convinced that the authoress will extricate them from their embarrassments, we are more concerned about the course of the story, than the feelings or fate of those of whom it is told.

But we must not take farewell of a favourite author with a depreciating sentiment. It may be true, that Mrs. Radcliffe rather walks in fairy-land than in the region of realities, and that she has neither displayed the command of the human passions, nor the insight into the human heart, nor the observation of life and manners, which recommend other authors in the same line. But she has taken the lead in a line of composition, appealing to those powerful and general sources of interest, a latent sense of supernatural awe, and curiosity concerning whatever is hidden and mysterious; and if she has been ever nearly approached in this walk, which we should hesitate to affirm, it is at least certain, that she has never been excelled, or even equalled.

We have been given to understand, we trust from good authority, that a posthumous work of Mrs. Radcliffe's is likely soon to make its appearance. Come when it will, and contain almost what it may it must be an acquisition to the public of no common interest.

ALAIN RENE LE SAGE.

WE must on the present, as on former occasions, commence our biographical sketch of this delightful author, with the vain regret, that we can say little of his private life which can possibly interest the public. The distinguished men of genius, whom, after death, our admiration is led almost to canonize, have the lot of the holy men, who, spending their lives in obscurity, poverty, and maceration, incur contempt, and perhaps persecution, to have shrines built for the protection of their slightest relics, when once they are no more. Like the life of so many of those who have contributed most largely to the harmless enjoyments of mankind, that of Le Sage was laborious, obscure, and supported with difficulty by the precarious reward of his literary exertions.

ALAIN RENE LE SAGE was born in a village near to the town of Vannes, in Britanny, about the year 1668. The profession of his father is not mentioned; but as he bequeathed some property to his son, he could not have been of the very lowest rank. Unfortunately he died early, and his son fell under the tutelage of an uncle, so careless of one of the most sacred duties of humanity, that he neglected alike the fortune and education of his ward. The latter defect was in a great measure supplied by the affection of the Pere Bochard of the order of the Jesuits, Principal of the College of Vannes, who, interested in the talents displayed by the young Le Sage, took pleasure in cultivating his taste for literature. Our author, however must have been late in attracting

Bochard's notice; for when he came to Paris in 1693, in his twenty-fifth year, his principal object was to prosecute his philosophical studies, with what ultimate view does not appear.

With good humour and liveliness, joined to youth, and, it is said, a remarkably handsome person, Le Sage soon felt the influence of the Parisian atmosphere, was much engaged in society, and distinguished by an intrigue with a woman of rank, who shared with him, as his biographer expresses it, her heart and fortune. How this amour terminated we are not told, but one of a better and more virtuous character succeeded. Le Sage became enamoured of a beautiful young woman, the daughter of a joiner in the Rue de la Mortellerie, married her, and, from that period, found his principal happiness in domestic affection. By this union he had three sons, whose fortunes we shall afterwards have occasion to mention, and a daughter, whose filial piety is said to have placed her sole occupation in contributing to the domestic enjoyment of her celebrated parent.

Le Sage continued after his marriage to frequent the circles of Paris, where literary men mingled as guests upon easy terms, and appears to have acquired several sincere and active friends, among whom the Abbe de Lyonne entitled himself not only to the author's personal gratitude, but to that of posterity. He settled upon Le Sage a pension of six hundred livres, and made him, besides, many valuable presents, yet served him much more essentially by directing his attention to Spanish literature, which he was afterwards so singularly to combine with that of his own country.*

Danchel, a man of some celebrity, engaged Le Sage in a translation of the *Letters of Aristenetus*, which he caused to be printed at Chartres, (though the title bears Rotterdam,) in 1695.

The particular circumstances of Spain had given a strong cast of originality to the character of their literature. The close neighbourhood of so many petty kingdoms, so frequently engaged in intestine wars, occasioned numerous individual adventures, which could not have taken place under any one established and extended government. The high romantic character of chivalry which was cherished by the natives, the vicinity of the Moors, who had imported with them the wild, imaginative, and splendid fictions of Araby the Blessed—the fierceness of the Spanish passions of love and vengeance, their thirst of honour, their unsparing cruelty,—placed all the materials of romance under the very eye of the author who wished to use them. If his characters were gigantic and overstrained in the conception, the writer had his apology in the temper of the nation where his scene was laid; if his incidents were extravagant and improbable, a country in which Castilians and Arragoneze, Spaniards and Moors, Mussulmans and Christians, had been at war for so many ages, could furnish historians with real events, which might countenance the boldest flights of the romance. And here it is impossible to avoid remarking, that the French, the gayest people in Europe, have formed their stage on a plan of declamatory eloquence, which all other nations have denounced as intolerable; while the Spaniard, grave, solemn, and stately, was the first to introduce in the theatre all the bustle of lively and complicated intrigue:—the flight and the escape, the mask and ladder of ropes, closets, dark-lanterns, trap-doors, and the whole machinery of constant and hurried action; and that with such a profusion of invention, that the Spanish stage forms a mine in which the dramatic authors of almost all other countries have wrought for ages, and are still working, with very slight chance either of failure or detection.

Le Sage was not slow in endeavouring to turn to his own advantage his acquaintance with the Spanish drama. He translated from the original of Don Francisco de Rojas, *Le Traitre Puni*. It was not acted, but printed in the year 1700. Another play, *Don Felix de Mendoce*, he translated from Lope de Vega; but this also remained unacted, and was not even printed, until the author published his *Theatre*, in 1739.

Le Point d'Honneur, another translation from the Spanish, was performed at the Theatre François, in 1702, without success. The satire turned upon the pedantic punctilios formerly annexed to the discussion of personal "dependencies," as they were called, when men quarrelled by the book, and arranged a rencontre according to the rules of logic. This fantastic humour, which, so early as the age of Shakspeare, and Beaumont and Fletcher, had been successfully ridiculed on the English stage, was probably rather too antiquated to be the subject of satire on that of Paris, in the beginning of the 18th century. *The Point of Honour* was only twice represented.

In 1707, *Don Cæsar Ursin*, a comedy, translated by Le Sage from the Spanish of Calderon, was acted and condemned at the Theatre Francois. To make the author some amends, the same audience received, with the most marked applause, the lively farce entitled *Crispin rival de son Maitre*, which Garrick introduced upon the English stage under the title of *Neck or Nothing*. It is uncommon for a dramatic author to be applauded and condemned for two different pieces in the same day; but Le Sage's destiny was even still more whimsical. *Don Cæsar*, we have said, was hissed in the city, and *Crispin* applauded. At a representation before the court, the judgment was reversed—the play was applauded, and the farce condemned without mercy. Time has confirmed the judgment of the Parisians, and annulled that of Versailles.

Le Sage made yet another essay on the regular stage, with his comedy of *Turcaret*, in which he has painted the odious yet ridiculous character of a financier, risen from the lowest order of society by tricks and usury, prodigal of his newly acquired wealth upon a false and extravagant mistress of quality, and refusing to contribute even to relieve the extreme necessity of his wife and near relations. As men of business, and a class so wealthy, the financiers have always possessed interest at court, and that interest seems to have been exerted with success to prevent so odious a personification of their body from appearing on the stage. The embargo was removed by an order of Monseigneur, dated 15th October, 1708. While the play was yet in his portfolio, Le Sage had an opportunity to show how little his temper was that of a courtier. He had been pressed to read his manuscript comedy at the Hotel de Bouillon, at the hour of noon, but was detained till two o'clock by the necessity of attending the decision of a law-suit in which he was deeply interested. When he at length appeared, and endeavoured to plead his excuse, the Dutchess of Bouillon received his apology with coldness, haughtily remarking, he had made the company lose two hours in waiting for his arrival.—"It is easy to make up the loss, madam," replied Le Sage; "I will not read my comedy, and you will thus regain the lost time." He left the hotel, and could never be prevailed on to return thither.

Turcaret was acted, and was successful, in spite of the cabal formed against it by the exertions of those concerned in the finances. The author, in imitation of Moliere, added a sort of dramatic criticism, in which he defended the piece against the censures which had been passed against it. The speakers in this critical interlude were Don Cleofas and the Diable Boiteux. They appeared on the stage as unseen spectators of the representation of *Turcaret*, and spoke between the acts, like the assistants in Ben Johnson's *Every Man out of his Humour*; the tendency of the dialogue being to exult in the author's success, and ridicule the cabal by which it had been assailed. We learn, in the course of their conversation, that besides all the friends of the author, and all his friends' friends, a guard of the police was necessary to restrain the zeal of the clerks and dependants of the financial department. Asmodeus maintains his character as a satirist, and pointing out to Don Cleofas a violent debate betwix

* So early as 1704, Le Sage understood the language so well as to give a translation of Avellaneda's *Continuation of Don Quixote* which gave so much offence to Cervantes.

the friends and enemies of the piece, observes, that as it became warm, the one party spoke worse of the piece than they thought, and the other thought less good of it than they uttered.

Turcaret seems the only original piece which Le Sage composed on the plan of the French regular comedy: and though it had great poignancy of satire, the principal character on which the whole turns, is almost too worthless and too wicked to be ridiculous, or truly comic. Indeed *Turcaret* is rendered so odious, that revenge was said to have held the pallet when the colours were mixed; and there was an unauthorized story at one time current, that Le Sage, deprived by a financier of a place in the revenue, had written this dramatic satire to be revenged upon the whole body of *Maltotiers*. The author, probably, was not without some offers of preferment, for he used to speak to his son of having *refused* situations in which others became rich, but where his conscience must have kept him poor—expressions too vague for a biographer to found any thing upon them, yet which seem to exclude the idea of his having held any employment under a farmer-general of the revenues. His connexion with the Theatre François, on which alone such regular pieces can be presented, was soon afterwards broken off. Le Sage had offered to them, in 1706, a small piece, in one act, called *La Tontine*; it was not acted until 1732; and though the cause is not precisely known, it is obvious that the rejection gave much offence to the author. Le Sage was also much provoked at the airs of superiority assumed by the performers towards the authors, and he has recorded his revenge by the unfavourable and ridiculous colours in which he has represented the theatrical profession in his romance.

The truth seems to be, that his former attempts were unsuccessful, because they were founded upon the Spanish plan of intrigue, in incident and situation, and were not therefore much valued by the Parisians, whom the excellent Moliere had accustomed to pieces of character and sentiment. *Turcaret* was indeed more in the taste of the age, and was accordingly better relished; but the scenes hang so loosely together, and the plot possesses so little interest of any kind, that it may be termed rather a dramatic satire than a proper comedy. On the whole, Le Sage's failure as a comic poet will not excite the surprise of those who may have patience to peruse his plays.

For the sake of connexion, we may trace Le Sage's dramatic career to a period with the greater brevity, that it contains but little to interest the reader. From the service of the established National Theatre, Le Sage transferred his pen to those minor establishments, termed *De la Foire*, which did not pretend, and, indeed, were not permitted, to offer to the public regular dramas, but only to act vaudevilles, or small light interludes set to music, and where the music was supposed to be the principal attraction.

These subordinate theatres were a refinement upon the puppet-shows and such like exhibitions, which used to be shown during the two great Fairs of St. Laurence and St. Germain; and it was under this colour that the manager and actors of the *Foire* endeavoured to elude the monopoly enjoyed by the Theatre François, and were alternately indulged or restricted in their privileges, as they were able to find protection at court. The sort of pieces represented at the *Foire* came at length to bear the name of the Comic Opera, of which Le Sage was the soul. He composed, either entirely, or with the assistance of his friends Dominique and Fuselier, no less than a hundred and upwards of these interludes, farces, and light pieces, which cost little effort to so inventive a genius, and which floated or sunk as popular opinion willed it, never omitting any opportunity which presented itself, to ridicule, parody, and satirize the *Romans*, for so the actors of the regular theatres were termed, in the cant language of the *Foire*. These exertions were attended with such a degree of profit, as, with the revenue arising from his other publications, enabled Le Sage, now the father of a family, to maintain himself and them in a calm and modest, but comfortable independence.

In 1721, the Comic Opera of the *Foire* was for a time suppressed. An attempt was made to continue the amusement, and elude the restriction, under different devices. For this purpose, Francisque, the manager, for whom Le Sage had long laboured, caused pieces, composed in monologue, to be acted on his stage. Le Sage and Fuselier, late the elder of Francisque, had recourse to another device; and acted their pieces as formerly, in music and dialogue, but by the intervention of puppets, instead of real actors—an idea which afterwards occurred to Fielding. These rival theatres carried on their several undertakings, in spite both of the comedians of the Theatre François, and of each other, and some satirical skirmishes passed between them. In *Arlequin Deucalion*, a piece in monologue, written by the celebrated Piron, Le Sage and his consort Fuselier are subjected to ridicule by the following *jeu de mots*: Punchinello is made to ask, "*Pourquoi le fol de temps en temps ne diroit-il pas des bonnes choses, puisque* LE SAGE *de temps en temps dit des si-mots vaises?*" In the same piece, Arlequin throws a pair of pistols into the sea, praying there might never more be word spoken "*de pistolets, de fusil, ni de* FUSELIER." Such jests break no bones, and probably discomposed our author's temper as little as they injured his reputation. The embargo was removed from the performances at the *Foire*, in the course of about two years, and our author resumed his ordinary labours in behalf of its theatre, which he continued so late as the year 1738, during which he produced three pieces, which were probably his last dramatic efforts, as he had then attained his seventieth year.

It has been said of Le Sage's works, that no writings are more generally and widely known, than those of his which are remembered, while none are so decidedly and utterly forgotten as those which have been consigned to neglect. All the slight dramas which we have noticed, as forming so great and essential a part of the labours of his life, fall under the latter class—many have never been printed, and of those which have issued from the press, very few are now read. Nothing can be more slight than their texture. The whim of the day—any remarkable accident—any popular publication, affords a hint for the story. The airs, like those of the *Beggar's Opera*, are founded on the common popular ballads and vaudevilles, and nothing is too trivial or absurd to be admitted into the dialogue. At the same time, there occur touches both of wit, nature, and humour; as how could it be otherwise in the slightest works of Le Sage? The French critics, who are indisputably the best judges, incline to think, judging from *Turcaret*, that he would have risen to eminence, had he continued to cultivate the regular comedy, instead of sinking into the miner and subordinate ranks of an occupation which he held in contempt, and which he probably thought could not be too slightly executed. Don Cleofas, in the *Critiques de Turcaret*, says to Asmodeus, as they survey the audience of the Theatre François, "*La belle assemblée! que de dames!*—ASMODEE. *Il y en auroit encore davantage, sans les spectacle de la Foire. La plupart des femmes y courent avec fureur. Je suis ravi de les voir dans le gout de leurs laquais et de leurs cochers.*"—Thus thought Le Sage originally of the dignity of those labours in which he was to spend his life, and the indifference with which he was contented to exercise his vocation, shows that his opinion of its importance was never enhanced. Goldoni, in circumstances nearly similar, created a national drama, and a taste for its beauties; but Le Sage was to derive an undying name from works of a different description.

We willingly leave consideration of these ephemeral and forgotten effusions of the moment, composed for the small theatre of the *Foire*, to speak of the productions which must afford delight and interest so long as human nature retains its present constitution. The first of these was *Le Diable Boiteux*, which Le Sage published in 1707. The title and

plan of the work were derived from the Spanish of Luiz Valez de Guevara, called *El Diablo Cojuelo*, and such satires on manners as had been long before written in Spain by Cervantes and others. But the fancy, the lightness, the spirit, the wit, and the vivacity of the *Diable Boiteux* were entirely communicated by the enchanting pen of the lively Frenchman. The plan of the work was in the highest degree interesting, and having, in its original concoction, at once a cast of the romantic and of the mystical, is calculated to interest and to attract by its own merit, as well as by the pleasing anecdotes and shrewd remarks upon human life, of which it forms, as it were, the frame-work and enchasing. The Mysteries of the Cabalists afforded a foundation for the story, which, grotesque as it is, was not in those times held to exceed the bounds of probable fiction; and the interlocutors of the scene are so happily adapted to the subjects of their conversation, that all they say and do has its own portion of natural appropriation.

It is impossible to conceive a being more fitted to comment upon the vices, and to ridicule the follies of humanity, than an *esprit follet* like Asmodeus, who is as much a decided creation of genius, in his way, as Ariel or Caliban. Without possessing the darker powers and propensities of a Fallen Angel, he presides over the vices and follies, rather than the crimes of mankind—is malicious, rather than malignant; and his delight is to gibe, and to scoff, and to tease, rather than to torture;—one of Satan's light infantry, in short, whose business is to goad, perplex, and disturb the ordinary train of society, rather than to break in upon and overthrow it. This character is maintained in all Asmodeus says and does, with so much spirit, wit, acuteness, and playful malice, that we never forget the fiend, even in those moments when he is very near becoming amiable as well as entertaining.

Don Cleofas, to whom he makes all his diverting communications, is a fiery young Spaniard, proud, high-spirited, and revengeful, and just so much of a libertine as to fit him for the company of Asmodeus. He interests us personally by his gallantry and generous sentiments; and we are pleased with the mode in which the grateful fiend provides for the future happiness of his liberator. Of these two characters neither is absolutely original. But the Devil of Guevara is a mere bottle-conjuror, who amuses the student by tricks of legerdemain, intermixed with strokes of satire, some of them very acute, but devoid of the poignancy of Le Sage. Don Cleofas is a more literal copy from the Spanish author. There is no book in existence, in which so much of the human character, under all its various shades and phases, is described in so few words, as in the *Diable Boiteux*. Every page, every line, bears marks of that sure tact and accurate developement of human weakness and folly, which tempt us to think we are actually listening to a Superior Intelligence, who sees into our minds and motives, and, in malicious sport, tears away the veil which we endeavour to interpose betwixt these and our actions. The satire of Le Sage is as quick and sudden as it is poignant; his jest never is blunted by anticipation; ere we are aware that the bow is drawn, the shaft is quivering in the very centre of the mark. To quote examples, would be to quote the work through almost every page; and, accordingly, no author has afforded a greater stock of passages, which have been generally employed as apothegms, or illustrations of human nature and actions; and no wonder, since the force of whole pages is often compressed in fewer words than another author would have employed sentences. To take the first example that comes: The fiends of Profligacy and Chicane contend for possession and direction of a young Parisian. Pillardoc would have made him a *commis*, Asmodeus a debauchee. To unite both their views, the infernal conclave made the youth a *monk*, and affected a reconciliation between their contending brethren. "We embraced," says Asmodeus, "and have been mortal enemies ever since." It is well observed by the late editor of Le Sage's works, that the traits of this kind, with which the *Diable Boiteux* abounds, entitle it, much more than the Italian scenes of Gherardi, to the title of the Grenier a Sel, conferred on the latter work by the sanction of Boileau. That great poet, nevertheless, is said to have been of a different opinion. He threatened to dismiss a valet whom he found in the act of reading the *Diable Boiteux*. Whether this proceeded from the peevishness of indisposition, under which Boileau laboured in 1707; whether he supposed the knowledge of human life, and all its chicanery, to be learned from Le Sage's satire, was no safe accomplishment for a domestic; or whether, finally, he had private or personal causes for condemning the work and the author, is not now known. But the anecdote forms one example, amongst the many, of the unjust estimation in which men of genius are too apt to hold their contemporaries.

Besides the power of wit and satire displayed in the *Diable Boiteux*, with so much brilliancy, there are passages in which the author assumes a more serious and moral tone; he sometimes touches upon the pathetic, and sometimes even approaches the sublime. The personification of death is of the latter character, until we come to the point where the author's humour breaks forth, and where, having described one of the terrific phantom's wings as painted with war, pestilence, famine, and shipwreck, he adorns the other with the representation of young physicians taking their degree.

To relieve the reader from the uniformity which might otherwise have attached to the hasty and brief sketches of what is only subjected to the eye, Le Sage has introduced several narratives in the Spanish taste, such as the History of the Count de Belflor, and the novel called the Force of Friendship. Cervantes had set the example of varying a long narrative, by the introduction of such novels, or *historiettes*. Scarron and others had followed the plan, but with less propriety than Le Sage, since it must be owned, that in a work of which the parts are so unconnected with each other, as in the *Diable Boiteux*, such relief is more appropriate than when the novel serves inartificially to interrupt the progress of a principal story.

The immediate popularity of the *Diable Boiteux* was increased at the time of publication, by the general belief that Le Sage, who lived so much in the world, and was so close an observer of what passed around him, had, under Spanish names, and with fictitious circumstances, recounted many Parisian anecdotes, and drawn many characters of the court and city. Some of these were immediately recognized. The spendthrift Dufresny (supposed to be a descendant of Henry IV. by his grandmother, a female called La Belle Jardiniere d'Anet) was recognized as the old bachelor of rank, who married his laundress, to get rid of her claim. The story of the German baroness, who curled her hair with the promise of marriage made to her by an ardent but imprudent lover, relates to a similar anecdote of the celebrated Ninon de L'Enclos. Baron, the celebrated actor, is the dramatic hero, who dreams that the gods had decreed him an apotheosis, by transforming him into a stage decoration. The celebrated Helvetius was generally supposed to be the original of the sage Sangrado; and doubtless other individuals of the faculty, which Le Sage, like Moliere, persecuted with his raillery, were also known. The satire of both authors flowed, perhaps, more freely, that each of them enjoyed a state of good health, which enabled them to set the faculty at defiance, and also because the professional recompense of physicians, on the continent, was so mean as to degrade their character in society, and subject them to all the ridicule which, since the days of Juvenal, has attached to learning in rags.

Besides the personal allusions which we have noticed, there are doubtless many others in the novel, which might be easily understood at the time; and the rage for private scandal probably carried the spirit of applying passages in the work to existing persons and circumstances, much further than the writer intended.

The popularity of the *Diable Boiteux* was unbounded at its first appearance, nor has it ever since been abated. The strongest proof of the ardour with which it was received, was, that two young men entering the same bookseller's shop, in which there chanced to be only one copy of the work, contested the possession of it by fighting upon the spot, and the victor having wounded his antagonist, carried off the volume as the prize of the field. Certainly this well-attested anecdote, to which the popularity of Asmodeus gave occasion, deserved to be recorded by the Demon himself. One Dancourt, also a dramatist, who supplied his deficiences of genius and invention by his promptitude in seizing every topic of popular interest, brought the subject of the *Diable Boiteux* on the stage, in two parts; the first of which ran for thirty-five nights, the second for seventy-two.

It only remains to be said of this celebrated moral satire, that nineteen years after it had appeared in a single volume, the author published it with augmentations, which increased the work to two. This addition had the usual fate of continuations, and was not, at the time, considered as equal to the original publication; but it would now be difficult to perceive any difference between them. The Dialogues of the Chimneys of Madrid, which were for the first time appended to the *Diable Boiteux*, in the new edition just mentioned, were more justly censured as inferior to that celebrated work. The personification itself is a very awkward one, and forms a singular contrast to the unrivalled contrivance by which Don Cleofas acquires the knowledge of the interior of the dwellings of men, and even of the secrets of their bosoms.

The three first volumes of *Gil Blas de Santillane*, comprehending the life of that most excellent person, down to his first retreat to Lirias, raised the fame of Le Sage to the highest pitch, and secured it upon an immovable basis. Few have ever read this charming book without remembering, as one of the most delightful occupations of their life, the time which they first employed in the perusal; and there are few also who do not occasionally turn back to its pages with all the vivacity which attends the recollection of early love. It signifies nothing at what time we have first encountered the fascination; whether in boyhood, when we were chiefly captivated by the cavern of the robbers, and other scenes of romance; whether in more advanced youth, but while our ignorance of the world yet concealed from us the subtle and poignant satire which lurks in so many passages of the work; whether we were learned enough to apprehend the various allusions to history and public matters with which it abounds, or ignorant enough to rest contented with the more direct course of the narration. The power of the enchanter over us is alike absolute, under all these circumstances. If there is anything like truth in Gray's opinion, that to lie upon a couch and read new novels was no bad idea of Paradise, how would that beatitude be enhanced, could human genius afford us another *Gil Blas!*

Le Sage's claim to originality, in this delightful work, has been idly, I had almost said ungratefully, contested by those critics, who conceive they detect a plagiarist wherever they see a resemblance in the general subject of a work, to one which has been before treated by an inferior artist. It is a favourite theme of laborious dulness, to trace out such coincidences; because they appear to reduce genius of the higher order to the usual standard of humanity, and, of course, to bring the author nearer a level with his critics. It is not the mere outline of a story—not even the adopting some details of a former author, which constitutes the literary crime of plagiarism. The proprietor of the pit from which Chantry takes his clay, might as well pretend a right in the figure into which it is moulded under his plastic fingers: and the question is in both cases the same—not so much from whom the original rude substance came, as to whom it owes that which constitutes its real merit and excellence.

It is therefore no disparagement to Le Sage, that long before his time there existed in other countries, and particularly in Spain, that species of fiction to which *Gil Blas* may be in some respects said to belong. There arises in every country a species of low or comic romance, bearing somewhat the same proportion to the grave or heroic romance, which farce bears to tragedy. Readers of all countries are not more, if indeed they are equally delighted, with the perusal of high deeds of war and chivalry, achieved by some hero of popular name, than with the exploits of some determined freebooter, who follows his illicit trade by violence, or of some notorious sharper, who preys upon society by address and stratagem. The lowness of such men's character, and the baseness of their pursuits, do not prevent their hazards, their successes, their failures, their escapes, and their subsequent fate, from being deeply interesting, not to the mere common people only, but to all who desire to read a chapter in the great book of human nature. We may use, though not in a moral sense, the oft-quoted phrase of Terence, and acknowledge ourselves interested in the tale, because *we* are *men*, and the events are *human*.

In Spain, many of their most ingenious men took pleasure in making studies from low life, as their countryman, Murillo, found the favourite subjects of his pencil among the sun-burnt gipsies, shepherds, and muleteers. Thus the character of the *Picaro*, or Adventurer, had been long a favourite subject in Spanish fiction. *Lazarillo de Tormes* had been written by Juan de Lund; the History of *Paul the Sharper*, by the celebrated Quevedo. Even Cervantes had touched upon such a subject in the novel of *Riconete and Cortadillo*, in which there are some scenes of low life drawn with all the force of his powerful pen. But *Guzman d'Alfarche* was the most generally known of any of the class, and had been long since translated into most European languages. If *Gil Blas*' history had a prototype among these Spanish stories, it must have probably been in that of Guzman; and some slight resemblance may be discovered betwixt some of the incidents; for instance, the circumstances in which Guzman is about to marry the daughter of a wealthy Genoese, and that of the excellent Don Raphael, in the house of Pedro de Moyadas. In like manner, the incident of that worthy assuming the dress of a dead hermit, is anticipated by Lazarillo de Tormes, in the second part of his History; and probably many other resemblances, or, if the reader pleases to call them so, plagiarisms, might be pointed out; for as the author furnished the plots of his dramatic pieces very often at the expense of the Spaniards, there is no probability that he would scruple to borrow from their romances whatever he found suitable to his own purpose.

There has been, indeed, an unauthenticated account of Le Sage having obtained possession of some manuscripts of Cervantes', which he had used liberally, and without acknowledgment, in the construction of his *Gil Blas*. A translation of Le Sage's novels into Spanish, bears also on the title page the vaunt, that this operation has restored them to the language in which they were originally written. But the styles of Cervantes and Le Sage are so essentially different, though each in itself is masterly, that, in the absence of positive evidence, one would as soon be induced to believe that the Frenchman wrote *Don Quixote*, as that the Spaniard composed *Gil Blas*. If Le Sage borrowed anything from Spain, excepting some general hints, such as we have noticed, it may have been some of the detached novels, which, as in the *Diable Boiteux*, are interwoven in the history, though with less felicity than in the earlier publication, where they do not interrupt the march of any principal narrative. On the other hand, it is no doubt wonderful, that merely by dint of acquaintance with Spanish literature, Le Sage should have become so perfectly intimate, as he is admitted to be on all hands, with the Spanish customs, manners, and habits, as to conduct his reader through four volumes without once betraying the secret, that the work was not composed by a native of Spain. Indeed, it is chiefly on this won-

derful observation of costume, and national manners, that the Spanish translator founds his reclamation of the work, as the original property of Spain. Le Sage's capacity of identifying himself with the child of his imagination, in circumstances in which he himself never was placed, though rare in the highest degree, is not altogether singular; De Foe, in particular, possessed it in a most extraordinary degree. It may be added, that this strict and accurate attention to costume is confined to externals, so far as the principal personage is concerned. Gil Blas, though wearing the Golillo, Capa, and Spada, with the most pure Castilian grace, thinks and acts with all the vivacity of a Frenchman, and displays, in many respects, the peculiar sentiments of one.

The last French editor of Le Sage's works thinks that *Gil Blas* may have had a prototype in the humorous but licentious *History of Francion*, written by the Sieur Moulinet de Parc. I confess I cannot see any particular resemblance which the *History of Gil Blas* has to that work, excepting that the scene of both lies chiefly in ordinary life, as may be said of the *Roman Comique* of Scarron. The whole concoction of *Gil Blas* appears to me as original, in that which constitutes the essence of a composition, as it is inexpressibly delightful.

The principal character, in whose name and with whose commentaries the story is told, is a conception which has never been equalled in fictitious composition, yet which seems so very real, that we cannot divest ourselves of the opinion that we listen to the narrative of one who has really gone through the scenes of which he speaks to us. Gil Blas' character has all the weaknesses and inequalities proper to human nature, and which we daily recognize in ourselves and in our acquaintance. He is not by nature such a witty sharper as the Spaniards painted in the characters of Paolo or Guzman, and such as Le Sage himself has embodied in the subordinate sketch of Scipio, but is naturally disposed towards honesty, though with a mind unfortunately too ductile to resist the temptations of opportunity or example. He is constitutionally timid, and yet occasionally capable of doing brave actions; shrewd and intelligent, but apt to be deceived by his own vanity; with wit enough to make us laugh with him at others, and follies enough to turn the jest frequently against himself. Generous, good-natured, and humane, he has virtues sufficient to make us love him, and as to respect, it is the last thing which he asks at his reader's hand. Gil Blas, in short, is the principal character in a moving scene, where, though he frequently plays a subordinate part in the action, all that he lays before us is coloured with his own opinions, remarks, and sensations. We feel the indrividuality of Gil Blas alike in the cavern of the robbers, in the episcopal palace of the Archbishop of Grenada, in the bureau of the minister, and in all the other various scenes through which he conducts us so delightfully, and which are, generally speaking, very slightly connected together, or rather no otherwise related to each other, than as they are represented to have happened to the same man. In this point of view, the romance is one which rests on character rather than incident; but although there is no main action whatsoever, yet there is so much incident in the episodical narratives, that the work can never be said to linger or hang heavy.

The son of the squire of Asturias is intrusted also with the magic wand of the *Diable Boiteux*, and can strip the gilding from human actions with the causticity of Asmodeus himself. Yet, with all this power of satire, the moralist has so much of gentleness and good humour, that it may be said of Le Sage, as of Horace, *Circum præcordia ludit*. All is easy and good humoured, gay, light, and lively; even the cavern of the robbers is illuminated with a ray of that wit with which Le Sage enlightens his whole narrative. It is a work which renders the reader pleased with himself and with mankind, where faults are placed before him in the light of follies rather than vices, and where misfortunes are so interwoven with the ludicrous, that we laugh in the very act of sympathizing with them. All is rendered diverting—both the crimes and the retribution which follows them. Thus, for example, Gil Blas, during his prosperity, commits a gross act of filial undutifulness and ingratitude; yet we feel, that the intermediation of Master Muscada the grocer, irritating the pride of a *parvenu*, was so exactly calculated to produce the effect which it operated, that we continue to laugh with and at Gil Blas, even in the sole instance in which he shows depravity of heart. And then, the lapidation which he undergoes at Oviedo, with the disappointment in all his ambitious hopes of exciting the admiration of the inhabitants of his birth-place, is received as an expiation completely appropriate, and suited to the offence. In short, so strictly are the pages of *Gil Blas* confined to what is amusing, that they might perhaps have been improved by some touches of a more masculine, stronger, and firmer line of morality.

It ought not to escape notice, that Le Sage, though, like Cervantes, he considers the human figures which he paints as his principal object, fails not to relieve them by exquisite morsels of landscape, slightly touched indeed, but with the highest keeping, and the most marked effect. The description of the old hermit's place of retreat may be given as an example of what we mean.

In the *History of Gil Blas* is also exhibited that art of fixing the attention of the reader, and creating, as it were, a reality even in fiction itself, not only by a strict attention to costume and locality, but by a minuteness, and at the same time a vivacity of narrative, comprehending many trifling circumstances which might be thought to have escaped every one's memory, excepting that of an actual eye-witness. By such a circumstantial detail, the author has rendered us as well acquainted with the four pavilions and *corps d logis* of Lirias, as if we had ourselves dined there with Gil Blas, and his faithful follower Scipio. The well-preserved tapestry, as old as the Moorish kingdom of Valencia, the old-fashioned damask chairs—that furniture of so little intrinsic value, which yet made, in its proper place, such a respectable appearance—the dinner, the siesta—all give that closing scene in the third volume such a degree of reality, and assure us so completely of the comfort and happiness of our pleasant companion, that the concluding chapters, in which the hero is dismissed, after his labours and dangers, to repose and happiness—these very chapters, which in other novels are glanced over as matter of course, are perhaps the most interesting in the *Adventures of Gil Blas*. Not a doubt remains on the mind of the reader concerning the continuance of the hero's rural felicity, unless he should happen (like ourselves) to feel some private difficulty in believing that the new cook from Valencia could ever rival Master Joachim's excellence, particularly in the matter of the ollapodrida, and the pig's ears marinated. Indeed, to the honour of that author be it spoken, Le Sage, excellent in describing scenes of all kinds, gives such vivacity to those which interest the *gastronome* in particular, that an epicure of our acquaintance used to read certain favourite passages regularly before dinner, with the purpose of getting an appetite like that of the Licentiate Sedillo, and, so far as his friends could observe, the recipe was always successful.

At this happy point the *Adventures of Gil Blas* originally closed; but the excessive popularity of the work induced the author to add the fourth volume, in which Gil Blas is again brought from his retreat, and of new involved in the perils of a court life. Besides that the author in some degree repeats himself—for Gil Blas' situation under the Conde D'Olivarez is just the counterpart to that which he held under the Duke of Lerma—the Continuation has the usual fault of such works, joins awkwardly with the original story, and is written evidently with less vigour and originality. Its reception from the public, according to a French critic, resembled the admiration given to a decaying beauty, whose features remain the same, though their freshness and brilliancy are abated by time.

Even after the death of Le Sage, it seemed as if his masterpiece was to give rise to as many Continuations as the *History of Amadis*. A spurious *History of Don Alphonzo Blas de Lirias, Son of Gil Blas of Santillane*, pretending to be a posthumous work of the original author, appeared at Amsterdam, and has been since reprinted.

In 1717, Le Sage published a translation, or rather a poor imitation, of Boiardo's *Orlando Inamorato*, which wild and imaginative poem he has degraded into a mere fairy tale, stripping it effectually of the magical colouring which it had received from the original writer. The author intended to have committed the same violence upon Ariosto's splendid epic, but fortunately the consummation of the rash attempt did not take place. The ingenious and lively Frenchman was as completely devoid of the rich poetical fancy of the Tuscan poet, as the language in which he wrote was inadequate to express the beauties of the Italian original.

Le Sage found a more congenial employment in compiling the *Adventures of the Chevalier de Beauchene*, a brave sea-officer, or rather corsair—the Paul Jones of that period, in the West Indian seas. He professed to have derived the materials of this work, which was never completed, from the widow of the Chevalier, who resided at Tours. La Sage has well supported the character of the frank, bold, half-civilized sailor, but apparently found the task troublesome, if we may judge from the numerous episodes which he has engrafted on the principal story. Probably the work did not become popular, for though a Continuation was in some degree promised, it never appeared. The *Chevalier de Beauchene* came out in 1732, and in the same year Le Sage published a translation, or rather an abridgement, of the *Adventures of Guzman d'Alfarache*, the most celebrated of the Spanish romances *à la picaresque*.

In 1734, Le Sage translated the *History of Vanillo Gonzales, called the Merry Bachelor*, from the Spanish of Vincentio Espinella.

Apparently those subordinate labours had renewed the author's taste for original composition. The *Bachelor of Salamanca* was his last work of this description; and although we can easily descry the flatness and insipidity which indicate the approach of age, and the decay of the finer powers of observation and expression, we are nevertheless ever and anon reminded of that genius which in its vigour produced *Gil Blas* and the *Diable Boiteux*. *The Bachelor of Salamanca* is, in comparison, a failure, but such as Le Sage alone could have committed; and many passages have all that raciness which distinguishes his happier productions. The scene, for example, in which Carambola is employed in reading to slumber the Member of the Council of the Indies, who unpitiably awakens at every instant when his reader stops to take a mouthful of refreshment, might have been told by Asmodeus himself. It must be owned that the scenes laid in Mexico have little merit of any kind. Le Sage had not the same accurate knowledge of the manners of New Spain, which he possessed respecting those of the mother country, and the account with which he presents us is in proportion flat and uninteresting. If it be true that Le Sage, jealous, like other old authors, of the earlier productions of his genius, preferred this work—the child of his old age, to his *Diable Boiteux* and *Gil Blas*, we can only say, that the same decay which is visible in his talents, must have also affected his taste, and that he certainly had not invoked the assistance of the acute Asmodeus when he formed his opinion.

After the *Bachelor of Salamanca*, Le Sage produced, in 1740, his last original work, *La Valise Trouvée*, which appeared anonymously in that year. His last labours thus approached the character of those with which he opened his career; for the *Valise Trouvée* consists of a miscellaneous collection of letters upon various subjects, resembling those of Aristenetus, translated by our author in 1695.

A lively Collection of Anecdotes and Witticisms, published in 1743, closed the long labours of this excellent author. They are told, with all the animation of his own particular humour, and we may suppose them to have been amassed in his portfolio, with the purpose of being one day amalgamated into a regular work, but given to the public in their present unconnected form, when age induced Le Sage, now in his 75th year, to lay aside his pen.

Having thus reviewed hastily the various literary labours of Le Sage, we have, in fact, nearly accomplished the history of his life, which appears to have been spent in the bosom of his family, and to have been diversified by no incident of peculiarity unconnected with his theatrical and literary engagements. His taste for retirement was, perhaps, increased by the infirmity of deafness, which attacked him so early as 1709, for he alludes to it in the critical interlude on the subject of *Turcaret*. Latterly, it increased so much, that he was under the necessity of constantly using a hearing-trumpet. His conversation was nevertheless so delightful, that when he went to his favourite coffee-house, in the Rue Saint Jacques, the guests formed a circle round him, nay, even mounted upon the seats and upon the tables, in order to catch the remarks and anecdotes which this celebrated observer of human nature could tell in society, with the same grace and effect with which he recorded them in his works.

Le Sage's circumstances, though very moderate, seem always to have been easy, and his domestic life was quiet and happy. Its tener was somewhat interrupted by the taste which carried upon the stage his eldest and youngest sons. Nothing could be more natural than that the theatrical art should have invincible charms for the sons of a dramatic author; but Le Sage, who had expressed the greatest contempt and dislike of that profession, which he had painted in the most ridiculous and odious colours, felt great pain from his sons' making choice of it, which probably was not lessened when the eldest obtained an honourable station among those very Romans of the Theatre François, with whom his father had waged for so many years a satirical war. This eldest son of Le Sage was a youth of great hopes, and a most amiable disposition. He had been educated for the bar. Upon embracing the profession of a comedian, he assumed the name of Montmenil, under which he became distinguished for his excellence in the parts of valets, peasants, and other characters in low comedy. He was not less remarked for the worth of his private character, and his talents for society; and having early attained a situation in the Theatre François, he mixed with the best company in Paris. Yet his father could not for a long time hear of Montmenil's professional merit, or even of his private virtues, and the general respect in which he was held, without showing evident symptoms of great and painful emotion. At length a reconciliation was effected betwixt them, and, passing from displeasure to the most affectionate excess of parental fondness, it is said Le Sage could scarce bear to be separated from the son whose name he had hardly permitted to be mentioned before him. The death of Montmenil, which happened 8th September 1743, in consequence of a cold caught at a hunting party, was such a blow to his father, then far advanced in life, that it determined his total retirement from Paris, and from the world.

The youngest son of our author also became a player, under the name of Pittenec; and it seems he was also a dramatic author, but made no distinguished figure in either capacity.

On the other hand, Le Sage's second son showed a more staid character than either of his brothers, became a student of theology, and took orders. By the patronage of the Queen, (wife of Louis XV.) he became a Canon of the Cathedral of Boulogne, and had the benefit of a pension. The moderate independence which he enjoyed, enabled him, after his father had been entirely broken down in spirits, by the death of Montmenil, to receive both him, his sister, and his mother, under his roof, and to provide for them during the residue of their lives. The sister (who has not been before mentioned) was emi-

but for her filial tenderness, and dedicated her life to the comfort of her parents.

It was after his retreat to Boulogne, and while residing under the roof of his son the Canon, that we obtain an interesting account of Le Sage, then extremely aged, from the pen of the Comte de Tressan, to whom the ancient romances of France owe the same favour which has been rendered to those of England by the late ingenious and excellent George Ellis. The reader will feel interested in receiving the communication in the words of the Count himself.

"*Paris, 20th January* 1783.

"You have requested from me some account of the concluding period of the celebrated author of *Gil Blas*. Here follow the few anecdotes which I am able to furnish.

"In the end of the year 1745, after the battle of Fontenoy, the late King having named me to serve under the Marechal de Richelieu, I received counter orders at Boulogne, and remained there, commandant of the Boulenois, Poitou, and Picardy.

"Having learned that Mons. Le Sage, aged upwards of eighty years, with his wife nearly as old, resided at Boulogne, I was early desirous of visiting them, and of acquainting myself with their situation. I found that they lived in family with their son, a canon of the Cathedral of Boulogne; and never was filial piety more tenderly occupied than his, in cheering and supporting the latter days of parents, who had scarce any other resource than the moderate revenue of their son.

"The Abbé Le Sage enjoyed the highest respect at Boulogne. His talents, his virtues, his social affections, rendered him dear to Monseigneur de Pressy, his worthy bishop, to his fraternity, and to the public.

"I have seen few resemblances more striking than that of the Abbé Le Sage to his brother Mons. de Montmenil; he had even a portion of his talents, and of his most agreeable qualities. No one could read verses more agreeably. He possessed the uncommon art of that variation of tone, and of employing those brief pauses, which, without being actual declamation, impress on the hearers the sentiments and the beauties of the author.

"I had known, and I regretted Mons. Montmenil. I entertained esteem and friendship for his brother; and the late Queen, in consequence of the account which I had to lay before her of the Abbé Le Sage's situation, and his narrow fortune, procured him a pension upon a benefice.

"I had been apprized not to go to visit Mons. Le Sage till near the approach of noon; and the feelings of that old man made me observe, for a second time, the effect which the state of the atmosphere produces in the melancholy days of bodily decline.

"Mons. Le Sage, awaking every morning so soon as the sun appeared some degrees above the horizon, became animated, acquired feeling and force, in proportion as that planet approached the meridian; but as the sun began to decline, the sensibility of the old man, the light of his intellect, and the activity of his bodily organs, began to diminish in proportion; and no sooner had the sun descended some degrees under the horizon, than he sunk into a lethargy, from which it was difficult to rouse him.

"I took care only to make my visit at that period of the day when his intellect was most clear, which was the hour after he had dined. I could not view without emotion the respectable old man, who preserved the gayety and urbanity of his better years, and sometimes even displayed the imagination of the author of the *Diable Boiteux* and of *Turcaret*. But one day, having come more late than usual, I was sorry to see that his conversation began to resemble the last homilies of the Bishop of Grenada, and I instantly withdrew.

"Mons. Le Sage had become very deaf. I always found him seated near a table on which lay a large hearing-trumpet; that trumpet, which he sometimes snatched up with vivacity, remained unmoved on the table, when the nature of the visit which he received did not encourage him to hope for agreeable conversation. As I commanded in the province, I had the pleasure to see him always make use of it in conversation with me; and it was a lesson which prepared me to sustain the petulant activity of the hearing-trumpet of my dear and illustrious associate and friend, Mons. de la Condamine.*

"Monsieur Le Sage died in winter 1746-7. I considered it as an honour and duty to attend his funeral, with the principal officers under my command. His widow survived him but a short time; and a few years afterwards, the loss of the Abbé Le Sage became the subject of regret to his Chapter, and the enlightened society to which he was endeared by his virtues."

The interesting account of Monsieur de Tressan having conducted Le Sage to an honoured tomb, we have but to add, that an epitaph, placed over his grave, expressed, in indifferent poetry, the honourable truth, that he was the friend of Virtue rather than of Fortune.† Indeed, when the giddy hours of youth were passed, his conduct seems to have been irreproachable; and if, in his works, he has assailed vice rather with ridicule than with reproach, and has, at the same time, conducted his story through scenes of pleasure and of license, his Muse has moved with an unpolluted step, even where the path was somewhat miry. In short, it is highly to the honour of Le Sage, that—differing in that particular from many of his countrymen who have moved in the same walk of letters,—he has never condescended to pander to vice by warmth or indelicacy of description. If Voltaire, as it is said, held the powers of Le Sage in low estimation, such slight regard was particularly misplaced towards one, who, without awaking one evil thought, was able, by his agreeable fictions, to excite more lasting and more honourable interest than the witty Lord of Ferney himself, even though Asmodeus sat at his elbow to aid him in composing *Candide* and *Zadig*.

CHARLES JOHNSTONE.

Of the author of the *Adventures of a Guinea*, a satire which, from its resemblance to the *Diable Boiteux*, arranges naturally with those of the author of *Gil Blas*, we can say but little.

Charles Johnstone was an Irishman by birth, though it is said a Scotsman by descent, and of the Annandale family. If so, we have adopted the proper orthography, though his name seems to have sometimes been spelt Johnson. He received a classical education; and, being called to the Bar, came to England to practice. Johnstone, like Le Sage—and the coincidence is a singular one—was subject to the infirmity of deafness, an inconvenience which naturally interfered with his professional success;—although, by a rare union of high talents with eloquence and profound professional skill, joined to an almost intuitive acuteness of apprehension, we have, in our time, seen the disadvantage splendidly surmounted. But Johnstone possessed considerable abilities, of which he has left at least one admirable example, in the *Adventures of a Guinea*. His talents were of a lively and companionable sort, and as he was much abroad in the world, he had already, in his youth, kept such general society with men of all descriptions, as enabled him to trace their vices and follies with a pencil so powerful.

Chrysal is said to have been composed at the late Lord Mount Edgecombe's, in Devonshire, during a visit to his lordship. About 1760, the work was announced in the newspapers as "a dispassionate distinct account of the most remarkable transactions of the present times all over Europe." The publica-

* Mons. de la Condamine, very deaf and very importunate, was the terror of the members of the Academie, from the vivacity with which he urged inquiries, which could only be satisfied by the inconvenient medium of his hearing-trumpet.

† Sous ce tombeau Le Sage abattu,
Par le ciseau de la Parque importune,
S'il ne fut pas ami de la Fortune,
Il fut toujours ami de la Vertu.

tion immediately followed, and, possessing at once the allurement of setting forth the personal and secret history of living characters, and that of strong expression and powerful painting, the public attention was instantly directed towards it. A second edition was called for almost immediately, to which the author made several additions, which are incorporated with the original text. But the public avidity being still unsatisfied, the third edition, in 1761, was augmented to four volumes. The author, justly thinking that it was unnecessary to bestow much pains in dovetailing his additional matter upon the original narrative, and conscious that no one was interested in the regular transmission of *Chrysal* from one hand to another, has only connected the Original Work and the Continuation by references, which will not be found always either accurate or intelligible,—a point upon which he seems to have been indifferent.

After this successful effort, Mr. Johnstone published the following obscure and forgotten works:

"*The Reverie; or, A Flight to the Paradise of Fools.*" 2 vols. 12mo, 1762. A satire.

"*The History of Arsaces, Prince of Betlis.*" 2 vols. 12mo, 1774. A sort of political romance.

"*The Pilgrim; or, A Picture of Life.*" 2 vols. 12mo, 1775.

"*The History of John Juniper, Esq.* alias *Juniper Jack.*" 3 vols. 12mo, 1781. A romance in low life.

These publications we perused long since, but remember nothing of them so accurately as to induce us to hazard an opinion on their merits.

So late as 1782, twenty years after the appearance of *Chrysal*, Mr. Johnstone went to seek fortune in India, and had the happy chance to find it there, though not without encountering calamity on the road. The Brilliant, Captain Mears, in which he embarked, was wrecked off the Joanna Islands, and many lives lost. Johnstone, with the captain and some others, was saved with difficulty.

In Bengal, Johnstone wrote much for the periodical papers, under the signature of Oneiropolos. He became joint-proprietor of one of the Bengal newspapers, acquired considerable property, and died about the year 1800; and, as is conjectured, in the seventieth year of his age. Most of these facts have been transferred from Mr. Chalmers's *Biographical Dictionary.*

It is only as the author of what has been termed the Scandalous Chronicle of the time, that Johnstone's literary character attracts our notice. We have already observed, that there is a close resemblance betwixt the plan of *Chrysal* and that of the *Diable Boiteux.* In both works, a Spirit, possessed of the power of reading the thoughts, and explaining the motives of mankind, is supposed to communicate to a mortal a real view of humanity, stripping men's actions of their borrowed pretexts and simulated motives, and tracing their source directly to their passions or their follies. But the French author is more fortunate than the English, in the medium of communication he has chosen, or rather borrowed from Guevara. Asmodeus is himself a personage admirably imagined and uniformly sustained, and who entertains the reader as completely by the display of his own character, as by that of any which he anatomizes for the instruction of Don Cleofas. Malicious as he is, the reader conceives even a kind of liking for the Fiend, and is somewhat disconcerted with the idea of his returning to his cabalistic bottle; nay, could we judge of the infernal regions by this single specimen, we might be apt to conceive, with Sancho Panza, that there is some good company to be found even in hell. Chrysal, on the other hand, is a mere elementary spirit, without feeling, passion, or peculiar character, and who only reflects back, like a mirror, the objects which have been presented to him, without adding to or modifying them by any contribution of his own.

The tracing of a piece of coin into the hands of various possessors, and giving an account of the actions and character of each, is an ingenious medium for moral satire, which, however, had been already employed by Dr. Bathurst, the friend of Johnson, in the *Adventures of a Halfpenny*, which form the forty-third Number of the *Adventurer*, published 3d April, 1753, several years before *Chrysal.*

It is chiefly in the tone of the satire that the adventures of Chrysal differ from those of Le Sage's heroes. We have compared the latter author to Horace, and may now safely rate Charles Johnstone as a prose Juvenal. The Frenchman describes follies which excite our laughter—the Briton drags into light vices and crimes, which arouse our horror and detestation. And, as we before observed that the scenes of Le Sage might, in a moral point of view, be improved by an infusion of more vigour and dignity of feeling, so Johnstone might have rendered his satire more poignant, without being less severe, by throwing more lights among the shades, and sparing us the grossness of some of the scenes which he reprobates. As Le Sage renders vice ludicrous, Johnstone seems to paint even folly as detestable as well as ridiculous. His Herald and Auctioneer are among his lightest characters; but their determined roguery and greediness render them hateful even while they are comic.

It must be allowed to this caustic satirist, that the time in which he lived called for such an unsparing and uncompromising censor. A long course of national peace and prosperity had brought with these blessings their usual attendant evils—selfishness, avarice, and gross debauchery. We are not now, perhaps, more moral in our conduct than men were fifty or sixty years since; but modern vice pays a tax to appearances, and is contented to wear a mask of decorum. A Lady H——— and the Pollard Ashe so often mentioned in Horace Walpole's Correspondence, would not certainly dare to insult decency in the public manner then tolerated; nor would our wildest debauchees venture to imitate the orgies of Medenham Abbey, painted by Johnstone in such horrible colours. Neither is this the bound of our improvement. Our public men are now under the necessity of being actuated, or at least appearing to be so, by nobler motives than their predecessors proposed to themselves. Sir Robert Walpole, who, after having governed so many years by the most open and avowed corruption, amassed for himself a more than princely fortune out of the spoils of the state, would not now be tolerated. This age would not endure the splendours of Houghton. Our late ministers and statesmen have died, almost without an exception, beggared and bankrupt; a sure sign, that if they followed the dictates of ambition, they were at least free from those of avarice: and it is plain that the path of the former may often lie parallel with that prescribed by public virtue, while the latter must always seduce its votary into the by-way of private selfishness. The general corruption of the ministers themselves, and their undisguised fortunes, acquired by an avowed system of perquisites, carried, in our fathers' times, a correspondent spirit of greed and rapacity into every department; while, at the same time, it blinded the eyes of those who should have prevented spoliation. If those in subordinate offices paid enormous fees to their superiors, it could only be in order to purchase the privilege for themselves of cheating the public with impunity. And in the same manner, if commissaries for the army and navy filled the purses of the commanders, they did so only that they might thereby obtain full license to exercise every sort of pillage at the expense of the miserable privates. We were well acquainted with men of credit and character who served in the Havannah expedition; and we have always heard them affirm, that the infamous and horrid scenes described in *Chrysal*, were not in the slightest degree exaggerated. That attention to the wants, that watchful guardianship of the rights and interests, of the private soldier and sailor, which in our days do honour to these services, were then totally unknown. The commanders in each department had in their eye the amassing of wealth instead of the gathering of laurels, as the minister was determined to enrich himself, with indifference to the welfare of his country; and the elder Pitt,

well as Wolfe, were considered as characters almost above humanity, not so much for the eloquence and high talents of the one, or the military skill of the other, as because they made the honour and interest of their country their direct and principal object. They *dared*, to use the classical phrase, to contemn wealth—the statesman and soldier of the present day would, on the contrary, not *dare* to propose it to himself as an object.

The comparative improvement of our manners, as well as of our government, is owing certainly, in a great measure, to more general diffusion of knowledge and improvement of taste. But it was fostered by the private virtues and patriotism of the late venerated Monarch. The check which his youthful frown already put upon vice and license, is noticed in *Chrysal* more than once; and the disgrace of more than one minister, in the earlier part of his reign, was traced pretty distinctly to their having augmented their private fortunes, by availing themselves of their political information to speculate in the funds. The abuses in public offices have, in like manner, been restrained, the system of perquisites abolished, and all means of indirect advantage interdicted, as far as possible, to the servants of the public. In the army and navy the same salutary regulations have been adopted; and the Commander-in-Chief has proved himself the best friend to his family and country, in cutting up by the roots those infectious cankers, which gnawed our military strength, and which are so deservedly stigmatized in the caustic pages of *Chrysal*.

In Johnstone's time this reform had not commenced, and he might well have said, with such an ardent temper as he seems to have possessed, *Difficile est satyram non scribere*. He has accordingly indulged his bent to the utmost; and as most of his characters were living persons, then easily recognized, he held the mirror to nature, even when it reflects such horrible features. His language is firm and energetic—his power of personifying character striking and forcible, and the persons of his narrative move, breathe, and speak, in all the freshness of life. His sentiments are, in general, those of the bold, high-minded, and indignant censor of a loose and corrupted age; yet it cannot be denied, that Johnstone, in his hatred and contempt for the more degenerate vices, of ingratitude, avarice, and baseness of every kind, shows but too much disposition to favour Churchill and other libertines, who thought fit to practice open looseness of manners, because they said it was better than hypocrisy. It is true, such vices may subsist along with very noble and generous qualities; but as all profligacy has its root in self-gratification and indulgence, it is always odds that the weeds rise so fast as to choke the slower and nobler crop.

The same indulgence to the usual freedoms of a town life, seems to have influenced Johnstone's dislike to the Methodists, of whose founder, Whitefield, he has drawn a most odious and a most unjust portrait. It is not the province of the editor of a book of professed amusement, to vindicate the tenets of a sect which holds almost all amusement to be criminal; but it is necessary to do justice to every one. The peculiar tenets of the Methodists are, in many respects, narrow and illiberal—they are also enthusiastical, and, acting on minds of a certain temperament, have produced the fatal extremities of spiritual presumption, or spiritual despair. But to judge as we would desire to be judged, we must try their doctrine, not by those points in which they differ, but by those in which they agree with all other Christians; and if we find that the Methodists recommend purity of life, strictness of morals, and a regular discharge of the duties of society, are they to be branded as hypocrites because they abstain from its amusements and its gayeties? Were the number of the Methodists to be multiplied by a hundred, there would remain enough behind to fill the theatres and encourage the fine arts.

Respecting the remarkable person by whom the sect was founded, posterity has done him justice for the calumnies with which he was persecuted during his life, and which he bore with the enduring fortitude of a confessor. The poverty in which Whitefield died, proved his purity of heart, and refuted the charge so grossly urged, of his taking a selfish interest in the charitable subscriptions which his eloquence promoted so effectually. His enthusiasm—for Providence uses, in accomplishing great ends' the imperfections as well as the talents of his creatures—served to awaken, to a consciousness of their deplorable state, thousands, to whose apathy and ignorance a colder preacher might have spoken in vain; and perhaps even the Church of England herself has been less impaired by the schism, than benefited by the effects of emulation upon her learned clergy. In a word, if Cowper's portrait of Whitefield has some traits of flattery, it still approaches far more near to the original than the caricature of Johnstone:—

> "He loved the world that hated him—the tear
> That dropped upon the Bible was sincere.
> Assailed by scandal and the tongue of strife,
> His only answer was a blameless life:
> And he that forged, and he that threw the dart,
> Had each a brother's interest in his heart.
> Paul's love of Christ, and steadiness unbribed,
> Were followed well in him, and well transcribed."

We think these remarks necessary to justice, in the Preface to a work, in which this inemorable individual is so deeply charged. They can hardly be imputed to any other motive, since those likely to be gratified by this vindication cannot very consistently seek for it in this place. But readers of a different description may do well to remember, that the cant of imputing to hypocrisy all pretensions to a severer scale of morals, or a more vivid sense of religion, is as offensive to sound reason and Christian philosophy, as that which attaches a charge of guilt to matters of indifference, or to the ordinary amusements of life.

We would willingly hope that several of Johnstone's other characters, if less grossly calumniated than Whitefield, are at least considerably overcharged. The first Lord Holland was a thorough-bred statesman of that evil period, and the Earl of Sandwich an open libertine; yet they also had their lighter shades of character, although *Chrysal* holds them up to the unmitigated horror of posterity. The same may be said of others; and this exaggeration was the more easy, as Johnstone does not pretend that the crimes imputed to those personages were all literally committed, but admits that he invented such incidents as he judged might best correspond to the idea which he had formed of their character; thus rather shaping his facts according to a preconceived opinion, than deducing his opinion from facts which had actually taken place.

The truth is, that young, ardent, and bold, the author seems to have caught fire from his own subject, to have united credulity in belief with force of description, and to have pushed praise too readily into panegyric, while he exaggerated censure into reprobation. He every where shows himself strongly influenced by the current tone of popular feeling; nay, unless in the case of Wilkes, whose simulated patriotism he seems to have suspected, his acuteness of discrimination seldom enables him to correct public opinion. The Bill for the Naturalization of the Jews had just occasioned a general clamour, and we see Chrysal not only exposing their commercial character in the most odious colours, but reviving the ancient and absurd fable of their celebrating the Feast of the Passover by the immolation of Christian infants. With the same prejudiced credulity he swallows, without hesitation, all the wild and inconsistent charges which were then heaped upon the order of the Jesuits, and which occasioned the general clamour for their suppress

On the other hand, because it was the fashion to represent the continental war, which had for its sole object the protection of the Electorate of Hanover, as waged in defence of the Protestant religion, Johnstone has dressed up the selfish and atheistical Frederick of Prussia in the character of the Protestant hero, and put into his mouth a prayer adapted to the character of a self-devoted Christian soldier

who drew his sword in the defence of that religion which was enshrined in his own bosom. This is so totally out of all keeping and character, that one can scarce help thinking that the author has written, not his own sentiments, but such as were most likely to catch the public mind at the time.

But, feeling and writing under the popular impression of the moment, Johnstone has never failed to feel and write like a true Briton, with a sincere admiration of his country's laws, an ardent desire for her prosperity, and a sympathy with her interests, which more than atone for every error and prejudice. He testifies on many occasions his respect for the House of Brunswick, and leaves his testimony against the proceedings first commenced by Wilkes, and so closely followed by imitators of that unprincipled demagogue, for the purpose of courting the populace by slandering the throne. It is remarkable, that notwithstanding his zeal for King George and the Protestant religion, the Jacobite party, though their expiring intrigues might have furnished some piquant anecdotes, are scarcely mentioned in *Chryseal*.

A Key to the personages introduced to the reader in *Chryseal*, was furnished by the author himself to Lord Mount Edgecombe, and another to Captain Meare, with whom he sailed to India. It is published by Mr. William Davis, in his collection of *Bibliographical and Literary Anecdotes*, with this caveat:—"The author's intention was to draw general characters; therefore, in the application of the Key, the reader must exercise his own judgment." The Key is subjoined to the text, with a few additional notes, illustrative of such incidents and characters as properly belong to the history or to public life. Anecdotes of private scandal are willingly left in the mystery in which the text has involved them; and some instances occur, in which the obvious misrepresentations of the satirist have been modified by explanation. But when all exaggeration has been deducted from this singular work, enough of truth will still remain in *Chryseal*, to incline the reader to congratulate himself, that these scenes have passed more than half a century before his time.

ROBERT BAGE.

Robert Bage, a writer of no ordinary merit in the department of fictitious composition, was one of that class of men occurring in Britain alone, who unite successfully the cultivation of letters with those mechanical pursuits, which, upon the continent, are considered as incompatible with the character of an author. The professors of letters are, in most nations, apt to form a *caste* of their own, into which they may admit men educated for the learned professions, on condition, generally speaking, that they surrender their pretensions to the lucrative practice of them; but from which mere burghers, occupied in ordinary commerce, are as severely excluded, as *roturiers* were of old from the society of the *noblesse*. The case of a paper-maker or a printer employing their own art upon their own publications, would be thought uncommon in France or Germany; yet such were the stations of Bage and Richardson.

The Editor has been obliged by Miss Catherine Hutton, daughter of Mr. Hutton of Birmingham, well known as an ingenious and successful antiquary, with a memoir of the few incidents marking the life of Robert Bage, whom a kindred genius, as well as a close commercial intercourse, combined to unite in the bonds of strict friendship. The communication is extremely interesting, and the extracts from Bage's letters show, that amidst the bitterness of political prejudices, the embarrassment of commercial affairs, and all the teazing technicalities of business, the author of *Barham Downs* still maintained the good-humored gayety of his natural temper. One would almost think the author must have drawn from his own private letter-book and correspondence, the discriminating touches which mark the men of business in his novels.

The father of Robert Bage was a paper-maker at Darley, a hamlet on the river Derwent, adjoining the town of Derby, and was remarkable only for having had four wives. Robert was the son of the first, and was born at Darley on the 29th February 1728. His mother died soon after his birth; and his father, though he retained his mill, and continued to follow his occupation, removed to Derby, where his son received his education at a common school. His attainments here, however, were very remarkable, and such as excited the surprise and admiration of all who knew him. At seven years old, he had made a proficiency in Latin. To a knowledge of the Latin language succeeded a knowledge of the art of making paper, which he acquired under the tuition of his father.

At the age of twenty-three, Robert Bage married a young woman, who possessed beauty, good sense, good temper, and money. It may be presumed that the first of these was the first forgotten; the two following secured his happiness in domestic life; the last aided him in the manufacture of paper, which he commenced at Elford, four miles from Tamworth, and conducted to the end of his days.

Though no man was more attentive to business, and no one in the country made paper so good of its kind, yet the direction of a manufactory, combined with his present literary attainments, did not satisfy the comprehensive mind of Robert Bage. His manufactory, under his eye, went on with the regularity of a machine, and left him leisure to indulge his desire of knowledge. He acquired the French language from books alone, without any instructer; and his familiarity with it is evinced by his frequent, perhaps too frequent, use of it in the *Fair Syrian*. Nine years after his marriage, he studied mathematics; and, as he makes one of his characters say, and as he probably thought respecting himself, "He was obliged to this science for a correct imagination, and a taste for uniformity in the common actions of life."

In the year 1765, Bage entered into partnership with three persons, (one of them the celebrated Dr. Darwin,) in an extensive manufactory of iron; and, at the end of fourteen years, when the partnership terminated, he found himself a loser, it is believed, of fifteen hundred pounds. The reason and philosophy of the paper-maker might have struggled long against so considerable a loss; the man of letters committed his cause to a better champion—literary occupation,—the tried solace of misfortune, want, and imprisonment. He wrote the novel of *Mount Henneth*, in two volumes, which was sold to Lowndes for thirty pounds, and published in 1781. The strong mind, playful fancy, liberal sentiments, and extensive knowledge of the author, are everywhere apparent; but, as he says himself, "too great praise is a bad letter of recommendation;" and truth, which he worshipped, demands the acknowledgment, that its sins against decorum are manifest.

The succeeding works of Bage were, *Barham Downs*, two volumes, published 1784; *The Fair Syrian*, two volumes, published (about) 1787; *James Wallace*, three volumes, published 1788; *Man as he is*, four volumes, published 1782; *Hemsprong, or, Man as he is not*, three volumes, published 1796. It is, perhaps without a parallel in the annals of literature, that, of six different works, comprising a period of fifteen years, the last should be, as it unquestionably is, the best. Several of Bage's novels were translated into German, and published at Frankfort.

Whoever has read Hayley's Life of Cowper will not be sorry that an author should speak for himself, instead of his biographer speaking for him; on this principle are given some extracts from the letters of Robert Bage to his friend, William Hutton. Hutton purchased nearly all the paper which Bage made during forty-five years; and, though Bage's letters were letters of business, they were written in a manner peculiarly his own, and friendship was, more or less, interwoven in them; for

trade did not, in him, extinguish, or contract, one finer feeling of the soul. Bage, in his ostensible character of a paper-maker, says,—

"March 28, 1785.

"I swear to thee I am one of the most cautious men in the world with regard to the excise; I constantly interpret against myself in doubtful points; and, if I knew a place where I was vulnerable, I would arm it with the armour of Achilles. I have already armed myself all over with the armour of righteousness, but that signifies nothing with our people of excise."

"August 15, 1787.

"Oh how I wish thou would'st bend all thy powers to write a history of Excise—with cases—showing the injustice, the inequality of clauses in acts, and the eternal direction every new one takes towards the oppression of the subject: It might be the most useful book extant. Of whites and blues, blue demy only can come into thy magazine, and that at a great risk of contention with the Lords of the Exchequer; for I know not whether I have understood the sense of people who have seldom the good luck to understand themselves. The paper sent is charged at the lowest price at which a sober paper-maker can live, and drink small-beer."

"December 10, 1788.

"Authors, especially when they have acquired a certain degree of reputation, should be candid, and addicted to speak good as well as evil, of poor dumb things. The rope paper is too thin, I own; but why abuse it from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot? If I have eyes, it has many good qualities, and I hope the good people of Birmingham may find them out. But it is too thin—I am heartily and sincerely concerned for it: But, as I cannot make it thicker, all I can do is to reduce the price. Thou proposest threepence a-ream—I agree to it. If thou really believest sixpence ought to be abated, do it. Combine together the qualities of justice and mercy, and to their united influence I leave thee."

"February 23, 1789.

"The certainty that it cannot be afforded at the stipulated price, makes me run my rope paper too thin. Of this fault, however, I must mend, and will mend, whether thou cans't, or cans't not mend my price. I had rather lose some profit than sink a tolerable name into a bad one."

"March 11, 1793.

"I make no bill-of-parcels. I do not see why I should give myself the trouble to make thee bills-of-parcels, as thou cans't make them thyself; and, more especially, when it is probable thou wilt make them more to my liking than the issues of my own pen. If the paper is below the standard so far as to oblige thee to lower the price, I am willing to assist in bearing the loss. If the quantity over-burthens thee, take off a shilling a-bundle—or take off two; for thy disposition towards me—I see it with pleasure—is kindly."

"June 30, 1795.

"Everything looks black and malignant upon me.—Men clamouring for wages, which I cannot give—women threatening to pull down my mill—rags raised by freight and ensurance—Excise-officers depriving me of paper! Say, if thou can'st, whether these gentlemen of the Excise-office can seize paper after it has left the maker's possession?—after it has been marked?—stamped?—signed with the officer's name?—Excise-duty paid?—Do they these things?—Am I to hang myself?"

"June 6, 1799.

"Thou can'st not think how teazing the excise-officers are about colour. They had nearly seized a quantity of common cap paper, because it was whitened by the frost. They have an antipathy to anything whiter than sackcloth."

Bage actually had paper seized by the excise-officers, and the same paper liberated, seized again, and again liberated. If his wisdom and integrity have been manifested in the foregoing extracts, the ignorance and folly of these men, or of their masters, must be obvious.

A few extracts, not so immediately connected with conduct in trade, may not be superfluous.

"I swear by Juno, dear William, that one man cannot be more desirous of dealing with another than I am with thee. The chain that connects us cannot be snapped asunder without giving me pain almost to torture. Thou art not so sure of having found the place where Henry the Seventh was lost, as thou might'st have been of finding Elford and a friend.

"I received thy pamphlet,* and am not sure whether I have not read it with more pleasure than any of thy former works. It is lively, and the reasoning just. Only remember, it is sometimes against the institutions of juries and county courts that thou hast directed thy satire, which, I think, ought to be confined to the abuses of them. But why abusest thou me? Did'st thou not know of Mount Henneth, and Barham Downs, before publication? Yea, thou did'st. I think thou did'st also of the Fair Syrian. Of what, then, dost thou accuse me? Be just. And why dost thou call me an infidel? Do I not believe in every thing thou sayest? And am I not impatient for thy Derby? I am such a scoundrel as to grumble at paying 30 per cent *ad valorem*, which I really do, and more, on my boards, as if one could do too much for one's king and country. But I shall be rewarded when thy History of Derby comes forth."

"Miss Hutton was the harbinger of peace and good-will from the Reviewers. I knew she had taste and judgment: I knew also that her encomium would go beyond the just and proper bounds; but I also believed she would not condescend to flatter without some foundation."

"Eat my breakfast quietly, thou varlet! So I do when my house does not smoke, or my wife scold, or the newspapers do not tickle me into an irritation, or my men clamour for another increase of wages. But I must get my bread by eating as little of it as possible; for my Lord Pitt will want all I can screw of overplus. No matter. Ten years† hence, perhaps, I shall not care a farthing."

"Another meeting among my men! Another (the third) raising of wages! What will all this end in? William Pitt seems playing off another of his alarming manœuvres—Invasion—against the meeting of Parliament, to scare us into a quiet parting with our money."

"If thou hast been again into Wales, and hast not expired in ecstacy, I hope to hear from thee soon. In the interim, and always and evermore, I am thine."

"I am afraid thy straggling mode of sending me any body's bills, and every body's bills, will subject me often to returned ones. But I have received good at thy hands, and shall I not receive evil? Every thing in this finest, freest, best, of all possible countries, grows worse and worse, and why not thou?

"I looked for the anger thou talked'st of in thy last, but could not find it; and for what would'st thou have been angry, if thou could'st? Turn thy wrath from me, and direct it against the winds and the fogs. In future, I fear it will be directed against the collectors of dirty rags in London and in Germany, where the prices 'have increased, are increasing, and ought to be diminished'—but will not be so, because we begin the century by not doing what we ought to do. What we shall do at the end of it I neither know nor care."

In October, 1800, Bage had visited Hutton at Birmingham, where the latter still passed the hours of business, and had taken Bennett's Hill in his way home, to call on Catherine Hutton, the daughter of his friend. Both were alarmed at the alteration in Bage's countenance, which exhibited evident symptoms of declining health. They believed that they should see him no more; and he was probably impressed with the same idea, for, on quitting the house at Birmingham, he cordially shook hands with Samuel Hutton, the grand nephew of his friend, and said, "Farewell, my dear lad, we shall meet again in Heaven."

* Dissertation on Juries.

† Bage lived eight months after the date of this letter, which was written Jan. 24, 1801.

At home, Bage seems to have indulged the hope of another meeting in the present world; for two months after his letter of January, he says, in a letter to Hutton, "Tell Miss Hutton that I have thought of her some hundred times since I saw her; insomuch that I feared I was falling in love. I do love her as much as a man of seventy-three years of age, and married, ought to love. I like the idea of paying her a visit, and will try to make it reality some time—but not yet." In April he was scarcely able to write a letter. In June he was again capable of attending to business; but in reply to his friend, who had mentioned paying him a visit, he said, "I should have been glad and sorry, dear William, to have seen thee at Tamworth." On the 1st of September, 1801, he died.

Page had quitted Elford, and during the last eight years of his life he resided at Tamworth, where he ended his days. His wife survived him, but is since dead. He had three sons, one of whom died as he was approaching manhood, to the severe affliction of his father. Charles, the eldest son, settled at Shrewsbury, where he was the proprietor of a very extensive cotton manufactory. He died in 1822, at the age of seventy. Edward, the younger son, was apprenticed to a surgeon and apothecary at Tamworth, where he afterwards followed his profession. He died many years before his brother. Both possessed a large portion of their father's talents, and equalled him in integrity and moral conduct.

In his person, Robert Bage was somewhat under the middle size, and rather slender, but well proportioned. His complexion was fair and ruddy; his hair light and curling; his countenance intelligent, mild, and placid. His manners were courteous, and his mind was firm. His integrity, his honour, his devotion to truth, were undeviating and incorruptible; his humanity, benevolence, and generosity, were not less conspicuous in private life, than they were in the principal characters in his works. He supplied persons he never saw, with money, because he heard they were in want. He kept his servants and his horses to old age, and both men and quadrupeds were attached to him. He behaved to his sons with the unremitting affection of a father; but, as they grew up, he treated them as men and equals, and allowed them that independence of mind and conduct which he claimed for himself.

On the subject of servants, Bage says, in *The Fair Syrian*, "I pity those unhappy masters, who, with unrelenting gravity, damp the effusions of a friendly heart, lest something too familiar for their lordly pride should issue from a servant's lip." Of a parent he says, in the same work, "Instead of the iron rod of parents, he used only the authority of mild persuasion, and cultivated the affections of his children by social intercourse, and unremitting tenderness." It matters not into what mouth Robert Bage put these sentiments; they were his own, his practice was conformable to them, and their good effects were visible on all around him.

The following comparison between Robert Bage and his friend, William Hutton, was written by Charles Bage, son of the former, in a letter to Catherine Hutton, daughter of the latter, October 6, 1816.

"The contrast between your father's life and mine is curious. Both were distinguished by great natural talents; both were mild, benevolent, and affectionate, qualities which were impressed on their countenances: both were indignant at the wantonness of pride and power; both were industrious, and both had a strong attachment to literature: yet, with these resemblances, their success in life was very different; my father never had a strong passion for wealth, and he never rose into opulence. Your father's talents were continually excited by contact with 'the busy haunts of men;' my father's were repressed by a long residence in an unfrequented place, in which he shunned the little society he might have had, because he could not relish the conversation of those whose minds were less cultivated than his own. In time, such was the effect of habit, that, although when young he was lively and fond of company, he enjoyed nothing but his book and pen, and a pool at quadrille with ladies. He seems, almost always, to have been fonder of the company of ladies than of men."

After this satisfactory account of Bage's life and character, there remains nothing for the Editor but to offer a few critical remarks upon his compositions.

The general object of Robert Bage's compositions, is rather to exhibit character, than to compose a narrative; rather to extend and infuse his own political and philosophical opinions, in which a man of his character was no doubt sincere, than merely to amuse the reader with the wonders, or melt him with the sorrows, of a fictitious tale. In this respect he resembled Voltaire and Diderot, who made their most formidable assaults on the system of religion and politics which they assailed, by embodying their objections in popular narratives. Even the quaint, facetious, ironical style of this author seems to be copied from the lesser political romances of the French school: and if Bage falls short of his prototypes in wit, he must be allowed to exhibit, upon several occasions, a rich and truly English vein of humour, which even Voltaire does not possess.

Respecting the tendency and motive of these works, it is not the Editor's purpose to say much. Bage appears, from his peculiar style, to have been educated a Quaker; at least—for we may be wrong in the above inference—he has always painted the individuals of that primitive sect of Christians in amiable colours, when they are introduced as personages into his novels. If this was the case, however, he appears to have wandered from the tenets of the Friends into the wastes of scepticism; and a sectary, who had reasoned himself into an infidel, could be friend neither to the Church of England, nor the doctrines which she teaches. His opinions of state affairs were perhaps a little biassed by the frequent visits of the excisemen, who levied taxes on his commodities, for the purpose of maintaining a war which he disapproved of. It was most natural that a person who considered tax-gatherers as extortioners, and the soldiers, paid by the taxes, as licensed murderers, should conceive the whole existing state of human affairs to be wrong; and if he was conscious of talent, and the power of composition, he might, at the same time naturally fancy that he was called upon to put it to rights. No opinion was so prevalent in France, and none passed more current among the admirers of French philosophy in Britain, as that the power of framing governments, and of administering them, ought to remain with persons of literary attainments; or, in other words, that those who can most easily and readily write books, are therefore best qualified to govern states. Whoever peruses the writings of the late ingenious Madame de Stael, will perceive that she (one of the most remarkable women certainly of her time) lived and died in the belief, that revolutions were to be effected, and countries governed, by a proper succession of clever pamphlets. A nation which has long enjoyed the benefit of a free press, does not furnish so many believers in the omnipotence of literary talent. Men are aware that every case may be argued on both sides, and seldom render their assent to any proposition merely on account of the skill with which it is advocated, or the art and humour with which it is illustrated. The Editor of this work was never one of those who think that a good cause can suffer much by free discussion, and though differing entirely both from his political and theological tenets, admitted Mr. Bage's novels into the collection which he superintended, as works of talent and genius.

The satirical novel is a species of composition more adapted to confirm those who hold similar opinions with the author, by affording them a triumph at the expense of their opponents, than to convince those who, their minds being yet undecided, may be disposed calmly to investigate the subject. They who are inclined to burn an obnoxious or unpopular person in effigy, care little how far his

dress and external appearance are exaggerated; and, in the same way, it requires little address in an author, to draw broad caricatures of those whom he regards as foes, or to make specious and flattering representations of such as he considers as friends. They who look on the world with an impartial eye, will scarcely be of opinion, that Mr. Bage has seized the true features which distinguish the upper or lower ranks. The highest and the lowest rank in society, are each indeed liable to temptations peculiarly their own, and their relative situation serves to illustrate the wisdom of the prayer, "Give me neither poverty nor riches." But these peculiar propensities, we think, will in life be found considerably different from the attributes ascribed to the higher and lower classes by Mr. Bage. In most cases, the author's great man resembles the giant of the ancient romance of chivalry, whose evil qualities were presumed from his superior stature, and who was to be titled at and cut to pieces, merely because he stood a few inches higher than his fellow-mortals. But the very vices and foibles of the higher classes in modern times are of a kind different from what Bage has frequently represented them. Men of rank, in the present day, are too indifferent, and too indolent, to indulge any of the stormy passions, and irregular but vehement desires, which create the petty tyrant, and perhaps formerly animated the feudal oppressor. Their general fault is a want of energy, or, to speak more accurately, an apathy, which is scarcely disturbed even by the feverish risks to which they expose their fortune, for the sole purpose, so far as can be discerned, of enjoying some momentary excitation. Amongst the numbers, both of rank and talent, who lie stranded upon the shores of Spencer's Lake of Idleness, are many who only want sufficient motives for exertion, to attract at once esteem and admiration; and among those, whom we rather despise than pity, a selfish apathy is the predominating attribute.

In like manner, the habits of the lower classes, as existing in Britain, are far from affording, exclusively, that rich fruit of virtue and generosity, which Mr. Bage's writings would teach us to expect. On the contrary, they are discontented, not unnaturally, with the hardships of their situation, occupied too often in seizing upon the transient enjoyments which chance throws in their way, and open to temptations which promise to mend their condition in life, or at least to extend the circle of their pleasures at the expense of their morals.

Those, therefore, who weigh equally, will be disposed to think that the state of society most favorable to virtue, may be most successfully sought amongst those who neither want nor abound, who are neither sufficiently raised above the necessity of labour and industry, to be satiated by the ready gratification of every wild wish as it arises, nor so much depressed below the general scale of society, as to be exasperated by struggles against indigence, or seduced by the violence of temptations which that indigence renders it difficult to resist.

Though we have thus endeavoured to draw a broad line of distinction between the vices proper to the conditions of the rich and the poor, the reader must be cautious to understand these words in a relative sense. For men are not rich or poor in relation to the general amount of their means, but in proportion to their wants and their wishes. He who can adjust his expenses within the limits of his income, how small soever that may be, must escape from the temptations which most easily beset indigence; and the rich man, who makes it his business, as it is his duty, to attend to the proper distribution of his wealth, will be equally emancipated from those to which opulence is peculiarly obnoxious.

This misrepresentation of the different classes in society, is not the only speculative error in which Bage has indulged during these poetic narratives. There is in his novels a dangerous tendency to slacken the reins of discipline upon a point, where, perhaps of all others, society must be benefited by their curbing restraint.

Fielding, Smollet, and other novelists, have, with very indifferent tastes, brought forward their heroes as rakes and debauchees, and treated with great lightness those breaches of morals, which are too commonly considered as venial in the male sex: but Bage has extended, in some instances, that license to the female sex, and seems at times even to sport with the ties of marriage, which is at once the institution of civil society most favourable to religion and good order, and that which, in its consequences, forms the most marked distinction between man and the lower animals. All the influence which women enjoy in society,—their right to the exercise of that maternal care which forms the first and most indelible species of education: the wholesome and mitigating restraint which they possess over the passions of mankind: their power of protecting us when young, and cheering us when old,—depend so entirely upon their personal purity and the charm which it casts around them, that to insinuate a doubt of its real value, is wilfully to remove the broadest corner-stone on which civil society rests, with all its benefits, and with all its comforts. It is true, we can easily conceive that a female like Miss Rose, in *Barham Downs*, may fall under the arts of a seducer, under circumstances so peculiar as to excite great compassion; nor are we so rigid as to say, that such a person may not be restored to society, when her subsequent conduct shall have effaced recollection of her error. But she must return thither as an humble penitent, and has no title to sue out her pardon as a matter of right, and assume a place among the virtuous of her sex as if she had never fallen from her proper sphere. Her disgrace must not be considered as a trivial stain, which may be communicated by a husband as an exceeding good jest to his friend and correspondent; there must be, not penitence and reformation alone, but humiliation and abasement, in the recollection of her errors. This the laws of society demand even from the unfortunate; and to compromise further, would open a door to the most unbounded licentiousness. With this fault in principle is connected an indelicacy of expression frequently occurring in Bage's novels, but which, though a gross error in point of taste, we consider as a matter of much less consequence than the former. It is in some degree chastened in the present edition, and where it exists must find such shelter as it can, under the faulty example of earlier novelists.

Having adverted to this prominent error in Mr. Bage's theory of morals, we are compelled to remark, that his ideas respecting the male sex are not less inaccurate, considered as rules of mental government, than the over-indulgence with which he seems to regard female frailty. Hermsprong, whom he produces as the ideal perfection of humanity, is paraded as a man who, freed from all the nurse and all the priest has taught, steps forward on his path, without any religious or political restraint, as one who derives his own rules of conduct from his own breast, and avoids or resists all temptations of evil passions, because his reason teaches him that they are attended with evil consequences. In the expressive words of our moral poet, Wordsworth, he is

> "A reasoning self-sufficient thing,
> An intellectual all-in-all."

But did such a man ever exist? or are we, in the fair construction of humanity, with all its temptations, its passions, and its frailties, entitled to expect such perfection from the mere force of practical philosophy? Let each reader ask his own bosom, whether it were possible for him to hold an unaltered tenor of moral and virtuous conduct, did he suppose that to himself alone he was responsible, and that his own reason, a judge so peculiarly subject to be bribed, blinded, and imposed upon by the sophistry with which the human mind can gloss over those actions to which human passions so strongly impel us, was the ultimate judge of his actions? Let each reader ask the question at his own conscience, and if he can honestly and conscientiously answer in the affirmative, he is either that faultless monster which the world never saw, or he deceives himself as grossly

as the poor devotee, who, referring his course of conduct to the action of some supposed internal inspiration, conceives himself, upon a different ground, incapable of crime, even when he is in the very act of committing it.

We are not treating this subject theologically; the nature of our present work excludes such serious reasoning. But we would remind, even in these slight sketches, those who stand up for the self-sufficient morality of modern philosophy, or rather sophistry, that the experiment has long since been tried on a large scale. Whatever may be the inferiority of the ancients in physical science, it will scarce be denied, that in moral science they possess all the lights which the unassisted Reason, now referred to as the sufficient light of our path, could possibly attain. Yet, when we survey what their system of Ethics did for the perfection of the human species, we shall see that but a very few even of the teachers themselves have left behind them such characters as tend to do honour to their doctrines. Some philosophers there were, who, as instructers in morality, showed a laudable example to their followers; and we will not invidiously enquire how far these were supported in their self-denial, either by vanity, or the desire of preserving consistency, or the importance annexed to the founder of a sect; although the least of these motives afford great support to temperance, even in cases where it is not rendered easy by advanced age, which of itself calms the more stormy passions. But the satires of Juvenal, of Petronius, and, above all, Lucian, show what slight effect the doctrines of Zeno, Epictetus, Plato, Socrates, and Epicurus, produced on their avowed followers: and how little influence the beard of the Stoic, the sophistry of the Academician, and the self-denied mortification of the Cynics, had upon the sects which derived their names from these distinguished philosophers. We shall find that these pretended despisers of sensual pleasures shared the worst vices of the grossest age of society, and added to them the detestable hypocrisy of pretending, that they were all the while guided by the laws of true wisdom and of right reason If, in modern times, they who own the restraint of philosophical discipline alone have not given way to such grossness of conduct, it is because those principles of religion, which they affect to despise, have impressed on the public mind a system of moral feeling, unknown till the general prevalence of the Christian faith; but which, since its predominance, has so generally pervaded European society, that no pretender to innovation can directly disavow its influence, though he endeavours to show that the same results which are recommended from the Christian pulpit, and practised by the Christian community, might be reached by the unassisted efforts of that human reason, to which he counsels us to resign the sole regulation of our morals.

In short, to oppose one authority in the same department to another, the reader is requested to compare the character of the philosophic Square in Tom Jones, with that of Bage's philosophical heroes; and to consider seriously whether a system of Ethics, founding an exclusive and paramount court in a man's own bosom for the regulation of his own conduct, is likely to form a noble, enlightened, and generous character, influencing others by superior energy and faultless example; or whether it is not more likely, as in the observer of the rule of right, to regulate morals according to temptation and to convenience, and to form a selfish, sophistical hypocrite, who, with morality always in his mouth, finds a perpetual apology for evading the practice of abstinence, when either passion or interest solicit him to indulgence.

We do not mean to say, that, because Bage entertained erroneous notions, he therefore acted viciously. The history of his life, so far as known to us, indicates a contrary course of conduct. It would seem, from his language, as we have already said, that he had been bred among the strict and benevolent sect of Friends; and if their doctrines carried him some length in speculative error, he certainly could derive nothing from them to favour laxity of morals. In his fictitious works, the Quakers are always brought forward in an amiable point of view; and the characters of Arnold, and particularly of Miss Carlile, are admirable pictures of the union of talent, and even wit, with the peculiar manners and sentiments of these interesting and primitive persons. But if not vicious himself, Bage's leading principles are such as, if acted upon, would introduce vice into society; in men of a fiercer mould, they would lead to a very different line of conduct from his own; and, such being the case, it was the Editor's duty to point out the sophistry on which they are founded.

The works of Bage, abstracted from the views against which we have endeavoured to caution the reader, are of high and decided merit. It is scarce possible to read him without being amused, and, to a certain degree, instructed. His whole efforts are turned to the developement of human character; and, it must be owned, he possessed a ready key to it. The mere story of the novels, seldom possesses much interest—it is the conduct of his personages, as thinking and speaking beings, in which we are interested; and, contrary to the general case, the reader is seldom or never tempted to pass over the dialogue in order to continue the narrative. The author deals occasionally in quick and improbable conversions, as in that of Sir George Osmond, from selfishness and avarice, to generosity and liberality, by the mere loveliness of virtue in his brother and his friends. And he does not appear to have possessed much knowledge of that species of character which is formed by profession or by nationality. His seamen are indifferent; his Irishmen not beyond those usually brought on the stage; his Scotchmen still more awkward caricatures, and the language which he puts in their mouths, not similar to any that has been spoken since the days of Babel. It is in detecting the internal working of a powerful understanding, like that of Paracelsus Holman, that Bage's power chiefly consists; and great that power must be, considering how much more difficult it is to trace those varieties of character which are formed by such working, than merely to point out such as the mind receives from the manners and customs of the country in which it has ripened.

A light, gay, pleasing air, carries us agreeably through Bage's novels; and when we are disposed to be angry at seeing the worse made to appear the better reason, we are reconciled to the author by the ease and good-humour of his style. We did not think it proper to reject the works of so eminent an author from this collection, merely on account of speculative errors. We have done our best to place a mark on these; and, as we are far from being of opinion, that the youngest and most thoughtless derive their serious opinions from productions of this nature, we leave them for our reader's amusement, trusting that he will remember that a good jest is no argument; that a novelist, like the master of a puppet-show, has his drama under his absolute authority, and shapes the events to favour his own opinions; and that whether the Devil flies away with Punch, or Punch strangles the Devil, forms no real argument as to the comparative power of either one or other, but only indicates the special pleasure of the master of the motion.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

This tribute of affection to one of our most distinguished Novelists, is not from the pen of the Author of the Biographical Sketches in the preceding volume. It was communicated to him in the most obliging manner by Mrs. Dorset, sister of the subject of the Memoir, and not more nearly allied to her in blood than in genius. The publication which it was intended to accompany, being discontinued as mentioned in the preliminary advertisement the following paper was never before in print. But on collecting the Biographical Sketches in the

present form, the author could not abandon the claim, so kindly permitted him, to add this to the number. He is himself responsible for the critical remarks which conclude the article.

Mrs. Charlotte Smith was the eldest daughter of Nicholas Turner, Esq., of Stoke House, in Surrey, and of Bignor Park, in Sussex, by Anna Towers, his first wife. She was born in King Street, St. James's Square, on the 4th of May, 1749. Before she had accomplished her fourth year, she was deprived of a mother as distinguished by her superior understanding as for her uncommon beauty. The charge of her education devolved on her aunt, who with unwearied zeal devoted the best years of her life to the duty she had undertaken. Accomplishments seemed to have been the objects of her ambition, and no time was lost in their attainment; for her little charge was attended by an eminent dancing-master, when such a mere infant, that she was taught her first steps on a dining-table. She never recollected the time when she could not read, and was in the habit of reading every book that fell in her way, even before she went to school, which was at six years old, when she was placed in a respectable establishment at Chichester.

Her father, desirous of cultivating her talent for drawing, engaged George Smith, a celebrated artist, and a native and inhabitant of that city, to instruct her in the rudiments of his art, and she was taken two or three times in a week to his house to receive lessons.

From Chichester she was removed in her eighth year to a school at Kensington, at that time in high repute, and where the daughters of the most distinguished families received their education. Of her progress at this time I am tempted to give the following account from the pen of a lady who was her schoolfellow:—

"In answer to your enquiry, whether Mrs. Smith was during our intimacy at school superior to other young persons of her age, my recollection enables me to tell you, that she excelled most of us in writing and drawing. She was reckoned by far the finest dancer, and was always brought forward for exhibition whenever company was assembled to see our performances; and she would have excelled all her competitors, had her application borne any proportion to her talents; but she was always thought *too great a genius to study*. She had a great taste for music, and a correct ear, but never applied to it with sufficient steadiness to ensure success. But however she might be inferior to others in some points, she was far above them in intellect, and the general improvement of the mind. She had read more than any one in the school, and was continually composing verses; she was considered romantic; and though I was not of that turn myself, I neither loved nor admired her the less for it. In my opinion, her ideas were always original, full of wit and imagination, and her conversation singularly pleasing; and so I have continued to think, since a greater intercourse with society, and a more perfect knowledge of the world, has better qualified me to estimate her character."

In this seminary it was the custom for the pupils to perform both French and English plays, and on these occasions the talents of Miss Turner were always put in requisition, as she was considered by far the best actress of the little troop; and her theatrical talents were much applauded both at school and at home, where she was frequently called on to exhibit her powers to whatever company happened to be assembled at her father's. I do not think this early, and certainly injudicious display, produced the unfavourable effect on her manners which might have been expected. It induced no boldness or undue confidence, for she was rather of a retiring than of an assuming disposition; yet it probably had an unfavourable influence on her character, and contributed to foster that romantic turn of mind which distinguished her even in childhood. It was at this school she first began to compose verses;—they were shown and praised among the friends of the family as proofs of early genius; but none of them have been preserved. I have an imperfect recollection that the subject of one of these early effusions was the death of General Wolfe, when she must have been in her tenth year—though she speaks in one of her works of earlier compositions.

At twelve years of age she quitted school, and her father, then residing part of the year in London, engaged masters to attend her at home; but very little advantage could have been derived from their instructions, for she was at that early age introduced into society, frequented all public places with her family, and her appearance and manners were so much beyond her years, that at fourteen her father received proposals for her from a gentleman of suitable station and fortune, which were rejected on account of her extreme youth. Happy would it have been if reasons of such weight had continued in force a few years longer!

With so many objects to engage her attention, and the late hours incident to a life of dissipation, her studies (if they could be so called) were not prosecuted with any degree of diligence or success. As if foreseeing how short would be the period of her youthful pleasures, she pursued them with the avidity natural to her lively character; and though her father was sometimes disposed to check her love of dissipation, he always suffered himself to be disarmed by a few sighs or tears. Her passion for books continued unabated, though her reading was indiscriminate, and chiefly confined to poetry and works of fiction. At this time she sent several of her compositions to the editors of the Lady's Magazine, unknown to her aunt.

It is evident that Mrs. Smith's education, though very expensive, was superficial, and not calculated to give her any peculiar advantages. Her father's unbounded indulgence, and that of an aunt who almost idolized her, was ill calculated to prepare her mind to contend with the calamities of her future life; she often regretted that her attention had not been directed to more useful reading, and the study of languages. If she had any advantage over other young persons, it must have been in the society of her father, who was himself not only an elegant poet and a scholar, but a man of infinite wit and imagination, and it was scarce possible to live with him without catching some sparks of that brilliant fire which enlivened his conversation, and rendered him one of the most delightful companions of his time; yet when the short period is considered between the time of her leaving school and her marriage, and that his convivial talents made his company so generally courted, that he had little leisure to bestow on his family, she must rather have inherited than acquired the playful wit and peculiar vein of humour which distinguished her conversation.

In 1764, Mr. Turner decided on a second marriage, and his sister-in-law contemplated this event with the most painful apprehensions for the happiness of that being who was the object of her dearest affections, and who, having hitherto been indulged in every wish, and even every caprice, was ill prepared to submit to the control of a mother-in-law. Without reflecting that the evil she anticipated with such feelings of dread would probably exist only for a short period, (for it was unlikely a young lady who was so generally admired would remain long single,) she endeavoured, with a precipitation she had afterwards great reason to deplore, to establish her by an advantageous marriage, and her wishes were seconded by some officious and short-sighted relations, by whose means her introduction to Mr. Smith was contrived, after having properly prepared him, by their representations and excessive praises, to fall in love at first sight. The event justified their expectations—he did fall in love; care was taken to keep alive the flame by frequent parties of pleasure, and meetings at public places. He was just twenty-one, and she was not quite fifteen, when the acquaintance first took place, and it was no difficult

task to talk her into an acquiescence with her aunt's views. Proposals were made, and accepted without much enquiry into the young man's disposition or character. He was the second son of Richard Smith, Esq., a West India merchant, and Director of the East India Company, who had realized a large fortune, and his younger son had been admitted a partner in his lucrative business. The choice of his son did not at first meet with his approbation—he would have been better pleased had he selected the daughter of some thrifty citizen, than that of a gay man of the world, whom he concluded (and justly enough) had not been brought up in those economical habits which he considered the most desirable qualifications in a wife; but the first interview with his future daughter-in-law overcame all his objections, and he ever after distinguished her with peculiar affection and partiality. This ill-assorted marriage took place on the 23d of February 1765; and after a residence of some months with Mr. Smith's sister, the widow of William Berney, Esq., Mrs. Smith found herself established in the house which had been prepared for her in one of the narrowest and most dirty lanes in the city. It was a large dull habitation, into which the cheering beams of the sun had never penetrated. It was impossible to enter it without experiencing a chilling sensation and depression of spirits, which induced a longing desire to escape from its gloom, which not all the taste and expense with which it had been fitted up could dispel.

The habits to which its young mistress was expected to conform, were little congenial to her feelings. The lower part of the house was appropriated to the business, and hither the elder Mr. Smith came every morning to superintend his commercial concerns, and usually took his chocolate in his daughter-in-law's dressing-room. He was a worthy, and even a good-natured man, but he had mixed very little in general society—his ideas were confined, and his manners and habits were not calculated to inspire affection, however he might be entitled to respect and gratitude. He had no taste for literature, and the elegant amusements of his daughter-in-law appeared to him as so many sources of expense, and as encroachments on time, which he thought should be exclusively dedicated to domestic occupations; he had a quiet petulant way of speaking, and a pair of keen black eyes, which, darting from under his bushy black eye-brows the most inquisitive glances, always appeared to be in search of something to find fault with; so that whenever the creaking of his "youthful shoes well saved" gave notice that one of his domiciliary visits was about to take place, it was the signal for hurrying away whatever was likely to be the subject of his displeasure, or the object of his curiosity. If any of her friends or acquaintance happened to call on her, he would examine them with a suspicious curiosity, which usually compelled them to shorten their visits, and took from them the desire of repeating them. His lady, who was at that time in very ill health, exacted the constant attendance of the family, and a more irksome task could hardly have been imposed on a young person. "I pass almost every day," says Mrs. Smith, in a letter to one of her early friends, "with the poor sick old lady, with whom, however, I am no great favourite; somebody has told her I have not been notably brought up, (which I am afraid is true enough,) and she asks me questions which, to say the truth, I am not very well able to answer. There are no women, she says, so well qualified for mistresses of families as the ladies of Barbadoes, whose knowledge of housewifery she is perpetually contrasting with my ignorance, and, very unfortunately, those subjects on which I am informed, give me little credit with her; on the contrary, are rather a disadvantage to me; yet I have not seen any of their paragons whom I am at all disposed to envy."

The stately formality of this lady, her tall meagre figure, languid air, and sallow complexion, with the monotonous drawl and pronunciation peculiar to the natives of the West Indies, rendered her one of the most wearisome persons that can be imagined, and I fear her economical lectures had very little attraction for a girl who had never been required to pay much attention to household cares, and were listened to with apathy and disgust. This lady did not live long enough to effect the reformation she was so anxious for; her death, however, produced no great relief from this bondage. Mrs. Smith's attendance on her father-in-law was more than ever required, and a heavier duty never fell to the lot of youth and beauty. The poor old man was afflicted with a complication of disorders. From long residence in the West Indies he was so sensible of cold that he shrunk from the slightest breeze—no air was permitted to refresh his apartment, in which he sat in the hottest days of summer wrapped in his red roquelaure, surrounded with all the apparatus of sickness; she was expected to accompany him in his airings, on the dusty turnpike roads, with just enough of the carriage windows let down to admit the smell of brick kilns, or the stagnant green ditches in the environs of Islington.

In the intervals of this recreation she had to assist at the lectures of an old governante, part of whose business it was to lull her master to sleep, by reading devotional books of the most gloomy tendency, with a broad Cumberland accent. Never did religion wear a garb so unalluring as in this house.

The comfort of her own family was not improved by the accession of four or five wild, ungovernable, West Indian boys, (sons of the correspondents of the house,) who, during the Eton and Harrow vacations, were its inmates.

Though she could occasionally give way to the sportiveness of her fancy, and describe these scenes of ennui and discomfort in the most humorous manner, yet the aversion she entertained for every thing connected with this period of her life, and its contrast with her previous gay and cheerful habits, seems to have made the deepest impression, and to have reverted to her mind latterly in the most forcible manner; and her feelings are beautifully depicted in her unfinished Poem of Beechy Head. The lines are quoted by the elegant author of the Literaria Censura.

The following little Poem, in which melancholy and humour are not unpleasingly blended, appears, from the feebleness of the hand-writing, to have been composed a very short time before her death.

TO MY LYRE.

Such as thou art, my faithful Lyre,
For all the great and wise admire,
Believe me, I would not exchange thee.
Since e'en adversity could never
Thee from my anguish'd bosom sever,
Or time or sorrow e'er estrange thee.

Far from my native fields removed,
From all I valued, all I loved;
By early sorrows soon beset,
Annoy'd and wearied past endurance,
With drawbacks, bottomry, assurance,
With samples drawn, and tare and tret;

With Scrip, and Omnium, and Consols,
With City Feasts and Lord Mayor's Balls,
Scenes that to me no joy afforded;
For all the anxious Sons of Care,
From Bishopsgate to Temple Bar,
To my young eyes seem'd gross and sordid.

Proud city dames, with loud shrill clacks,
("The wealth of nations on their backs.")
Their clumsy daughters and their neices,
Good sort of people! and well meaners,
But they could not be my compeers,
For I was of a different species.

Long were thy gentle accents drown'd,
Till from Bow-bells detested sound
I bore thee far, my darling treasure;
And unrepining left for thee
Both Calepash and Callipee,
And sought green fields, pure air, and leisure.

Who that has heard thy silver tones—
Who that the Muse's influence owns,
Can at my fond attachment wonder,
That still my heart should own thy pow'r?
Thou! who hast soothed each adverse hour
So thou and I will never sunder.

In cheerless solitude, herself,
Of youth and health, thou still art left,
When hope and fortune have deceived me;
Thou, far unlike the summer friend,
Didst still my falt'ring steps attend,
And with thy plaintive voice relieve me.

And as the time ere long must come
When I lie silent in the tomb,
Thou wilt preserve these mournful pages;
For gentle minds will love my verse,
And Pity shall my strains rehearse,
And tell my name to distant ages.

The death of her first child, which took place when she was confined with her second, had nearly proved fatal to her, from the excess of her affliction. Change of air and scene were recommended, and a small house in the pleasant village of Southgate was engaged for her, and in a few months she regained her health. Hither she retired as much as was in her power, and here she enjoyed more liberty and tranquility than had hitherto fallen to her lot. Her aunt had for some time ceased to reside with her, and was afterwards induced to become the wife of the elder Mr. Smith, which, of course, rendered her personal attendance on him unnecessary; and as her husband usually went to London every day, she became mistress of her own time, and was enabled to employ it in the cultivation of her mind. She possessed a considerable collection of books, and read indiscriminately, without having any friend to direct her studies, or form her judgment.

The result of her mental improvement was not favourable to her happiness. She began to trace that indefinable restlessness and impatience, of which she had long been conscious without comprehending, to its source, to discriminate characters, to detect ignorance, to compare her own mind with those of the persons by whom she was surrounded.

The consciousness of her own superiority, the mortifying conviction that she was subjected to one so infinitely her inferior, presented itself every day more forcibly to her mind, and she justly considered herself "as a pearl that had been basely thrown away."

"No disadvantage," she observes in one of her letters, "could equal those I sustained; the more my mind expanded, the more I became sensible of personal slavery; the more I improved and cultivated my understanding, the further I was removed from those with whom I was condemned to pass my life; and the more clearly I saw by these newly-acquired lights the horror of the abyss into which I had unconsciously plunged."

Impressed with this fatal truth, nothing could be more meritorious than the line of conduct she pursued. Whatever were her opinions or her feelings, she confined them to her own bosom, and never to her most confidential friends suffered a complaint or a severe remark to escape her lips.

During her residence at Southgate, her family had been considerably increased, and a larger house was become necessary; and it was hoped that by removing nearer to London, Mr. Smith would be induced to pay a stricter attendance on his business than he had hitherto done; and with this view his father purchased for him a handsome residence at Tottenham, where it was hoped he would retrieve his lost time. But his habits were fixed, he had no turn for business, and never could be prevailed on to bestow more than a small portion of that time on it, which nevertheless hung so heavy on his hands, that he was obliged to have recourse to a variety of expedients to get rid of it. Hence fancies became occupations, and were followed up with boundless expense, till they were relinquished for some newer fancy equally frivolous and equally costly.

Mrs. Smith unfortunately disliked her situation at Tottenham, and the more so, from its having failed in the object proposed. She had little or no society, and her mind languished for want of congenial conversation, and her natural vivacity seemed extinguished by the monotony of her life.

Her father-in-law was in the habit of confiding to her all his anxieties, and frequently employed her pen in matters of business. On one occasion, she was called on to vindicate his character from some illiberal attack, and she acquitted herself of the task in a very able manner. This little tract was published, but not being of any general interest, has not been preserved. The elder Mr. Smith has frequently declared, that such was the readiness of her pen, that she could expedite more business in an hour from his dictation, than any one of his clerks could perform in a day; and he even offered her a considerable annual allowance, if she would reside in London and assist him in his business, which he foresaw would be lost to his family after his death. Obvious reasons prevented her acceptance of this proposal, which, singular as it was, affords a strong instance of the compass of her mind, which could adapt itself with equal facility to the charms of literature, and the dry details of commerce.

Mrs. Smith had been long endeavouring to obtain her father-in-law's consent to the removal of her family entirely into the country; and such was her influence over him, that she prevailed, in opposition to his better judgment, and in 1774 an estate in Hants, called Lys Farm, was purchased, and in a new and untried situation, she fondly imagined she should escape from existing evils; but she was soon awakened from her dream of happiness.

In removing her husband from his father's eye, she had taken off the only check which could restrain his conduct, and accordingly he plunged into expenses much more serious than any he had hitherto ventured upon. In other respects her situation was improved; and if she had not more actual happiness, she had occasional enjoyment; she had better and more frequent society; she was better appreciated, both on account of her talents and her personal attractions. Though she was at that time the mother of seven children, and had lost much of the lightness of her figure, she was in the meridian of her beauty—

"In the sober charms and dignity
Of womanhood, mature, not verging yet
Upon decay, in gesture like a queen:
Such inborn and habitual majesty
Ennobled all her steps."

It was natural that she should take pleasure in society, where she was sure to be well received, and that she should seek, in such dissipation as the neighbourhood afforded a temporary relief from the unremitting vexations which embittered her domestic hours. In 1776 she lost her best friend in her husband's father, who, if not an agreeable person to live with, had many estimable qualities, and had the discernment to appreciate hers. From his death may be dated the long course of calamities which marked her subsequent life. Mr. Smith, whether from a conceit of his own knowledge of law, or from the mistaken economy of a narrow mind, that would risk thousands to save a few pounds, thought proper to make his own will. A most voluminous document! which, from its utter want of perspicuity, from its numerous incomprehensible and contradictory clauses, no two lawyers ever understood in the same sense. It was a tangled skein, which neither patience nor skill could unravel. He had appointed his widow, his son, and his son's wife, joint executors, intending to restrain his son's power, without excluding him; but the measure defeated itself. The widow, weak and infirm, was easily overruled by cajolery, or less gentle means; and the appointment of the wife was (as to immediate power) completely nugatory; so that the entire power over the property fell into the hands least fit to be entrusted with it. Endless disputes arose among the parties interested, or rather their agents, for many of Mr. Smith's grandchildren were orphans and minors; and I believe, though Mrs. C. Smith considered herself and her children as the victims of these unhappy dissensions, the other branches of the family were more or less sufferers. Besides what was expended in law, and what was wasted by improvidence, the sum of 20,000*l* was lost to the family, by the old gentleman having suffered himself, with all his caution, to be overreached by his solicitor, who persuaded him to lend that sum to a distressed baronet on

mortgage. But the security was bad; and I believe the family never received any compensation. Mrs. Smith had long foreseen the storm that was gathering round her, but had no power to avert it. A lucrative contract, which the interest of Mr. Robinson (then Secretary to the Treasury, and who had married a sister of Mr. B. Smith's) procured for him, warded off the blow for a time, and he went on with his accustomed thoughtlessness. About this time he took an active part in a contested election for the county of Southampton, between Sir Richard Worsley and ————.* As the brother-in-law of Mr. Robinson, his exertions were, of course, in favour of the Ministerial candidate. Mrs. Smith had not at that time caught the contagion which spread so widely a few years afterwards, and very willingly lent her pen in support of the cause; and among the many efforts which were made on both sides to unite wit with politics, hers were reckoned the most successful; but as she was not known to have been the author of them, her vanity could not have been much gratified.

In the spring of 1777 she lost her eldest son in his eleventh year. His delicate health from his birth had particularly endeared him to his mother, and she felt this affliction in proportion to her extreme affection for him. She had looked on him as a future friend and companion, and it was observed by some of her intimates, that a visible change in her character took place after this event. To divert her mind from this irremediable calamity, and from the contemplation of the many anxieties which oppressed her, she amused herself by composing her first Sonnets, which were never intended for publication. I believe it was the late Bryan Edwards, Esq. author of the History of the West Indies, and some Poems of great elegance, who, by his warm and gratifying praises, first gave her an opinion of their merit, to which she had not before considered them entitled, and she was encouraged to add to her little collection.

The peace of 1782 deprived Mr. Smith of his contract. The legatees became importunate for the settlement of their respective claims, and, wearied by incessant delay, at length took, those strong measures which are detailed in the third volume of Public Characters. The estate in Hampshire was sold. Mrs. Smith never deserted her husband for a moment during the melancholy period of his misfortunes, and perhaps her conduct never was so deserving of admiration as at this time. When suffering from the calamities he had brought on himself, and in which he had inextricably involved her and her children, she exerted herself with as much zeal and energy as if his conduct had been unexceptionable—made herself mistress of his affairs—submitted to many humiliating applications, and encountered the most unfeeling repulses. Perhaps the severest of her tasks, as well as the most difficult, was that of employing her superior abilities in defending a conduct she could *not* have approved. To a mind so ingenuous as hers, there could not have been a more painful sacrifice of talents at the shrine of duty. The estates were at length placed in the hands of trustees, and Mr. and Mrs. Smith were at liberty to return to their house in Sussex, which they had taken when Lys Farm was sold.

The first edition of the Sonnets was published this year; the circumstances relating to them have already been amply detailed in the volume of the Public Characters already referred to; they were dedicated to Mr. Hayley, but I believe her personal introduction to him did not take place for some time afterwards. Mr. Smith found it expedient to retire to the Continent, and, as he was entirely ignorant of the French language, his wife accompanied him to Dieppe, and having made such arrangements for his comfort as the time admitted of, she returned in the same packet which had taken her over, with the hope of surmounting the fresh difficulties that had arisen; but this not being practicable, she soon rejoined him with all her family. Mr. Smith in the mean time had been induced, with his usual indiscretion, to engage a large chateau twelve Norman miles from Dieppe. The inconvenience of the situation, so far from a market—the dreariness of the house, extremely out of repair—the excessive scarcity of fuel, and the almost brutal manners of the peasantry in that insulated part of the country, rendered her situation most melancholy. Yet here she was condemned to pass the peculiarly severe winter of 1783; and here, without proper assistance or accommodation, she was confined with her youngest son; and, in spite of her forebodings that she should not survive the birth of her child, she recovered her health more speedily than on former occasions, when surrounded with every sort of indulgence and comfort.†

A few days afterwards, she was astonished by the entrance of a procession of priests into her bedroom, who, in defiance of her entreaties and tears, forcibly carried off the infant to be baptised in the parish church, though the snow was deep on the ground and the cold intense. As not one of her children had ever been exposed to the external air at so early a period of their existence, she concluded her boy could never survive this cruel act of the authority of the Church: he was, however, soon restored to her, without having sustained the slightest ill consequence. It was during her seclusion in this forlorn residence, and when she had no power of selection, that, for the amusement of herself and some English friends (exiles like herself,) she translated the novel called Manon L'Escaut, written about fifty years before by the Abbé Prevost; and soon after her return to England, which took place in the summer of 1785, (for which she had been convinced of the fallacy of her plan of living cheaply in France,) this translation was published, and she was severely censured for her choice as immoral; but I believe it was the want of the power of selection which induced her to employ a mind qualified for worthier purposes on such a work. The author himself considers this work as strictly moral; and tells us in his preface, that "Les personnes de bon sens ne regarderont pas un ouvrage de cette nature comme un travail inutile. Outre le plaisir d'une lecture agreable on y trouvera peu d'evenemens qui ne puissent servir à l'instruction des mœurs; et c'est rendre, à mon avis, un service considerable au public que de l'instruire en l'amusant." The good Abbé, after much more in the same style, concludes his preface by assuring his readers, "Que l'ouvrage entier est un traité de morale reduit agreablement en exercise."

I have quoted thus far, in order to contrast the French with the English moralist, a friend having permitted me to avail myself of the following letter from the late celebrated Mr. Stevens, to whom Mrs. Smith had ordered a copy to be presented.

To Miss ————.

"Dear Madam,

"I had purchased Manon L'Escaut several days before Mrs. Smith's obliging present arrived; I have therefore returned it to Cadell, and beg you will inform your friend of this circumstance, lest the book should be charged to her account. I am equally obliged by her intention, though the negligence of her bookseller has defeated it. Manon seems to be very ably translated; but of this I can be no adequate judge, having never seen the French original.

"When Mrs. Smith can be prevailed on to employ her admirable talents on subjects more worthy of them than Werters and Manons, I will always be happy to do every thing in my power to promote the success or her pen; but I tell you fairly, that such heroes and such heroines shall never obtain the smallest recommendation from me.

> The wise and good I pity in misfortune;
> But when ingratitude and folly suffers,
> 'Tis weakness to be touch'd.

"Pray where lies the moral of pointing out, that the most exalted sentiments will not secure us from being guilty of the most profligate actions? Love

* Name not recollected.

† See Public Characters.

is the only ingredient which keeps the character of the Chevalier sweet. He is a seducer, a hypocrite, an undutiful son, an ungrateful friend, a cheat, a gambler, a murderer, &c. &c.; and must all this be forgiven, because the source of it is a violent attachment to a beautiful wanton? She, too, only interests us, because at bottom she is supposed to have some real love for her paramour, though a casual indigence, a temporary deprivation of dissipation, seldom fails to cure her of too much amorous weakness for her pretended favourite.

"I am beyond measure provoked at books, which philtre the passions of young people till they admit the weakest apologies for licentiousness; and this story is so managed, that one cannot occasionally withhold one's pity from two characters, which, on serious reflection, ought every way to be condemned. But I would ask, How are the hero and heroine punished? She dies, not in consequence of her vices, but drops by a natural though sudden attack of illness, and at the age of twenty-two he is liberated from a female, from whom he has received as much delight as sorrow; and we are left to suppose his father's death, which his misconduct had hastened, has been the instrument of restoring him to affluence and happiness. He has been, in short, too much a dupe to preserve one's respect, and too much a profligate to claim one's pity; yet I must confess we are cheated now and then of the latter by partial situations, and yet the fraud is successful only for an instant. The tablet of Nature may exhibit such contradictory beings as our Chevalier, who admires the necessity of laws divine and human, and violates them all. Yet these are not the characters on which a conscientious moralist would expend his decorations. The shield may be lifted in defence of virtue, but this defensive armour, with such meretricious imagery, cannot fail to defeat every moral purpose.

"The most picturesque and interesting passage, in my opinion, is the first appearance of Manon in chains. Afterwards you grow tired of situations that bear a near resemblance to each other, and it was with difficulty I could get through the second volume.

"To dwell on the improbabilities of the story, would be a waste of criticism; and the hair-combing scene is so ridiculously French, that I wonder Mrs. Smith did not omit it. So much love and improbability cannot, however, fail to give it many admirers.

I am, dear madam, &c. &c.

GEORGE STEEVENS."

I have before observed, that it was accident, rather than choice, which directed Mrs. Smith to this little work, which (exclusive of the severe though just criticism of Mr. Steevens) was the cause of great vexation; however, had she had the power of selecting from among the most celebrated of the French Novelists, and even from those more recently published—however admired and extolled, it may be questioned if she had not incurred the same censure; and those who insist on strict morality must seek it from a purer source.

Soon after the publication of Manon L'Escaut, Mrs. Smith received from her publisher at Chichester the following letter, which had appeared in the Public Advertiser.

"SIR,

"Literary frauds should be made known as soon as discovered; please to acquaint the public that the novel called Manon L'Escaut, just published in two volumes octavo, has been twice before printed in English, once annexed to the Marquis de Bretagne, and once by itself, under the title of the Chevalier de Grieux—it was written by the Abbé Prevost about 40 or 50 years ago. I am, sir, your old correspondent,

"SCOURGE."

The Publisher added, "I have seen Mr. Cadell, who was apprehensive that the reviewers would lay hold of this letter, and that such an assertion would be of ill consequence, not only in regard to the sale of the book, but to himself, as the public would consider him as endeavouring to impose on it, and his reputation might be injured. I take the liberty of repeating this to you, because, as I assured Mr. Cadell, the circumstance was as unknown to you as to himself. The sale is at present at a stand. I am, madam, &c."

Thus were Mrs. Smith's laudable exertions embittered by the attacks, either of wanton and unprovoked malice, or the artifice of a concealed enemy; and, in aggravation of her private misfortunes, she was taught to feel all the penalties and discouragement attached to the profession of an author. She was not without her suspicions of the quarter from whence this blow was aimed, though it would be difficult to discover the motive; and the following letter will show which way her conjectures pointed.

TO MISS —— ——.

"When I found, from your first communication of Mr. ——'s critique, that he greatly disapproved this humble story, which I hardly imagined he would think it worth his while to read, I hoped that what he could not praise, he would at least forbear to blame; but it seems even if I had been under the circumstances which he says could alone justify, or rather palliate, the dispensation of such literary poison, it is evident such a plea would not have softened the asperity of his criticism, or slacken his invincible zeal for public justice, in detecting what he terms a literary fraud: which seems to me a term rather harsh, for I really see no fraud in a person endeavouring to make a better translation of a work already translated. A fraud means a thing which the imposer hopes to make pass for what it is not. This, surely, could not be the case with the book in question. I never pretended it was otherwise than a translation; and whether it was the first or the second, I was as perfectly ignorant as I believe most of my readers were; and had I been as well-informed as Monsr. Scourge himself, I should have thought it very immaterial, for I am persuaded the former translations are very little known, and have probably been out of print for years. I will venture to say, they are not to be found in any catalogue of the circulating libraries; and perhaps are only known to those who would take the pains to seek after such trumpery; and I leave to your suggestion whether any one is so likely to take the trouble as your friend, or so likely to succeed if he did. Do not imagine, however, I mean to bounce and fly in the *** style, about this said letter; I only wish it had not happened, and that he had given the book a more gentle damnation, and at least have suffered it to have lived its day, which is all I expected. As it is, I shall withdraw the book rather than let Cadell suffer.

"I have the pleasure to add, that the last edition of the Sonnets is, as Jacques informs me, so nearly all sold, that it is high time to consider of another edition, which, however, I shall not do hastily, as I intend they shall appear in a very different form, as to size and correctness, and I think I shall be able to add considerably to the bulk of the volume."

In comparing this instance of wanton malignity with traits of the same description, related by Miss Hawkins, in her "Anecdotes," of which Garrick was the object, and one mentioned by Mr. Hayley, in his Memoirs, there can be no doubt but this arrow came from the same quiver. Those gentlemen lived in habits of intimacy with the celebrated editor of Shakspeare; Mrs. Smith had no personal acquaintance with him, and could never have excited his spleen or his envy!

Mrs. Smith was at this time employed in translating some of the most remarkable trials, from Les Causes Célèbres, which were published under the title of "The Romance of Real Life," which, from the great difficulty attending it, helped to complete her disgust, and determined her to rely in future on her own resources, and to employ herself in original composition.

In the spring of 1786, her eldest son was appointed to a writership in Bengal, and though he went out with more than usual advantages, it was a severe trial to a most tender and anxious mother; but

an affliction yet more poignant awaited her in the same year, when her second son was carried off, after only thirty-six hours' illness, by a fever of the most malignant nature, which, spreading through the family, reduced several of the children and servants to the brink of the grave; but by her personal exertions they were restored, and she escaped the infection.

They were at this time residing at Woolbeding House, near Midhurst, which they had engaged after their return from France in 1785; but Mrs. Smith was not destined to be stationary in any residence. An increasing incompatibility of temper, which had rendered her union a source of misery for twenty-three years, determined her on separating from her husband; and, after an ineffectual appeal to one of the members of the family to assist her in the adjustment of the terms, but with the entire approbation of her most dispassionate and judicious friends, she withdrew from Woolbeding House, accompanied by all her children, some of them of an age to judge for themselves, and who all decided on following the fortunes of their mother.

She settled in a small house in the environs of Chichester, and her husband, soon afterwards finding himself involved in fresh difficulties, again retired to the continent, after having made some ineffectual efforts to induce her to return to him. They sometimes met after this period, and constantly corresponded, Mrs. Smith never relaxing in her endeavours to afford him every assistance, and bring the family affairs to a final arrangement; but they never afterwards resided together. Though the decisive step she had taken in quitting her husband's house, was perhaps, under the then existing circumstances, unavoidable, yet I have been told, that the manner was injudicious, and that she should have insisted on previous legal arrangements, and secured to herself the enjoyment of her own fortune. That she was liable to much unmerited censure, was a matter of course; but those who knew the *dessous des cartes*, could only regret that the measure had not been adopted years before.

The summer of 1787 saw Mrs. Smith established in her cottage at Wyhe, pursuing her literary occupations with much assiduity and delight, supplying to her children the duties of both parents. It was here that she began and completed, in the space of eight months, her first, and perhaps most pleasing, novel of Emmeline, and its success was very general. It was published in the spring of 1788, and the whole of the first edition, 1500, sold so rapidly, that a second was immediately called for; and the late Mr. Cadell found his profits so considerable, that he had the liberality, voluntarily, to augment the price he had agreed to give for it. The success of her volume of Sonnets was equally gratifying, and, exclusive of profit and reputation, procured her many valuable friends and estimable acquaintances, and some in the most exalted ranks of life; and it was not the least pleasing circumstance to a mother's heart, that her son in Bengal owed his promotion in the civil service to her talents.

The novel of Ethelinde was published in 1789; Celestina in 1791.

She had quitted her cottage near Chichester, and lived sometimes in or near London, but chiefly at Brighthelmstone, where she formed acquaintances with some of the most violent advocates of the French Revolution, and unfortunately caught the contagion, though in direct opposition to the principles she had formerly professed, and to those of her family.

It was during this paroxysm of political fever that she wrote the novel of Desmond; a work which has been greatly condemned, not only on account of its politics, but its immoral tendency. I leave its defence to an abler pen, and content myself with regretting its consequences. It lost her some friends, and furnished others with an excuse for withholding their interest in favour of her family, and brought a host of *literary ladies* in array against her, armed with all the malignity which envy could inspire!

She had been in habits of intimacy for the two or three last years with Mr. Hayley, (as well as with his lady,) then at the height of his poetical reputation, but this was a distinction not to be enjoyed with impunity. His praise was considered as an encroachment on the rights of other muses, (as he was accustomed to call his poetical female friends,) each of whom claimed the monopoly of his adulation. In the present day the prize would scarcely be thought worth contending for. In 1792, Mrs. Smith made one of the party at Eastham, when Cowper visited that spot. In 1793, her third son, who was serving as an ensign in the 14th regiment of infantry, lost his leg at Dunkirk;* and her own health began to sink under the pressure of so many afflictions, and continual harassing circumstances in which the family property was involved, in the arrangement of which her exertions were incessant. She removed to Bath, but received no benefit from the use of the waters. An imperfect gout had fixed itself on her hands, probably increased by the constant use of the pen, which nevertheless she continued to employ, though some of her fingers were become contracted. Her second daughter had been married to a gentleman of Normandy, who had emigrated at the beginning of the Revolution. She fell into a decline after her first confinement, and died at Clifton in the spring of 1794. It would be impossible to describe the affliction Mrs. Smith experienced on this occasion. Mothers only can comprehend it! From this time she became more than ever unsettled, moving from place to place in search of that tranquility she was never destined to enjoy, yet continuing her literary occupation with astonishing application.

The dates of her different works are recorded in the Censura Literaria, with the omission of a History of England for the use of young persons, which, I believe, was incomplete, and finished by some other person; and a Natural History of Birds, which was published in 1807.

The delays in the settlement of the property, which was equally embarrassing to all parties, at length induced one of them to propose a compromise; and, by the assistance of a noble friend, an adjustment of the respective claims was effected, but not without considerable loss on all sides. Still she derived great satisfaction that her family would be relieved from the difficulties she had so long contended with, although she was personally but little benefitted by it. So many years of mental anxiety and exertion had completely undermined a constitution, which nature seemed to have formed to endure unimpaired to old age; and, convinced that her exhausted frame was sinking under increasing infirmity, she determined on removing into Surry, from a desire that her mortal remains might be laid with those of her mother, and many of her father's family, in Stoke Church, near Guildford. In 1803, she removed from Frans, near Tunbridge, to the village of Elsted, in the neighbourhood of Godalming. In the winter of 1804, I spent some time with her, when she was occupied in composing her charming little work for the use of young persons, entitled "Conversations," which she occasionally wrote in the common sitting-room of the family, with two or three lively grandchildren playing about her, and conversing with great cheerfulness and pleasantry, though nearly confined to her sofa, in great bodily pain, and in a mortifying state of dependence on the services of others, but in the full possession of all her faculties; a blessing of which she was most justly sensible, and for which she frequently expressed her gratitude to the Almighty.

In the following year she removed to Tilford, near Farnham, where her long sufferings were finally closed, on the 28th of October, 1806, in her 58th year. Mr. Smith's death took place the preceding March. She was buried at Stoke, in compliance with her wishes, where a neat monument, executed by Bacon, is erected to her memory, and that of two of her sons, Charles and George, both of whom perished in the West Indies, in the service of their country.

To this sketch of the life of this admirable and

* This estimable young man died a few years after, of the yellow fever, in Barbadoes.

much injured woman, I am induced to attempt a delineation of her character, which, I think, has been as much misunderstood by her admirers, as it has been misrepresented by her enemies. Those who have formed their ideas of her from her works, and even from what she says, in her moments of despondency, of herself, have naturally concluded that she was of a melancholy disposition; but nothing could be more erroneous. Cheerfulness and gayety were the natural characteristics of her mind; and though circumstances of the most depressing nature at times weighed down her spirit to the earth, yet such was its buoyancy that it quickly returned to its level. Even in the darkest periods of her life, she possessed the power of abstracting herself from her cares; and, giving play to the sportiveness of her imagination, could make even the difficulties she was labouring under subjects of merriment, placing both persons and things in such ridiculous points of view, and throwing out such sallies of pleasantry, that it was impossible not to be delighted with her wit, even while deploring the circumstances that excited it. It was said, by the confessor of the celebrated Madame de Coulanges, that her sins were all epigrams: the observation might have been applied with equal propriety to Mrs. Smith, who frequently gave her troubles a truly epigrammatic turn; she particularly exulted in little pieces of humorous poetry, in which she introduces so much fancy and elegance, that one cannot but regret, that, though some of them still exist, they are unintelligible except to the very few survivors who may yet recollect, with a melancholy pleasure, the circumstances that gave rise to them. She was very successful in parodies, and did not spare even her own poetry. In the society of persons she liked, and with whom she was under no restraint, with those who understood, and could enjoy her peculiar vein of humour, nothing could be more spirited, more racy, than her conversation; every sentence had its point, the effect of which was increased by the uncommon rapidity with which she spoke, as if her ideas flowed too fast for utterance; but among strangers, and with persons with whom she could not, or fancied she could not, assimilate, she was cold, silent, and abstracted, disappointing those who had sought her society in the expectation of entertainment.

Notwithstanding her constant literary occupations, she never adopted the affectations, the inflated language, and exaggerated expressions, which literary ladies are often distinguished by, but always expressed herself with the utmost simplicity. She composed with greater facility than others could transcribe, and never would avail herself of an amanuensis, always asserting that it was more trouble to find them in comprehension than to execute the business herself; in fact, the quickness of her conception was such, that she made no allowance for the slower faculties of others, and her impetuosity seldom allowed her time to explain herself with the precision required by less ardent minds. This hastiness of temper was one of the greatest shades in her character, and one of her greatest misfortunes. As her feelings were acute, she expressed her resentments with an asperity, the imprudence of which she was not aware of till it was too late, though perhaps she had forgotten the offence, and forgiven the offender, in ten minutes; but those who smarted under the severity of her lash were not so easily appeased, and she certainly created many enemies, from acting too frequently from the impulse of the moment.

She was always the friend of the unfortunate, and spared neither her time, her talents, nor even her purse, in the cause of those she endeavoured to serve; and with a heart so warm, it may easily be believed she was frequently the dupe of her benevolence. The poor always found in her a kind protectress, and she never left any place of residence without bearing with her their prayers and regrets.

No woman had greater trials as a wife; very few could have acquitted themselves so well! But her conduct for twenty-three years speaks for itself. She was a most tender and anxious mother, and if she carried her indulgence to her children too far, it is an error too general to be very severely reprobated. To shield them as much as possible from the mortifying consequences of loss of fortune, was the object of her indefatigable exertions. Her reward was in their affection and gratitude, and in the approval of her own heart. If she derived a high degree of gratification in the homage paid to her talents, it was embittered by the envenomed shafts of envy and bigotry, and by the calumnies of anonymous defamers. By some she has been censured, because there is no religion in her works, though I believe there is not a line that implies the want of it in herself; and I am of opinion that Mrs. Smith would have considered it as a subject much too sacred to be needlessly and irreverently brought forward in a work of fiction adapted for the hours of relaxation, not for those of serious reflection. Nor was it then the fashion of the day, as it has become since. No one then took up a novel in the expectation of finding a sermon. "Religious Courtships" had not been revived, nor had Cœlebs commenced his peregrinations in Search of a Wife. In introducing politics in one of her works, she incurred equal censure, and with greater reason; it was sinning against good taste in a female writer—perhaps there was a little personal spleen mixed up with her patriotism.

Mrs. Smith's reputation as an author, rests less on her prose works, (which were frequently hastily written, in sickness and in sorrow,) than on her poetry. Her Sonnets and other Poems have passed through eleven editions, and have been translated into French and Italian; and so highly were her talents estimated, that, on the death of Dr. Warton, she was requested to supply his epitaph, which she declined, though she could not but feel the value of such a compliment, from the members of a society so fertile in poets as Winchester College.

Mrs. Smith left no *posthumous* works whatever. The sweepings of her closet were, without exception, committed to the flames. The novel published about three years ago, with her name affixed to it, with an intention of imposing it on the public as her work, is a fraud which, it seems, the law affords no redress for. Those who have looked into it, assure me there is sufficient evidence in the work itself to defeat the intention, and that no person of common sense can be deceived by it: but a more public exposure of such an imposition is required, in justice to Mrs. Smith's memory.

In closing this melancholy retrospection of a life so peculiarly and so invariably marked by adversity, it is impossible not to experience the keenest regret, that a being with a mind so highly gifted, a heart so alive to every warm and generous feeling; with beauty to delight, and virtues to attach all hearts; so formed herself for happiness, and so eminently qualified to dispense it to others, should have been, from her early youth, the devoted victim of folly, vice, and injustice! Who but must contrast her miserable destiny with the brilliant station she would have held in the world under happier circumstances? But her guardian angel slept!

We have already observed, that our path through "this most pleasant land of faery" had been brought to an abrupt conclusion before the works of Mrs. Smith had been included in the collection to which these notices refer. This has deprived us of the opportunity of reconsidering, with some care, the productions of an authoress, from whom we ought to acknowledge having received more pleasure than from others whom we have had an opportunity of reviewing, in greater detail. Something, however, is due to the public; and though we write without having Mrs. Smith's works before us, and our recollections are of a distant date, yet they are too deeply impressed on our memory to be forgotten, and, though of a general character, we trust they will not be found vague or inaccurate.

We must, as a preliminary, take the liberty somewhat to differ from the obliging correspondent to whom we are so much indebted, where she considers Mrs. Smith's prose as much inferior to her poetry. We allow the great beauty of the sonnets, nor are

we at all moved by the pedantic objection, that their structure, in two elegiac quatrains, terminated by a couplet, differs from that of the legitimate sonnet invented by the Italians, and imitated by Milton, and other English authors, from their literature. The quality of the poetry appears to us of much more importance than the structure of the verse; and the more simple model of Mrs. Smith's sonnets is equally or better fitted for the theme, generally melancholy and sentimental, which she loves to exercise her genius upon, than would have been the complicated and involved form of the regular Italian sonnet. But, while we allow high praise to the sweet and sad effusions of Mrs. Smith's muse, we cannot admit that by these alone she could ever have risen to the height of eminence which we are disposed to claim for her as authoress of her prose narratives. The elegance, the polish, the taste, and the feeling of this highly-gifted lady, may no doubt be traced in Mrs. Charlotte Smith's poetry. But for her invention, that highest property of genius, her knowledge of the human bosom, her power of natural description, her wit, and her satire, the reader must seek in her prose narratives.

We remember well the impression made on the public by the appearance of *Emmeline, or the Orphan of the Castle*, a tale of love and passion, happily conceived, and told in a most interesting manner. It contained a happy mixture of humour, and of bitter satire mingled with pathos, while the characters, both of sentiment and of manners, were sketched with a firmness of pencil, and liveliness of colouring, which belong to the highest branch of fictitious narrative. One fault, we well remember, struck us, and other young readers such as we then were. There is (or at least was, for it may have passed away since we experienced such sensations) a strain of chivalrous feeling in the mind of youth, which objects to all change and shadow of turning on the part of the hero and the heroine of the novel. As the favoured youth is expected to be

> A knight of love, who never broke a vow;

so the lady, on her side, must be not only true of promise, but, under every temptation, faithful to her first affection. So much is this the case, that we have not known any instance in which the heroine is made to pass through the purgatory of a previous marriage ere the end of the work assigned her to her first well-beloved, which has not, for that reason, given sore offence to the reader. Now Emmeline (completely justified, we acknowledge, in reason, and still more in prudence) breaks off her engagement with the fiery, high-spirited, but noble and generous Delamere, to attach herself to a certain Mr. Godolphin, of whose merits we are indeed told much, but in whom we do not feel half so much interested as in poor Delamere; perhaps because we are acquainted with the faults as well as virtues of the last, and pity him for the misfortunes to which the authoress condemns him in partiality for her favourite.

It may be said by some, that this is a boarding-school objection. All we can answer is, that we felt it natural at the time when we read the book. It may be said, also, that passion, and sacrifices to passion, are a dangerous theme, when addressed to youth; yet we cannot help thinking that prudence, as it is in a distinguished manner the virtue, so it is in some sense the vice of the present time; and that there is little chance of Cupid, king of gods and men, recovering any very perilous share of his influence during an age in which selfishness is so predominant. It seems at least hard that the novelists of the present day should be amongst the first to uplift the heel against the poor little blind boy, who is naturally their tutelar deity; yet so generally has this been the case, as to recall the complaint of old D'Avenant;

> "The press is now Love's foe, Love's foe.
> They have seized on his arrows, his quiver, his bow;
> They have shorn off his pinions, and fetter'd his feet,
> Because he made way for lovers to meet."

The *Recluse of the Lake*, though the love tale be less interesting, owing to a sort of fantastic romance attached to the hero Montgomery, is in other respects altogether fit to stand beside the *Orphan of the Castle*. The cold-hearted, yet coquettish woman of fashion, Lady Newenden, who becomes vicious out of mere ennui, is very well drawn, and so are the female horse-jockey and the brutal buck.

Mrs. Smith's powers of satire were great, but they seldom exhibit a playful or light character. Her experience had unfortunately led her to see life in its most melancholy features, so that follies, which form the jest of the fortunate, had to her been the source of disquiet and even distress. The characters we have just enumerated, with others to be found in her works, are so drawn as to be detested rather than laughed at; and at the sporting parson and some others less darkly shaded, we smile in scorn, but without sympathy. The perplexed circumstances in which her family affairs were placed, induced Mrs. Smith to judge with severity the trustees who had the management of these matters; and the introduction of one or two legal characters (men of business, as they are called,) into her popular novels, left them little to congratulate themselves on having had to do with a lady whose pen wore so sharp a point. Even Mr. Smith's foibles did not escape. In spite of "awful rule and right supremacy," we recognise him in the whimsical projector, who hoped to make a fortune by manuring his estate with old wigs. This satire may not have been uniformly well merited; for ladies who see sharply and fel keenly are desirous sometimes to arrive at their point, without passing through the forms which the law, rather than lawyers, throws in the way. A bitter excess of irritability will, however, be readily excused by those who have read, in the preceding Memoir, the agitating, provoking, and distressing circumstances, in which Mrs. Smith was involved during the greater part of her existence. Her literary life also had its own peculiar plagues, to the character of which she has borne sufficient testimony in one of her later novels. There is an admirable correspondence between a literary lady and some gentlemen of the trade, which illustrates the uncertainty and vexation to which the life of an author is subjected.

The chef-d'œuvre of Mrs. Smith's work is, according to our recollection, the *Old Manor-House*, especially the first part of the story, where the scene lies about the ancient mansion and its vicinity. Old Mrs. Rayland is without a rival; a Queen Elizabeth in private life, jealous of her immediate dignities and possessions, and still more jealous of the power of bequeathing them. Her letter to Mr. Somerive, in which she intimates rather than expresses her desire to keep young Orlando at the Hall, while she is so careful to avoid committing herself by any direct expression of her intentions with respect to him, is a master-piece of diplomacy, equal to what she of Tudor could have composed on a similar occasion. The love of the young people thrown together so naturally, its innocence and purity, and the sort of perils with which they are beset, cannot fail deeply to interest all those who are interested by this peculiar species of literature. The unexpected interview with Jonas the smuggler, furnishes an opportunity for varying the tale with a fine scene of natural terror, drawn with a masterly hand.

In the *Old Manor-House* there are also some excellent sketches of description; but such are indeed to be found in all Mrs. Smith's works; and it is remarkable that the sea-coast scenery of Dorset and Devon, with which she must have been familiar, is scarce painted with more accuracy of description, than the tower upon a rugged headland on the coast of Caithness, which she could only become acquainted with by report. So readily does the plastic power of genius weave into a wreath materials, whether collected by the artist or by other hands. It may be remarked, that Mrs. Smith not only preserves in her landscapes the truth and precision of a painter, but that they sometimes evince marks of her own favourite pursuits and studies. The plants and flowers are described by their Linnæan names,

as well as by their vulgar epithets; and in speaking of the denizens of air, the terms of natural history are often introduced. Something like this may be observed in Mr. Crabbe's poems; but neither in these nor in Mrs. Smith's novels does it strike the reader that there is pedantry in such details; an objection which certainly would occur, were such scientific ornaments to be used by a meaner hand.

The most deficient part of Mrs. Smith's novels, is unquestionably the plot, or narrative, which, in general, bears the appearance of having been hastily *run up*, as the phrase goes, without much attention to probability or accuracy of combination. This was not owing to any deficiency in invention; for when Charlotte Smith had leisure, and chose to employ it to the purpose, her story, as in the *Orphan of the Castle*, is conducted with unexceptionable ingenuity. But she was too often summoned to her literary labours by the inexorable voice of necessity, which obliged her to write for the daily supply of the press, without having previously adjusted, perhaps without having even rough-hewn the course of incidents which she intended to detail. Hence the hurry and want of connexion which may be observed in some of her stories, and hence, too, instances, in which we can see that the character of the tale has changed while it was yet in the author's imagination, and has in the end become different from what she herself had originally proposed. This is apt to arise either from the author having forgotten the thread of the story, or her having, in the progress of the narrative, found it more difficult to disentangle it skilfully than her first concoction of the tale had induced her to hope. This desertion of the story is, no doubt, an imperfection; for few of the merits which a novel usually boasts are to be preferred to an interesting and well-arranged story. But then this merit, however great, has never been considered as indispensable to fictitious narrative. On the contrary, in many of the best specimens of that class of composition—*Gil Blas*, for example, *Peregrine Pickle*, *Roderick Random*, and many others of the first eminence—no effort whatever is made to attain the praise belonging to a compact system of adventures, in which the volumes which succeed the first, like the months of summer maturing the flowers and fruit which have germinated in spring, slowly conduct the tale to the maturity at which it arrives upon its conclusion, as autumn gathers in the produce of the year. On the contrary, the adventures, however delightful in themselves, are but

Like orient pearls at random strung,

and are not connected together, otherwise than as having occurred to one individual, and in the course of one man's life. In fine, whatever may be the vote of the severer critics, we are afraid that many of the labourers in this walk of literature will conclude with Bayes, by asking, "What is the use of the plot but to bring in fine things?" And, truly, if the fine things really deserve the name, we think there is pedantry in censuring the works where they occur, merely because productions of genius are not also adorned with a regularity of conception, carrying skilfully forward the conclusion of the story, which we may safely pronounce one of the rarest attainments of art.

The characters of Mrs. Smith are conceived with truth and force, though we do not recollect any one which bears the stamp of actual novelty; and indeed, an effort at introducing such, unless the author is powerfully gifted with the inventive faculty, is more likely to produce monsters than models of composition. She is uniformly happy in supplying them with language fitted to their station in life; nor are there many dialogues to be found which are at once so entertaining, and approach so nearly to truth and reality. The evanescent tone of the highest fashionable society is not easily caught, nor perhaps is it desirable it should be, considering the care which is taken in these elevated regions to deprive conversation of every thing approaching to the emphasis of passion, or even of serious interest. But of every other species of dialogue, from the higher to the lower classes of her countrymen, Mrs. Smith's works exhibit happy specimens; and her portraits of foreigners, owing to her long residence abroad, are not less striking than those of Britons.

There is yet another attribute of Mrs. Smith's fictitious narratives, which may be a recommendation, or the contrary, as it affects readers of various temperaments, or the same reader in a different mood of mind. We allude to the general tone of melancholy which pervades her composition, and of which every one who has read the preceding Memoir can no longer be at a loss to assign the cause. The conclusions of her novels, it is true, are generally fortunate, and she has spared her readers who have probably enough arising out of their own concerns to make them anxious and unhappy, the uncomfortable feeling of having wasted their hour of leisure upon making themselves yet more sad and uncomfortable than before, by the unpleasant conclusion of a tale which they had taken up for amusement. The sky, though it uniformly lours upon us through Mrs. Smith's narrations, breaks forth on the conclusion, and cheers the scene when we are about to part from it. Still, however, we long for a few sunny glimpses to enliven the landscape in the course of the story, and with these we are rarely supplied; so that the general influence of melancholy can scarce be removed by the assurance, that our favourites are at length married and prosperous. The hasty and happy catastrophe seems so inconsistent with the uniform persecutions of Fortune, through the course of the story, that we cannot help doubting whether adversity had exhausted her vial, or whether she had not further misfortunes in store for them after the curtain was dropped by the Authoress. Those who have few sorrows of their own, as Coleridge beautifully expresses it,* love the tables which call forth a sympathy for which their own feelings give little occasion; while others, exhausted by the actual distresses of life, relish better those narratives which steal them from a sense of sorrow. But every one, whether of sad or gay temperament, must regret that the tone of melancholy which pervades Mrs. Smith's compositions, was derived too surely from the circumstances and feelings of the amiable Authoress. We are indeed informed by Mrs. Dorset that the natural temper of her sister was lively and playful; but it must be considered, that the works on which she was obliged, often reluctantly, to labour, were seldom undertaken from free choice. Nothing saddens the heart so much as that sort of literary labour which depends on the imagination, when it is undertaken unwillingly, and from a sense of compulsion. The galley-slave may sing when he is unchained, but it would be uncommon equanimity which could induce him to do so when he is actually bound to his oar. If there is a mental drudgery which lowers the spirits and lacerates the nerves, like the toil of the slave, it is that which is exacted by literary composition when the heart is not in unison with the work upon which the head is employed. Add to the unhappy author's task, sickness, sorrow, or the pressure of unfavourable circumstances, and the labour of the bondsman becomes light in comparison.

Before closing a rough attempt to discharge the debt we owe, in acknowledgement of many pleasant hours derived from the perusal of Mrs. Smith's works, we cannot but remark the number of highly talented women, who have, within our time of novel-reading, distinguished themselves advantageously in this department of literature. Besides the living excellence of Mrs. D'Arblay, and of Maria Edgeworth, of the Authoress of Marriage and the Inheritance, and of Mrs. Opie, the names arise on us of Miss Austin, the faithful chronicler of English manners, and English society of the middling, or what is called the genteel class; besides also Mrs. Radcliffe, Miss Reeves, and others, to whom we have endeavoured to do some justice in

* Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope, my joy, my Genevieve;
She loves me best whene'er I sing
The songs that makes her grieve.

Love.

these sheets. We have to thank Mrs. Inchbald, the authoress of Frankenstein, Mrs. Bennett, too, and many other women of talents, for the amusement which their works have afforded; and we must add, that we think it would be impossible to match against these names the same number of masculine competitors, arising within the same space of time. The fact is worthy of notice; although, whether it arises from mere chance: whether the less marked and more evanescent shades of modern society are more happily painted by the finer pencil of a woman; or whether our modern delicacy, having excluded the bold and sometimes coarse delineations permitted to ancient novelists, has rendered competition more easy to female writers, because the forms must be veiled and clothed with drapery—is a subject which would lead us far, and which, therefore, it is not our present purpose to enter into.

SIR RALPH SADLER.

The birth of this able and celebrated statesman was neither obscure and ignoble, nor so much exalted above the middling rank of society, as to contribute in any material degree towards the splendid success of his career in life.

Ralph Sadler was the eldest son of Henry Sadleir,* or Sadleyer, Esquire, through whom he was heir, according to Fuller, to a fair inheritance. He was born in the year 1507, at Hackney, in Middlesex, where his family had been for some time settled, and had a younger brother, John Sadler, who commanded a company at the siege of Boulogne, in the year 1544. The circumstances of Henry Sadleir, their father, were not such as to exempt him from professional labour, and even from personal dependence. Indeed the chain of feudal connexion was still so entire, that the lesser gentry of the period sought not only emolument but protection, and even honour, by occupying, in the domestic establishments of the nobles, those situations, which the nobility themselves contended for in the royal household. The pride of solitary and isolated independence was unknown in a period when the force of the laws was unequal to protect those who enjoyed it, and the closer the fortunes of a private individual were linked with those of some chieftain of rank and power, the greater was the probability of his escaping all mischances, save those flowing from the fall of his patron. It does not, therefore, contradict what has been handed down to us concerning Henry Sadleir's rank and estate, that he seems to have acted in some domestic capacity, probably as steward or surveyor, to a nobleman, proprietor of a manor called Cillney, near Great Hadham, in Essex.

His office, whatever it was, consisted in keeping accounts and receiving money; so that his son had an early example of accurate habits of business, not very common in that rude military age, which proved not only the foundation of his fortune, but continued to be the means of his raising it to the highest elevation. Ralph Sadler was fortunate enough to gain a situation in the family of Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, who rose in the favour of the capricious Henry VIII., by facilitating his divorce from Queen Catharine, and who fell by procuring his union with Anne of Cleves. While Cromwell was yet in the ascent of his grandeur, Sadler acquired so much influence with him, as to be able to solicit a place under the crown for his father, whose noble patron had become unable to support the expense of a feudal household. These minute particulars we learn from a letter which the elder Sadler writes to his son.†

Ralph Sadler's favour with Lord Cromwell, and the trust which he reposed in him, soon brought him under the eye of Henry VIII. It was emphatically said of that monarch, that Henry *loved a* MAN; by which we are to understand, that the objects of his favour were distinguished by external strength, figure, and personal accomplishments, as well as by their temper and talents. In both respects Sadler was fortunate; for, though of a middling, or rather low stature, he was well skilled in all exercises, remarkable both for strength and activity, and particularly accomplished in horsemanship.† Neither was his address in public business inferior to his feats of horsmanship, hunting, and chivalry. It was probable before he attracted the King's notice, that Mr. Sadler became the husband of the widow of one Ralph Burrow, who does not seem to have been a person of high rank, although no good grounds have been discovered for the scandal with which Sanders and other Catholic writers have stigmatized this union. That she was a woman of credit and character, must be admitted; since Lord Cromwell, to whom she was related, not only countenanced their marriage, but was godfather to two of their children, the first of whom died in infancy.‡

* Sir Ralph seems to have dropped the *i* in spelling his name. But the orthography of proper names in this period was far from uniform. We have adapted that which he used most frequently.

† "Henry Sadleyer to his son Ralph, living with Mr. Cromwell, concerning some demands and private concerns. Original from Cillney. Titus, B. I. No. 48, page 153.

"Son Raff, I hartely recomaund me unto you, and send you Godd's blessing and myne. I praye you send me woord whether ye have spokyn to hym; yf ye have, I praye you, that I may have knowledge in writynge from you of his answer to you made. I trust he will knowledge, that I doe owe to the kynges grace xxx iiiii and odde money. Yf it please hym to looke upon my booke which remayneth in his handes, therein he shall fynde a labell that shall showe the truthe, (desyre hym to be good to me.) Son Raff, whereas I shoulde have had of my lorde, now at this audite, above xx markes, I can gett never a peny but fayre wordes, with whyche I cannot lyve. My lorde hathe putt away many of his yemen at this audite, and dothe intende after Christmas to putt many moe awey, and both his lordeshippe and my ladye wil to the court after Christmas, and kepe a smalle house; wherefore I praye you that I may be recomanded to your good maister, and desyre hym by your humble sute, to gett me the office in the Towre as in others, so that I shall be nigh London. Good son, dos the best you can for me. I truste to be at the next terme by Godd's grace. I assure you bothe my lord and my lady shall be very lothe to depart with me, but with them I can have noo livinge; if I had, I wold not depart from them. I pray you sende for your mother, and rede this letter to her; and farder, my lorde dothe intend to lye at Cilney all this Christmas, and there to kepe a smalle Christmas, though your mother, my mate, as yet is not come to Cilney; whereof I marvell, for diverse certis of Great Hadham hath bynat London diverse tymes syns I came from home. I can noe more at this tyme, but the holy Treuytye cummfurt us all to . . . . pleasure. Written at Cilney, the xvith day of December, in haste, as apperyth. Your father,

HENRY SADLEYER.

"To Raff Sadleyer, dwelling with Master Cromwell, be thesgevin.

"I thynke Richard Crumwell . . . to London now at this tyme, and will be at Cilney before; then ye mage send your lettres by hym; if he be not, Mr. Antony will be at Cilney before Christmas; the lettres ye send to me close them surely for openyng."

† This is established by the testimony of his natural son Richard; who, in dedicating a treatise on Horsemanship to his father, Sir Ralph, acknowledges to have derived from his instructions whatever skill he had attained in the knowledge of that noble animal, the horse.

‡ "R. Sadler to Sec. Cromwell. Titus, B. I. p. 343. Original.

"Syr, after myn humble comendacions, with like request, that it may please you to gyve me leve to trouble you, amongst your weighty affaires, with these tryffels: it is so, that my wyfe, after long travaile, and as payneful labour as any woman could have, hathe at last brought furth a fayre boy; beseeching you to vouchsafe ones agayne to be gossip unto so poore a man as I am, and that he may bear your name. Trusting ye shall have more rejoyse of him than ye had of the other; and yet ther is no cause but of gret rejoyse in the other, for he dyed an innocent, and enjoyeth the joyes of heven. I wold also be right glad to have Mr. Richard's wyf, or my Lady Weston, to be the godmother. Ther is a certain superstitious opinion and usage amongst women, which is, that in case a woman go with childe, she may christen no other man's childe as long as she is in that case. And therfor, not knowing whether Mr. Richard's wyf be with child or not, I do name my Lady Weston. I desyre to have one of those, because they do lye so near Hackney; to-morrow in the after noone shall be the tyme, and that the holy Trinyte preserve you in long lyf and good helth, with much honour. At Hackney, this Saturday, at iii of the clocke at after noone, with the rude and hastie hand of

Your most assured and faithful servante duringe his lyf,

RAFE SADLER.

To the right honourable and his singular good Mr.

Maister Secretarye, be thes gewen."

Some of the minute intelligence, so dear to modern antiquaries, may be gained from this gossipping business; as, 1st, that Sadler had a former son, who died an infant; 2dly, we may conclude Lady Weston was either a widow or an old woman; 3dly, we may observe Sadler's simplicity in plainly telling us, that he knew not whether Mr. Richard's wyf were with child or not; lastly, that Mr. Sadler had not very well determined at what hour to christen his child, for he had first written *morning* and afterwards after-

According to the inscription on Sadler's tomb, he entered the King's service in or about the 10th year of his reign, that is, in 1518; and there are letters in the Museum which prove that he was at court before Wolsey's fall, under whose patronage his master, Cromwell, had risen to eminence. In one of these Sadler mentions to Cromwell, that, "My Lord, his Grace," (the Cardinal, doubtless,) had been slandered to the King, and exclaims against the ingratitude of the secretary. In another letter he seems to write to Cromwell by order of the King, about certain issues of money and prizes taken at sea.

As Sadler advanced in the King's favour, he became, though at what time I cannot say, clerk of the hamper, one of the gentlemen of the privy chamber, and received the honour of knighthood.* And in the 30th year of Henry's reign, he was created one of his principal secretaries of state.

Sir Ralph Sadler seems to have been active in the great work of dissolving the religious houses, nor did he miss his share of the spoil. It may be supposed, that his conversion to the Protestant faith was gradual, at least that his avowal of the reformed tenets did not precede the death of Henry VIII., who wished to die a Catholic, although he seized the supremacy, and plundered the monasteries. A charter of Edward VI., to be hereafter quoted, acquaints us, that Sir Ralph Sadler acquired the advowson of the rectory and church of Kemsey, in Worcestershire; that of the rectory and church of St. Martin's, in London, with the manors of Bromley, in Middlesex; Haslengefield, in Cambridgeshire; Walthamstow Tong, in Essex; Aston, Tinatt, and North Merton, in Berkshire; with various portions of tithes in Gloucestershire. These grants, extensive as they were, do not seem to comprehend all the lands bestowed on Sadler by the liberality of Henry VIII.

In 1537, Sadler commenced a long course of diplomatic services, by an embassy to Scotland, whose monarch, James V., was then absent in France, where he had just married a daughter of Francis I. The envoy was to greet the dowager Queen Margaret, widow of James IV., to strengthen the English interest in the councils of regency which governed Scotland, and to discover the probable consequences of the intimate union between France and Scotland. This was an object of greater importance, as, in passing through the northern counties of England, Sadler found them in an unusual state of turbulence, from the consequence of the rebellion, called the Pilgrimage of Grace.

In the small town of Darlington, the Envoy was well nigh besieged in his lodgings by thirty or forty clowns, armed with clubs, against whom his landlord, though well inclined to protect his guest, durst offer no violence, but was contented to cause them to disperse by remonstrances. The people, Sadler reported, were in a very strange and tickish state, perplexed with false rumours, expecting mutations in Government, staring in idle and giddy excitation, and looking for they know not what. The dissatisfaction at the innovations in religion was so general, that the town of Newcastle had nearly broken out into open revolt, had it not been for the loyal care of the Mayor, "a wise fellow and substantial," who, assisted by his brethren, had suppressed the malcontents, and prepared for the defence of the place. Its fortifications seem to have been formidable—"All along the walls lay sundry pieces of ordnance; and at every gate of the town they kept watch and ward, and yet do; every gate-house is full of bows, arrows, bills, and other habiliments of war; and upon every gate lay in the tower, great pieces of ordnance, which would scour every way a mile or two or more; all which ordnance, they told me, that every merchant, for his part, brought out of their ships. They made also new gates of iron upon their bridge; and be victualled within the town, they think, for a whole year." At no time had peace with Scotland been more essential to the English interest. But the Scottish court was as much divided by aristocratic faction, as England by popular discontent. The clergy, and such of the more powerful nobles as France had thought worthy attaching to her cause, were zealous for war with England; the lesser barons and common people had already become attached to the Reformation; the Queen-Dowager was utterly without power: and the continuance of the peace depended upon the resolutions to be adopted by James on his return from France. With this intelligence, Sadler returned to England in the beginning of February, 1537.

On Sir Ralph Sadler's subsequent embassy in 1539-40, the following collection furnishes us with a particular account. The ostensible purpose was that of maintaining, in general, a good correspondence between the crowns. But the private instructions of the envoy were, if possible, to separate James from the councils of Beaton, an ambitious prelate, the head of the faction which was favourable to France. For this purpose he was instructed to state, that Henry had discovered, among certain letters thrown into his hands by the shipwreck of a vessel near Bamborough, a dangerous plan, by which Beaton designed, under colour of the King's favour, to usurp the whole government of Scotland, and to throw it under the absolute control of the Pope. In short, the instruction seems to infer, that Beaton was attempting the same enterprise in Scotland, which Wolsey had almost effected in Henry's own realm; and there can be little doubt, that, in describing the danger of intrusting power to such a character, Henry had the memory of his fallen favourite brought freshly to his recollection. Sadler was further instructed to remonstrate with James on the economy with which he managed his crown lands; to represent it as un-king like, and to hold out to him a worthier and more princely source of revenue in the overgrown possessions of the church, which lay at his mercy. And, on the whole, he was directed to persuade the Scottish monarch, if possible, to imitate his uncle's conduct towards the See of Rome, and to make common cause with England against France.

James received Sadler with marks of distinction and kindness; but the reasoning of his uncle made but slight impression on his mind. His high spirit revolted at the dictatorial mode in which these councils were conveyed; he weighed the profuse liberality of Francis I. against the niggard present of a set of horses with which Sadler presented him in the name of his sovereign; he respected the talents and learning of the catholic clergy, who alone of his subjects had the education necessary to assist his councils; he preferred deriving from the church's voluntary donation, such subsidies as his affairs might require, to the odium of seizing upon her possessions, and he resolved to adhere to the faith of his forefathers. It is not uninteresting to hear the very terms in which the accomplished monarch, and the skilful diplomatist, argued some of the points of Sadler's negotiation.

"His Majesty," quoth I, "hath heard it bruited, that ye should gather into your hands numbers of sheep, and such other mean things, in respect of your estate, therewith to increase your estate and revenue. And," quoth I, "his Grace having advised himself thereof, commanded me to tell you, that though the things may be somewhat profitable, yet, as that kind of profit cannot stand with the honour of a King's estate, nor yet so profitable as may any ways extend towards the maintenance of a King's estate; so the King's Majesty, your uncle," quoth I, "doubteth lest it may give occasion to your people to mutter and mutiny, fearing lest their living should be taken from them by your nobility and gentlemen of your realm, when they may be borne by your precedent and example, and so percase might grow further inconveniences. Wherefore," quoth I, "the King's Majesty your uncle, wisheth that you would

noon. But in addition to all this valuable information, the letter shows his connexion with Cromwell, and the superstition which it commemorates is a singular one.

* He is designed Sir Ralph Sadler, knight, in the will of Henry VIII. The honour conferred on him in the field of battle at Pinkie, consisted in his being elevated to the honour of a Banneret.

rather apply yourself, by good and politic means, to increase your revenue by taking of some of those religious houses (such as may be best spared) into your hands, which do occupy and possess a great part of the possessions of your realm, to the maintenance of their volupty and idle life, and the continual decay of your estate; and the rest of them, which be most notable, to alter into colleges or cathedral churches, and alms-houses, as the King's Majesty, your uncle, hath done; whereby ye shall well perceive, that one house so altered shall tend more to the glory of God, than a number of them now doth; and yet shall ye establish your revenue thereby, in such sort as ye shall be able to live like a King, and yet not meddle with sheep, nor such mean things, being matter whereupon to occupy the meanest of your people and subjects."—"In good faith," quoth he, "I have no sheep, nor occupy no such things. But," quoth he, "such as have tacks and farms of me, peradventure have such numbers of sheep and cattle as ye speak of, going upon my lands, which I have no regard to. But for my part," quoth he, "by my truth I never knew what I had of mine own, nor yet do. I thank God," quoth he, "I am able to live well enough of that which I have, and I have friends that will not see me mister. There is a good man in France, my good father the King of France (I must needs call him so," quoth he, "for I am sure he is like a father to me,) that will not see me want any thing, that lies in him to help me with. Nevertheless," quoth he, "I shall seek nothing of any man but love and friendship; and for my part I shall hold my word and behecht* with all princes, and for no man living shall I stain mine honour for any worldly good, with the grace of Jesu. And most heartily I thank the King's grace, mine uncle, for his advice; but in good faith I cannot do so; for methinks it against reason and God's law to put down these religious houses, which have," quoth he, "stood these many years, and God's service maintained and keeped in the same. And," quoth he, "what need I to take them to increase my livelihood, when I may have any thing that I can require of them? I am sure," quoth he, "there is not an Abbey in Scotland at this hour but if we mister any thing, we may have of them whatsoever we will desire that they have; and so what needs us to spoil them?"—"Sir," quoth I, "they are a kind of unprofitable people, that live idly upon the sweat and labours of the poor, and their first foundations founded upon popery and man's constitutions; and yet doth none of them observe the ground and rules of their professions: for in their first entries to religion, they profess chastity, wilful poverty, and obedience." It was in vain that Sadler enlarged upon the corruptions of the clergy in manners and doctrine; the King mildly replied, "God forbid, if a few be not good, for them all the rest be destroyed!" James disclaimed any intention of joining France in a league against England, but turned a deaf ear to the charge of treachery, which Sadler, according to his master's command, preferred against his minister. A meeting with Henry was warmly pressed by Sadler, and politely evaded by the Scottish monarch, who was well aware, that a sovereign ought not to meet his superior in power, unless he was prepared to subscribe to whatever should be required of him; and Sir Ralph left the Scottish court without material success in any part of his mission. He complains much of the ill offices received on this occasion from the Scottish clergy and their faction. They sent forth a proclamation in the churches on his arrival, denouncing death and confiscation against whosoever should eat so much as an egg during Lent. This denunciation Sadler complained of as aimed against him and his attendants—"Insomuch that the King had knowledge thereof, and incontinently, he sent Rothesay, the herald, to me, declaring, 'That whatsoever publications were made, the King's pleasure was, I should eat what I would, and that victuals should be appointed for me of what I would eat.' I thanked humbly his grace and answered, 'that I was belied, and untruly said of, for,' quoth I, 'I eat no flesh, nor none of my folks; nor,' quoth I, 'is it permitted in England in the Lent. Marry,' quoth I, 'I confess that I eat eggs and white meats, because I am an evil fishman, and I think it none offence. For if it were,' quoth I, 'I would be as loath to eat it as the holiest of your priests, that thus have belied me.'—'Oh!' quoth he, 'know ye not our priests? A mischief on them all! I trust,' quoth he, 'the world will amend here once!' Thus I had liberty to eat what I would. Another bruit they made, 'that all my men were monks, and that I had them out of the abbey in England, and now they were servingmen.' I gave a Greek word on my men's coatsleeves, which is Μονω ανακτι δουλευω; the Latin whereof is, *Soli regi servio; a rege tantum pendeo; ex regis ministerio unus;* and such other may be interpreted of the same. Now the bishops here have interpreted my word to be as they called it, *Monachulus*, which, as they say, is in English, 'a little monk,' as a diminutive of *Monachus;* and this they affirmed for a verity. Whereupon they bruited that all my men were monks; but it appeareth they are no good Grecians."

After his return to England, and in the course of this year (1540,) his patron Cromwell was disgraced and beheaded; but his fall was attended by no ill consequences to Sadler, whose interest now rested on his individual merit.

In 1541, Sadler was sent upon another embassy to Scotland, concerning which we have less distinct information. Its general scope was to detach James from the Pope and Catholic clergy, whose practices Henry pronounced to be so wonderous, that "one might be lightly led by the nose and bear their yoke, yet, for blindness, not know what he doth." He was instructed again to press upon James the propriety of a personal meeting, to which the Scottish King gave a dubious consent.† The good sense and moderation which James exhibited during discussions of so delicate a nature, rendered him worthy of a more enlightened age, and of a better fate.

In 1542, the fatal battle, or rather rout of Solway, took place, in which a thousand Scottish prisoners, comprehending the Earls of Glencairn and Cassilis, Lords Maxwell, Somerville, and other nobles of the highest rank, fell into the hands of a small band of English Borderers, who had approached the Scottish host, rather to observe their motions, than with any purpose of assault. By this disgraceful event, the heart of James V. was literally broken, and he died, leaving the crown to his daughter Mary, a new-born infant, whose misfortunes began in her cradle, and accompanied her, with little intermission, to her grave. In this crisis Henry formed a plan, equally moderate and sagacious, of uniting the two kingdoms by alliance, rather than conquest. For this purpose, he treated with kindness and liberality the Scottish prisoners, whom the success at Solway had placed in his power, and heaped favours upon the Earl of Angus, the head of the house of Douglas, who, with his kinsmen, had long found refuge in England from the wrath of James V., and was now about to return to Scotland in consequence of his death. To these nobles, his captives, as well as the Douglases, the English monarch intrusted a scheme of a marriage to be contracted between the infant Queen of Scotland, and the youthful Edward, his son and heir. Henry appears to have received from all the strongest assurances, that they would support, with their utmost power, this proposition, so soon as it should be made to the Scottish Parliament. Not satisfied with these protestations, he took from the captives pledges and hostages for their returning to captivity upon his summons; and dismissed them much in the situation, though unanimated by the spirit, of the Roman Regulus. With them the Earl of Angus and the Douglases returned to Scotland, after an exile of fifteen years, during which they had been in a great measure pensioners upon Henry's munificence.

With them, also, Sir Ralph Sadler came to Scotland, in the character of ambassador of England,

* Promise.

† Pinkerton's History, vol. I. p. 374.

for achieving this important match. The prudence and art with which he conducted the negotiation, as well as the real advantages which it held forth to Scotland, might, in any other country and circumstances, have secured its success. But the impatient spirit of Henry would not wait for the ripening of his own proposal, longing not only to form an interest in the heiress of the kingdom, but to have her person in his own custody, and her kingdom under his own government. Sir George Douglas, the brother of the Earl of Angus, protested from the beginning against this rash assumption. "If there be any motion," said he, "now to take the governor from his state, and to bring the government of this realm to the King of England, I assure you it is impossible to be done at this time. For," quoth he, "there is not so little a boy but he will hurl stones against it, and the wives will handle their distaffs, and the commons universally will rather die in it, yea, and many noblemen and all the clergy be fully against it." According to this prognostication, the whole country seemed to prepare for war; for when Sadler, by his sovereign's desire, still insisted on the King of England having the personal custody of the princess, the combustion became very great, and Lord Maxwell assured him he should see such a meeting as was never seen at parliament or council, for every one was preparing jacks and spears, and if they fought not ere they parted it would be a great wonder.

Notwithstanding Sadler's diplomatic ability, he had to contend with the prejudices which centuries of war had engraved in the bosom of the Scottish nation; prejudices so deep and unconquerable, that one of their most enlightened statesmen* used to Sadler these strong expressions of the national abhorrence of an English match: "Our nation being a stout nation, will never agree to have an Englishman to be King of Scotland; and though the whole nobility of the realm would consent to it, the common people, the women with their distaffs, and the very stones in the street, would rise up and rebel against it." The impatient, haughty, and furious temper of King Henry, added to the obstacles which the ambassador had to encounter. His parsimony gave still further embarrassment. It is easy to perceive that Henry reckoned almost solely upon the gratitude of the prisoners to whom he had given temporary freedom, and of the Douglases whom he had protected in banishment; and that he disrelished the idea, suggested by Sadler, of refreshing, by new acts of generosity, their recollection of former favours. Threats, expostulation, and upbraiding, were arguments which Henry held to be cheaper and more efficacious, than working by gifts and promises upon the poverty and avarice of the Scottish nobility. By this course, which Sadler vainly deprecated, the party which he had formed among that body became daily more doubtful, and the stern remonstrances of the English monarch only tended still further to alienate them from his interest.

Their situation was indeed a hard one, and vindicated their once bitter complaints. Thus "the Lord Maxwell sware a great oath, 'that he thought your Majesty had them in some suspicion; and yet, for all that, they would be true men to your Majesty.' The Earl of Glencairn prayed me 'to write to your Majesty, and to beseech the same for the passion of God, to encourage them so much, as to give them trust, for they were already commonly hated here for your Majesty's sake, and throughout the realm called the English lords; and such ballads and songs made of them, how the English angels had corrupted them, as have not been heard; so as they have almost lost the hearts of the common people of this realm, and be also suspected of the governor and nobility of the same; and if your Majesty should also mistrust them, they were in a hard case: Wherefore, seeing they were minded, as indeed they would serve your Majesty with their bodies, goods, and all their power, according to their band and promise, from which they will never vary nor digress, they beseech your Majesty to give them trust and credit, which, if they may perceive, shall be most to their comfort;' wherein I did as much as I could to satisfy them."

On the other hand, the address of Sadler was counterbalanced by that of Cardinal Beaton, who availed himself of every obstacle which the prejudices of the Scots, the imbecility of the Regent, the impatience of Henry, and the liberality of France, afforded against the English treaty. Yet, under all these disadvantages, a hollow league was agreed to, by which the Scots consented to send their sovereign into England, so soon as she should attain the age of ten years; and in the meanwhile, six hostages, of the first rank, were to be delivered to the English monarch, as pledges for the fulfilment of the treaty. Sir George Douglas prevailed with the Scottish nobility to assent to this proposal, by reminding them of the apologue of the physician, who, to escape the wrath of a tyrannical sultan, undertook to teach an ass to speak within the course of ten years; and justified the hopeless undertaking to his friends by saying, that he had gained a space, within which either the King, or the ass, or he himself, might die, in any of which events he escaped final punishment, and meantime lived in good estate and favour. "Even so," said Douglas, "we being unprovided for war, gain by this treaty ten years of peace; during which King Henry, or his son, or the Queen, may die, or the parties coming of age may refuse each other, or matters may so stand that the match may be concluded on more equal terms."† Sir George, in boasting of the effects of his eloquence, probably did not pique himself to Sadler upon the nature of his arguments and illustration.

This alliance was hardly ratified, ere it became obvious that it could never be carried into effect. The Earls of Huntley, Argyle, Lennox and Bothwell, Lord Home, and the Laird of Buccleuch, took up arms openly against the governor, with the avowed purpose of preventing the odious match with England. The imprudent detention of some Scottish vessels in the ports of England excited the irritable multitude of Edinburgh to fury against their new ally. Sadler's situation became at once embarrassing and dangerous, and he narrowly escaped assassination, a musket being discharged at him while walking in his garden. The governor secretly meditated a revolt from the party of England, and used many devices to prevail on the ambassador to retire from Scotland. It was in vain that Sadler made him the most flattering offers, even so far as to propose that the Regent should marry one of Henry's daughters, and become King of all Scotland beyond the Forth. From the Regent's reply to this extravagant proposal it seems plain, that a gratuity of a thousand pounds would have been much more acceptable than the vague hopes which it implied. But this Sadler durst not promise. To the Douglases, and to that diminished part of the Solway captives who still professed adherence to England, Sadler offered an auxiliary army of English. But they replied, that the name of England was so utterly detested by their countrymen, that their own friends and followers would to a man desert them, were they to accept of such odious aid. In fine, the Regent, who had on the 25th of August, 1543, ratified the treaty with England, did, upon the 3d of September following, altogether renounce that alliance, and unite himself to the Cardinal, and those nobles who were in arms, to oppose it. Even the patience of Sadler gave way, when he beheld the party, who had so strongly vowed to maintain the interest of England, melt away like a snowball; and he expresses his cordial wish and expectation that his Majesty would shortly correct the untruth and folly of the Scottish, and prayed that he might either be recalled, or permitted to take refuge in some stronghold belonging to the Douglases, who still maintained their friendship with England. This permission being at length obtained, he left Edinburgh and retired to Tantallon, a strong castle in East Lothian, belonging to the Earl of Angus. Here he abode for several weeks, better pleased with his-

* Sir Adam Otterburn.

† Hume of Godscroft, vol. II. p. 113, Edit. 1743.

lodging for its strength and security, than in point of accommodation, as the interior buildings had become ruinous during Angus's long exile, and the apartments were almost totally unfurnished.

About the beginning of November, Sadler received a message from the governor by a herald, summoning him either to come to his presence for achieving of his embassy, or else to depart from the kingdom of Scotland. But secure in the strength of Tantallon, and the friendship of the Earl of Angus, the English envoy remained in that castle to abide Henry's further instructions. These appear to have been, that he should join the Earl of Angus and the other lords friendly to England. This Sadler found himself unable to do, because the lords were not drawn into a party; besides, they lay at a distance, and he had no means of joining even the nearest without sleeping in an open town, "where I must," said he, "be among such a malicious kind of folks, as on little or no occasion will be persuaded to take my life."

At length, perceiving the party of the Lords, who favoured the English match, was unable to take the field, and in most cases entering into treaty with the Regent, Sadler gave up hope of doing good by longer residence at Tantallon, and returned to England about the beginning of December, 1543, the precursor of a Scottish war, in which the destruction of Leith by the Earl of Hertford, and a desolating succession of incursions on the frontiers by Evers and Latoun, avenged the perfidy of the Regent.

Although Sadler had totally failed in the object of his embassy, the skill and patience with which he had conducted the negotiation, maintained, and even raised him in the esteem of his sovereign. Upon the death of Henry VIII., in 1547, it was found that he had bequeathed the care of his son and of the realm to sixteen of his nobility and counsellors, to whom he nominated a privy council of twelve persons. In this last number Sadler was included, by the title of Sir Ralph Sadleyr, knight, and he was further distinguished by a legacy of 200*l.* As the last instructions of the king to his counsel contained a warm recommendation to prosecute the Scottish match, there can be little doubt that Sadler was recommended to this high trust and honour, as well by his intimate acquaintance with the affairs of Scotland, as by the other qualities which had acquired Henry's confidence. It would seem he was present with the executors when the will was opened and read, and an oath taken faithfully to discharge the trust which it imposed. But a great innovation was almost immediately made upon the form of government, so solemnly ratified, by the elevation of the Earl of Hartford, afterwards Duke of Somerset, to be Protector of the realm. In order to reconcile the rest of the king's executors to this pre-eminence, wealth and honours were conferred on them with no sparing hand; they were named counsellors to the protector, and a commission was issued under the great seal, to warrant this new form of government, in which, however, the privy counsellors were raised to the same rank with the executors; and power was granted to the protector to assume any other commissioners whom he should think fit. The special gratification destined for Sir Ralph Sadler upon these changes, seems to have been a confirmation of the large grants of church lands formerly assigned to him by Henry, with splendid additions. There is said to be an illuminated deed in existence, in which Sadler is painted on his knees, receiving from Henry and Edward a grant of all the church lands, on which the town of Clifton, near Bristol, now stands, and extending down to the Severn. It would seem from the indenture below quoted, that various exchanges were made between the crown and Sir Ralph Sadler, all doubtless to the advantage of the grantee.*

The war with Scotland had been rather suspended than closed by a short peace, and hostilities with

of pasture and meadow land, lying in Pershore and Flodbury, part of possessions of said monastery for 21 years, paying annually for same and scite of said late monastery, 27*l.* 18*s.* 7 1-2*d.*

"And said king, by another indenture dated 15th April, 33d year, granted to Richard Randall of London, *inter alia*, the sheepcote of Cotesden, county of Gloucester, late reserved and occupied by abbot and convent of Wyncheleombe, in said county: together with manor of Rowell, and the tythes of said sheepcote Rowell and Halling, in said county, for 21 years, paying annually 30*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*

"And said king, by another indenture dated 10th October, 31st year, granted to Michael Cameswell, gentleman, Whitmore Grange, with houses, lands, &c. within said Grange, containing 181 acres, and four acres in Whitmore Park, lately belonging to the dissolved monastery of the blessed Mary in Coventry, for 21 years, paying annually 16*l.* 8*s.* 4*d.*

"And said king, by another indenture dated 18th April, 32d year, granted to Anotber Denny, Esq. the manor of Nasing or Nassingbury, in Essex, belonging to late monastery of Waltham Holycross, in said county, certain lands there also, and the rectory of Nasing for 21 years, paying annually 91*l.* 13*s.*

"And said king, in consideration of 66*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* paid into the Augmentation Court, by aforesaid Anthony Denny, granted to him by his patent, dated 28th September, 36th year, the reversion of said manor and rectory of Nasing before demised, for 21 years more, paying as before.

"Know ye, &c. that in consideration of the rectory and church of Kemsey, in county of Worcester, with the advowson of same granted by our faithful servant, Ralph Sadleyr, knight, one of the gentlemen of our Privy Chamber, to our most dear father,' sealed, with his seal, and dated 16th September, 26th Henry VIII. and the advowson of rectory and church of St. Martin in London, in like manner given by said R. S. to our said father, dated 1st January, 28th year; and in consideration of the manors of Bromeley, in Middlesex, Hastingfield, in Cambridgeshire, Walthamstow Tong, in Essex, Aston-Tinall and North Morton, in Berkshire, divers portions of tythes in Gloucestershire, and all other appurtenances, lands, tenements, &c. to us by said R. S. granted by indentures, dated 16th June, 1st year, 'and for the performance and fulfilment of the testament and last will of our said father,' and for 366 marks paid to our said father by R. S., and for 1697*l.* 1*s.* 8*d.* paid by said R. S. into our Augmentation Court to our use; we have given and granted to R. S. the reversion and reversions of all the said premises in aforesaid indentures expressed, together with all the profits, &c. *therein reserved*. We give also the manor of Stoke Episcopi, in Bishopstoke, in county Gloucester, late part of possessions of Bishop of Worcester, the manor of Heinbury Salt Marsh, in said county, the hundred, liberties and franchises of Heinbury, late part of possessions of Bishop Worcester, Stoke Park, and Pen Park, in said county, late belonging to Bishop of Worcester, with all rights, deer warrens, &c. and the advowsons of vicarage of Heinbury, with all manner of rights and privileges to said above grants in any wise appertaining, (enumerated through about 50 lines of original.)

"We give also the manor of Swynsing, in county of Gloucester, late appertaining to monastery of Wyncheleombe, together with certain lands, a grove and wood, late to same monastery belonging, with the great and small tythes, within said manor. Also, the lordship and manor of Allesborough, in county Worcester, late belonging to Pershore monastery, with all hamlets, lands, tythes, &c. therein, save certain exceptions. Also, the manor of Olveston, in county Gloucester, late possession of the priory of Bath.

"And certain lands in Waltham aforesaid, parcel of the possessions of the late Marquis of Exeter, and Gertrude, his wife, lately attainted of high treason. Also, certain lands called Cussoners, in Waltham, the scite, &c. of the quire of the Carmelites Church, in Coventry, and the church-yard of Carmelites Church, in Fleet Street, London, with the rectory of Walford, in county Gloucester.

[Now follows a particular enumeration of *all* the grants before recited, both in the indentures and otherwise, with additional minutiæ, and various amplications, and in at least 186 lines is granted in the fullest manner, all manner of rights and privileges, in any ways appertaining thereto enjoyed by former possessors.]

"Which same lordships or manors of Bishopstoke and Heinbury, and premises thereunto belonging, are now extended at the clear annual value of 119*l.* 14*s.* 1 1-2*d.* the 16*s.* rent deducted.

"Mansion in Stroude, &c. 10*l.* Manor Twynnyng and Upham, 71*l.* 2*s.* 7*d.* Manor of Attesborough, and other premises in Allesborough, Strynnaham, Fladbury, and Pershore, 78*l.* 12*s.* 2*d.* Attesborough Grange and demesne lands of Pershore, 16*l.* 7*s.* 11 1-2*d.* Manor of Olouston, 21*l.* 19*s.* 5 1-2*d.* Manor of Rowell, &c. 29*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* Whitmore Grange, &c. 12*l.* 8*s.* 4*d.* Messuage lands and tenements in Slackstede, late monastery of Hyde, in County Southamptom. 9*l.* 2*s.* 5 2-4*d.* Manor or Farm of Woodredon, late monastery of Waltham Cross, 34.* Manor of Sewendston, &c. 27*l.* 4*s.* 10*d.* Manor and rectory of Nasing, 31*l.* 18*s.* Lands in Waltham late Marquis of Exeter, and Gertrude, his wife, 8*l.* Cussoners Lands, 35*l.* Soil, scite, &c. of Church of Carmelites in Coventry 6*s.* 8*d.* and Churchyard Carmelites in London. 20*l.*

"To have, hold, &c. in capite by service of twentieth part of a knight's fee, and to render annually to us, and our successors, as follows, viz For Bishopstoke, 11*l.* 19*s.* 5*d.* Twynnyng, 7*l.* 2*s.* 3 1-4*d.* Attesborough, 7*l.* 19*s.* 3*d.* Attesborough Grange, 1*l.* 0*s.* 8 1-2*d.* Olveston, 2*l.* 3*s.* 3*d.* Stackstede, 16*s.* 11 1-2*d.* Whitmore, 1*l.* 4*s.* 10*d.* Woodredon, 16*s.* Sewesdson, 2*l.* 14*s.* 5 1-2*d.* Nasing, 3*l.* 3*s.* 9 1-2*d.* and the Messuage in Stroude, and scites of two Carmelite churches or church-yards in Burgage.

(Then follow sundry exceptions and reservations for pensions, collectors of rents, wardens' charges, &c.—the latter are specified, and amount to 10*l.* 13*s.* 3*d.*]

"Witness ourselves at Westminster, 30th June, (1st year.)

This is first found in the amplified grant of Bishopstoke Hein

* "WHEREAS, our dear father, King Henry VIII., by indenture under the great seal of Court of Augmentation, dated Westminster, 10th March, 31st year, granted by Anthony Southwell, of his household gentlemen, *inter alia*, Allesborough, Grange, and certain other lands, containing 279 acres in the whole, being the demesne lands of the late monastery of Pershore, in Worcestershire, and lying within parishes of Pershore; and also 197 acres

France being now ended, the protector and his council resolved to resume the subject of the Scottish match; and, instead of temporising as prudence would have dictated, despatched a solemn summons, requiring the fulfilment of the treaty formerly concluded under the conduct of Sir Ralph Sadler. Upon receiving a blunt and unqualified refusal, the Protector prepared to invade Scotland at the head of an army of between 12,000 and 13,000 infantry, 1300 men-at-arms, and 2800 light horsemen, all excellently appointed, and perfectly disciplined. Sir Ralph Sadler held the important post of treasurer to this gallant army; and from his accounts, which the reader will find in page 355 of the State Papers, it appears, that the expenses of maintaining and paying the forces from the first of August till the 20th of November, 1547, amounted to 45,912*l.* 12*s.* sterling.

It was at the head of this army that Somerset gained the bloody and decisive battle of Pinkie, over the numerous, but ill-disciplined, feudal array of Scotland. This battle, like many of the general actions between the two rival nations, showed the valour of both. The Scottish army was arranged on the side of a large open hill, and presented their long spears in such close and united order, that "as well," says an old historian, "might a man with his bare finger encounter the bristles of an angry hedge-hog as endure the brunt of their pikes." Accordingly, the first onset of the English cavalry on this phalanx was repelled with such vigour, that the boldest knights and men-at-arms went to the ground, and the rest returned to the main body in confusion, which they communicated both to the leaders and the soldiers. It is said, that Sadler shared with Warwick the honour of rallying the disordered forces of England, under the fire of their cannon and the protection of their infantry. The Scots, with their usual impetuosity, had in the meanwhile broke their own impenetrable phalanx, in pursuit, as they conceived, of a flying enemy. They were therefore, totally unprepared to resist a second charge from those whom they had regarded as discomfited, and, giving way on all sides, were defeated with a most dreadful slaughter, the chase being followed by the victors till near to Edinburgh. Excepting the field of Flodden, that of Pinkie is perhaps the most fatal in the Scottish annals.

In this great battle, Sir Ralph Sadler distinguished himself both for his conduct and gallantry, in so much, that he was raised to the degree of Knight Banneret on the field of battle. The particular services which procured him this honourable distinction, appear to have been, the activity which he displayed in rallying the English cavalry, when repulsed, as already mentioned, at the beginning of the conflict,* and, according to tradition, his seizing, with his own hand, the royal standard of Scotland. A tall standard pole, plated with iron as high as a horseman's sword could reach, long remained beside his tomb. It was believed to have been the staff from which the Scottish banner was displayed, and was appealed to for the truth of the tradition.†

The rank to which Sir Ralph Sadler was thus raised, from the degree of Knight Bachelor, may be called the very pinnacle of chivalry. Knight Bannerets could only be created by the King himself, or, which was very rare, by a general vested with such powers as to represent the royal person. They were dubbed before or after a battle, in which the royal standard was displayed; and the person so to be honoured being brought before the King, led by two distinguished knights or nobles, presented to the sovereign his pennon, having an indenture like a swallow's tail at the extremity.‡ The King then cut off the forked extremity, rendering the banner square, in shape similar to that of a baron, which, thereafter, the knight banneret might display in every pitched field, in that more noble form. If created by the King, the banneret took precedence of all other knights; but if by a general, only of Knights of the Bath, and Knights Bachelors. Sir Francis Brian, commander of the light horsemen, and Sir Ralph Vane, lieutenant of the men-at-arms, received this honour, with our Sir Ralph Sadler, on the field of Pinkie. But he survived his companions, and is said to have been the last knight banneret of England; at least the last created for service against a common enemy.

I have discovered no trace of Sir Ralph Sadler's being employed in public affairs during the rest of Edward's short reign. He unquestionably retained his place in the council; and in a grant dated 4th Edward VI., and quoted by Dugdale, in his "Warwickshire," he is termed "then master of the great wardrobe." His prudence, probably, prevented him from attaching himself zealously to any of the factions, whose strife and mutual hatred disturbed the quiet of their amiable sovereign, excited rebellion among his people, and lost all the advantage his arms had gained in the battle of Pinkie.

In the reign of Philip and Mary, it would seem that Sir Ralph Sadler retired to his estate near Hackney. A courtier, who had risen under the auspices of Cromwell, and participated so largely in the spoils of the Church of Rome, must have been no favourite with the existing government. Accordingly, he resigned his office of clerk of the Hanper to propitiate Archbishop Heath, then chancellor,§ and perhaps made other concessions, of the nature and extent of which we are now ignorant. Yet we have positive evidence, that Sir Ralph Sadler was so far from being in absolute disgrace, that he was, in some degree, trusted by the sovereign, even during this reign; for there are two letters from Mary, printed in the Collection of State Papers, empowering and commanding Sir Ralph Sadler to arm and equip as many able men as he could maintain, and

bury, &c. late possessions of the Bishop of Worcester, in following the appurtenances, situate and being in the parish of Stroude, near London, late parcel of the possessions of said Bishop of Worcester, and all and singular lands, tenements, edifices, stables, gardens, orchards, &c. and also all and singular other messuages, &c. &c. lying and being in Stroude aforesaid, late parcel of the possessions of said Bishop of Worcester." The original instrument occupies 25 sheets. For this abstract of its contents, I am indebted to Thomas Sharpe, Esq. of Coventry. Other grants to Sir Ralph Sadler are mentioned in Dugdale's "Warwickshire," Dr. Thomas's edition, pages 186, 300, 437, 838. All tending to show, how deeply he participated in the spoils acquired by the sweeping work of reformation.

* "In the battle of Muscleborow, he ordered to be brought up our scattered troops, next degree to a rout, inviting them to fight by his own example."—FULLER'S *Worthies*, p. 183.

† I do not find that Patten, the minute historian of Somerset's expedition, mentions this exploit of Sir Ralph Sadler, nor indeed the capture of the royal standard of Scotland. Neither does he commemorate his being created Knight Banneret; of which, however, there can be no doubt, as it is mentioned in King Edward's own Journal.

‡ The shape of the banner originally determined the number of followers, whom the leader commanded; and a banneret was expected to lead into the field ten vassals, each properly attended. The most lively description of the creation of a banneret occurs in Froissart's Account of the Battle of Najara, fought by the Black Prince against Henry of Castile. "When the sun was rising, it was a beautiful sight to view these battalions, with their brilliant armour glittering with its beams. In this manner they nearly approached to each other. The prince, with a few attendants, mounted a small hill, and saw very clearly the enemy marching straight towards them. Upon descending this hill, he extended his line of battle in the plain, and then halted.

"The Spaniards seeing the English had halted, did the same, in order of battle: then each man tightened his armour, and made ready as for instant combat.

"Sir John Chandos advanced in front of the battalions, with his banner uncased in his hand. He presented it to the prince, saying: 'My lord, here is my banner; I present it to you, that I may display it in whatever manner shall be most agreeable to you, for, thanks to God, I have now sufficient lands that will enable me so to do, and maintain the rank which it ought to hold.'

"The prince Don Pedro being present, took the banner in his hands, which was blazoned with a sharp stake gules on a field argent: after having cut off the tail to make it square, he displayed it, and, returning it to him by the handle, said, 'Sir John, I return you your banner. God give you strength and honour to preserve it.'

"Upon this, Sir John left the prince, went back with the banner in his hand, and said to them: 'Gentlemen, behold my banner and yours: you will therefore guard it as becomes you.' His companions, taking the banner, replied with much cheerfulness, that 'if it pleased God and St. George, they would defend it well, and act worthily of it, to the utmost of their abilities.'

"The banner was put into the hands of a worthy English squire, called William Allestry, who bore it with honour that day, and loyally acquitted himself in the service."—JOHNES'S, *Froissart*, i. 731.

§ Sadler's State Papers, vol. I. p. 370.

to keep them ready, upon an hour's notice, for the suppression of popular tumults. It is probable, nevertheless, that, notwithstanding this proof of confidence, Sir Ralph Sadler did not think his prosperity secure till the accession of Queen Elizabeth.

So soon as this event took place, he was called to the privy council of his new sovereign, and, until the day of his death, retained a great portion of her regard and esteem; no man being more frequently employed by Elizabeth in services of the highest trust and importance. He was a member of her first parliament, and continued to be a representative of the county of Hertford in most, if not all, the sessions of her reign. In the very commencement of her government, he did Elizabeth what must have been held acceptable service, in a matter of considerable delicacy. There had been a proposal to annex to a vote of subsidy to Elizabeth a request that her Majesty would be pleased to settle and declare the succession of the kingdom. Sir Ralph remonstrated against this proposal, which in future times obtained the name of *tacking*, because uniting a claim of right, or some other demand on the crown, with a vote of supplies; so that both, however unconnected, must be passed or rejected together. Sadler first showed that the support of the Queen's authority, the safety of the reformed religion, and the maintaining of order in Ireland, as well as England, required that the Queen should be furnished with the supplies demanded, freely and without condition, as befitted dutiful subjects. By conditioning with the Queen in the manner proposed, the House of Commons, he thought, would extenuate and disgrace the frankness and liberality of their grant, and at the same time enter into a matter far beyond their sphere, and competent only to the Queen's Majesty, whose heart he trusted God in his infinite goodness would dispose to treat of it in due season. No doubt, doctrine which recommended to the Commons to give money and withhold advice, was sufficiently palatable to the sovereign. But Sadler, though he aided in appeasing the eagerness of the Commons, spoke another language in the Privy Council to the Queen herself.

About the same time, Sir Ralph Sadler was called to the Privy Council, and his first speech there again touched on the question of succession, so often agitated during Elizabeth's reign, but which she never could be brought to treat of until upon her deathbed, if indeed she did really even in that extremity intimate any wishes on the subject. Upon the occasion we have now noticed, Sadler, though in the most respectful terms, urged the settlement of the succession as what all ranks and degrees of the Queen's subjects anxiously expected, and as a measure calculated to acquire and fix the affections of her people, and to silence the complaints of those who might say that the House of Commons did but give away the money of their representatives, without urging the Queen to provide for the estate of the kingdom. He therefore advised that a title, in itself dubious and uncertain, should be settled by Elizabeth, in the plenitude of her power, and with the advice of her deliberate and wise counsellors, with a view to its being ratified in parliament, "rather than left to the arbitrement of the sword on some future day, when victory in bloody battle should be the only judge, and peradventure a usurper might win the garland, to the prejudice of the rightful heir." Elizabeth heard the advice, but took it not, though she forgave and continued to trust the counsellor.

The first diplomatic office intrusted to Sadler during this reign, was of great consequence, and its success paved the way for the absolute influence which Elizabeth afterwards obtained in the affairs of Scotland; an influence which all the blood and treasure expended by her ancestors to conquer that kingdom had utterly failed to acquire. The Reformation had now made such progress in that kingdom, that a league of Protestant nobles took arms to secure the liberty of conscience, under the title of Lords of the Congregation. Mary of Lorraine, Queen-Dowager, and now Regent, endeavoured, by the assistance of French forces and French money, to suppress this insurrection. Both parties became embittered against each other, and it was obvious that a final and decisive conflict was not far distant. In this, the sagacity of Cecil saw that the Queen-Regent, armed with legal authority, supported by disciplined forces, and furnished from France with means of paying them, must ultimately prevail over a league who had only religious zeal, and the tumultuary assemblage of their feudal retainers, to oppose against such advantages. But Scotland, if reduced to the situation of a French province, and ruled by a Catholic Queen, who boasted some pretensions to the throne of Elizabeth, must have been a most inauspicious neighbour to England.* It was therefore resolved to support the Protestant nobility in their struggle with the Queen-Regent; but with such secrecy, as neither to bring upon the Lords of the Congregation the odium of being the friends and pensioners of England, nor to engage Elizabeth in an open war with her sister and rival.

To manage the intrigues necessary for the successful execution of this plan, it was necessary an accredited agent should be sent to the frontier. With this view, a commission was granted to the Earl of Northumberland, Sir Ralph Sadler, and Sir James Crofts, to settle certain disputes concerning Border matters, with commissioners, to be named by the Queen-Regent of Scotland, and to direct the repairs proposed to be made on the fortifications of Berwick, and other Border fortresses. But this was only stated to furnish ostensible reasons for Sadler making a long stay in the town of Berwick, whence he could most easily correspond with the Lords of the Congregation. By his private instructions in Cecil's hand-writing, he was empowered to treat with any manner of person in Scotland, to distribute money as he should think proper to the extent of 3000*l.*, always with such discretion and secrecy, as not to impair the peace lately concluded with Scotland. The insertion of the Earl of Northumberland's name in the general commission was merely ostensible. As that nobleman professed the Catholic religion, he would have been in every respect an improper agent in behalf of the Lords of the Congregation. But Sadler appears to have reposed unlimited confidence in Sir James Crofts, the other commissioner.

Sadler opened and carried on the negotiation with his usual ability, of which his curious Correspondence, now for some time before the public, affords an interesting proof. But notwithstanding repeated supplies of money, it became gradually more and more obvious, that the aid of England must appear in the decided shape of auxiliary forces, if the Lords of the Congregation were to be saved from destruction. For this purpose, the Duke of Norfolk was sent to Berwick to conclude an open and avowed treaty with the Scottish Protestants. But although the deputation of a person of such high rank gave a higher degree of solemnity to the negotiation, it continued chiefly to be managed by Sir Ralph Sadler, whose name, as well as that of the Duke, appears in most of the letters to the Council. Indeed, the Duke, in his instructions, was repeatedly enjoined to use the counsel of Sir Ralph Sadler rather than of any military man, as the Queen still entertained hopes that hostilities might be prevented. When the auxiliary army under Lord Gray had entered Scotland, and besieged the French troops of the Queen-Regent, in the town of Leith, Elizabeth directed the Duke of Norfolk to send Sir Ralph Sadler to the camp, in hopes that he might be able to treat with the Regent, and at the same time to remove from the mind of the Protestants all suspicion, that their interest would be sacrificed to obtain peace.† Accordingly, in April, 1560, Sadler appears to have joined the army before Leith. On the 5th day of May, the Earl of Arran, then a leader of the

* See Cecil's reasoning on this subject, as extracted by Bishop Keith, from Crawford of Drumsoy's *Memorials*, vol. I. 162.

† Murdin, vol. I. p. 268.

Congregation, writes to Cecil, that the arrival of Sir Ralph Sadler had restored their spirits.* He witnessed the disastrous consequences of a rash assault made upon Leith by the English, in which they lost many men. Above all, he had probably a principal share in the treaty of Leith, so highly honourable to Elizabeth, by which she stipulated for her Scottish allies the security of their religion, liberty, and possessions; and for herself, a full acknowledgment of her right to the crown of England. The garrison of Leith was surrendered, and the French governor regaled the leaders of the besiegers with a feast of fifty dishes composed out of one dead horse; a circumstance which marks national manners, as well as the extremity to which the place was reduced.

It does not appear how Sir Ralph Sadler was employed during the five succeeding years, or whether he had any duty to discharge besides that of a privy councillor. In that capacity we preserve notes of his opinion on the very delicate point of Queen Mary's title of succession to the crown of England. It is observable that he rather considers it as a question of expediency than of right, and argues the question in a manner most like to prejudice the Queen's title in the eyes of the English. "He would not," he said, "take upon him to be a judge of titles; but as a natural Englishman, and waiving the question of the Queen of Scots' propinquity, he felt in himself a strange misliking to become subject to a prince of a foreign nation; and he conceived that, whatever her nearness of blood, the claimant could not inherit in England, it being the nature of the English to detest the regiment of strangers, so that by law they had barred them from rights of inheritance. He went at large into the particulars of his own embassy to Scotland to accomplish the marriage between Prince Edward and the infant Queen of Scots, dilated upon the terms offered by Henry, notwithstanding all which the Scots broke off the treaty, and Sir Adam Otterbourne, one of their wisest counsellors, plainly said to Sadler, that as he could not believe that England would on any terms receive a Scottishman for the King, so neither would the Scots, being a stout nation, ever stoop to be governed by an Englishman." Now, argued Sir Ralph Sadler, "if these proud beggarly Scots did so much disdain to yield to the superiority of England, that they chose rather to be perjured, and to abide the extremity of the wars and force of England, than they would consent to have an Englishman to be their King, by such lawful means of marriage, why should we, for any respect, yield to their Scottish superiority, or consent to establish a Scot in succession to the crown of this realm, contrary to the laws of the realm, and thereby to do so great an injury as to disinherit the next heir of our own nation? Surely, for my part, I cannot consent unto it. And I fear, lest I may say with the Scot, that though we do all agree unto it, yet our common people, and the stones in the street, would rebel against it."

Though we have, as we already said, no notice how Sir Ralph was for some time employed, yet there can be no doubt that he continued to maintain his place in Elizabeth's opinion, since, in the 10th year of her reign, he was created Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, vacant by the death of Sir Ambrose Cave, and was employed in matters of even higher delicacy and weight, than had been yet intrusted to his care. Sadler assisted at the council-board in the important deliberations which followed the ill-advised retreat of Queen Mary into the inhospitable realm of her sister and ally. The question was, how the royal fugitive was to be treated; and we regret to say, that Sadler's opinion was that of a good politician, but a very indifferent moralist. He advised the Queen, without hesitating as to the validity of James's title, frankly to "take him for a king as she found him," and to enter into league with him accordingly; and, if necessary, to spend a hundred thousand pounds in defence of his government. He stated the danger to religion likely to arise from the restoration of Mary—her natural alliance with Spain and France, Catholic countries, and the natural enemies of Elizabeth, and who had most access to injure her realm by invasion through the ever open door of Scotland. Finally, he urged that the accident which placed Queen Mary in the power of her rival, evinced the finger of Providence pointing out the opportunity of securing her. "As for the Queen of Scots, she is in your own hands; your majesty may so use her as she shall not be able to hurt you; and to that end surely God hath delivered her into your hands, trusting that your majesty will not neglect the benefit by God offered unto you, in this delivery of such an enemy into your hands."

In 1568, when Elizabeth had determined to treat a fugitive princess, who had fled to her for protection, as an accused criminal, and had named commissioners to hear the cause of Queen Mary pleaded at York, Sir Ralph Sadler was conjoined with the Duke of Norfolk and Earl of Sussex, in order to compose that extraordinary tribunal. Indeed, of the three, he seems to have been most trusted; for so soon as the mode in which the enquiry was conducted gave reason to believe that Norfolk meant to discountenance the accusation, Sadler was ordered to court to give an account of their proceedings. He was also a member of the new commission which sat at Westminster for the same purpose.

Meanwhile, the effects of Norfolk's intrigues began to be apparent. The Earls of Westmoreland and Northumberland, relying upon the co-operation of the Duke, and of the ancient nobility, openly took arms for the deliverance of Queen Mary, and the restoration of the Catholic religion. An army was speedily levied against them, under the command of the Earl of Sussex, and Sir Ralph Sadler again occupied the situation of treasurer, or paymaster-general. It is not improbable, that his presence was considered as a check upon Sussex, who, besides his rivalry with the favourite Leicester, lay under a certain degree of suspicion from his alliance with Norfolk. But the letters of Sadler, whose intelligence was doubtless relied upon by Elizabeth and her ministers, were in the highest degree favourable to Sussex. After suppression of the rebellion, the insurgent earls, with some of their principal followers, retreated into Scotland. Northumberland fell into the power of the Regent Murray; but Westmoreland being sheltered by the Laird of Fernihirst, Sadler employed a person named Robert Constable, a relation of the unfortunate fugitive, to seduce him to come back to England, under the promise of protection, and then deliver him up to the severity of the law. The person to whom this negotiation was intrusted was by birth a gentleman, although his family was then stained by treason, as afterwards by regicide.† But his quality did not prevent him from undertaking this treacherous commission, as the thirst of lucre could not, on the other hand, altogether subdue his own sense of the infamy of his conduct. And between avarice, hypocrisy, and remorse, his letters to Sadler form a most extraordinary picture of guilt contending with shame. The following passage, in which Constable engages to betray his confiding and unfortunate kinsman, while, at the same time, he wishes to stipulate that the Earl should not be taken under his roof, is very curious, as intimating the vacillations of a guilty mind between shame and thirst of lucre, disguised under a flimsy affectation of patriotism.

"Sir, although this be a traitorous kind of service that I am waded in, to trap them that trust in me, as Judas did Christ, yet to extinguish such inconvenience as by their liberty may rise, that so lately showed themselves enemies both to God and to our native Queen, neither kindred nor affection shall withhold me to allure them to come to submission, or otherwise to abide the Queen's mercy, wherein, I trust, I may do both God, the Queen, and my lord my master, faithful, true, and acceptable service. My hope is, if God will give me grace, to bring it so to pass, that the Queen's majesty will be merciful

* Murdin, vol. I. p. 362.

† See Volume II. of Sadler's State Papers, p. 67, note.

to pardon their lives; otherwise, if it should turn to the effusion of their blood, my conscience would be troubled all the days of my life. * * * If they should come to my poor house, I must desire that it may be no offence for me to help them, and that my house may be to them as a sanctuary; but in their coming and going I will be plain with them, they shall take their own adventure. Sir, I pray you, even for the love of God, let none see this letter but my lord lieutenant only, who very discreetly and honourably hath remitted his grudge of displeasure, and promised to be my good lord hereafter. Or this kind of service were known to any more except to the Queen's majesty, who I should have named first, or to my lord my master, or to Sir Wa. Mildmay, my directors, who can and will keep my counsel, according to their honourable promise, I had rather than this my doing were known to the world, forsweer for ever not to come within this realm, or rather to be torn every joint from ether."

The answers of Sir Ralph are remarkable, as disdaining to qualify the infamy of the task otherwise than by increasing the bribe. He treats Constable as the traitor he had made himself; and, appealing only to his avarice, makes no capitulation with his feelings whatsoever. "You can devise no way," he says in reply, "so beneficial to yourself, as to work the matter so that as you write yourself the ball may be turned into the Lord Warden's lap;" (that being the phrase which Constable had used for betraying his friends;) "as for surrendering on condition, no benefit can redound to the same." And though an unconditional surrender might be the best means (if any) for the culprits obtaining some mercy, yet he repeats, "If you can induce them to do so, it is the best way for *them*; but the most beneficial way for yourself, is, to devise how to turn the ball into the Lord Warden's lap, as aforesaid: for thereby your service can be such as you may be sure her Majesty shall not leave unrewarded." Fortunately for Westmoreland and Norton, the negotiation was unsuccessful.

After the northern army was disbanded, we find Sir Ralph Sadler, in 1572, employed as one of the commissioners for examining the Duke of Norfolk, lately his coadjutor in trusts of a similar nature. The issue of the enquiry was the trial and execution of the unfortunate nobleman.

In 1578, James of Scotland, who had now taken the reins of government into his own hands, desirous to propitiate a councillor, whose assistance had been so often used in affairs concerning his kingdom, honoured Sir Ralph Sadler with a letter, in which he thanks him for the care he had always exhibited, to maintain a good understanding between England and Scotland, and recommends to his good offices, an ambassador, whom he had despatched to his dearest sister, Queen Elizabeth.

In 1581, we again find traces of Sadler's sagacity as a councillor. The Duke of Anjou, in that year, made his memorable visit to Elizabeth, who, though then forty-nine years old, seems to have entertained serious thoughts of the match, and afforded the Prince but too much encouragement. Sadler joined with Cecil, Walsingham, and the Queen's wisest councillors, in their remonstrances, which determined Elizabeth, after much painful irresolution, to sacrifice her dreams of connubial felicity to her usual political prudence. The arguments of Sadler were arranged under six heads, of which the fourth and fifth were, in all probability, more wholesome than palatable. I. The danger to religion from the Queen marrying a Catholic; on which subject Sadler devoutly exclaims, "The Lord inspire her Majesty with his holy spirit, and give her grace to beware of all Papists!" II. The danger that, in case of Henry of Anjou's succeeding to the crown of France, England might become a vassal and thrall of that kingdom, which, by the way, was the very argument which Sadler, in 1542, considered so unreasonable in the mouth of the "proud beggarly Scots." III. That, in case of Henry succeeding, as aforesaid, to the French crown, he must necessarily reside in France, and Elizabeth must either accompany him thither, or lose the fruition of his company and presence. "And in what government," said the councillor, "the kingdom may be then left, I leave to the consideration of wiser men." IV. Fourthly, the inequality of years betwixt the parties was such, that, as Sadler bluntly observes, her Majesty might, by the course of nature, have been the mother of the proposed bridegroom. Now, whether this inequality was goodly or acceptable in the sight of God, Sadler said he would not dispute; but sure he was, that, as the Prince must be in his most flourishing manhood when the Queen was far gone in years, there was likely that unkindness and discord would break out, to the disturbance of the Queen, at those years when she most needed quiet. V. Though Sadler would not ultimately or utterly despair of issue from the match, considering her Majesty's years, yet he possessed no confidence on that important subject; and, being jealous of her highness's person, he stated, that the child-birth was likely, at her years, to be very dangerous to the mother. VI. The general dislike of the match, through the whole kingdom, was a thing not to be disregarded, since "it is not good to do things to the general discontent of the whole realm."

Queen Mary, to whom we now return, was, in 1584, still drawing out a miserable existence in exile and imprisonment, under the custody of George, Earl of Shrewsbury, whose castle was converted into a prison, his servants into guards, his porter into a turnkey, his wife into a spy, and himself into a jailor, to gratify the ever-waking jealousy of Queen Elizabeth. It was a hard part of this nobleman's fate, that the most assiduous attention to his charge, joined to all these personal sacrifices, were insufficient to procure him the favour of the sovereign, who had condemned him to this odious task. Elizabeth seems to have involuntarily attributed such fascination to her rival, that she suspected the fidelity of all who came within the reach of her attractions. The Queen of England had also the attribute of many proud spirits, who hate those that possess the power of injuring them, even although they display no inclination to use it; and to her no danger could have been so alarming as the treachery of Mary's guardians.* To make assurance yet more sure, she repeatedly despatched different councillors to her captive, as well to watch the demeanour of Shrewsbury himself, and the order of his household, as to try, under some plausible pretext of treaty, what secrets could be extracted from the unfortunate Mary. Sir Ralph Sadler was thus employed more than once in this very unpleasant office.

In 1580, after repeated entreaties to be relieved of a trust, so hateful in itself, and which subjected him to constant suspicion, Shrewsbury was permitted to come to court, and received from Elizabeth a promise, that the custody of Mary should be intrusted to some other person. During his absence, Sir Ralph Sadler, and Sir Henry Mildmay, were appointed her temporary guardians. Ashby de la Zouche, the castle of the Earl of Huntingdon, and Melbourne Castle, were alternately named as the place of her residence, to which she was to be conducted with

* See Lodge's Illustrations, in many places, but particularly, vol. II. p. 84, where the ingenious editor supplies the following note:—

"Anxious for his fidelity, and dreading the escape of his wretched prisoner as the greatest misfortune that could befall her, we might reasonably suppose that she would have loaded him with her bounty; that his very wishes would have been anticipated, and no means neglected to attach him more firmly to her interest: but he experienced a treatment directly contrary. The Queen not only suspected him, but was continually imparting her suspicions to himself; refused him the comfort of seeing his own children; made herself a party against him in a dispute between him and the Countess, which had given him great uneasiness; compounded the cause of his factious tenants at the council board; denied him access to her presence; and, to complete his inconvenience, at last diminished an allowance granted to defray the necessary charges attending his trusts (though the sum was originally so scanty, as to require an addition from his own purse. This little narrative would appear absolutely incredible, were it was not supported, in every circumstance, by the evidence of the State Papers. What Elizabeth's motives were for so strange, and apparently so impolitic, a conduct, is a question that defies all conjecture: Shrewsbury's obedience, however, could have been dictated only by those enthusiastic sentiments of loyalty, which were not unfrequent in the days of absolute monarchy."

secrecy, avoiding market towns, or any place of public resort, and travelling by other ways than the common high road. The commissioners were also empowered to seize upon all Mary's letters and correspondence, if necessary, by breaking open her cabinets, and other places where they might be found. But this branch of the "good and honourable service intrusted to them," was not performed till long after. Neither did the proposed change of captivity take place, Shrewsbury continuing to have the custody of Queen Mary till the year 1584. He was then again permitted to come to court, and by the Queen and Council formally declared free from all suspicion, and of unblemished fidelity in his charge. Meanwhile Sir Ralph Sadler supplied his place, as governor of the garrison of soldiers, whom the Earl was forced to maintain, to keep watch and ward in his Castle of Wingfield, though he could hardly extort from Elizabeth money to pay their wages. The unfortunate prisoner expressed herself gratified, that the custody of her person had devolved upon an ancient councillor, formerly of her acquaintance; and in her communications with him, urged every argument to obtain, either liberty, or at least some relaxation of her imprisonment. Among others of similar tendency, the following singular conversation is reported by Sadler to have passed between them:—

"Here falling into other talk, she asked me whether I thought she would escape from hence or no, if she might. I answered plainly, I believed she would; for it is natural for every thing to seek liberty, that is kept in strait subjection. 'No, by my trothe,' quod she, 'ye are deceived in me; for my heart is so great, that I had rather die in this sort with honour, than run away with shame.' I said I would be sorry to see the trial. Then she asked me, if she were at liberty with the Queen's Majesty's favour, whither I thought she would go. 'I think,' quod I, 'madam, you would go to your own in Scotland, as it is good reason, and commend there.' 'It is true,' quod she, 'I would go thither indeed, but only to see my son, and to give him good counsel.' But unless her Majesty would give her countenance, and some maintenance in England, would go into France, and live there among her friends with that little portion she hath there, and never trouble herself with government again, nor dispose herself to marry any more, seeing she had a son that is a man; but said she would never stay long there, nor would govern where she hath received so many evil treatments: for her heart could not abide to look upon those folk that had done her that evil, being her subjects; whereof there are yet many remaining; for I had told her they were almost all dead. Ever in her talk beseeching her Majesty to make a trial of her, that with some honourable end she may live the rest of her days out of this captivity, as she termeth it."

This conversation seems to have made such impression on Sadler, that, in a subsequent letter, after observing that he saw no end to the matter, but by the lady's death, which was not to be looked for, for many years, or by her being set at liberty on treaty, he ventures obliquely to recommend the latter alternative. The possibility of anticipating the course of nature, never seems to have occurred to him.*

The letters of Sir Ralph frequently conclude with allusions to his old age, and the severity of the season, which he repeatedly urges as reasons for relieving him of his charge; until Elizabeth honoured him with a letter under her own hand, promising speedily to grant his request, but in the mean while enjoining "old trust, with new diligence."† To add to his distresses, about the middle of December the Castle of Wingfield, the abode of a captive queen, and of this aged councillor her guardian, esteemed the richest commoner in England, was threatened with nothing less than a famine. Sadler writes, that besides lack of victuals and drink, there was no wood to burn, and no litter or forage to be had for his horses. This seems to have been in some degree an artificial scarcity, raised or increased by the Earl of Shrewsbury's retainers, by the private instructions of their master, who longed to see his castle delivered of these unwelcome guests, and judiciously thought, that famine and cold were the most likely means to hasten their change of residence. In the midst of January, 1584-5, Mary was removed to the Castle of Tutbury, then empty of furniture, a want afterwards supplied with such scandalous and beggarly parsimony, as to draw down a rebuke, even from the economical Elizabeth. "Being given to understand," said the Queen, "how basely our house of Tutbury was furnished, at the time of the Queen your charge's repair thither, and what wants there are of things of necessary use for one of meaner quality than the said Queen, we cannot but think our honour greatly touched therein, and the party to whom you committed the charge and oversight thereof, worthy of severe punishment; and although we have given order for the present supply of those wants, yet are we ashamed that such as were put in trust with the matter, should be found so void of judgment, and so careless of our honour, as to give so great advantage to those that look curiously into our doings, to find fault upon so just cause."‡ Two circumstances happened, one in the course of the journey, and the other while Mary abode at Tutbury, illustrative of the jealous care with which even Sir Ralph Sadler's guardianship of Mary was watched by the spies of Elizabeth. In their lodgings at Derby, where Mary halted for a night, the Scottish Queen went courteously up to the mistress of the house, and saluted her, saying, she was come to give her inconvenience, but, as they were both widows, they would agree well enough, having no husbands to trouble them. For permitting this intercourse of ordinary civility, and for having used the common high-road in their journey to Tutbury, Sir Ralph's conduct was so reported at court, as to render it necessary that he should justify himself.§ A more heavy complaint against him, was afterwards grounded on his having permitted Mary to accompany him at some distance from the Castle of Tutbury, to enjoy the sport of hawking. This last instance of suspicion and cruelty seems to have driven Sadler to the extremity of his patience, as it produced rather an expostulation than an apology. "The truth is," said he, "that when I came hither, finding this country commodious, and meet for the sport which I have always delighted in, I sent home for my hawks and falconers, wherewith to pass this miserable life which I lead here; and when they came hither, I took the commodity of them sometimes here abroad, not far from this castle; whereof this Queen hearing, earnestly entreated me that she might go abroad with me to see my hawks fly, a pastime, indeed, which she hath singular delight in; and I, thinking that it could not be ill taken, assented unto her desire, and so hath she been abroad with me three or four times hawking upon the rivers here, sometimes a mile, sometimes two miles, but not past three miles, when she was furthest from this castle. And for her guard, when she was abroad, though I left the soldiers at home with their halberds and harquebuts, because they be footmen, and cannot well toil on foot, the ways here being foul, and deep, yet I had always forty or fifty of mine own servants, and others, on horseback, and some with pistols, which I knew to be a sufficient guard against any attempt that can be made by any man here upon the sudden, for her escape, whereof, I assure you, I see no manner cause of fear, so long as this country remaineth in such quietness as it is now." He proceeds to inform the Secretary, that he thought he had done well; "but since it is not so well taken, I would to God some other had the charge, that would use it with more discretion than I can; for, I assure you, I am so weary of it, that if it were not more for that I would do nothing that should offend her Majesty, than for fear of any punishment, I would come home, and yield myself to be a prisoner in the Tower all the days of my life, rather than I would attend any lon-

* Sadler's State Papers vol. II. p. 416.
† Ibid. vol. II. p. 499
‡ Sadler's State Papers, vol. III. p. 272.
§ Ibid, vol. II. 504.

ger here upon this charge. And if I had known, when I came from home, I should have tarried here so long, contrary to all promises made unto me, I would have refused, as others do, and have yielded to any punishment, rather than I would have accepted this charge; for a greater punishment cannot be ministered unto me, than to force me to remain here in this sort, being more meet now, in mine old and latter days, to rest at home, to prepare myself to leave and go out of the miseries and afflictions whereunto we are subject in this life, and to seek the everlasting quietness of the life to come, which the Lord Almighty grant unto us, when it shall be his good pleasure! And if it might light on me to-morrow, I would think myself most happy, for, I assure you, I am weary of this life; and the rather, for that I see that things well meant by me, are not so well taken."

To Walsingham he used yet stronger obtestations. "I could not omit to write, only to render mine humble thanks unto your lordship for your careful solicitation of my deliverance from this charge, wherein I beseech your lordship, even in the bowels of our Lord Jesus Christ, to continue your goodness towards me, being now overwhelmed with care, sorrow, and grief, whereunto your lordship knoweth that wayward age is always subject, being restrained from my liberty accustomed, trusting that her Majesty will have pity and compassion upon me, and now, in respect of my years, will deliver me, according to her most gracious promise." The Queen was, at length, pleased to listen to the supplications of her aged servant, and Mary was committed to the custody of her last and sternest keepers, Drurie and Paulett.

In 1587, the talents of Sadler were, for the last time, employed in the public service, for he was in that year despatched to Scotland. As it was about the period of Queen Mary's execution, Elizabeth probably trusted to his sagacity and well-known acquaintance with Scottish affairs, to assist in dissuading James from taking any measures to avenge his mother's death. The counsels of Sadler, we may presume, joined with the letters of Hunsdon, Leicester, and Walsingham, soothed the ambition, and wrought on the pusillanimity of James, until all thoughts of vengeance were lost in the prospect of the English succession.

It was during Sadler's last embassy in Scotland, according to Fuller, that a magnificent structure was erected for his residence upon the manor of Standon, in Hertfordshire. But when Sir Ralph returned, he thought his steward had exceeded his wishes in the size and extent of the building, and never took much pleasure in it.* The period of his labours, as well as of his splendour, was now approaching; for he died soon after his return from Scotland, in the year of God, 1607, and the eightieth of a life, spent in conducting transactions of the highest national importance. He was buried under a splendid monument in Standon Church; of which we shall give a more particular description hereafter.

Sir Ralph Sadler died rich, both in possessions and lineage. He left three sons, viz: Thomas, Edward, of Temple Dinesley, (from whom the families of Sadler of Sopwell, Wiltshire, and Sopwell in Ireland, are descended,) and Henry of Everly, near Hungerford, in Wiltshire; and four daughters, namely, Anne, married to Sir George Horsey of Digwell; Mary, married to Thomas Bollys, *alias* Bowles, of Wallington; Jane, married to Edward Baesh, of Stansted, Esq.; and Dorothy, who married Edward Elrington of Borstall, county of Berks.

Besides his legitimate family, Sir Ralph Sadler appears to have left a natural son, who shared in his care and affection. This was Richard Sadler, author of a manuscript treatise on the subject of horsemanship, presented by him as a new-year's gift to his father, Sir Ralph, with an acknowledgment of filial obligation, not only for his existence, but for the means of pursuing his studies at great expense at Paris, Strasburgh, and Pavia. He afterwards says, he derived the knowledge which he had of that noble animal, the horse, from the instructions of his father, and his early initiation under him in all equestrian exercises. It is not known what figure this favourite youth made in the world, but his tomb, in the churchyard of Standon, at the east end of the Chancel, bears a brass plate with the following brief inscription:

Here lies inter'd under this stone,
Richard Sadler, once of this parish one.

The "inhabitant below" had left to the poor of the parish of Standon, a rent-charge of five pounds yearly, subject to the expense of keeping this tomb in repair, and out of this fund the plate has been replaced by the minister and church-warden.†

The extent of Sir Ralph Sadler's lands obtained him the character of the richest commoner of England, and, although Queen Elizabeth was as parsimonious in bestowing titles of nobility, as her successor was profuse, it is probable that Sir Ralph Sadler might have gained that rank, had he been desirous of aspiring to it. But from various minute circumstances in his Correspondence, as well as from the uniform favour which he enjoyed during so many reigns, we are enabled to collect, that the prudence of this statesman was greater than his ambition. In his negotiations, nothing is more remarkable than the accuracy with which he calculates the means to be used, in relation to the end to be obtained; and in pursuit of his fortune he seems no less heedfully to have proportioned his object to his capacity of gaining it with honour and safety. The story of the manor-house at Standon, shows that his moderation accompanied him to the grave; as his high employments during the very year of his death, prove that his talents remained unclouded to the last. The State Papers which have been preserved, relating almost entirely to public transactions, do not enable us to draw an accurate picture of the individual, although they display in the highest degree the talents of the statesman. But this deficiency is in some measure supplied by the industry of Lloyd, who has left the following character of Sir Ralph Sadler among his State Worthies.

"King Henry understood two things: 1. A man: 2. A dish of meat; and was seldom deceived in either: For a man, none more complete than Sir Ralph [Sadler,] who was at once a most exquisite writer, and a most valiant and experienced soldier; qualifications that seldom meet, (so great is the distance between the sword and the pen, the coat of mail and the gown,) yet divided this man and his time; his night being devoted to contemplation, and his days to action. Little was his body, but great his soul; the more vigorous, the more contracted. Quick and clear were his thoughts, speedy and resolute his performances. It was he that could not endure the spending of that time in designing one action, which might perform two; or that delay in performing two, that might have designed twenty. A great estate he got honestly, and spent nobly; knowing that princes honour them most, that have most; a prince hath more reason to fear money that is spent, than that which is hoarded; for it is easier for subjects to oppose a prince by applause than by armies. Reward (said Sir Ralph when he was offered a sum of money) should not empty the king's coffers; neither should riches be the pay of worth, which are merely the wages of labour: He that gives it, embaseth a man; he that takes it vilifieth himself: who is so most

* This house is now in ruins. On the marriage of the first Lord Aston with the grand-daughter of Sir Ralph, it became the family seat of the Astons, and continued so for many generations, till the middle of the last century, when it was sold along with the manor and estate; and being deserted and neglected, it fell into decay, and is now almost completely demolished. A view of it in its entire state, may be seen in CHAUNCY'S *History of Hertfordshire*.

† I owe these particulars to the kindness of Mr. Clutterbuck of Watford, the Historian of Hertfordshire, to whom Mr. Fenton, author of the History of Pembroke, communicated the Treatise on Horsemanship by Richard Sadler. I am thus enabled, by Mr. Clutterbuck's liberality, to throw some light on the history of one of Sir Ralph Sadler's descendants unknown to his former biographers. Mr. Clutterbuck thinks, with much probability, the jealousy of Sir Ralph's legitimate family occasioned this favourite child of love to be buried in an obscure corner of the church-yard, and apart from the stately mausoleum of his fathers.

rewarded is least. Since honour hath lost the value of a reward, men have lost the merit of virtue, and both become mercenary; men lusting rather after the wealth that buyeth, than after the qualities that deserve it.

"Two things, he observed, broke treaties; jealousy, when princes are successful; and fear, when they are unfortunate. Power, that hath need of none, makes all confederacies, either when it is felt, or when it is feared, or when it is envied.

"Three things Cato repented of; 1. That he went by water when he might go by land; 2. That he trusted a woman with a secret; 3. That he lost time. Two things Sir Ralph repented for: 1. That he had communicated a secret or two; 2. That he had lost any hour of the morning between four a clock and ten.

"He learned in King Henry the Eighth's time, as Cromwell's instrument, what he must advise (in point of religion) in Queen Elizabeth's time, as an eminent counsellor: His maxim being this, that zeal was the duty of a private breast, and moderation the interest of a public state. The Protestants, Sir Ralph's conscience would have in the commencement of Queen Elizabeth, kept in hope; the Papists, his prudence would not have cast into despair. It was a maxim at that time in another case, that France should not presume, nor Spain be desperate.

"He saw the interest of this state altered six times, and died an honest man: the crown put upon four heads, yet he continued a faithful subject: religion changed, as to the public constitution of it, five times, yet he kept the faith.*

"A Spartan one day boasted, that his countrymen had been often buried in Athens; the Athenian replied; but we are most of us buried at home. So great was Sir Ralph's success in the Northern wars, that many a Scotchman found his grave in England; so exact his conduct and wariness, that few Englishmen had theirs in Scotland; the same ground giving them their coffin, that did their cradle; and their birth, that did their death. Our knight's two incomparable qualities, were discipline and intelligence; the last discovered him all the enemies' advantages, and the first gave them none.

"His two main designs were, 1. An interest in his prince, by service; 2. An alliance with the nobility by marriage: upon which two bottoms he raised himself to that pitch of honour and estate, that time could not wear out, nor any alterations embezzle; he bequeathing to his worshipful posterity the blessing of heaven upon his integrity; the love of mankind for his worth; and (as Mr. Fuller saith) a pardon granted him when he attended my Lord Cromwell at Rome, for the sins of his family for three immediate generations, (expiring in R. Sadler, Esquire, lately dead.) His last negotiation was that in Scotland, during the troubles there about Queen Mary: So searching and pearcing he was, that no letter or advise passed, whereof he had not a copy; so civil and obliging, that there was no party that had not a kindness for him; so grave and solid, that he was present at all counsels; so close and unseen, that his hand, though unseen, was in every motion of that state: and so successful, that he left the nobility so divided, that they could not design anything upon the king; and the king so weak, that he could not cast off the queen; and all so tottering, that they must depend on Queen Elizabeth.

"Three things he bequeathed such as may have the honour to succeed him, 1. All letters that concerned him since of years, filed; 2. All occurrences, since he was capable of observation, registered; 3. All expenses, since he lived of himself, booked. Epaminondas was the first Grecian and Sir Ralph Sadler was one of the last Englishmen."†

The monument of Sir Ralph Sadler is worth a particular description, as the inscription alludes to his history; and with these, the last memorials of his fame and grandeur, his history will be appropriately concluded.

Description of the Monument of Sir Ralph Sadler, in Standon Church, Hertfordshire.

The monument is supported by two round pillars, with an arch in the middle, in which the following inscription is placed:—

"This worthie knighte in his youth was brought up with Thomas Cromwell, afterwards Lord Cromwell; and when he came to man's estate he became his secretarie, by meanes whereof he did writ manie thinges touchinge matters of state, and by that meanes he in continuance of time was knowen to King Henrye the VIII., who conceaving a good opinion of him as a man meet to serve him, took him from the Lord Cromwell, abote the 26 yeare of his raigne, into his service, and abote the 30 yeare of his raigne made him one of his principal secretaries. The Kinge did most employe him in service towarde Scotland, whither he seate him in diverse and sondrie jorneys, both in warre and peace, in which service he behaved himself with such deligence and fidelite, and he ever came home in the Kinge's favour, and not unrewarded. He was of the privie counsell with King Henry VIII.; with King Edward the VI.; he was made Knight Banneret at Muskelborowe fielde; and in the 10th yeare of Quene Elizabeth he was made Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, in which office he continued until his deathe. He was a diligente and trustye servante to his prince, and faythful to the state, and beloved in his countrie. He died in the 80th yeere of his age, A. D. 1587, and in the 29th yeare of Quene Elizabeth, and is here buried."

Under this inscription is the effigy of a knight in armour, lying upon a piece of stone cut in the form of a mat, under which is inscribed his motto. Below are the effigies of his three sons and four daughters, kneeling.

The monument is surmounted with Sir Ralph's coat-armorial, which, by patent dated February 4, 1575, is the following: "He beareth Or, a Lion Rampant, party per Fesse, Azure, and Gules, Armed and Langued Argent. Crest—on a wreath a Demi-Lyon Rampant Azure, crowned with a Ducal Coronet; Or; motto, *Servire Deo Sapere.*"

At the foot of one of the pillars is the following inscription:—

Ambitioni hostis, in concilliis apertus, fidelis regis famulus at semper amator patriæ, virtute crevit."

Near the monument stood the standard which he took from the king of Scotland, armed with iron and as high as a horseman's sword could reach.

On a stone in the chancel of the church is the following description:

Radelphus Sadleir titulum sortitus equestrem,
Principibus tribus arcanis e censibus unus,
Auspiciis sum Cromwelli deductus in aulam
Henrici Octavi, quem secretarius omni
Officio colui Regique Gregique fidelis,
Vexillarem equitem me Muscleburgia vidit,
Edwardus Sextus Scotiam cum frangeret armis;
Ducum Lancastrensis sublime tribunal
Cancellarius ascendi, quod pondus honoris
Elizabethæ meæ ponsuit diadema senectæ,
Expleat natura sua et gloria partis,
Maturus facili decepor ab arbore fructus.
Obiit An. Dom. 1587, 29 Elizth. statis 80.

Richard Vernon Sadleir, Esq., of Southampton, the present venerable representative of Sir Ralph, paid the following tribute at the tomb of his great ancestor:

VERSES ON A VISIT TO THE
MONUMENT OF SIR RALPH SADLER, KNIGHT BANNERET.
AT STANDON IN HERTFORDSHIRE.

Spirit revered! if aught beneath the sky,
Can for a moment's space engage thine eye;
If tender sympathies are felt above,
And souls refined retain parental love;
Listen, and with a smile of favour see
Him, who descends by lineal birth from thee!

In pensive mood, with awful tread I come,
To feed reflection at thy hallow'd tomb.
Though dormant lie the honours, once our boast,
Though much of wealth, and much of fame be lost,
Enough of wealth remains, enough of fame,
To save from dark obscurity our name;
And when the strange vicissitudes I trace,
Which sunk to humbler life thy generous race;
When the false pride of pedigree would rise,
And wake ambition by its fruitless sighs,
My conscious spirit bids me not repine
At loss of treasures, which were never mine;
But raise the look of thankfulness to heaven,
Who, though withholding much, content has given.

* If this means, as may be shrewdly suspected, "the faith of the day," the same compliment might be paid to the memory of that wary and orthodox divine, the Vicar of Bray.

† LLOYD'S *State Worthies*, p. 95.—Of the first of these legacies bequeathed by Sir Ralph Sadler, the public now enjoys the benefit by means of the late publication of his Correspondence; the loss of the second is matter of deep regret.

Rivers that flow full copious at the source,
By Time's strong hand impell'd, forsake their course;
But He, who rules the world with stronger hand,
Can bid new fountains rise t' enrich the land.

Oh! if He wisdom give, I'll ne'er complain
That others now possess thy wide domain,
While in the vale of tears, I seek the road
That leads through darkness to the blest abode,
Where all distinctions cease, where son and sire,
Monarch and slave, to praise their God conspire.—R.V.S.

JOHN LEYDEN, M. D.

The subject of the present brief memorial will be long distinguished among those whom the elasticity and ardour of genius have raised to distinction from an obscure and humble origin. John Leyden was descended from a family of small farmers, long settled upon the estate of Cavers, in the vale of Teviot, a few miles from Hawick. He loved to mention some traditional rhymes, which one of his ancestors had composed, and to commemorate the prowess of another, who had taken arms with the insurgent Cameronians, about the time of the Revolution, and who distinguished himself by his gallantry at the defence of the church-yard of Dunkeld 21st August, 1689, against a superior body of Highlanders, when Colonel Cleland, the leader of these rustic enthusiasts, was slain at their head. John Leyden, residing in the village of Denholm, and parish of Cavers, Roxburghshire, and Isabella Scott, his wife, were the parents of Dr. Leyden, and still survive to deplore the irreparable loss of a son, the honour alike of his family and country. Their irreproachable life, and simplicity of manners, recommended them to the respect and kindness of their neighbours, and to the protection of the family of Mr. Douglas of Cavers, upon whose estate they resided.

John Leyden, so eminent for the genius which he displayed, and the extensive knowledge which he accumulated during his brief career, was born at Denholm, on 8th September, 1775, and bred up, like other children in the same humble line of life, to such country labour as suited his strength.

"About a year after his birth," says his relative and biographer, Mr. Morton, "his parents removed to Henlawshiel, a lonely cottage, about three miles from Denholm, on the farm of Nether Tofts, which was then held by Mr. Andrew Blythe, his mother's uncle. Here they lived for sixteen years, during which his father was employed, first as shepherd, and afterwards in managing the whole business of the farm, his relation having had the misfortune to lose his sight. The cottage, which was of very simple construction, was situated in a wild pastoral spot near the foot of Ruberslaw, on the verge of the heath which stretches down from the sides of that majestic hill. The simplicity of the interior corresponded with that of its outward appearance. But the kind affections, cheerful content, intelligence, and piety, that dwelt beneath its lowly roof, made it such a scene as poets have imagined in their descriptions of the innocence and happiness of rural life.

"Leyden was taught to read by his grandmother, who, after her husband's death, resided in the family of her son. Under the care of this venerable and affectionate instructress his progress was rapid. That insatiable desire of knowledge, which afterwards formed so remarkable a feature in his character, soon began to show itself. The historical passages of the Bible first caught his attention; and it was not long before he made himself familiarly acquainted with every event recorded in the Old and New Testaments,"*

Thus Leyden was ten years of age before he had an opportunity of attending a public place of education; and as the death of his first teacher, William Wilson, school-master at Kirktown, soon after took place, the humble studies of the future poet, antiquary, and orientalist, were adjourned till the subsequent year, (1786,) when a Mr. W. Scott taught the same school. But the sacred fire had already caught to the ready fuel which nature had adjusted for its supply. The ardent and unutterable longing for information of every description, which characterized John Leyden as much as any man who ever lived, was now roused and upon the watch. The rude traditionary tales and ballads of the once warlike district of Teviotdale were the readiest food which offered itself to this awakening appetite for knowledge. These songs and legends became rooted in his memory, and he so identified his feelings with the wild, adventurous, and daring characters which they celebrate, that the associations thus formed in childhood, and cherished in youth, gave an eccentric and romantic tincture to his own mind, and many, if not all the peculiarities of his manner and habits of thinking may be traced to his imitating the manners and assuming the tone of a borderer of former times. To this may be ascribed his eager admiration of adventurous deeds and military achievement, his contempt of luxury, his zealous and somewhat exclusive preference of his native district, an affected dislike to the *southron*, as the "auld enemies of Scotland," an earnest desire to join to the reputation of high literary acquirements the praise of an adept at all manly exercises, and the disregard of ceremony, and bold undaunted bearing in society, which might be supposed to have characterized an ancient native of the border. In his early days, also, he probably really felt the influence of those superstitious impressions, which at a later period he used sometimes to assume, to the great amusement of his friends, and astonishment of strangers. It was indeed somewhat singular, when he got upon this topic, to hear Leyden maintain powerfully, and with great learning, the exploded doctrines of demonology, and sometimes even affect to confirm the strange tales with which his memory abounded, by reference to the ghostly experiences of his childhood. Even to those most intimate with him, he would sometimes urge such topics, in a manner which made it impossible to determine whether he was serious or jocular; and most probably his fancy, though not his sober judgment, actually retained some impressions borrowed from the scenes he has himself described.

The woodland's sombre shade that peasants fear,
The haunted mountain-streams that murmur'd near,
The antique tomb-stone, and the church-yard green,
Seem'd to unite me with the world unseen:
Oft when the eastern moon rose darkly red,
I heard the viewless paces of the dead,
Heard in the breeze the wandering spirits sigh,
Or airy skirts unseen, that rustled by.—*Scenes of Infancy*

But the romantic legend and heroic ballad did not satiate, though they fed, his youthful appetite for knowledge. The obscure shepherd boy never heard of any source of information within his reach, without straining every nerve to obtain access to it. A companion, for example, had met with an odd volume of the Arabian Night's Entertainments, and gave an account of its contents, which excited the curiosity of young Leyden. This precious book was in possession of a blacksmith's apprentice, who lived at several miles' distance from Denholm, and the season was winter. Leyden, however, waded through the snow, to present himself by day-break at the forge door, and request a perusal of this interesting book in presence of the owner, for an unlimited loan was scarcely to be hoped for. He was disappointed, was obliged to follow the blacksmith to a still greater distance, where he was employed on some temporary job, and when he found him, the son of Vulcan, with caprice worthy of a modern collector, was not disposed to impart his treasure, and put him off with some apology. Leyden remained stationary beside him the whole day, till the lad, softened, or wearied out by his pertinacity, actually made him a present of the volume, and he returned home by sun-set, exhausted by hunger and fatigue, but in triumphant possession of a treasure for which he would have subjected himself to yet greater privations. This childish history took place when he was about eleven years old; nor is there any great violence in conjecturing that these fascinating tales, obtained with so much difficulty, ma

* Memoirs of Leyden, by the Rev. James Morton, prefixed to his Poetical Remains. London, 1819. 8vo.

have given his youthful mind that decided turn towards oriental learning which was displayed through his whole life, and illustrated by his regretted and too early decease. At least, the anecdote affords an early and striking illustration of the ardour of his literary curiosity, and the perseverance which marked his pursuit of the means for gratifying it.

Other sources of information now began to offer themselves, scanty indeed, compared to those which are accessible to thousands of a more limited capacity, but to Leyden as invaluable as an iron spike, or a Birmingham knife, would have been to Alexander Selkirk, during his solitary residence on Juan Fernandez. From the new teacher at Kirktown, Leyden acquired some smattering of the Latin language; but ere he could make any progress, the school became again vacant in the year 1786. Next year it was again opened by a third school-master, named Andrew Scott, under whom Leyden gained some knowledge of arithmetic. Thus transferred from one teacher to another, snatching information at such times, and in such portions, as these precarious circumstances afforded, he continued not only to retain the elemental knowledge which he had acquired, but to struggle onward vigorously in the paths of learning. It seems probable that the disadvantage sustained from want of the usual assistances to early learning, may, in so energetic a mind as that of Leyden, be in many respects balanced by the habit of severe study, and painful investigation, which it was necessary to substitute for those adventitious aids. The mind becomes doubly familiar with that information which it has attained through its own laborious and determined perseverance, and acquires a readiness in encountering and overcoming difficulties of a similar nature, from the consciousness of those which it has already successfully surmounted. Accordingly, Leyden used often to impute the extraordinary facility which he possessed in the acquisition of languages to the unassisted exercises of his juvenile years.

About this period his predominant desire for learning had determined his parents to breed young Leyden up for the Church of Scotland, trusting for his success to those early talents which already displayed themselves so strongly. Mr. Duncan, a Cameronian minister at Denholm, became now his instructor in the Latin language. It does not appear that he had any Greek tutor; nevertheless he probably had acquired some knowledge of the elements of that language before he attended the College of Edinburgh in 1790, for the purpose of commencing his professional studies. The late worthy and learned Professor Andrew Dalzell used to describe, with some humour, the astonishment and amusement excited in his class when John Leyden first stood up to recite his Greek exercise. The rustic, yet undaunted manner, the humble dress, the high, harsh tone of his voice, joined to the broad provincial accent of Teviotdale, discomposed, on this first occasion, the gravity of the professor, and totally routed that of the students. But it was soon perceived that these uncouth attributes were joined to qualities which commanded respect and admiration. The rapid progress of the young rustic attracted the approbation and countenance of the professor, who was ever prompt to distinguish and encourage merit; and to those among the students who did not admit literary proficiency as a shelter for the ridicule due since the days of Juvenal to the scholar's torn coat and unfashionable demeanour, Leyden was in no respect averse from showing strong reasons, adapted to their comprehension and affecting their personal safety, for keeping their mirth within decent bounds.

The Greek language was long his favourite study, and, considering his opportunities, he became much more intimately acquainted with its best authors than is usual in Scotland, even among those who make some pretensions to literature. The Latin he understood thoroughly; and it is perhaps the best proof of his classical attainments, that, at a later period, to use his own expression, "he passed muster pretty well when introduced to Dr. Parr."

Leyden was now at the fountainhead of knowledge, and availed himself of former privations, by quaffing it in large draughts. He not only attended all the lectures usually connected with the study of theology, but several others, particularly some of the medical classes,—a circumstance which afterwards proved important to his outset in life, although at the time it could only be ascribed to his restless and impatient pursuit after science of every description. Admission to these lectures was easy, from the liberality of the professors, who throw their classes gratuitously open to young men educated for the church, a privilege of which Leyden availed himself to the utmost extent. There were, indeed, few branches of study in which he did not make some progress. Besides the learned languages, he acquired French, Spanish, Italian, and German, was familiar with the ancient Icelandic, and studied Hebrew, Arabic, and Persian.

But though he soon became particularly distinguished by his talents as a linguist, few departments of science altogether escaped his notice. He investigated moral philosophy with the ardour common to all youths of talent who studied ethics, under the auspices of Professor Dugald Stewart, with whose personal notice he was honoured. He became a respectable mathematician, and was at least superficially acquainted with natural philosophy, natural history, chemistry, botany, and mineralogy. These various sciences he acquired in different degrees, and at different times, during his residence at College. They were the fruit of no very regular plan of study: whatever subject interested his mind at the time attracted his principal attention till time and industry had overcome the difficulties which it presented, and was then exchanged for another pursuit. It seemed frequently to be Leyden's object to learn just so much of a particular science as should enable him to resume it at any future period; and to those who objected to the miscellaneous, or occasionally the superficial nature of his studies, he used to answer with his favourite interjection, "Dash it, man, never mind: if you have the scaffolding ready, you can run up the masonry when you please." But this mode of study, however successful with John Leyden, cannot be safely recommended to a student of less retentive memory and robust application. With him, however, at least while he remained in Britain, it seemed a matter of little consequence for what length of time he resigned any particular branch of study; for when either some motive, or mere caprice, induced him to resume it, he could, with little difficulty, reunite all the broken associations, and begin where he left off months or years before, without having lost an inch of ground during the interval.

The vacations which our student spent at home were employed in arranging, methodizing, and enlarging, the information which he acquired during his winter's attendance at College. His father's cottage affording him little opportunity for quiet and seclusion, he was obliged to look out for accommodations abroad, and some of his places of retreat were sufficiently extraordinary. In a wild recess, in the den or glen which gives name to the village of Denholm, he contrived a sort of furnace for the purpose of such chemical experiments as he was adequate to performing. But his chief place of retirement was the small parish church, a gloomy and ancient building, generally believed in the neighbourhood to be haunted. To this chosen place of study, usually locked during week-days, Leyden made entrance by means of a window, read there for many hours in the day, and deposited his books and specimens in a retired pew. It was a well-chosen spot of seclusion, for the kirk (excepting during divine service) is rather a place of terror to the Scottish rustic, and that of Cavers was rendered more so by many a tale of ghosts and witchcraft, of which it was the supposed scene; and to which Leyden, partly to indulge his humour, and partly to secure his retirement, contrived to make some modern additions. The nature of his abstruse studies, some specimens of natural history, as toads and adders

left exposed in their spirit-vials, and one or two practical jests played off upon the more curious of the peasantry, rendered his gloomy haunt not only venerated by the wise, but feared by the simple of the parish, who began to account this abstracted student like the gifted person described by Wordsworth, as possessing—

> ——— waking empire wide as dreams,
> An ample sovereignty of eye and ear;
> Rich are his walks with supernatural cheer;
> The region of his inner spirit teems
> With vital sounds and monitory gleams
> Of high astonishment and pleasing fear.

This was a distinction which, as we have already hinted, he was indeed not unwilling to affect, and to which, so far as the visions existing in the high fancy of the poet can supply those ascribed to the actual ghost-seer, he had indeed no slight pretensions.

Books as well as retirement were necessary to the progress of Leyden's studies, and not always attainable. But his research collected from every quarter such as were accessible by loan, and he subjected himself to the utmost privations to purchase those that were not otherwise to be procured. The reputation also of his prosperous career of learning obtained him occasional access to the library at Cavers; an excellent old collection, in which he met, for the first time, many of those works of the middle ages which he studied with so much research and success. A Froissart, in particular, translated by Lord Berners, captivated his attention with all those tales "to savage virtue dear," which coincided with his taste for chivalry, and with the models on which it had been formed: and tales of the Black Prince, of the valiant Chandos, and of Geoffrey Tête-Noire, now rivalled the legends of Johnie Armstrong, Walter the Devil, and the Black Douglas.

In the country, Leyden's society was naturally considerably restricted, but while at College it began to extend itself among such of his fellow-students as were distinguished for proficiency in learning. Among these we may number the celebrated author of the Pleasures of Hope; the Rev. Alexander Murray, united with Leyden in the kindred pursuit of oriental learning, and whose lamp, like that of his friend, was extinguished at the moment when it was placed in the most conspicuous elevation;* William Erskine, with whom Leyden renewed his friendship in India; the late ingenious Dr. Thomas Brown, distinguished for his early proficiency in the science of moral philosophy, of which he was professor in the Edinburgh College; the Rev. Robert Lundie, Minister of Kelso, and several other young men of talents, who at that time pursued their studies in the University of Edinburgh.

Leyden was also fortunate enough to attract the notice and patronage of Dr. Robert Anderson of Edinburgh, the first man of letters who presented the public with a complete edition of English poetry from the time of Chaucer, downwards. The notice and encouragement of a gentleman, whose benevolence of disposition placed all his literary experience at the command of the young student, was of the utmost consequence to the direction of his studies, and was always warmly remembered and kindly acknowledged by John Leyden,† who, under the Doctor's patronage, had also an opportunity of trying his young wings by a flight or two in the poetical department of the Edinburgh Magazine.

In the year 1796, after five or six years spent at the College of Edinburgh, the recommendation of Professor Dalzell procured Leyden the situation of private tutor to the sons of Mr. Campbell of Fairfield, a situation which he retained for two or three years. During the winter of 1798, he attended the two young gentlemen to their studies at the College of St. Andrew's. Here he had the advantage of the acquaintance of Professor Hunter, an admirable classical scholar, and to whose kind instructions he professed much obligation. The secluded situation also of St. Andrew's, the monastic life of the students, the fragments of antiquity with which that once metropolitan town is surrounded, and the libraries of its Colleges, gave him additional opportunity and impulse to pursue his favourite plans of study.

About the time he resided at St. Andrew's, the renown of Mungo Park, and Leyden's enthusiastic attachment to all researches connected with oriental learning, turned his thoughts towards the history of Africa, in which he found much to enchant an imagination that loved to dwell upon the grand, the marvellous, the romantic, and even the horrible, and which was rather fired than appalled by the picture of personal danger and severe privation. Africa, indeed, had peculiar charms for Leyden. He delighted to read of hosts, whose arrows intercepted the sun-beams; of kings and leaders, who judged of the numberless number of their soldiers by marching them over the trunk of a cedar, and only deemed their strength sufficient to take the field when such myriads had passed as to reduce the solid timber to impalpable dust; the royal halls also of Dahomay, built of skulls and cross-bones, and moistened with the daily blood of new victims of tyranny;—all, in short, that presented strange, wild, and romantic views of what have been quaintly entitled "the ultimities and summities of human nature," and which furnished new and unheard-of facts in the history of man, had great fascination for his ardent imagination. And about this time he used to come into company, quite full of these extraordinary stories, garnished faithfully with the unpronounceable names of the despots and tribes of Africa, which any one at a distance would have taken for the exorcism of a conjuror. The fruit of his researches he gave to the public in a small volume, entitled, "A Historical and Philosophical Sketch of the Discoveries and Settlements of the Europeans in Northern and Western Africa, at the close of the 18th Century," crown 8vo, 1799. It is written on the plan of Raynal's celebrated work, and, as it contains a clear and lively abridgment of the information afforded by travellers whose works are of rare occurrence, it was favourably received by the public. Among Leyden's native hills, however, there arose a groundless report that this work was compiled for the purpose of questioning whether the evidence of Mungo Park went the length of establishing the western course of the Niger. This unfounded rumour gave offence to some of Mr. Park's friends, nicely jealous of the fame of their countryman, of whom they had such jus reason to be proud. And thus, what would have been whimsical enough, the dispute regarding the course of the Niger in Africa had nearly occasioned a feud upon the Scottish border. For John Leyden happening to be at Hawick while the upper troop of Roxburghshire yeomanry were quartered there, was told, with many exaggerations, of menaces thrown out against him, and advised to leave the town. Leyden was then in the act of quitting the place; but, instead of expediting his retreat, in consequence of this friendly hint, he instantly marched to the market-place, at the time when the corps paraded there, humming surlily, like one of Ossian's heroes, the fragment of a border song,

> I've done nae ill, I'll brook nae wrang,
> But back to Wamphray I *will* gang.

His appearance and demeanour were construed into seeking a quarrel, with which his critics, *more majorum*, would readily have indulged him, had not friendly interposition appeased the causeless resentment of both parties. The *History of African Discoveries*, Leyden proposed to extend to four volumes 8vo, and had made great preparations for the work; he was in constant communication on the subject with Messrs. Longman and Co., by whom it was to have been published, and some sheets were actually printed, when the design was interrupted by his Indian voyage.

On Leyden's return to Edinburgh from St. Andrew's, he resided with his pupils in the family of

* This amiable man, and great Orientalist, died within a few months after he had been appointed to the chair of the Hebrew Professorship in the University of Edinburgh, in consequence of such a list of splendid attestations of his qualifications as has rarely honoured the most distinguished scholars.

† We are here bound to apologize for not noticing this circumstance in the first edition of this biographical sketch. The omission was owing to the essay having been drawn up with little assistance save that of memory.

Mr. Campbell, where he was treated with that respect and kindness which every careful father will pay to him whose lessons he expects his children to receive with attention and advantage. His hours, excepting those of tuition, were at his own uncontrolled disposal, and such of his friends as chose to visit him at Mr. Campbell's, were secure of a hospitable reception. This class began now to extend itself among persons of an older standing than his contemporaries, and embraced several who had been placed by fortune, or had risen by exertions, to that fixed station in society, to which his college intimates were as yet only looking forward. His acquaintance with Mr. Richard Heber was the chief means of connecting him with several families of the former description, and it originated in the following circumstances.

John Leyden's feelings were naturally poetical, and he was early led to express them in the language of poetry. Before he visited St. Andrew's, and while residing there, he had composed both fragments and complete pieces of poetry in almost every style and stanza which our language affords, from an unfinished tragedy on the fate of the Darien settlement, to songs, ballads, and comic tales. Many of these essays afterwards found their way to the press through the medium of the *Edinburgh Magazine*, as already mentioned. In this periodical miscellany appeared, from time to time, poetical translations from the Greek Anthology, from the Norse, from the Hebrew, from the Arabic, from the Syriac, from the Persian, and so forth, with many original pieces, indicating more genius than taste, and an extent of learning of most unusual dimensions. These were subscribed J. L.; and the author of this article well remembers how often his attention was attracted by them about the years 1793 and 1794, and the speculations which he formed respecting an author, who, by many indicia, appeared to belong to a part of Scotland with which he himself was well acquainted. About this time also Mr. Archibald Constable, whose enterprising and liberal conduct of business has since made his name so conspicuous as a publisher, was opening business chiefly as a retailer of curious and ancient books, a department in which he possessed extensive knowledge: Mr. Richard Heber, the extent of whose invaluable library is generally known, was, in the winter of 1799–1800, residing in Edinburgh, and a frequenter of course of Mr. Constable's shop, where he made many valuable acquisitions, at a rate very different from the exactions of the present day. In these researches he formed an acquaintance with Leyden, who examined, as an amateur, the shelves which Mr. Heber ransacked as a purchaser, and the latter discovered with pleasure the unknown author of the poems which I have already alluded to. The acquaintance soon ripened into friendship, and was cemented by mutual advantage. Mr. Heber had found an associate as ardent as himself in the pursuit of classical knowledge, and who would willingly sit up night after night to collate editions, and to note various readings; and Leyden, besides the advantage and instruction which he derived from Mr. Heber's society, enjoyed that of being introduced, by his powerful recommendation, to the literary gentlemen of Edinburgh, with whom he lived in intimacy. Among these may be reckoned the late Lord Woodhouselee, Mr. Henry Mackenzie the distinguished author of *The Man of Feeling*, and the Reverend Mr. Sidney Smith, then residing in Edinburgh, from all of whom Leyden received flattering attention, and many important testimonies of the interest which they took in his success. By the same introduction he became intimate in the family of Mr. Walter Scott, where a congenial taste for ballad, romance, and Border antiquities, as well as a sincere admiration of Leyden's high talents, extensive knowledge, and excellent heart, secured him a welcome reception. And by degrees his society extended itself still more widely, and comprehended almost every one who was distinguished for taste or talents in Edinburgh.

The manners of Leyden, when he first entered the higher ranks of society, were very peculiar; nor indeed were they at any time much modified during his continuing in Europe; and here, perhaps, as properly as elsewhere, we may endeavour to give some idea of his personal appearance and deportment in company.

In his complexion the clear red upon the cheek indicated a hectic propensity, but with his brown hair, lively dark eyes, and well-proportioned features, gave an acute and interesting turn of expression to his whole countenance. He was of middle stature, of a frame rather thin than strong built, but muscular and active, and well fitted for all those athletic exertions, in which he delighted to be accounted a master. For he was no less anxious to be esteemed a man eminent for learning and literary talent, than to be held a fearless player at single-stick, a formidable boxer, and a distinguished adept at leaping, running, walking, climbing, and all exercises which depend on animal spirits and muscular exertion. Feats of this nature he used to detail with such liveliness as sometimes led his audience to charge him with exaggeration; but, unlike the athletic in Æsop's apologue, he was always ready to attempt the repetition of his great leap at Rhodes, were it at the peril of breaking his neck on the spot. And certainly in many cases his spirit and energy carried him through enterprises, which his friends considered as most rashly undertaken. An instance occurred on board of ship in India, where two gentlemen, by way of ridiculing Leyden's pretensions to agility, offered him a bet of sixty gold mohrs that he could not go aloft. Our bard instantly betook himself to the shrouds, and, at all the risk incident to a landsman who first attempts such an ascent, successfully scaled the maintop. There it was intended to subject him to a usual practical sea-joke, by *seizing him up*, *i. e.* tying him, till he should redeem himself by paying a fine. But the spirit of Leyden dictated desperate resistance, and, finding he was likely to be overpowered, he flung himself from the top, and, seizing a rope, precipitated himself on deck by letting it slide rapidly through his grasp. In this operation he lost the skin of both hands, but of course won his wager. But when he observed his friends look grave at the expensive turn which their jest had taken, he tore and flung into the sea the order for the money which they had given him, and contented himself with the triumph, which his spirit and agility had gained. This little anecdote may illustrate his character in more respects than one.

In society John Leyden's first appearance had something that revolted the fastidious and alarmed the delicate. He was a bold and uncompromising disputant, and neither subdued his tone, nor mollified the form of his argument, out of deference to the rank, age, or even sex, of those with whom he was maintaining it. His voice, which was naturally loud and harsh, was on such occasions exaggerated into what he himself used to call his *saw-tones*, which were not very pleasant to the ear of strangers. His manner was animated, his movements abrupt, and the gestures with which he enforced his arguments rather forcible than elegant; so that, altogether, his first appearance was somewhat appalling to persons of low animal spirits, or shy and reserved habits, as well as to all who expected much reverence in society on account of the adventitious circumstances of rank or station. Besides, his spirits were generally at top-flood, and entirely occupied with what had last arrested his attention; and thus his own feats, or his own studies, were his topic more frequently than is consistent with the order of good company, in which every person has a right to expect his share of conversation. He was indeed too much bent on attaining personal distinction in society to choose nicely the mode of acquiring it. For example, in the course of a large evening party, crowded with fashionable people, to many of whom Leyden was an absolute stranger, silence being imposed for the purpose of a song, one of his friends with great astonishment, and some horror, heard Leyden, who could not sing a note, scream forth a verse or two of some Border ditty, with all the dissonance of an Indian war-whoop. In their way

home, his friend ventured to remonstrate with him on this extraordinary exhibition, to which his defence was, "Dash it, man, they would have thought I was *afraid* to sing before them." In short, his egotism, his bold assumption in society, his affectation of neglecting many of its forms as trifles beneath his notice, circumstances which often excited against his first appearance an undue and disproportionate prejudice, were entirely founded upon the resolution to support his independence, and to assert that character formed between the lettered scholar, and the wild rude Borderer, the counterpart as it were of Anacharsis, the philosophic Scythian, which, from his infancy, he was ambitious of maintaining.

His humble origin was with him rather a subject of honest pride than of false shame, and he was internally not unwilling that his deportment should to a certain degree partake of the simplicity of the ranks from which he had raised himself by his talents, to bear a share in the first society. He boasted in retaining these marks of his birth, as the Persian tribe, when raised to the rank of kings and conquerors, still displayed as their banner the leathern apron of the smith who founded their dynasty. He bore, however, with great good humour all decent raillery on his rough manners, and was often ready to promote such pleasantry by his own example. When a lady of rank and fashion one evening insisted upon his dancing, he wrote next morning a lively poetical epistle to her in the character of a dancing bear.* This was his usual mode of escaping or apologizing for any *bevue* which his high spirits and heedless habits might lead him to commit, and several very pretty copies of complimentary verses were a sort of peace-offerings for trivial encroachments upon the ceremonial of society.

Having thus marked strongly the defects of his manner, and the prejudice which they sometimes excited, we crave credit from the public, while we record the real virtues and merits by which they were atoned a thousand-fold. Leyden's apparent harshness of address covered a fund of real affection to his friends, and kindness to all with whom he mingled, unwearied in their service, and watchful to oblige them. To gratify the slightest wish of a friend, he would engage at once in the most toilsome and difficult researches, and when perhaps that friend had forgotten he ever intimated such a wish, Leyden came to pour down before him the fullest information on the subject which had excited his attention. And his temper was in reality, notwithstanding an affectation of roughness, as gentle as it was generous. No one felt more deeply for the distress of those he loved. No one exhibited more disinterested pleasure in their success. In dispute, he never lost temper, and if he despised the outworks of ceremony, he never trespassed upon the essentials of good-breeding, and was himself the first to feel hurt and distressed if he conceived that he had, by any rash or hasty expression, injured the feelings of the most inconsiderable member of the company. In all the rough play of his argument too, he was strictly good-humoured, and was the first to laugh, if, as must happen occasionally to those who talk much, and upon every subject, some disputant of less extensive but more accurate information, contrived to arrest him in his very pitch of pride, by a home-fact or incontrovertible argument. And, when his high and independent spirit, his firm and steady principles of religion and virtue, his constant good-humour, the extent and variety of his erudition, and the liveliness of his conversation, were considered, they must have been fastidious indeed who were not reconciled to the foibles or peculiarities of his tone and manner.

Many of those whose genius has raised them to distinction, have fallen into the fatal error of regarding their wit and talents as an excuse for the unlimited indulgence of their passions, and their biographers have too frequently to record the acts of extravagance, and habits of immorality, which disgraced and shortened their lives. From such crimes and follies John Leyden stood free and stainless. He was deeply impressed with the truths of Christianity, of which he was at all times a ready and ardent assertor, and his faith was attested by the purity of morals, which is its best earthly evidence. To the pleasures of the table he was totally indifferent—never exceeded the bounds of temperance in wine, though frequently in society where there was temptation to do so, and seemed hardly to enjoy any refreshment excepting tea, of which he sometimes drank very large quantities. When he was travelling or studying, his temperance became severe abstinence, and he often passed an entire day without any other food than a morsel of bread. To sleep he was equally indifferent, and when, during the latter part of his residence in Edinburgh, he frequently spent the day in company, he used, upon retiring home, to pursue his studies till a late hour in the morning, and satisfy himself with a very brief portion of repose. It was the opinion of his friends, that his strict temperance alone could have enabled him to follow so hard a course of reading as he enjoined himself. His pecuniary resources were necessarily much limited; but he knew that independence, and the title of maintaining a free and uncontrolled demeanour in society, can only be attained by avoiding pecuniary embarrassments, and he managed his funds with such severe economy, that he seemed always at ease upon his very narrow income.

We have only another trait to add to his character as a member of society. With all his bluntness and peculiarity, and under disadvantages of birth and fortune, Leyden's reception among females of rank and elegance was favourable in a distinguished degree. Whether it is that the tact of the fair sex is finer than ours, or that they more readily pardon peculiarity in favour of originality, or that an uncommon address and manner is in itself a recommendation to their favour, or that they are not so readily offended as the male sex by a display of superior learning,—in short, whatever were the cause, it is certain that Leyden was a favourite among those whose favour all are ambitious to attain. Among the ladies of distinction who honoured him with their regard, it is sufficient to notice the late Dutchess of Gordon and Lady Charlotte Campbell, (now Bury,) who were then leaders of the fashionable society of Edinburgh. It is time to return to trace the brief events of his life.

In 1800, Leyden was ordained a preacher of the gospel, and entered upon the functions then conferred upon him, by preaching in several of the churches in Edinburgh and the neighbourhood. His style of pulpit oratory was marked with the same merits and faults which distinguished his poetry. His style was more striking than rhetorical, and his voice and gestures more violent than elegant; but his discourses were marked with strong traits of original genius, and although he pleaded an internal feeling of disappointment at being unequal to attain his own ideas of excellence as a preacher, it was impossible to listen to him without being convinced of his uncommon extent of learning, knowledge of ethics, and sincere zeal for the interest of religion.

The autumn of the same year was employed in a tour to the Highlands and Hebrides, in which Leyden accompanied two young foreigners who had studied at Edinburgh the preceding winter. In this tour he visited all the remarkable places of that interesting part of his native country, and diverging from the common and more commodious route, visited what are called the *rough bounds* of the Highlands, and investigated the decaying traditions of Celtic manners and story which are yet preserved in the wild districts of Moidart and Knoidart. The journal which he made on this occasion was a curious monument of his zeal and industry in these researches, and contained much valuable information on the subject of Highland manners and traditions, which is now probably lost to the public. It is remarkable, that after long and painful research in quest of original passages of the poems of Ossian,

* See the Scots Magazine for August, 1802.

he adopted an opinion more favourable to their authenticity than has lately prevailed in the literary world. But the confessed infidelity of Macpherson must always excite the strongest suspicion on this subject. Leyden composed, with his usual facility, several detached poems upon Highland traditions, all of which have probably perished, excepting a ballad founded upon the romantic legend respecting Macphail of Colonsay and the mermaid of Corrievrekin, inscribed to Lady Charlotte Campbell, and published in the third volume of the *Border Minstrelsy*, which appeared at the distance of about a twelvemonth after the two first volumes of that work. The opening of this ballad exhibits a power of numbers, which, for the mere melody of sound, has seldom been excelled in English poetry. Nor were these legendary effusions the only fruit of his journey; for in his passage through Aberdeen, Leyden so far gained the friendship of the venerable Professor Beattie, that he obtained his permission to make a transcript from the only existing copy of the interesting poem entitled Albanis. This work which is a panegyric on Scotland, in nervous blank verse, written by an anonymous author in the beginning of the eighteenth century, Leyden afterwards republished along with Wilson's Clyde, under the title of *Scottish Descriptive Poems*, 12mo, 1802.

In 1801, when Mr. Lewis published his *Tales of Wonder*, Leyden was a contributor to that collection, and furnished the ballad called the Elf-King. And in the following year, he employed himself earnestly in the congenial task of procuring materials for the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, the first publication of the Editor of that collection. In this labour, he was equally interested by friendship for the editor, and by his own patriotic zeal for the honour of the Scottish Borders, and both may be judged of from the following circumstance. An interesting fragment had been obtained of an ancient historical ballad, but the remainder, to the great disturbance of the editor and his coadjutor, was not to be recovered. Two days afterwards, while the Editor was sitting with some company after dinner, a sound was heard at some distance like that of the whistling of a tempest through the torn rigging of the vessel which scuds before it. The sounds increased as they approached more near, and Leyden (to the great astonishment of such of the guests as did not know him) burst into the room, chanting the desiderated ballad, with the most enthusiastic gestures, and all the energy of the saw-tones of his voice already commemorated. It turned out, that he had walked between forty and fifty miles, and back again, for the sole purpose of visiting an old person who possessed this precious remnant of antiquity. His antiquarian researches and poetic talents were also liberally exerted for the support of this undertaking. To the former, the reader owes in a great measure the Dissertation on Fairy Superstition, which, although arranged and digested by the Editor, abounds with instances of such curious reading as Leyden alone had read, and was originally compiled by him; and to the latter the spirited ballads entitled Lord Soulis and the Cout of Keeldar.

Leyden's next publication was *The Complaynt of Scotland*, a new edition of an ancient and singularly rare tract bearing that title, written by an uncertain author, about the year 1548. This curious work was published by Mr. Constable, in the year 1801. As the tract was itself of a diffuse and comprehensive nature, touching upon many unconnected topics, both of public policy and private life, as well as treating of the learning, the poetry, the music, and the arts of that early period, it gave Leyden an opportunity of pouring forth such a profusion of antiquarian knowledge in the Preliminary Dissertation, Notes, and Glossary, as one would have thought could hardly have been accumulated during so short a life, dedicated, too, to so many and varied studies. The intimate acquaintance which he has displayed with Scottish antiquities of every kind, from manuscript histories and rare chronicles down to the tradition of the peasant, and the rhymes even of the nursery, evince an extent of research, power of arrangement, and facility of recollection, which has never been equalled in this department.

This singular work was the means of introducing Leyden to the notice and correspondence of Mr. Ritson, the celebrated antiquary, who, in a journey to Scotland, during the next summer, found nothing which delighted him so much as the conversation of the editor of the *Complaynt of Scotland*, in whose favour he smoothed down and softened the natural asperity of his own disposition. The friendship, however, between these two authors was broken off by Leyden's running his Border hobby-horse a full tilt against the Pythagorean palfrey of the English antiquary. Ritson, it must be well remembered, had written a work against the use of animal food; Leyden, on the other hand, maintained it was a part of a masculine character to eat whatever came to hand, whether the substance was vegetable or animal, cooked or uncooked; and he concluded a tirade to this purpose, by eating a raw beef-stake before the terrified antiquary, who never afterwards could be prevailed upon to regard him, except as a kind of learned Ogre. This breach, however, did not happen till they met in London, previous to Leyden's leaving Britain.

Meanwhile other pursuits were not abandoned in the study of Scottish antiquities. The *Edinburgh Magazine* was united in 1802 with the old *Scots Magazine*, and was now put under the management of Leyden by Mr. Constable the publisher. To this publication, during the period of his management, which was about five or six months, he contributed several occasional pieces of prose and poetry, in all of which he was successful, excepting in those where humour was required, which talent, notwithstanding his unvaried hilarity of temper, Leyden did not possess. He was also, during this year, engaged with his *Scenes of Infancy*, a poem which was afterwards published on the eve of his leaving Britain, and in which he has interwoven his own early feelings and recollections with the description and traditional history of his native vale of Teviot. His individual partiality may be also traced in this interesting poem. Cavers and Denholm, the scenes of his childhood, and Harden, formerly the seat of an ancient family from which one of his friends is descended, detain him with particular fondness. The poem was composed at different intervals, and much altered before publication. In particular, as it was originally written, the right or southern side of the Teviot was first surveyed, ere the poet took notice of the streams and scenery of the northern banks. A friend objected, that this arrangement was rather geographical than poetical, upon which Leyden new-modelled the whole poem, and introduced the subjects in their natural order, as they would occur to the traveller who should trace the river from its source to its junction with the Tweed. It is another remarkable circumstance, that the author has interwoven in this poem many passages which were originally either fragments or parts of essays upon very different subjects. This will in some degree account for the similes, in particular, not being always such as the subject seems naturally to suggest, but rather calculated to distract the attention, by hurrying it from the vale of Teviot to distant countries, to Africa, to India, and to America, to the palaces of Gondar, and the enchanted halls of the Caliph Vathek. Indeed, as Leyden's reading was at all times somewhat ostentatiously displayed, so in his poetry he was sometimes a little too ambitious in introducing scientific allusions or terms of art, which embarrassed instead of exalting the simplicity of his descriptions. But when he is contented with a pure and natural tone of feeling and expression, his poetical powers claim the admiration and sympathy of every reader.

The friends of Leyden began now to be anxious for his permanent settlement in life. He had been for two years in orders, and there was every reason to hope that he might soon obtain a church, through the numerous friends and powerful interest which he now possessed. More than one nobleman of high rank expressed a wish to serve him, should any church in their gift become vacant; and from the

recommendation of other friends to those possessed of political interest, he was almost assured of being provided for, by a crown presentation, on some early opportunity. But his eager desire of travelling, and of extending the bounds of literary and geographical knowledge, had become, as he expressed himself to an intimate friend, "his thought by day and his dream by night, and the discoveries of Mungo Park haunted his very slumbers." When the risk was objected to him, he used to answer in the phrase of Ossian, "Dark Cuchullin will be renowned or dead," and it became hopeless to think that this eager and aspiring spirit could be confined within the narrow sphere and limited to the humble, though useful, duties of a country clergyman.

It was therefore now the wish of his friends to turn this irresistible thirst for discovery into some channel which might at once gratify the predominant desire of his heart, and be attended with some prospect of securing his fortune. It was full time to take such steps; for in 1802 Leyden had actually commenced overtures to the African Society, for undertaking a journey of discovery through the interior of that continent; an enterprise which sad examples had shown to be little better than an act of absolute suicide. To divert his mind from this desperate project, a representation was made to the Right Hon. William Dundas, who had then a seat at the Board of Control, stating the talents and disposition of Leyden, and it was suggested that such a person might be usefully employed in investigating the language and learning of the Indian tribes. Mr. Dundas entered with the most liberal alacrity into these views; but it happened, unfortunately as it might seem, that the sole appointment then at his disposal was that of Surgeon's assistant, which could only be held by a person who had taken a surgical degree, and could sustain an examination before the medical board at the India House.

It was upon this occasion that Leyden showed, in their utmost extent, his wonderful powers of application and comprehension. He at once intimated his readiness to accept the appointment under the conditions annexed to it; and availed himself of the superficial information he had formerly acquired by a casual attendance upon one or two of the medical classes, he gave his whole mind to the study of medicine and surgery, with the purpose of qualifying himself for his degree in the short space of five or six months. The labour which he underwent on this occasion was actually incredible; but with the powerful assistance of a gentleman of the highest eminence in his profession, (the late Mr. John Bell of Edinburgh,) he succeeded in acquiring such a knowledge of this complicated and most difficult art, as enabled him to obtain his diploma as surgeon with credit, even in the city of Edinburgh, so long famed for its medical school, and for the wholesome rigour adopted in the distribution of degrees. Leyden was, however, incautious in boasting of his success after so short a course of study, and found himself obliged, in consequence of his imprudence, to relinquish his intention of taking out he degree of M. D. at Edinburgh, and to have recourse to another Scottish university for that step in his profession. Meanwhile the sudden change of his profession gave great amusement to some of his friends, especially when a lady having fainted in a crowded assembly, Dr. Leyden advanced to her assistance, and went through the usual routine of treatment with all the gravity which beseemed his new faculty. In truth, the immediate object of his studies was always in season and out of season, predominant in Leyden's mind; and just about this time, he went to the evening party of a lady of the highest rank with the remnants of a human hand in his pocket, which he had been dissecting in the morning, and on some question being stirred about the muscular action, he was with difficulty withheld from producing this grisly evidence in support of the argument which he maintained. The character of Leyden cannot be understood without mentioning these circumstances that are allied to oddity; but it is not so easy to body forth those qualities of energy, application, and intelligence, by which he dignified his extravagancies, and vindicated his assumption of merit, far less to paint his manly, generous, and friendly disposition.

In December, 1802, Leyden was summoned to join the Christmas fleet of Indiamen, in consequence of his appointment as assistant-surgeon on the Madras establishment. It was sufficiently understood that his medical character was only assumed to bring him within the compass of Mr. Dundas' patronage, and that his talents should be employed in India with reference to his literary researches. He was, however, *pro forma*, nominated to the Madras hospital. While awaiting this call, he bent his whole energies to the study of the Oriental languages, and amused his hours of leisure by adding to the *Scenes of Infancy*, many of those passages addressed to his friends, and bearing particular reference to his own situation on the eve of departure from Scotland; which, flowing warm from the heart, constitute the principle charm of that impressive poem. Mr. Ballantyne, of Kelso, an early and intimate friend of Leyden, had just then established in Edinburgh his press, which has since been so distinguished. To the critical skill of a valued and learned friend, and to the friendly, as well as professional care of Mr. Ballantyne, Leyden committed this last memorial of his love to his native land. The last sheets reached him before he left Britain, no more to return.

Upon examining these, it would appear that he imagined his critical friends had exercised, with more rigour than mercy, the prerogative of retrenchment with which he had visited them. He complains of these alterations in a letter, which is no bad picture of his manner in conversation. It is dated from the Isle of Wight, were he states himself to be "like a weathercock, veering about with every wind," expecting and hoping every moment when the boatswain's whistle should pipe all hands on board, and that he may be off from the old island for ever in fifteen minutes. "I fancy," he continues, "you expect to receive a wagon-load, at least, of thanks for your midwife skill, in swaddling my bantling so tight, that I fear it will be strangled in the growth ever after. On the contrary, I have in my own mind been triumphing famously over you, and your razor witted, hair-splitting, intellectual associates, whose tastes I do not pretend to think anything like equal to my own, though, before I left Scotland, I thought them amazingly acute; but I fancy there is something in a London atmosphere, which greatly brightens the understanding, and furbishes the taste. This is all the vengeance you have unfortunately left in my power, for I sincerely am of opinion, that you ought to have adopted the alterations in the first sheet, which I think most indubitably better than those you have retained. The verses you excluded were certainly the most original in all the second canto, and certainly the next best to the Spectre Ship, in the whole poem; and I defy you and ———, and the whole Edinburgh Review, to impeach their originality. And what is more, they contained the winding-sheet of the dead child, wet with a mother's repining tears, which was the very idea for the sake of which I wrote the whole episode; so you have curtailed what I liked, and left what I did not care a sixpence about, for I would not have been half so enraged, if you had omitted the whole episode; and, what is most provoking of all, you expect the approbation of every man of taste for this butchery, this mangling and botching! By Apollo, if I knew of any man of taste that approved of it, I would cut his tongue out. But my only revenge is to triumph over your bad tastes. When ——— showed me this part, I tore the sheet in wrath, and swore I would have a Calcutta edition, for the mere purpose of exposing your spurious one. But you need not mind much his critical observations. He is a sensible fellow, points very well, understands music, has a fine taste for ornamenting, and perhaps for printing, but he has too fat brains for originality. Now, my dear Ballantyne, though I lift up my voice like a trumpet against your bad taste in criticism, yet I give you

all due credit for good intentions, and my warmest thanks for the trouble you have taken, only do not talk of men of taste approving of your vile critical razors—razors of scarification! Now, my dear fellow, farewell; commend me warmly to your good *motherly mother*, and your brothers. I shall be happy to hear of you, and from you, in my exile, and believe me, my dear Ballantyne, to be

"Yours, most sincerely,

"JOHN LEYDEN."

About the middle of December, 1802, John Leyden left Edinburgh, but not exactly at the time he had proposed. He had taken a solemn farewell of his friends, and gone to Roxburghshire to bid adieu to his parents, whom he regarded with the most tender filial affection, and from thence he intended to have taken his departure for London without returning to Edinburgh. Some accident changed his purpose, and his unexpected arrival at Edinburgh was picturesque, and somewhat startling. A party of his friends had met in the evening to talk over his merits, and to drink, in Scottish phrase, his *Bonallie*. While, about the witching hour, they were crowning a solemn bumper to his health, a figure burst into the room, muffled in a seaman's cloak and travelling cap, covered with snow, and distinguishable only by the sharpness and ardour of the tone with which he exclaimed, "Dash it, boys, here I am again!" The start of astonishment and delight with which this unexpected apparition was received, was subject of great mirth at the time, and the circumstance has been since recalled by most of the party with that mixture of pleasure and melancholy, which attaches to the particulars of a last meeting with a beloved and valued friend.

In London, the kindness of Mr. Heber, his own reputation, and the recommendation of his Edinburgh friends, procured Leyden much kindness and attention among persons of rank and literary distinction. His chief protector and friend, however, was Mr. George Ellis, the well known author of the *Specimens of Ancient English Poetry*. To this gentleman he owed an obligation of the highest possible value, which we shall give in his own words, in a letter to a friend in Edinburgh, dated 13th January, 1803; from which it appears that a disorder, produced by over-intense study and anxiety of mind joined to the friendly intervention of Mr. Ellis, prevented his sharing, in all probability, the fate of other passengers on board the Hindostan, to which unfortunate ship he was originally destined, and which was cast away going down the river.

"You will no doubt be surprised at my silence, and indeed I cannot account for it myself but I write you now from the lobby of the East India House, to inform you that G. Ellis has saved my life, for, without his interference, I should certainly, this precious day, have been snug in Davy's locker. At my arrival in town, or rather on my journey, I was seized with violent cramps in the stomach, the consequence of my excessive exertion before leaving Scotland, a part of which you know, and a greater part you do not know. The clerks of the India House, who, I suppose, never had the cramp of the stomach in their life, paid no kind of respect to this whatever, but with the most remorseless *sang froid* told me either to proceed to the Downs, or to vacate the appointment. Neither of these alternatives were much to my taste, especially as I found that getting on board at the Downs would cost me at least 50*l.* or 60*l.* sterling, which I imagined, unlike the bread cast upon the water, would not return even after many days. I, however, passed the principal forms, and was examined by Dr. Hunter on the diseases of warm climates, with tolerable success, but most intolerable anguish, till I contrived to aggravate my distemper so much from pure fatigue and chagrin, and dodging attendance at the India House from ten to four every day, that Dr. Hunter obstinately confined me to my room for two days. These cursed clerks, however, whose laws are like those of the Medes and Persians, though I sincerely believe there is not one of them who has the slightest particle of taste for either Arabia or Persian, not to speak of Sanscrit or Tamelic, made out my appointment and order to sail in the Hindostan, without the slightest attention to this circumstance, and I dare say they would not have been moved had I written and addressed to them the finest ode ever written in Sanscrit, even though it had been superior to those of the sublime Jayadeva. Heber was in Paris, and every person with whom I had the slightest influence, out of town; and Ellis, even in the distressed state of his family, as Lady Parker is just dying, and several others dangerously unwell of his relations, was my only resource. That resource, however, succeeded, and I have just got permission to go in the Hugh Inglis to Madras, and am at the same time informed, that the Hindostan, which I ought to have joined yesterday morning, was wrecked going down the river, and one of the clerks whispered me that a great many passengers have been drowned. About fifty persons have perished. So you see there is some virtue in the old proverb, 'He that is born to be hanged,' &c. I feel a strange mixture of solemnity and satisfaction, and begin to trust my fortune more than ever."

After this providential exchange of destination, the delay of the vessel to which he was transferred, permitted his residence in London until the beginning of April, 1803, an interval which he spent in availing himself of the opportunities which he now enjoyed, of mixing in the most distinguished society in the metropolis, where the novelty and good-humour of his character made ample amends for the native bluntness of his manners. In the beginning of April, he sailed from Portsmouth in the Hugh Inglis, where he had the advantage of being on board the same vessel with Mr. Robert Smith, the brother of his steady friend, the Rev. Mr. Sidney Smith. And thus set forth on his voyage, perhaps the first British traveller that ever sought India, moved neither by the love of wealth nor of power, and who, despising alike the luxuries commanded by the one, and the pomp attached to the other, was guided solely by the wish of extending our knowledge of Oriental literature, and distinguishing himself as its most successful cultivator. This pursuit he urged through health and through sickness, unshaken by all the difficulties arising from imperfect communication with the natives, from their prejudices, and those of their European masters, and from frequent change of residence; and unmoved either by the charms of pleasure, of wealth, or of that seducing indolence to which many men of literature have yielded, after overcoming all other impediments. And to this pursuit he finally fell a sacrifice, as devoted a martyr in the cause of science as ever died in that of religion. We are unable to trace his Indian researches and travels with accuracy similar to that with which we have followed those which preceded his departure from Europe, but we are enabled to state the following outlines of his fortune in the East.

After a mutiny in the vessel, which was subdued by the exertions of the officers and passengers, and in which Leyden distinguished himself by his coolness and intrepidity, the Hugh Inglis arrived at Madras, and he was transferred to the duties of his new profession. His nomination as surgeon to the commissioners appointed to survey the ceded districts, seemed to promise ample opportunities for the cultivation of Oriental learning. But his health gave way under the fatigues of the climate; and he has pathetically recorded, in his "Address to an Indian Gold Coin," the inroads which were made on his spirits and constitution. He was obliged to leave the presidency of Madras, suffering an accumulation of diseases, and reached, with difficulty, Prince of Wales Island. During the passage the vessel was chased by a French privateer, which was the occasion of Leyden's composing, in his best style of Border enthusiasm, an "Ode to a Malay Cris," or Dagger, the only weapon which his reduced strength now admitted of his wielding. The following letter to Mr. Ballantyne, dated from Prince of Wales Island, 24th October, 1805, gives a lively and interesung account of his occupations

during the first two years of his residence in India.

"Puloo Penang, Oct. 24, 1805.

"My Dear Ballantyne,

"Finding an extra Indiaman, the Revenge, which has put into this harbour in distress, bound to Europe, I take another opportunity of attempting to revive, or rather commence, an intercourse with my European friends, for since my arrival in India I have never received a single scrap from one of them, Proh Deum! Mr. Constable excepted; and my friend Erskine writes me from Bombay, that none of you have received the least intelligence of my motions since I left Europe. This is to me utterly astonishing and incomprehensible, considering the multitude of letters and parcels that I have despatched from Mysore, especially during my confinement for the liver disease at Seringapatam, where I had for several months the honour of inhabiting the palace of Tippoo's prime minister. I descended into Malabar in the beginning of May, in order to proceed to Bombay, and perhaps eventually up the Persian Gulf as far as Bassorah, in order to try the effect of a sea voyage. I was, however, too late, and the rains had set in, and the last vessels sailed two or three days before my arrival. As I am always a very lucky fellow, as well as an unlucky one, which all the world knows, it so fell out that the only vessel which sailed after my arrival was wrecked, while some secret presentiment, or rather "sweet little cherub, that sits up aloft," prevented my embarking on board of her. I journeyed leisurely down to Calicut from Cananore, intending to pay my respects to the Cutwall, and the Admiral, so famous in the Lusiad of Camoens; but only think of my disappointment when I found that the times are altered, and the tables turned with respect to both these sublime characters. The Cutwall is only a species of burrough bailiff, while the Admiral, God help him, is only the chief of the fishermen. From Calicut I proceeded to Paulgantcherry, which signifies, in the Tamal language, "the town of the forest of palms," which is exactly the meaning of *Tadmor*, the name of a city founded by Solomon, not for the Queen of Sheba, but, as it happened, for the equally famous Queen Zenobia. Thus having demonstrated that Solomon understood the Tamal language, we may proceed to construct a syllogism in the following manner: 'Solomon understood the Tamal language, and he was wise,—I understand the Tamal language, therefore I am as wise as Solomon!' I fear you logical lads of Europe will be very little disposed to admit the legitimacy of the conclusion; but, however, the matter may stand in Europe, I can assure you it's no bad reasoning for India. At Paulgantcherry I had a most terrible attack of the liver, and should very probably have passed away, or, as the Indians say, changed my climate—an elegant periphrasis for dying however—had I not obstinately resolved on living to have the pleasure of being *revenged* on all of you for your obstinate silence, and perseverance therein to the end. Hearing about the middle of August, that a Bombay cruiser had touched at Aleppo, between Quilon and Cochin, I made a desperate push through the jungles of the Cochin rajah's country, in order to reach her, and arrived about three hours after she had set sail. Any body else would have died of chagrin, if they had not hanged themselves outright. I did neither one nor the other, but "tuned my pipes and played a spring to John o' Badenyon;" after which I set myself coolly down and translated the famous Jewish tablets of brass, preserved in the synagogue of Cochin ever since the days of Methusalem. Probably you may think this no more difficult a task than deciphering the brazen tablet on any door of Prince's or Queen's-street. But here I beg your pardon; for, so far from any body, Jew, Pagan, or Christian, having ever been able to do this before, I assure you the most learned men of the world have never been able to decide in what language or in what alphabet they were written. As the character has for a long time been supposed to be antediluvian, it has for a long time been as much despaired of as the Egyptian hieroglyphics. So much was the diwan or grand visier, if you like it, of Travancore astonished at the circumstance, that he gave me to understand that I had only to *pass through the Sacred Cow* in order to merit adoption into the holy order of Bramins. I was forced, however, to decline the honour of the sacred cow, for unluckily Phalaris' bull, and Moses' calf, presented themselves to my imagination, and it occurred to me that perhaps the Ramrajah's cow might be a beast of the breed. Being on the eve of a new attack of the liver, I was forced to leave Travancore with great precipitation, in the first vessel that presented itself, which, as the devil would have it, was a Mapilla brig, bound to Puloo Penang, the newly-erected presidency on the Straits of Malacca, where I have just arrived, after a perverse pestilent voyage, in which I have been terribly ill of revulsions of bile and liver, without any of the conveniences which are almost necessary to a European in these parts, and particularly to an invalid. We have had a very rough passage, the cabin was very often all afloat, while I have been several times completely drenched. In addition to this, we have been pursued by a Frenchman, and kept in a constant state of alarm and agitation; and now, to mend the matter, I am writing you at a kind of naval tavern, while all around me is ringing with vociferation of tarpaulins, the hoarse bawling of sea-oaths, and the rattling of the dice-box. However, I flatter myself I have received considerable benefit from the voyage, tedious and disgusting and vexatious as it has been. Thank God, my dear fellow, that you have nothing to do with tedious, tiresome, semi-savages, who have no idea of the value of time whatsoever, and who will dispute even more keenly about a matter of no importance whatsoever, than one that deserved the highest consideration. Not knowing where to begin or where to end, I have said nothing of my previous rambles and traverses in Mysore, or elsewhere; of course, if nobody has heard from me at all, all my proceedings must be completely a riddle. But I beg and request you to consider, that all this it is utterly out of my power to prevent, if nobody whatsoever will condescend to take the trouble of writing me; for how, in the name of the great eternal devil, is it possible for me to divine which of my letters arrive at their destination, and which do not? I have now despatched for Europe exactly fifty-seven letters. I had intended to make a dead pause after the fiftieth, for at least a couple of years and wrote Erskine to that effect; when he informed me in return, that he had the utmost reason to think nobody had ever heard from me at all, not only since I arrived in India, but for sometime before leaving London. Utterly amazed, astonished, and confounded at this, I have resolved to write out the hundred complete; and if none of my centenary brings me an answer, why then farewell, till we meet in either heaven or hell! I write no more, except in crook-backed characters, and this I swear by all petty oaths that are not dangerous.

"Now, my friend, the situation in which I am placed by this most pestiferous silence is extremely odd and perplexing. I am actually afraid to enquire for any body, lest it should turn out that they have for a long time been *dead, damned, and straughted*. It is all in vain that I search for every obituary, and peruse it with the utmost care, anxiety, and terror. There are many of you good Scotch folks that love to slip slily out of the world, like a notless thread, without ever getting into any obituary at all, and, besides, it is always very nearly a couple of years before any review, magazine, or obituary, reaches the remote, and almost inaccessible regions, in which my lot has been long cast. To remedy a a few of these inconveniences, I propose taking a short trip to Bengal, as soon as I have seen how the climate of Puloo Penang agrees with my health, and, as in that region they are generally better informed with regard to all European matters, and better provided with reviews, magazines, and newspapers, I shall probably be able to discover that a

good many of you have gone 'to kingdom come,' since I bad adieu to 'Auld Reekie.' But methinks I see you, with your confounded black beard, bull neck, and upper lip turned up to your nose, while one of your eye-brows is cocked up perpendicularly, and the other forms pretty well the base of a right-angled triangle, opening your great glotting eyes, and crying, 'But, Leyden!!!! tell me—! what the *Devil* you have been doing all this time!!—eh!!' 'Why, Ballantyne, d'ye see, mark and observe and take heed—as you are a good fellow, and don't spout secrets in public places, I trust I can give you satisfaction safely.'

"When I arrived in Madras, I first of all reconnoitered my ground, when I perceived that the public men fell naturally into two divisions. The mercantile party, consisting chiefly of men of old standing, versed in trade, and inspired with a spirit in no respect superior to that of the most pitiful pettifogging pedler, nor in their views a whit more enlarged; in short, men whose sole occupation is to make money, and who have no name for such phrases as national honour, public spirit, or patriotism; men, in short, who would sell their own honour, or their country's credit, to the highest bidder, without a shadow of scruple. What is more unfortunate, this is the party that stands highest in credit with the East India Company. There is another party, for whom I am more at a loss to find an epithet. They cannot with propriety be termed the anti-mercantile party, as they have the interests of our national commerce more at heart than the others; but they have discovered that we are not merely merchants in India, but legislators and governors; and they assert, that our conduct there ought to be calculated for stability and security, and equally marked by a wise internal administration of justice, financial and political economy, and by a vigilant, firm, and steady system of external politics. This class is represented by the first, as only actuated by the spirit of innovation, and tending to embroil us every where in India. Its members consist of men of the first abilities as well as principles, that have been draughted from the common professional routine, for difficult or dangerous service. I fancy this division applies as much to Bombay and Bengal as to Madras. As to the members of my own profession, I found them in a state of complete depression; so much so, that the Commander-in-Chief had assumed all the powers of the Medical Board, over whom a court-martial was at that very time impending. The medical line had been, from time immemorial, shut out from every appointment except professional, and the emoluments of these had been greatly diminished just before my arrival. In this situation I found it very difficult at first what to resolve on. I saw clearly that there were only two routes in a person's choice; first, to sink into a mere professional drudge, and by strict economy, endeavour to collect a few thousand pounds in the course of twenty years; or, secondly, to aspire a little beyond it, and by a superior knowledge of India, its laws, relations, politics, and languages, to claim a situation somewhat more respectable, in addition to those of the line itself. You know, when I left Scotland, I had determined, at all events, to become a furious Orientalist, *nemini secundus*, but I was not aware of the difficulty. I found the expense of native teachers would prove almost insurmountable to a mere assistant surgeon, whose pay is seldom equal to his absolutely necessary expenses; and, besides, that it was necessary to form a library of MSS. at a most terrible expense, in every language to which I should apply, if I intended to proceed beyond a mere smattering. After much consideration, I determined on this plan at all events, and was fortunate enough, in a few months, to secure an appointment, which furnished me with the means of doing so, though the tasks and exertions it imposed on me were a good deal more arduous than the common duties of a surgeon even in a Mahratta campaign. I was appointed medical assistant to the Mysore Survey, and at the same time directed to carry on inquiries concerning the natural history of the country, and the manners and languages, &c. of the natives of Mysore. This, you would imagine, was the very situation I wished for; and so it would, had I previously had time to acquire the country languages. But I had them now to acquire after severe marches and counter-marches in the heat of the sun, night-marches and day-marches, and amid the disgusting details of a field hospital, the duties of which were considerably arduous. However, I wrought incessantly and steadily, and without being discouraged by any kind of difficulty, till my health absolutely gave way, and when I could keep the field no longer, I wrought on my couch, as I generally do still, though I am much better than I have been. As I had the assistance of no intelligent European, I was obliged long to grope my way; but I have now acquired a pretty correct idea of India in all its departments, which increases in geometrical progression as I advance in the languages. The languages that have attracted my attention since my arrival have been Arabic, Persic, Hindostani, Mahratta, Tamal, Telinga, Canara, Sanscrit, Malayalam, Malay, and Armenian. You will be ready to ask, where the devil I picked up these hard names, but I assure you it is infinitely more difficult to pick up the languages themselves: several of which include dialects as different from each other as French or Italian from Spanish or Portuguese; and in all these, I flatter myself, I have made considerable progress. What would you say, were I to add the Maldivian and Mapella languages to these? Besides, I have deciphered the inscriptions of Mavalipoorani, which were written in an ancient Canara character, which had hitherto defied all attempts at understanding it, and also several *Lada Lippi* inscriptions, which is an ancient Tamal dialect and character, in addition to the Jewish tablets of Cochin, which were in the ancient Malayalam, generally termed Malabar. I enter into these details merely to show you that I have not been idle, and that my time has neither been dissipated, nor devoid of plan, though that plan is not sufficiently unfolded. To what I have told you of, you are to add constant and necessary exposure to the sun, damps and dews from the jungles, and putrid exhalation of marshes, before I had been properly accustomed to the climate, constant rambling in the haunts of tigers, leopards, bears, and serpents of thirty or forty feet long, that make nothing of swallowing a buffalo, by way of demonstrating their appetite in a morning, together with smaller and more dangerous snakes, whose haunts are perilous and bite deadly; and you have a faint idea of a situation, in which, with health, I lived as happy as the day was long. It was occasionally diversified with rapid jaunts of a hundred miles or so, as fast as horses or bearers could carry me, by night or day, swimming through rivers, afloat in an old brass kettle at midnight! O I could tell you adventures to outrival the witch of Endor, or any witch that ever swam in egg-shell or sieve; but you would undoubtedly imagine I wanted to impose on you were I to relate what I have seen and passed through. No! I certainly shall never repent of having come to India. It has awakened energies in me that I scarcely imagined I possessed, though I could gnaw my living nails with pure vexation to think how much I have been thwarted by indisposition. If, however, I get over it, I shall think the better of my constitution as long as I live. It is not every constitution that can resist the combined attack of liver, spleen, bloody flux, and jungle fever, which is very much akin to the plague of Egypt, and yellow fever of America. It is true, I have been five times given up by the most skilful physicians in these parts; but in spite of that, I am firmly convinced that 'my doom is not to die this day,' and that you shall see me emerge from this tribulation like gold purified by the fire; and when that happens, egad I may boast that I have been refined by the very same menstruum too, even the universal solvent mercury, which is almost the only cure for the liver, though

have been obliged to try another, and make an issue in my right side. Now pray, my dear Ballantyne, if this ever comes to hand, instantly sit down, and write me a letter a mile long, and tell me of all our common friends; and if you see any of them that have the least spark of friendly recollection, assure them how vexatious their silence is, and how very unjust, if they have received my letters; and, lest I should forget, I shall add, that you must direct to me, to the care of Messrs. Binnie and Dennison, Madras, who are my agents, and generally know in what part of this hemisphere I am to be found. But, particularly you are to commend me kindly to your good motherly mother, and tell her I wish I saw her oftener, and then to your brother Alexander, and request him sometimes, on a Saturday night, precisely at eight o'clock, for my sake to play 'Gingling Johnnie,' on his fiageolet. If I had you both in my tent, you should drink yourselves drunk with wine of Shiraz, which is our eastern Falernian, in honour of Hafez, our Persian Anacreon. As for me, I often drink your health in *water*, (ohon a ree!) having long abandoned both wine and animal food, not from choice, but dire necessity.—Adieu, dear Ballantyne, and believe me, in the Malay isle, to be ever yours sincerely,

"JOHN LEYDEN."

Leyden became soon reconciled to Puloo Penang, (or Prince of Wales Island,) where he found many valuable friends, and enjoyed the regard of the late Philip Dundas, Esq., then governor of the island. He resided in that island for some time, and visited Anhi, with some other places on the coasts of Sumatra and the Malayan peninsula. Here he amassed the curious information concerning the language, literature, and descent of the Indi-Chinese tribes, which afterwards enabled him to lay before the Asiatic Society at Calcutta a most valuable dissertation on so obscure a subject. Yet that his heart was sad, and his spirits depressed, is evident from the following lines, written for New-year's Day, 1806, and which appeared in the Government Gazette of Prince of Wales Island:—

Malay's woods and mountains ring
With voices strange and sad to hear,
And dark embodied spirits sing
The dirge of the departed year.

Lo! now, methinks, in tones sublime,
As viewless o'er our heads they bend,
They whisper, "Thus we steal your time,
Weak mortals, till your days shall end."

Then wake the dance, and wake the song,
Resound the festive mirth and glee!
Alas! the days have pass'd along,
The days we never more shall see.

But let me brush the nightly dews,
Beside the shell-depainted shore,
And mid the sea-weed sit to muse,
On days that shall return no more.

Olivia, ah! forgive the bard,
If sprightly strains alone are dear;
His notes are sad, for he has heard
The footsteps of the parting year.

Mill friends of youth beloved in vain,
Oft have I hail'd the jocund day;
If pleasure brought a thought of pain,
I charm'd it with a passing lay.

Friends of my youth, for ever dear,
Where are you from this bosom fled?
A lonely man I linger here,
Like one that has been long time dead.

Foredoom'd to seek an early tomb,
For whom the pallid grave-flowers blow
I hasten on my destined doom,
And sternly mock at joy or wo!

In 1806 he took leave of Penang, regretted by many friends, whom his eccentricities amused, his talents enlightened, and his virtues conciliated. His reception at Calcutta, and the effect which he produced upon society there, are so admirably illustrated by his ingenious and well-known countryman, General Sir John Malcolm, that it would be impossible to present a more living picture of his manners and mind: and the reader will pardon some repetition, for the sake of observing how the same individual was regarded in two distant hemispheres.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BOMBAY COURIER.

"Sir,—I enclose some lines,* which have no value but what they derive from the subject. They are an unworthy but sincere tribute, to one whom I have long regarded with sentiments of esteem and affection, and whose loss I regret with the most unfeigned sorrow. It will remain with those who are better qualified than I am to do justice to the memory of Dr. Leyden. I only know that he rose, by the power of native genius, from the humblest origin to a very distinguished rank in the literary world. His studies included almost every branch of human science, and he was alike ardent in the pursuit of all. The greatest power of his mind was perhaps shown in his acquisition of modern and ancient languages. He exhibited an unexampled facility, not merely in acquiring them, but in tracing their affinity and connexion with each other, and from that talent, combined with his taste and general knowledge, we had a right to expect, from what he did in a very few years, that he would, if he had lived, have thrown the greatest light upon the more abstruse parts of the history of the East. In this curious, but intricate and rugged path, we cannot hope to see his equal.

"Dr. Leyden had, from his earliest years, cultivated the Muses, with a success which will make many regret that poetry did not occupy a larger portion of his time. The first of his essays, which appeared in a separate form, was, *The Scenes of Infancy*, a descriptive poem, in which he sung, in no unpleasing strains, the charms of his native mountains and streams in Teviotdale. He contributed several small pieces to that collection of poems called the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, which he published with his friend, Walter Scott. Among these, the Mermaid is certainly the most beautiful. In it he has shown all the creative fancy of a real genius. His *Ode on the Death of Nelson* is, undoubtedly, the best of those poetical effusions that he has published since he came to India. The following apostrophe to the blood of that hero has a sublimity of thought, and happiness of expression, which never could have been attained but by a true poet:—

'Blood of the brave, thou art not lost,
Amid the waste of waters blue;
The tide that rolls to Albion's coast,
Shall proudly boast its sanguine hue:

'And thou shalt be the vernal dew
To foster valour's daring seeds;
The generous plant shall still its stock renew,
And hosts of heroes rise when one shall bleed.'

"It is pleasing to find him, on whom nature had bestowed eminent genius, possessed of those more essential and intrinsic qualities which give the truest excellence to the human character. The manners of Dr. Leyden were uncourtly, more perhaps from his detestation of the vices too generally attendant on refinement, and a wish (indulged to excess from his youth) to keep at a marked distance from them, than from any ignorance of the rules of good breeding. He was fond of talking, his voice was loud, and had little or no modulation, and he spoke in the provincial dialect of his native country; it cannot be surprising, therefore, that even his information and knowledge, when so conveyed, should be felt by a number of his hearers as unpleasant, if not oppressive. But with all these disadvantages (and they were great) the admiration and esteem in which he was always held by those who could appreciate his qualities, became general wherever he was long known; they, even, who could not understand the value of his knowledge, loved his virtues. Though he was distinguished by his love of liberty, and almost haughty independence, his ardent feelings and proud genius never led him into any licentious or

* General Malcolm's elegant and affectionate tribute to the memory of his friend is to be found in the Poetical Department of the Edinburgh Annual Register, for the year 1811.

extravagant reprobation on political subjects. He never solicited favour, but he was raised by the liberal discernment of his noble friend and patron Lord Minto, to situations that afforded him an opportunity of showing that he was as scrupulous and as inflexibly virtuous in the discharge of his public duties, as he was attentive in private life to the duties of morality and religion.

"It is not easy to convey an idea of the method which Dr. Leyden used in his studies, or to describe the unconquerable ardour with which these were pursued. During his early residence in India, I had a particular opportunity of observing both. When he read a lesson in Persian, a person near him, whom he had taught, wrote down each word on a long slip of paper, which was afterwards divided into as many pieces as there were words, and pasted in alphabetical order, under different heads of verbs, nouns, &c. into a blank book that formed a vocabulary of each day's lesson. All this he had in a few hours instructed a very ignorant native to do; and this man he used, in his broad accent, to call 'one of his mechanical aids.' He was so ill at Mysore, soon after his arrival from England, that Mr. Anderson, the surgeon who attended him, despaired of his life; but though all his friends endeavoured at this period to prevail upon him to relax in his application to study, it was in vain: He used, when unable to sit upright, to prop himself up with pillows, and continue his translations. One day that I was sitting by his bedside the surgeon came in. 'I am glad you are here,' said Mr. Anderson, addressing himself to me, 'you will be able to persuade Leyden to attend to my advice. I have told him before, and now I repeat, that he will die if he does not leave off his studies and remain quiet.'—'Very well, doctor,' exclaimed Leyden, 'you have done your duty, but you must now hear me; *I cannot be idle*, and whether I die or live, the wheel must go round to the last;' and he actually continued, under the depression of a fever and a liver complaint, to study more than ten hours each day.

"The temper of Dr. Leyden was mild and generous, and he could bear, with perfect good humour, raillery on his foibles. When he arrived at Calcutta in 1805, I was most solicitous regarding his reception in the society of the Indian capital. 'I entreat you, my dear friend, (I said to him the day he landed,) to be careful of the impression you make on your entering this community; for God's sake, learn a little English, and be silent upon literary subjects, except among literary men.' 'Learn English!' he exclaimed, 'no, never; it was trying to learn that language that spoilt my Scotch; and as to being silent. I will promise to hold my tongue, if you will make fools hold theirs.'

"His memory was most tenacious, and he sometimes loaded it with lumber. When he was at Mysore, an argument occurred upon a point of English history; it was agreed to refer it to Leyden, and, to the astonishment of all parties, he repeated verbatim the whole of an act of parliament in the reign of James relative to Ireland, which decided the point in dispute. On being asked how he came to charge his memory with such extraordinary matter, he said that several years before, when he was writing on the changes that had taken place in the English language, this act was one of the documents to which he had referred as a specimen of the style of that age, and that he had retained every word in his memory.

"His love of the place of his nativity was a passion in which he had always a pride, and which in India he cherished with the fondest enthusiasm. I once went to see him when he was very ill, and had been confined to his bed for many days; there were several gentlemen in the room; he inquired if I had any news; I told him I had a letter from Eskdale. 'And what are they about in the borders?' he asked. 'A curious circumstance,' I replied, 'is stated in my letter;' and I read him a passage which described the conduct of our volunteers on a fire being kindled by mistake at one of the beacons. This letter mentioned that the moment the blaze, which was the signal of invasion, was seen, the mountaineers hastened to their rendezvous, and those of Liddesdale swam the Liddel river to reach it. They were assembled (though several of their houses were at a distance of six and seven miles) in two hours, and at break of day the party marched into the town of Hawick (at a distance of twenty miles from the place of assembly) to the Border tune of '*Wha dar meddle wi' me.*'* Leyden's countenance became animated as I proceeded with this detail, and at its close he sprung from his sick-bed, and, with strange melody, and still stranger gesticulations, sung aloud, '*Wha dar meddle wi' me, wha dar meddle wi' me.*' Several of those who witnessed this scene looked at him as one that was raving in the delirium of a fever.

"These anecdotes will display more fully than any description I can give, the lesser shades of the character of this extraordinary man. An external manner, certainly not agreeable, and a disposition to egotism, were his only defects. How trivial do these appear, at a moment when we are lamenting the loss of such a rare combination of virtues, learning, and genius, as were concentrated in the late Dr. Leyden! JOHN MALCOLM."

We have little to add to Sir John Malcolm's luminous and characteristic sketch. The efficient and active patronage of Lord Minto, himself a man of letters, a poet, and a native of Teviotdale, was of the most essential importance to Leyden, and no less honourable to the Governor-General. Leyden's first appointment as a professor in the Bengal College might appear the sort of promotion best suited to his studies, but was soon exchanged for that of a judge of the twenty-four Purgunnahs of Calcutta. In this capacity he had a charge of police, which "jumped with his humour well;" for the task of pursuing and dispersing the bands of robbers who infest Bengal had something of active and military duty. He also exercised a judicial capacity among the natives, to the discharge of which he was admirably fitted, by his knowledge of their language, manners, and customs. To this office a very considerable yearly income was annexed. This was neither expended in superfluities, nor even in those ordinary expenses which the fashion of the East has pronounced indispensable; for Dr. Leyden kept no establishment, gave no entertainments, and was, with the receipt of this revenue, the very same simple, frugal, and temperate student, which he had been at Edinburgh. But, exclusive of a portion remitted home for the most honourable and pious purpose, his income was devoted to the pursuit which engaged his whole soul,—to the increase, namely, of his acquaintance with eastern literature in all its branches. The expense of native teachers, of every country and dialect, and that of procuring from every quarter Oriental manuscripts, engrossed his whole emoluments, as the task of studying under the tuition of the interpreters, and decyphering the contents of the volumes, occupied every moment of his spare time. "I may die in the attempt," he writes to a friend; "but if I die without surpassing Sir William Jones a hundred fold in Oriental learning, let never a tear for me profane the eye of a Borderer." The term was soon approaching when these regrets were to be bitterly called forth, both from his Scottish friends, and from all who viewed with interest the career of his ardent and enthusiastic genius, which, despising every selfish consideration, was only eager to secure the fruits of knowledge, and held for sufficient reward the fame of having gathered them.

It is the more necessary to record these facts, as in a newspaper paragraph, apparently drawn up by some personal enemy of Leyden, whose enmity death could not silence, his leaving England was imputed to a desire of money, from which no man

* This lively tune has been called the Gathering of the Elliots a clan now and formerly very numerous in the district of Liddesdale. The burthen is:

"Wha dar meddle wi' me,
And wha dar meddle wi' me;
For my name it is Little Jock Elliot,
And wha dar meddle wi' me?"

was ever more free than John Leyden. To his spirit of disinterested independence, Lord Minto, who possessed the best opportunities of judging, bore a splendid testimony, in a speech delivered at a public visitation of the College of Fort-William, soon after Leyden's death.

"No man," said his Lordship, "whatever his condition might be, ever possessed a mind so entirely exempt from every sordid passion, so negligent of fortune, and all its grovelling pursuits—in a word, so entirely disinterested—nor ever owned a spirit more firmly and nobly independent. I speak of these things with some knowledge, and wish to record a competent testimony to the fact, that within my experience, Dr. Leyden never, in any instance, solicited an object of personal interest, nor, as I believe, ever interrupted his higher pursuits, to waste a moment's thought on these minor cares. Whatever trust or advancement may at some periods have improved his personal situation, have been, without exception, tendered, and in a manner thrust upon his acceptance, unsolicited, uncontemplated, and unexpected. To this exemption from cupidity, was allied every generous virtue worthy of those smiles of fortune, which he disdained to court; and amongst many estimable features of his character, an ardent love of justice, and a vehement abhorrence of oppression, were not less prominent than the other high qualities I have already described."—*Poetical Remains*, p. lxxiv.

Dr. Leyden accompanied the Governor-General upon the expedition to Java, for the purpose of investigating the manners, language, and literature of the tribes which inhabit that island, and partly also because it was thought his extensive knowledge of the eastern dialects and customs might be useful in settling the government of the country, or in communicating with the independent princes in the neighbourhood of the Dutch settlements. His spirit of romantic adventure led him literally to rush upon death; for, with another volunteer who attended the expedition, he threw himself into the surf in order to be the first Briton of the expedition who should set foot upon Java. When the success of the well-concerted movements of the invaders had given them possession of the town of Batavia, Leyden displayed the same ill-omened precipitation, in his haste to examine a library, or rather a warehouse of books, in which many Indian manuscripts of value were said to be deposited. A library, in a Dutch settlement, was not, as might have been expected, in the best order; the apartment had not been regularly ventilated, and, either from this circumstance, or already affected by the fatal sickness peculiar to Batavia, Leyden, when he left the place, had a fit of shivering, and declared the atmosphere was enough to give any mortal a fever. The presage was too just; he took his bed, and died in three days, on the eve of the battle which gave Java to the British empire.

Thus died John Leyden, in a moment, perhaps, most calculated to gratify the feelings which were dear to his heart; upon the very day of military glory, and when every avenue of new and interesting discovery was opened to his penetrating research. In the emphatic words of scripture, the bowl was broken at the fountain. His literary property was intrusted by his last will to the charge of Mr. Heber, and his early and constant friend Mr. William Erskine of Calcutta, his executors, under whose inspection his Poetical Remains were given to the public in 1821, with a Memoir of his Life by the Rev. Robert Morton, the friend and relation of a deceased poet. Acquiescing in the sentiment by which it is introduced, it is not easy to resist transcribing from that piece of biography the following affecting passage:

"The writer cannot here resist his desire to relate an anecdote of Leyden's father, who, though in an humble walk of life, is ennobled by the possession of an intelligent mind, and has all that just pride which characterizes the industrious and virtuous class of Scottish peasantry to which he belongs. Two years ago, when Sir John Malcolm visited the seat of Lord Minto, in Roxburghshire, he requested that John Leyden, who was employed in the vicinity, might be sent for, as he wished to speak with him. He came after the labour of the day was finished, and, though his feelings were much agitated, he appeared rejoiced to see one who he knew had cherished so sincere a regard for his son. In the course of the conversation which took place on this occasion, Sir J. Malcolm, after mentioning his regret at the unavoidable delays which had occurred in realizing the little property that had been left, said he was authorized by Mr. Heber (to whom all Leyden's English manuscripts had been bequeathed) to say, that such as were likely to produce a profit should be published as soon as possible, for the benefit of the family. 'Sir,' said the old man with animation, and with tears in his eyes, 'God blessed me with a son, who, had he been spared, would have been an honour to his country! As it is, I beg of Mr. Heber, in any publication he may intend, to think more of his memory than my wants. The money you speak of would be a great comfort to me in my old age; but thanks to the Almighty, I have good health, and can still earn my livelihood; and I pray therefore of you and Mr. Heber to publish nothing that is not for my son's good fame.'"

Since that period the *Commentaries of Baber*, translated from the Turki language, chiefly by Dr. Leyden, and completed by his friend and executor, William Erskine, were published, in 1826, for the advantage of Mr. Leyden, senior. It is a work of great interest to those who love the study of Indian antiquities, being the autobiography of one of the Mogul Emperors of Hindustan, who, like Cæsar, recorded his own conquests, but, more communicative than the Roman, descended to record his amusements, as well as to relate deeds of policy and arms. He recapitulates his drinking bouts, which were, in spite of Koran and Prophet, both deep and frequent; and the whole tenor of the History gives us the singular picture of a genuine Sultan of the ancient Tartar descent, in his strength and his weakness, his virtues, his follies, and his crimes.

The remains of John Leyden, honoured with every respect by Lord Minto, now repose in a distant land, far from the green-sod graves of his ancestors at Hazeldean, to which, with a natural anticipation of such an event, he bids an affecting farewell in the solemn passage which concludes the *Scenes of Infancy*:

The silver moon, at midnight cold and still,
Looks, sad and silent, o'er yon western hill;
While large and pale the ghostly structures grow,
Rear'd on the confines of the world below.
Is that dull sound the hum of Teviot's stream?
Is that blue light the moon's, or tomb-fire's gleam,
By which a mouldering pile is faintly seen,
The old deserted church of Hazeldean,
Where sleep my fathers in their natal clay,
Till Teviot's waters roll'd their bones away?
Their feeble voices from the stream they raise,—
"Rash youth! unmindful of thy early days,
Why didst thou quit the peasant's simple lot?
Why didst thou leave the peasant's turf-built cot,
The ancient graves, where all thy fathers lie,
And Teviot's stream, that long has murmur'd by?
And we—when death so long has closed our eyes,
How wilt thou bid us from the dust arise,
And bear our mouldering bones across the main,
From vales, that knew our lives devoid of stain?
Rash youth! beware, thy home-bred virtues save,
And sweetly sleep in thy paternal grave!"

Such is the language of nature, moved by the kindly associations of country and of kindred affections. But the best epitaph is the story of a life engaged in the practice of virtue and the pursuit of honourable knowledge; the best monument, the regret of the worthy and of the wise; and the rest may be summed up in the sentiment of Sannazario:

Haeccine te fessum tellus extrema manebat
Hospitij post tot terraque maríque labores?
Pone tamen gemitus, nec te monumenta parentum
Aut moveant sperata tuis tibi funera remis;
Grata quies patriæ, sed et omnis terra sepulchrum.

MISS ANNA SEWARD.

The following sketch was originally prefixed to an edition of Miss Seward's works.

The name of Anna Seward has for many years held a high rank in the annals of British literature; and the public has a right to claim, upon the present occasion, some brief memorials of her by whom it was distinguished. As the tenor of her life was retired, though not secluded, and uniform, though not idle, the task of detailing its events can neither be tedious nor uninstructive.

Miss Seward's father was the Reverend Thomas Seward, Rector of Eyam, in Derbyshire, Prebendary of Salisbury, and Canon Residentiary of Lichfield. In his youth he travelled as tutor with Lord Charles Fitzroy, third son of the Duke of Grafton, a hopeful young nobleman, who died upon his travels in 1739. Mr. Seward returned to England, and soon after married Miss Elizabeth Hunter, daughter of Mr. Hunter, head-master of the school at Lichfield, the preceptor of Johnson, and other eminent literary characters. Mr. Seward, upon his marriage, settled at his rectory at Eyam. In 1747, the second year of his marriage, Miss Seward was born. She had several sisters, and one brother; but none survived the period of infancy except Miss Sarah Seward, whose her sister and parents were to lament at a later and more interesting stage of existence.

Mr. Seward was himself a poet; and a manuscript collection of his fugitive pieces is now lying before me, the bequest of my honoured friend, when she intrusted me with the task I am now endeavouring to discharge. Several of these effusions were printed in Dodsley's Collection, volume second, towards the close. Mr. Seward was also an admirer of our ancient drama; and, in 1750, published an edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, which, though falling beneath what is expected from the accuracy and investigation of later dramatic editors, evinces a scholar-like degree of information, and a high relish for the beauties of his authors. Thus accomplished himself, the talents of his eldest daughter did not long escape his complacent observation. He early introduced her to Milton and to Shakspeare; and I have heard her say, that she could repeat passages from the Allegro before she was three years old. It were absurd to suppose that she could comprehend this poem, even at a much later period of infancy; but our future taste does not always depend upon the progress of our understanding. The mechanism, the harmony of verse, the emotions which, though vague and indescribable, it awakens in children of a lively imagination and a delicate ear, contribute, in many instances, to imbue the infant mind with a love of poetry, even before they can tell for what they love it. Miss Seward was one of those gifted minds which catch eagerly at the intellectual banquet. The romantic hills of Derbyshire, where the village of Eyam is situated, favoured the instructions of her father. His pupil imbibed a strong and enthusiastic partiality for mountainous scenery, and in general for the pleasures of landscape, which was a source of enjoyment during her after life. Her father's taste was rigidly classical; and the authors to whom Miss Seward was introduced, were those of Queen Anne's reign. She was early familiar with Pope, Young, Prior, and their predecessor, Dryden; and, in later life, used to make little allowance for poetry of an older date, excepting only that of Shakspeare and Milton.

The desire of imitating the compositions which gave her pleasure, very early displayed itself. Anna Seward attempted metrical versions of the Psalms, and even exercised herself in original composition, before she was ten years old. An Address to the First Fine Day of a Backward Spring, which has been preserved from these early days, intimates considerable command of numbers and language, though the ideas cannot be called original.

About 1754, Mr. Seward removed with his family to Lichfield, which continued ever afterwards to be his daughter's residence, although varied, during her father's life, by occasional visits to his rectory at Eyam. Lichfield, the birth-place of Johnson and of Garrick, and, necessarily, the residence of a body of learned and well-educated clergy attached to its cathedral, had been long distinguished by its classical pretensions. These were at this time exalted by its being the residence of the celebrated Dr. Darwin, who soon distinguished and appreciated the talents of our youthful poetess. Some lines had been shown to him, which he thought so far superior to her age, that he conceived they must have been written, or greatly improved, by her father. He contrived to engage her upon a poetic theme when Mr. Seward was absent, and the result of the experiment having ascertained the originality of her talents, Dr. Darwin thought them worthy of attentive cultivation. At this time, however, literature was deemed an undesirable pursuit for a young lady in Miss Seward's situation,—the heiress of an independent fortune, and destined to occupy a considerable rank in society. Her mother, though an affectionate parent, and an excellent woman, possessed no taste for her daughter's favourite amusements; and even Mr. Seward withdrew his countenance from them, probably under the apprehension that his continued encouragement might produce in his daughter that dreaded phenomenon, a learned lady. Poetry was prohibited, and Miss Seward resorted to other amusements, and to the practice of ornamental needlework, in which she is said to have excelled. Thus rolled on time for nearly ten years after her father had settled in Lichfield. When it is considered that her attachment to literary pursuits bordered even upon the romantic, the merit of sacrificing them readily to the inclination of her parents, deserves our praise. But other incidents occurred in her own life, and that of a confidential friend, that called for stronger exertions of prudence, self-denial, and submission to parental authority. There are, in Miss Seward's letters during this period, passages which show great firmness and steadiness of mind, and a capacity of compelling feelings, which nature, and perhaps early cultivation, had strung to a keen tone, to submit to the dictates of prudence and of duty. I regret that many of the lessons which she taught her own heart, and that of her friend, must be withheld from the public, lest, even at this distance of time, the incidents to which they relate might injure the feelings of any concerned in them.

In 1764, a heavy calamity took place in Mr. Seward's family. Miss Sarah Seward, his younger daughter, had been for some time on the eve of forming a matrimonial connexion with Mr. Porter, a merchant at Leghorn, brother to Mrs. Lucy Porter, of Lichfield, and son-in-law, of course, to the celebrated Dr. Johnson. Miss Anna Seward was to have accompanied her sister to Italy, and already anticipated, with delight, the pleasure of treading classical ground, of viewing the paintings of Raphael, and wandering among the groves of Valambrosa. These flattering prospects were clouded by the sickness and death of the young and lovely bride. An affecting account of this distressing calamity occurs among the following extracts from Miss Seward's correspondence.* Mr. Porter appears afterwards to have intimated a wish to transfer his attachment to the surviving sister; but it was not encouraged. When time had softened the recollection of this domestic loss, Miss Seward made her sister's death the subject of an elegy, which forms the first article in this collection of her poetry. The blank in her domestic society was supplied by the attachment of Miss Honora Sneyd, then residing in her family, and often mentioned in the ensuing volumes. This young lady was afterwards married to the late ingenious Mr. Edgeworth of Edgeworthstown, Ireland, father of the celebrated Maria Edgeworth.

After the death of Miss Sarah Seward, her sister Anna's society became indispensable to her parents, and she was never separated from them. Offers of

* These extracts are to be found in the volumes, to which the present sketch was originally prefixed.

matrimonial establishments occurred, and were rejected, in one instance entirely, and in others chiefly, from a sense of filial duty. As she was now of an age to select her own society and studies, Miss Seward's love of literature was indulged; and the sphere in which she moved was such as to increase her taste for its pursuits. Dr. Darwin, Mr. Day, whose opinions formed singular specimens of English philosophy, Mr. Edgeworth, Sir Brooke Boothby, and other names well known in the literary world, then formed part of the Lichfield society. The celebrated Dr. Johnson was an occasional visiter of their circles; but he seems, in some respects, to have shared the proverbial fate of a prophet in his own country. Neither Dr. Darwin nor Miss Seward were partial to the great moralist. There was, perhaps, some aristocratic prejudice in their dislike, for the despotic manners of Dr. Johnson were least likely to be tolerated where the lowness of his origin was in fresh recollection. At the same time, Miss Seward was always willing to do justice to his native benevolence, and to the powerful grasp of his intellectual powers, and possessed many anecdotes of his conversation, which had escaped his most vigilant recorders. These she used to tell with great humour, and with a very striking imitation of the sage's peculiar voice, gesture, and manner of delivery.

Miss Seward's poetical powers appear to have lain dormant, or to have been only sparingly exercised, until her acquaintance with Lady Miller, whose fanciful and romantic institution at Bath Easton, was then the subject of public attention. A concise account of this poetical association, which was graced by the names of Anstey and of Hayley, forms the preface to a poem which Miss Seward afterwards dedicated to the memory of its accomplished foundress. The applause of this selected circle gave Miss Seward courage to commit some of her essays to the press; and the public received with great favour the elegiac commemorations of André and of Cook. The first of these subjects was dictated by Miss Seward's personal friendship for the brave and unfortunate sufferer, who had sought to drown in the duties of his dangerous profession, the recollection of an ill-fated attachment to her friend, Miss Sneyd. The Elegy on Captain Cook was dictated by those feelings of admiration and gratitude, which, in common with Europe at large, Miss Seward felt for the firm and benevolent character of the dauntless navigator, and for his tragical destiny. It would be too much to claim for these productions, the same warm interest which they excited while the melancholy events which they celebrated were glowing in the general recollection; but, even when the advantage which they derived from their being suited to "the form and pressure of the time" has passed away, they convey a high impression of the original powers of their author.

While Miss Seward's fame increased, it had the advantage, which she highly prized, of extending her acquaintance among those who were candidates for literary reputation. Many of the most distinguished she added to the circle of her friends. I need barely mention Mr. Hayley, Mr. Mundy, the author of two most beautiful poems on Needwood Forest; Mr. Crowe, author of the descriptive poem called *Lewesdone-Hill*; Dr. Whalley, Mr. Fellowes, and many other persons of acknowledged talent and learning, with whom she maintained, through life, a constant correspondence. Miss Seward was an entire stranger to that paltry jealousy which too often disturbs the harmony of the literary world. She gave with her whole soul, her applause to contemporary merit, and was not easily daunted in its defence. A love and admiration for existing genius was a leading feature in her character. She was at all times ready with her advice, her encouragement, her purse, if necessary, to assist those whom timidity or indigence prevented from asserting their right to public notice. Nor would she readily admit the preference claimed for more ancient poets over those of her own century. "Many," she says, in a letter now before me, "excel me in the power of writing verse; perhaps scarcely one in the vivid and strong sensibility of its excellence, or in the ability to estimate its claims—ability arising from a fifty years' sedulous and discriminating study of the best English poets, and of the best translations from the Greek, Roman, and Italian. A masculine education cannot spare from professional study, and the necessary acquisition of languages, the time and attention which I have bestowed on the compositions of my countrymen. When the accumulating suffrage of centuries shall have mellowed the growing fame of the authors of this age, their equals, perhaps their superiors, at a future period, will be contrasting the superiority of this and the last century, with the littleness of recent and contemporary merit."

It cannot be denied, that Miss Seward's friendships and partialities fortified her in the persuasion thus expressed. In friendship, indeed, she was an enthusiast, of which she gave, in 1778, an example too remarkable to be passed over, even in these brief biographical notices. In the summer of that year, the Countess of Northesk visited Lichfield, to consult Dr. Darwin for the benefit of her health, then sinking rapidly by hemorrhage. The poetical physician became deeply interested in the fate of a lovely and amiable young woman, distinguished by her sufferings and her patience; and the same circumstances produced a strong attachment on the part of Miss Seward. Of this interest and attachment, a proof was nearly made, of a kind so very remarkable, that I will tell it in Miss Seward's own words.

"One evening, after a long and intense revery, he said, 'Lady Northesk, an art was practised in former years, which the medical world has very lately disused; that of injecting blood into the veins by a syringe, and thus repairing the waste of diseases like yours. Human blood, and that of calves and sheep were used promiscuously. Superstition attached impiety to the practice. It was put a stop to in England by a bull of excommunication from some of our Popish princes, against the practitioners of sanguinary injection. That it had been practised with success, we may, from this interdiction, fairly conclude, else restraint upon its continuance must have been superfluous. We have a very ingenious watch-maker here, whom I think I could instruct to form a proper instrument for that purpose, if you chose to submit to the experiment.' She replied cheerfully, that she had not the least objection, if he thought it eligible.

"Miss Seward then said, 'If the trial should be determined upon, perhaps Lady Northesk would prefer a supply from a healthy human subject, rather than from an animal. My health is perfect, neither am I conscious of any lurking disease, hereditary or accidental. I have no dread of the lancet, and will gladly spare, from time to time, such a portion from my veins to Lady Northesk, as Dr. Darwin shall think proper to inject.'

"He seemed much pleased with the proposal, and his amiable patient expressed gratitude far above the just claim of the circumstance. Dr. Darwin said he would consult his pillow about it.

"The next day, when Miss Seward called upon Lady Northesk, the doctor took her previously into his study, telling her, that he had resigned all thoughts of trying the experiment upon Lady Northesk; that it had occurred to him as a last resource to save an excellent woman, whose disorder, he feared, was beyond the reach of medicine; 'but,' added he, 'the construction of a proper machine is so nice an affair, the least failure in its power of acting so hazardous, the chance, at least from the experiment, so precarious, that I do not choose to stake my reputation upon the risk. If she die, the world will say I killed Lady Northesk, though the London and Bath physicians have pronounced her case hopeless, and sent her home to expire. They have given her a great deal too much medicine. I shall give her very little. Their system of nutritious food, their gravy jellies, and strong wines, I have already changed for milk, vegetables, and fruit. No wines ever; no meat, no strong broth, at pre-

sent. If this alteration of diet prove unavailing, her family and friends must lose her.'

"It was not unavailing; she gathered strength under the change from day to day. The disease abated, and in three weeks she pursued her journey to Scotland, a convalescent, full of hope for herself, of grateful veneration towards her physician, whose skill had saved her from the grave; and full also of over-rating thankfulness to Miss Seward for the offer she had made. With her Lady Northesk regularly corresponded, from that time till her sudden and deplorable death."—*Memoirs of Dr. Darwin*, by ANNA SEWARD. Lond. 1804, pp. 110—114.

In the year 1780, Mrs. Seward died, and the care of attending her surviving parent devolved entirely upon his daughter. This was soon embittered by a frequent recurrence of paralytic and apoplectic affections, which broke Mr. Seward's health, and gradually impaired the tone of his mind. His frame resisted these repeated assaults for ten years, during which, Miss Seward had the melancholy satisfaction to see, that, even when he had lost consciousness of every thing else, her father retained a sense of her constant and unremitting attentions. There is, in one of her poems, some verses expressive of his situation, while claiming for him a rank among the bards of her favourite city:

> Source of my life, it will not prove
> A vain essay of filial love,
> Here if a right thy daughter claim
> To rank with theirs thy honour'd name,
> Whose silver lyre's harmonious sound
> Made lovely Lichfield classic ground.
> Though now thy vital lamp's faint light
> Glimmers on the verge of its long night;
> Dull, dim, and weak its social blaze,
> And pale its intellectual rays.
> While dutcous love, with anxious aim,
> Guards from rude blasts its quivering flame,
> Through yet a few more quiet years,
> That bring to thee nor pains nor fears,
> O! be it mine to cheer and warm
> Thy drooping heart, thy helpless form!

In 1790, this scene closed, by the death of Mr. Seward. His daughter remained mistress of an easy and independent fortune, and continued to inhabit the Bishop's Palace at Lichfield, which had been long her father's residence, and was hers until her death.

While engaged in attendance upon her father, Miss Seward, besides other occasional pieces, published, in 1782, her poetical novel, entitled *Louisa*, which was favourably received, and passed rapidly through several editions. Other pieces, chiefly on occasional topics, fell from her pen; some of which found their way to the public, and others are now, for the first time, printed from manuscripts. The beauties of Glangollen Vale, with the talents, virtues, and accomplishments of the ladies who have so long honoured it with their residence, claimed and obtained commemoration. Its inmates were among those whom Miss Seward valued most highly, and the regard was reciprocal.

Without pausing to trace the progress of her less important works, it is proper to mention the Collection of Original Sonnets published in 1799. They were intended to restore the strict rules of the legitimate sonnet, and contain some beautiful examples of that species of composition. Less praise is due to the Translations from Horace, in the same publication which, being rather paraphrases than translations, can hardly be expected to gratify those whose early admiration has been turned to the original.

In 1804, the death of Dr. Darwin, who had encouraged the first notes of her lyre, and from whom, perhaps, it had borrowed some of its peculiar intonations, induced Miss Seward to give the public a biographical sketch of her early friend. Her *Life of Dr. Darwin* ought, however, rather to have been entitled, Anecdotes of the early part of his life, and of the society of Lichfield, while it was the place of his residence. Although written upon a desultory plan, and in a style disfigured by the use of frequent inversions and compounded epithets, the Memoir has preserved much curious and interesting literary anecdote. The history of Mr. Day is told with a liveliness which these defects have not obscured, and contains a useful lesson, though humbling to the pride of human wisdom, since no prejudices of bigotry, or of fashion, ever led a votary into so many absurdities as this gentleman successfully achieved, while professing to be guided only by the pure light of reason and philosophy. In this publication, also, Miss Seward laid her claim to the first fifty verses in the Botanic Garden, which she had written in compliment to Dr. Darwin, and which he had inserted in his poem without any acknowledgment. The correctness of Miss Seward's statement is proved by the publication of the verses with her name, in some periodical publications, previous to the appearance of Dr. Darwin's poem; and the disingenuous suppression of the aid of which he availed himself, must remain a considerable stain upon the character of the poet of Flora.

After the publication of the Sonnets, Miss Seward did not undertake any large poem. Yet she continued to pour forth her poetical effusions upon such occasions as interested her feelings, or excited her imagination. These efforts were, however, unequal to those of her earlier muse. Age was now approaching with its usual attendants, declining health, and the loss of friends summoned from the stage before her. Yet her interest in literature and poetry continued unabated; and she maintained an unrelaxed correspondence, not only with her former friends, but with those later candidates for poetical distinction, whose exertions she approved of. Among these, she distinguished with her highest regard Mr. Robert Southey, and used to mention, as the most decided symptom of degenerate taste, the inadequate success of his sublime epic, *Madoc*. On this subject she used to quote, as a parallel instance of rash judgment, a passage from Waller's Letters; —"The old blind schoolmaster, John Milton, hath published a tedious poem on the Fall of Man;—if its length be not considered as merit, it has no other."

In summer, 1807, the editor, upon his return from London, visited Miss Seward, with whom he had corresponded occasionally for some years. Robertson observes, that, in a female reign, the queen's personal charms are a subject of importance; and, as the same rule may apply to the case of a female author, this may be no improper place to mention the impression which her appearance and conversation were calculated to make upon a stranger. They were, indeed, well worth a longer pilgrimage. Miss Seward, when young, must have been exquisitely beautiful; for, in advanced age, the regularity of her features, the fire and expression of her countenance, gave her the appearance of beauty, and almost of youth. Her eyes were auburn, of the precise shade and hue of her hair, and possessed great power. In reciting, or in speaking with animation, they appeared to become darker; and as it were, to flash fire. I should have hesitated to state the impression which this peculiarity made upon me at the time, had not my observation been confirmed by that of the first actress of this or any other age, with whom I lately happened to converse on our deceased friend's expressive powers of countenance. Miss Seward's tone of voice was melodious, guided by excellent taste, and well suited to reading and recitation, in which she willingly exercised it. She did not sing, nor was she a great proficient in music, though very fond of it, having studied it later in life than is now usual. Her stature was tall, and her form was originally elegant; but having broken the *patella* of the knee by a fall in the year 1768, she walked with pain and difficulty, which increased with the pressure of years.

The great command of literary anecdote which Miss Seward possessed, her ready perception both of the serious and ludicrous, and her just observation and original taste, rendered her society delightful. She entered into every topic with the keenness and vivacity of youth, and it was difficult to associate the idea of advanced years either with her countenance or conversation. The possessor of such quick feelings seldom escapes the portion of pain with which all earthly good is alloyed and

tempered. With the warmest heart for her friends, and an unbounded enthusiasm in their service, Miss Seward united a sensibility to coldness, or to injuries real or supposed, which she permitted to disturb her more than was consistent with prudence or with happiness. The same tone of mind rendered her jealous of critical authority, when exercised over her own productions, or those of her friends. Her prepossessions upon literary points were also very strong. She admired the lofty and energetic tone of Milton; and the passages of Shakspeare to which she gave the preference, were those which partook of the same character. But although she admitted the superiority of those masters of the lyre, her taste for ornament exceeded the simplicity of their models, and was chiefly gratified, in modern poetry at least, by a more laboured and ornate style of composition. For Darwin, her early friend, and perhaps her preceptor in the art of poetry, she claimed a higher rank among the poets of Britain than the judges of literature are at present inclined to allow him. There is a fashion in poetry, which, without increasing or diminishing the real value of the materials moulded upon it, does wonders in facilitating its currency, while it has novelty, and is often found to impede its reception when the mode has passed away. It is with such verses as with the ancient defensive armour:

> ————The fashion of the fight
> Has thrown its gilt, and gaudy plumes aside,
> For modern fopperies.

Miss Seward was in practice trained and attached to that school of picturesque and florid description, of lofty metaphor and bold personification, of a diction which inversion and the use of compound epithets rendered as remote as possible from the tone of ordinary language, which was introduced, or at least rendered fashionable, by Darwin, but which was too remote from common life, and natural expression, to retain its popularity. Yet her taste, though perhaps over-dazzled by the splendour which she adopted in her own compositions, readily admitted the claims of Pope, Collins, Gray, Mason, and of all those bards who have condescended to add the graces of style and expression to poetical thought and imagery. But she particularly demanded beauty, elegance, or splendour of language; and was unwilling to allow that sublimity or truth of conception could atone for poverty, rudeness, or even simplicity, of expression. To Spenser, and the poets of his school, she lent a very unwilling ear; and,—what will, perhaps, best explain my meaning,—she greatly preferred the flowing numbers and expanded descriptions of Pope's Iliad to Cowper's translation, which approaches nearer to the simple dignity of Homer. These peculiarities of taste, Miss Seward was always ready to defend; nor was it easy for the professors of an opposite faith to sustain either the art of her arguments, or the authorities which her extensive acquaintance with the best British classics readily supplied. She has left, among other manuscripts, a Defence of Pope's Odyssey against Spence, in which she displays much critical acumen, and has decidedly the better of the Professor. I ought, however, to add, that two circumstances qualified Miss Seward's taste for the picturesque. When she wrote upon subjects in which her feelings were deeply interested, she forgot the "tiara and glittering zone" of the priestess of Apollo, in the more natural effusions of real passion. The song which begins,

> "To thy rocks, stormy Lannow, adieu,"

seems to have been composed under such influence. The partiality with which Miss Seward regarded the poetical attempts of her friends, formed another class of exceptions to her peculiar taste for the magnificent in poetry. She found, with an ingenuity which the subject sometimes rendered wonderful, reasons for liking what her prejudices in favour of the author had previously determined her to admire. Her literary enthusiasm, ardent as it was, became in such cases tempered and qualified by the yet keener interest she felt in those friends whom she valued; and, if this caused an occasional anomaly in her critical system, those who have experienced its benefit, may be pardoned for quoting it as an illustration of the kindly warmth of her heart.

That warmth was not alone displayed in regard for friends in the same rank of life, and cultivating similar studies. Her benevolence was universally felt among those to whom it afforded active and important support, as well as those whose pursuits it aided, and whose feelings it gratified. But it is not the purpose of this slight sketch either to enter into the merits of Miss Seward's poetry, or to descend minutely into her personal character. The reader has, in these volumes, enough for forming an opinion upon the first point, and many passages from which he may ground his own authentic conclusions concerning the energy of the talents and worth of the heart by which they were dictated. I return to the narrative, which these cursory observations have interrupted.

For a year or two preceding 1807, Miss Seward had been occasionally engaged in arranging and preparing for the press the edition of her poems which is now given to the public. She had reconsidered them individually, and made such additions and corrections as she conceived necessary. This subject was repeatedly mentioned in her correspondence, and the publication would have taken place during Miss Seward's life-time, if some difficulties had not occurred to delay it. These were in the course of being removed; and it is probable the volumes would soon have gone to press, had the state of Miss Seward's health permitted her to superintend their progress. But her constitution, infirm for several years, was now rapidly declining. In harvest, 1807, she was assailed by a scorbutic disorder, which affected her blood and whole system in a degree most painfully irritating, banishing sleep, and rendering waking hours almost intolerable. Her spirit continued, however, to struggle against its assaults, and she entered, by advice of her physicians, upon a course of alterative medicine, which, it was supposed, might alleviate or remove her complaint. But the disorder proved invincible; and, in March 1809, the editor had the pain of receiving the last farewell of his honoured friend. It is written at intervals, and the hand-writing gradually degenerates from the distinct and beautiful manuscript which Miss Seward used to write, into a scrawl, so feebly traced, as to be nearly illegible.

"You may believe, dear and admired friend, it was no trivial cause, no idle procrastination, that kept me silent four months and a week to a letter of yours, the humour, wit, and kindness of which recompensed its delay. Early in our late Siberian December, I was proposing to address you, when a violent fever, with alarming hemorrhage, seized my weak frame. During five nights and days, it put my life into peril. In all that time I was unable to swallow the least atom of solids, whilst my thirst was raging and unquenchable. On the 6th day, the fever abated, and some degree of appetite returned: but the disease has shook my weak frame to its foundation. The fever abated, but is not yet subdued. Sometimes I have a few hours intermission, but my pulse remaining at 90,—and 60 is my pulse of health,—the medical people will not consent to my taking the bark. Much writing is forbid me; indeed, its effect is sufficiently forewarning, since, the moment I begin to think intensely, the pen falls from my hand, a lethargic sensation creeps over me, and I doze. Not more than by a page a-day shall I attempt to proceed with this snail of an epistle. I had two reasons for wishing to have written to you sooner; gratitude, and the desire of presenting you with one of the three copies which my poetic friend, Mr. Mundy, has sent me to present to three chosen friends. Though printed, it is not published, and consequently unpurchaseable."

"*Monday, 13th of March.*

"So far was written Monday the 6th of this month, when again the lethargy crept on. I fell asleep, and awoke in a raging fever and high delirium. Next day, after a dreadful night, the physician ordered me

to lose six ounces of blood, and that not in the slightest degree abating the fever, he took six ounces more on the eve, and all without effect. I feel all the props of my life giving way; and probably this is the last time I shall ever write any thing in the shape of a letter; but I have procured a frank, and am unwilling it should be useless. It is for Thursday next. Considering my pains, my raging thirst, my utter debility, it would be a mercy if I should not be in existence on that day.

"If I knew where to find you, I would send the copy of Mundy's Poems, but I am loath to put you to the expense of its carriage, except I should send it to you in London. I am not able to add more than what I think will be my last benediction on you and yours. O! what a blessing is a sudden death! I always prayed for it, but am not worthy to have my prayer granted.

"I thank you for all your kindness, and for the delightful hours your talents have given me.

"Affectionately your friend,

"A. SEWARD."

"It is Thursday, and each intervening day since I closed my letter has taken large death-strides upon me."

This melancholy letter was too true an augury of the event which it anticipated. Upon Thursday the 23d of March, 1809, Miss Seward was seized with a universal stupor, which continued until the 25th, at six o'clock in the evening, when she expired. Her friends, a term which comprehends many names distinguished in British literature, must long lament this accomplished woman. The poems in which she survives to the public, although containing vivid traces of genius, will serve but to remind those who were honoured with her acquaintance, of the loss which they have sustained, of her ardent love of literature, her disinterested and candid defence of its best interests, of the amiable and enthusiastic warmth of her friendship, and the innate benevolence of her heart.

The arrangement of Miss Seward's fortune was left under the charge of her residuary legatee, Thomas White, Esq. residing in the Close of Lichfield, and Charles Simpson, Esq. of the same city; the former connected with her by relationship, and both still more by kindness and intimacy. To the present editor she bequeathed her literary performances, and particularly the works she had so long intended for the press, with the instructions, as well as under the exception, contained in the following posthumous letter:—

"DEAR SIR,

"In my last and lately-executed will, I have bequeathed to you the exclusive copyright of those compositions in verse and prose which I mean shall constitute a miscellaneous edition of my works. This bequest consists of my writings in verse which have passed the press, together with those that are yet unpublished; also a collection of juvenile letters, from the year 1762, to June, 1768, together with four sermons, and a critical dissertation.

"The verse consists of two half-bound volumes quarto, full of manuscript compositions; and, at this time, of six manuscript books, sown together, in the form of quarto volumes. With these I desire may be blended my poems which have already been regularly and separately published, printed copies of which will be found tied up with the manuscript verse, and from those printed copies I desire the press for this edition may be struck. Some slight alterations in the printed copies are inserted in my own hand-writing, to which I request you will have the goodness to attend in your survey of the proof sheets. I wish the printed and manuscript poems may succeed each other in the Miscellany according to the successive periods at which they were written; to which end there are specified directions to the printer through their whole course. With these you will find, and to these I desire may succeed, in the Miscellany, the three first books of an epic poem, raised on the basis of Fenelon's Telemachus, but in very excursive paraphrase, harmonizing, as I flattered myself, with the style of Pope's Homer. I once hoped to have completed the poem, and that, in such a completion, it might have formed no unacceptable conclusion to the adventures of the young and royal hero, left unfinished in the Odyssey. More indispensable claims upon my attention frustrated that purpose. Abortive as it proved, those of my classical friends who have examined the three books, assure me that their contents are, poetically, equal to any thing I have written.

"With the above-named compositions, you will meet with a little collection of my late dear father's poetry, with references to more of it published anonymously in Dodsley's Miscellany. I wish you to admit this collection, together with his poems in Dodsley, into the edition I have bequeathed to you, and that it may succeed to my own poems.

"To these metrical volumes I wish the juvenile letters may be added, succeeding the poetic volumes, as in Warburton's edition of Pope's works. I refer the critical dissertation, defending Pope's Odyssey against the erroneous criticisms of Spence, to your judgment, that, when you have read the tract, you may publish or suppress it, as you think best. If the former be your choice, it should follow the juvenile letters, being, as it was, the production of my youthful years. Last, the four sermons, unless you think it better to publish them by themselves at a different period, rather than that they should form a part of this collective edition. I wish it to be printed in small octavo.

"Twelve quarto and manuscript volumes of my letters, from the year 1784 to the present day, I have bequeathed to Mr. A. Constable. They are copies of such letters, or parts of letters, as, after they were written, appeared to me worth the attention of the public. Large as the collection is, it does not include a twelfth part of the letters I have written from the said period.*

"To Mr. Constable, rather than to yourself, have they been bequeathed, on account of the political principles which, during many past years, they breathed. Fervent, indeed, and uniform was my abhorrence of the dreadful system in our cabinet, which has reduced the continent to utter vassalage, and endangered the independence of Great Britain. Yet I know these opinions are too hostile to your friendships and connexions with the belligerant party, for the possibility of it being agreeable to you to become the editor of those twelve epistolary volumes.

"I shall address a posthumous letter to Mr. Constable on their subject, expressing my desire that he publish two volumes annually, not classing them to separate correspondents, but allowing them to succeed each other in the order of time as they stand in the collection.

"This letter has been written beneath the pressure of much pain and illness. I am in a state which induces me to believe you will, ere long, receive this testimony of my regard, confidence, and gratitude, for all the attention with which you have honoured me; above all, for your kind visit. May health and length of days be yours, with leisure to employ, from time to time, your illustrious muse. And now, dear sir, a long, a last adieu!

"ANNA SEWARD."

I have, in every material respect, punctually complied with the wishes of my deceased friend. I have exercised the latitude indulged to me of omitting the prose compositions, and also the poems of the late Mr. Seward, as it was judged advisable to limit the size of this publication to three volumes. The imitation of Telemachus is also omitted; and, in publishing the correspondence, every thing is retrenched which has reference to personal anecdote. I am aware that, in this particular, I have not consulted the taste of the age; but, in my opinion, nothing less important than the ascertainment of historical fact justifies withdrawing the veil from the incidents of private life. I would not willingly have this sup

* I owe Mr. Constable my thanks for having offered me the unlimited use of this collection, for drawing up the present Memoir. The bounds I had prescribed to myself, did not admit of my profiting to a great extent by his liberality.

pression misconstrued. There is not a line in my possession but might be published with honour to her who bequeathed me the manuscripts, and with justice to those named in them; and those in Mr. Constable's possession, being more generally of a literary nature, are still less liable to exception. But few can remember the feelings, passions, and prejudices of their earlier career, without feeling reluctance to their being brought before the public; and, in some late instances, the parties concerned might have remonstrated with the editor, like the dethroned monarch with his insulting accuser:

——— And must I ravel out
My weaved-up follies ———
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop,
To read a lecture of them?

The poetry has been published precisely according to Miss Seward's directions. To the numerous friends of Miss Seward, these volumes will form an acceptable present; for, besides their poetical merit, they form a pleasing register of her sentiments, her feelings, and her affections. The general reception they may meet with is more dubious, since collections of occasional and detached poems have rarely been honoured with a large share of public favour. Should Miss Seward's poetry be admitted as an exception, it will add much to the satisfaction which I feel in the faithful discharge of the task intrusted to me by the bequest of the amiable and highly accomplished author.

DANIEL DE FOE.

This biographical sketch was not written by the author of these volumes, but by the late Mr. John Ballantyne, bookseller in Edinburgh; whose wit, lively talents, and kindness of disposition, will make him long regretted and remembered by his friends.

Perhaps there exists no work, either of instruction or entertainment, in the English language, which has been more generally read, and more universally admired, than the *Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*. It is difficult to say in what the charm consists, by which persons of all classes and denominations are thus fascinated; yet the majority of readers will recollect it as among the first works which awakened and interested their youthful attention; and feel, even in advanced life, and in the maturity of their understanding, that there are still associated with Robinson Crusoe, the sentiments peculiar to that period, when all is new, all glittering in prospect, and when those visions are most bright, which the experience of after life tends only to darken and destroy.

This work was first published in April, 1719; its reception, as may be supposed, was universal. It is a singular circumstance, that the Author, (the subject of our present Memoir,) after a life spent in political turmoil, danger, and imprisonment, should have occupied himself, in its decline, in the production of a work like the present; unless it may be supposed, that his wearied heart turned with disgust from society and its institutions, and found solace in picturing the happiness of a state, such as he has assigned to his hero. Be this as it may, society is for ever indebted to the memory of De Foe for his production of a work, in which the ways of Providence are simply and pleasingly vindicated, and a lasting and useful moral is conveyed through the channel of an interesting and delightful story.

Daniel De Foe was born in London in the year 1663. His father was James Foe, of the parish of St. Giles', butcher. Much curious speculation, with which we shall not trouble our readers, has arisen from the circumstance of Daniel's having, in his own instance, prefixed the *De* to the family name. We are inclined to adopt the opinion of that critical inquirer, who supposes, that Daniel did so, being ashamed of the lowness of his origin, and conceived the prefixed *De* had the sound of Norman dignity with it. His family, as well as himself, were dissenters; but it does not appear that his tenets were so strict as his sect required; for he complains, in the Preface to his *More Reformation*, that some Dissenters had reproached him, as if he had said, that "the gallows and the galleys ought to be the penalty of going to the conventicle; forgetting, that I must design *to have my father, my wife, six innocent children, and myself*, put into the same condition."

De Foe's education was rather circumscribed, which is the more to be lamented, as in so many instances, he has exhibited proofs of rare natural genius. He was sent by his father, at twelve years old, to the Newington Green Dissenting Academy then kept by Mr. Morton, where he remained about four years; and this appears to have been all the education he ever received. When he was remanded from school, it would seem, that, his genius not lying towards the marrow-bone and cleaver, his father had put him to some other trade; of what nature we are unable to learn, De Foe himself being very reserved on the subject. When charged by Tutchin* with having his breeding as an apprentice to a hosier, he asserts, (May, 1705,) "that he never was a hosier,† or an apprentice, but admits that he had been a trader."

This, however, had occupied but a short period of his youth; for in 1685, when he was in his twenty-second year, he took up arms in the cause of the Duke of Monmouth. On the destruction of Monmouth's party, Daniel had the good fortune to escape unpunished amidst the herd of greater delinquents; but, in his latter years, when the avowal was no longer dangerous, he boasts himself much of his exploits, in *His Appeal to Honour and Justice, being a true Account of his Conduct in Public Affairs.*

Three years afterwards, (1688,) De Foe was admitted a Liveryman of London. As he had been throughout a steady advocate for the Revolution, he had now the satisfaction of witnessing that great event. Oldmixon says, (Works, vol. II. p. 278,) that at a feast, given by the Lord Mayor of London to King William, on the 29th October, 1689, De Foe appeared gallantly mounted, and richly accoutred, among the troopers commanded by Lord Peterborough, who attended the King and Queen from Whitehall to the Mansion House. All Daniel's horsemanship, however, united to the steady devotion of his pen to the cause of William, were unable to procure him the notice of that cold-charactered monarch; and our author was fain to content himself (as his adversary Tutchin asserts) with the humble occupation of a hosier in Freeman's Yard, Cornhill;—wisely considering, that if the court could do without political tracts, the people could not do without stockings.

With the ill fortune however attendant upon those men of genius, who cultivate their superior powers to the neglect of that common sense which is requisite to carry a man creditably through this everyday world, De Foe's affairs declined from bad to worse; he spent those hours, which he ought to have devoted to his shop, in a society for the cultivation of polite learning, and he was under the necessity of absconding from his creditors in 1692. One of those creditors, who had less consideration for polite learning, and more irritability than the rest, took out a commission of bankruptcy against him; but, fortunately for our author, this was superseded on the petition of those to whom he was most indebted, and a composition was accepted. This composition he punctually paid by efforts of unwearied diligence; and some of the creditors, whose claims had been thus satisfied, falling into distress themselves, he waited upon them, and paid their debts in full. He was next engaged in carrying on tile-works, on the banks of the Thames, near Tilbury, but with little success; for it was sarcastically said of him, that he did not, "like the Egyptians, require bricks without straw, but, like

* Tutchin, the publisher of the *Observator*, and a steady opponent of De Foe's both in politics and literature.

† Perhaps the salve he laid to his conscience for this apparently false assertion, was, that though he *dealt in* hose, he did not *make* them.

the Jews, required bricks without paying his labourers." United to his title-making, our author, stimulated by an active mind and embarrassed circumstances, devised many other schemes, or, as he called them, projects. He wrote many sheets about the English coin; he projected Banks for every county, and Factories for goods; he exhibited a Proposal (very feelingly, no doubt) for a commission of inquiry into bankrupts' estates; he contrived a Pension-office for the relief of the poor, and finished, by publishing a long Essay upon projects hemselves.

About this period, (1695,) our author's indefatigable endeavours procured him some notice from the court, and he was appointed accountant to the commissioners for managing the duties on glass. Here also his usual ill luck attended him; he was thrown out of his situation by the suppression of the tax in 1699.

But the time at length arrived when the sun of royal favour was to shine out upon our author's prospects. About the end of 1699, there was published, what De Foe calls, "an horrid pamphlet, in very ill verse, written by one Tutchin, and called *The Foreigners*: in which the author fell personally upon the king, then upon the Dutch nation, and, after having reproached his majesty with crimes, that his worst enemies could not think of without horror, he sums up all in the odious name of *Foreigner*. This filled me with rage against the book, and gave birth to a trifle, which I never could hope should have met with so general an acceptation."

The trifle, which De Foe here alludes to, was his *True-born Englishman*; a poetical satire on the *Foreigners*, and a defence of King William and the Dutch; of which the sale was great without example, and our author's reward proportionate. He was even admitted to the honour of a personal interview with the king, and became with more ardour than ever a professed partizan of the court. In this composition the satire was strong, powerful, and manly, upbraiding the English Tories for their unreasonable prejudice against foreigners; the rather that there were so many nations blended in the mass now called Englishmen. The verse was rough and mistuned, for De Foe never seems to have possessed an ear for the melody of language, whether in prose or verse. But though wanting the long resounding verse and energy divine of Dryden, he had often masculine expressions and happy turns of thought, not unworthy of the author of *Absalom and Achitophel*, though, upon the whole, his style seems rather to have been formed on that of Hall, Oldham, and the elder satirists. The first verses are well known:

> Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
> The devil always builds a chapel there;
> And 'twill be found upon examination,
> The latter has the largest congregation.

The author's first publication after *The True-born Englishman* was, *The original Power of the Collective Body of the People of England examined and asserted*; next, *An Argument to prove that a Standing Army, with consent of Parliament, was not inconsistent with a Free Government*; but, as we do not mean to follow De Foe through the career of his politics, and intend only to notice such works, as in their consequences, materially affected his personal situation and affairs, we shall pass to the death of his sovereign and patron, which took place 8th March, 1702.

The accession of Anne having restored the line of Stuart, to whom the politics and conduct of De Foe had been peculiarly obnoxious, our author was shortly reduced, as before, to live on the produce of his wits: and it is perhaps lucky for the world that there is so much truth in the universal outcry against the neglect of living authors; for there seems a certain laziness concomitant with genius, which can only be incited to action by the pressure of necessity. Had William lived, probably the world would never have been delighted with the *Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*.

Whether De Foe found politics the most vendible produce of the press or, like Macbeth, felt himself

> Stept in so far, that should I wade no more,
> Returning were as tedious as go o'er,—

we are yet to learn; but he ventured to reprint his *Shortest Way with the Dissenters*; and to publish several other treatises, which were considered libellous by the Commons; and on the 25th of February, 1702-3, a complaint being made in the House, of a book entitled, *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters*; and the folios 11—18 and 26 being read, "Resolved, that this book being full of false and scandalous reflections on this Parliament, and tending to promote sedition, be burnt by the hands of the common hangman, in New Palace-Yard."

Our unfortunate author's political sins were now all mustered in array against him, and a tremendous catalogue they made. He had been the favourite and panegyrist of William; he had fought for Monmouth, and opposed James; he had vindicated the Revolution, and defended the rights of the people; he had bantered, insulted, and offended, the whole Tory leaders of the Commons; and, after all, he could not be quiet, but must republish his most offensive productions.

Thus overpowered, De Foe was obliged to secrete himself; and we are indebted to a very disagreeable circumstance for the following accurate description of his person. A proclamation was issued by the secretaries of state, in Jan., 1703, in the following terms:

"*St. James's, Jan.* 10, 1702-3.

"Whereas Daniel De Foe, *alias* De Fooe, is charged with writing a scandalous and seditious pamphlet, entitled, *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters*; he is a middle sized spare man, about forty years old, of a brown complexion, and dark-brown coloured hair, but wears a wig, a hooked nose, a sharp chin, gray eyes, and a large mole near his mouth; was born in London, and for many years was a hose-factor, in Freeman's Yard, in Cornhill, and now is owner of the brick and pantile works near Tilbury-fort, in Essex; whoever shall discover the said Daniel De Foe to one of her majesty's principal secretaries of state, or any of her majesty's justices of peace, so as he may be apprehended, shall have a reward of 50*l*., which her majesty has ordered immediately to be paid upon such discovery."

He was shortly after caught, fined, pilloried, and imprisoned. "Thus," says he, "was I a second time ruined; for by this affair I lost above 3600*l*. sterling."

While he was confined in Newgate, he occupied his time in correcting for the press a collection of his own writings, which was published in the course of the year; and he even amused himself by writing an *Ode to the Pillory*; of which he had so lately been made the unwilling acquaintance. Hence Pope's insulting verse, which classes De Foe with his Tory rival:

> Earless on high stood unabash'd De Foe,
> And Tutchin flagrant from the scenes below.

His *Hymn to the Pillory*, in rough and harsh iambics, has, like the *True-born Englishman*, and indeed all De Foe's poetry, a strong fund of manly satire, and we are mistaken if, in the lines which follow, the author does not successfully retort upon his prosecutors the shame at least of the punishment to which he had been subjected. They are in the spirit, though without the eloquence, of the gallant old cavalier, Lovelace.

> Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Nor iron bars a cage;
> Minds innocent and quiet take
> That for a hermitage.

The hymn of De Foe commences thus.

> Hail! Hi'roglyphick State Machine,
> Condemn'd to punish fancy in;
> Men, that *are* men, can in thee feel no pain,
> And all thy insignificance disdain.
> Contempt, that false new word for shame,
> Is without crime an empty name—
> A shadow to amuse mankind,
> But never frights the wise or well-fix'd mind:
> Virtue despises human scorn,
> And scandals innocence adorn.
>
> Exalted on thy stool of state,
> What prospect do I see of future fate?

How the inscrutables of providence
Differ from our contracted sense;
Hereby the errors of the town,
That fools look out, and knaves look on.

Not satisfied with this unpleasant subject for iambics, De Foe afterwards wrote a *Hymn to the Gallows*.

But the chief object to which the author directed his mind, was the projection of *The Review*. The publication of this periodical work commenced in 4to, on the 19th February, 1704, and continued at the rate of two numbers a-week, till March, 1705, when an additional weekly number was published, and it was continued every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, till May, 1713, forming in whole nine thick volumes. De Foe was the sole writer. This work treats of foreign and domestic intelligence, politics, and trade; but as our author foresaw that it was not likely to become popular unless amusing, he discusses various other topics, under the head of a *Scandal Club*; Love, Marriage, Poetry, Language, and the prevailing tastes and habits of the times. Neither did these occupations find sufficient employment for his active mind. While he was still in Newgate, (1704,) he published *The Storm*; or a collection of the most remarkable casualties which happened in the Tempest, 26th November, 1703. Nor was this work a dry detail of disasters only, De Foe having taken the occasion, with his usual felicity, to inculcate the truths of religion, and the superintendency of Providence.*

About the end of 1704, when, as our author tells us, he lay ruined and friendless in Newgate, without hopes of deliverance, Sir Robert Harley, then secretary of state, of whom De Foe had no previous personal knowledge, sent a verbal message to him, desiring to know "what he could do for him." Our author, no doubt, made a suitable reply; in consequence of which, Sir Robert took an opportunity to represent to the Queen his present misery, and unmerited sufferings. Anne, however, did not immediately consent to his liberation, but she inquired into the circumstances of his family, and sent, by Lord Godolphin, a considerable sum to his wife. She afterwards, through the same medium, conveyed a sum to himself, equal to the payment of his fine and discharge, and thus bound him eternally to her interest. He was liberated from Newgate the end of 1704, and retired immediately to his family at St. Edmund's-Bury. He was not allowed, however, to enjoy the quiet he courted. Booksellers, news-writers, and wits, circulated every where reports, that he had fled from justice, and deserted his security. He despised their spite, and resumed his labours; the first fruits of which were, a *Hymn to Victory*, and a *Double Welcome to the Duke of Marlborough*; the subjects for both of which were furnished by the glorious achievements of that general.

Our author now continued his *Review*, and his political pamphleteering, for several years; in the course of which he was subjected to much disquiet, and frequently to danger; but the conciousness of his situation as an English freeholder, and a liveryman of London, united to a considerable degree of resolution and personal courage, enabled him to encounter and overcome the machinations of his enemies. It will scarcely be believed, at this time of day, that, on a journey which his affairs led him to take to the western parts of England, a project was formed to kidnap and send him as a soldier to the army; that the western justices, in the ardour of their party zeal, determined to apprehend him as a vagabond; and that suits were commenced against him in his absence for fictitious debts: yet all these circumstances De Foe has asserted in his *Review*; and we have not learnt that any attempt was ever made to controvert the truth of his statements.

About this time (1706) a situation occurred, for which our author's abilities were peculiarly fitted. The cabinet of Queen Anne was in want of a person of general commercial knowledge, ready talents, and insinuating manners, to go to Scotland for the purpose of promoting the great measure of the Union. Lord Godolphin determined to employ De Foe; he accordingly carried him to the Queen, by whom our author was graciously received, and in a few days, he was sent to Edinburgh. The particular nature of his instructions has never been made public; but on his arrival at Edinburgh, in October, 1706, De Foe was recognised as a character almost diplomatic. We must refer our readers to his *History of the Union*, for the various and interesting particulars of this mission; the detail of which, here, would occupy an extent beyond the limits of our biography.

De Foe appears to have been no great favourite in Scotland, although, while there, he published *Caledonia*, a poem in honour of the nation. He mentions many hair-breadth 'scapes, which, by "his own prudence, and God's providence," he effected; and it is not wonderful, that where almost the whole nation was decidedly averse to the Union, a character like De Foe, sent thither to promote it by all means, direct and indirect, should be regarded with dislike, and even exposed to the danger of assassination. The act for the Union was passed by the Scotch parliament in January, and De Foe returned to London, in February, 1707, to write a history of that great international treaty. It is believed that his services were rewarded by a pension from Queen Anne.

During the troublous period which followed, until the conclusion of the war by the treaty of Utrecht, De Foe, wiser by experience, lived quietly at Newington, publishing his Review. He encountered, however, in the fulfilment of this task, much contentious opposition and obloquy, which he manfully resisted and retorted; but, after the political changes, by which his first patron Sir Robert Harley, and next Lord Godolphin, were turned out of power, his pecuniary allowance from the Treasury seems to have ceased, and he was compelled, as before, to launch out as a general writer for the supply of his necessities. The political agitation of the times dictated his subjects; but, unfortunately for De Foe, both Tories and Jacobites, in those days, were such plain matter-of-fact men, that his raillery was misunderstood, and he was arrested, and committed to his old habitation, for several squibs, which were obviously ironical.

The writings on which he was indicted, were two; *What if the Pretender should come?* and, *What if the Queen should die?* "Nothing," says De Foe, "could be more plain, than that the titles of these are amusements, in order to get the books into the hands of those who had been deluded by the Jacobites." His explanation would not suffice; he was tried and found guilty, fined in 800*l.*, and committed to Newgate. He was now compelled to drop the publication of his *Review*; and it is singular, that he did so while confined in Newgate, the very place in which its idea had first entered his head nine years before.

After lying in jail a few months, he was liberated by the queen's order in November, 1713.

Although thus released, and the innocence of his intentions admitted, if not established, nothing was done for him; and the queen's death, which took place shortly after, (in July, 1714,) left him defenceless to the attacks of his rancorous enemies. "No

* The following account of this tremendous visitation is extracted from the records of the period.

"November 26. About midnight began the most terrible storm that had been known in England; the wind W. S. W. attended with flashes of lightning. It uncovered the roofs of many houses and churches, blew down the spires of several steeples and chimneys, tore whole groves of trees up by the roots. The leads of some churches were rolled up like scrolls of parchment, and several vessels, boats, and barges, were sunk in the river Thames; but the royal navy sustained the greatest damage, being just returned from the Straits; four third-rates, one second-rate, four fourth-rates, and many others of less force, were cast away upon the coast of England, and above fifteen hundred seamen lost, besides those that were cast away in merchant ships. The loss that London alone sustained was computed at one million sterling, and the city of Bristol lost to the amount of two hundred thousand pounds. Among the persons who were drowned was Rear-Admiral Beaumont.

"Upon this calamity the Commoners addressed her Majesty, that she would give directions for rebuilding and repairing the royal navy; and that she would make some provision for the families of those seamen that perished in the storm, with which her Majesty complied."

sooner," says he, "was the queen dead, and the king, as right required, proclaimed, but the rage of men increased upon me to that degree, that their threats were such as I am unable to express; and though I have written nothing since the queen's death, yet a great many things are called by my name, and I bear the answerer's insults." This was the darkest period of our author's life. He had lost his appointment, whatever it was; he had been obliged to give up his *Review;* every thing he ventured to publish besides, was received with suspicion, and he was on all hands overborne by faction, injury, and insult. His health declined fast under these unmerited sufferings, but the vigour of his mind remained; and he determined to assert the innocence of his conduct, and to clear his blemished fame. He accordingly published, in 1715, "*An Appeal to Honour and Justice, though it be of his worst Enemies, being a True Account of his Conduct in Public Affairs.*" This work contains a long account and defence of his political conduct from the outset, and a most affecting detail of his sufferings; but the subject had been too much for him. When he reviewed what he had done, and how he had been rewarded; how much he had deserved, and how heavily he had suffered; the ardent spirit of De Foe sunk before the picture, and he was struck with apoplexy before he could finish his work. It was published, nevertheless, by his friends, and the profits of its sale seem to have been the only source of his support. This was the terminating period of our author's political career. He recovered his health, but his mind had changed its tone; and it was now that the history of Selkirk first suggested to him the idea of *Robinson Crusoe.* It has been thought by some to detract from the merit of De Foe, that the idea was not originally his own: but really the story of Selkirk, which had been published a few years before in *Woodes Rogers' Voyage round the World,* appears to have furnished our author with so little beyond the bare idea of a man living upon an uninhabited island, that it seems quite immaterial whether he took his hint from that, or from any other similar story, of which many were then current. In order to enable our readers to judge how very little De Foe has been assisted by Selkirk's narrative, we have extracted the whole from Woodes Rogers' Voyage, and subjoined it to this article.*

The sale of *Robinson Crusoe* was, as we have already stated, rapid and extensive, and De Foe's profits were commensurate. The work was attacked on all sides by his ancient opponents, whose labours have long since quietly descended with their authors to merited oblivion; but our author, having the public on his side, set them all at defiance; and the same year he published a second volume with equal success. Thus far

> "With steady bark and flowing sail
> He ran before the wind;"

but, incited by the hope of further profit, and conceiving the theme of Crusoe inexhaustible, he shortly after published *Serious Reflections during the Life of Robinson Crusoe, with his Vision of the Angelic World.* These Visions and Reflections were well received at the time, although by no means so much in requisition now.

With the return of his good fortune, our author's health was re-established, and the vigour of his mind restored. He published, in 1720, *The Life and Piracies of Captain Singleton;* and finding it safer, it would seem, as well as more profitable, to amuse the public, than to reform them, he continued this course, with little variation, for the remainder of his life.

His subsequent publications, to all of which a considerable degree of popularity was attached, though none of them equalled the reputation of *Robinson Crusoe,* were. *The Dumb Philosopher, History of Duncan Campbell, Remarkable Life of Colonel Jack, Fortunate Mistress,* and *New Voyage round the World.*

* See Appendix, No. I.

We are now to take leave of our author, who died in 1731, at the age of 68, in Cripplegate, London, leaving a widow and large family in tolerable circumstances.

That De Foe was a man of powerful intellect and lively imagination, is obvious from his works; that he was possessed of an ardent temper, a resolute courage, and an unwearied spirit of enterprise, is ascertained by the events of his changeful career; and whatever may be thought of that rashness and improvidence, by which his progress in life was so frequently impeded, there seems no reason to withhold from him the praise of as much, nay more, integrity, sincerity, and consistency, than could have been expected in a political author, writing for bread, and whose chief protector, Harley, was latterly of a different party from his own. As the author of *Robinson Crusoe,* his fame promises to endure as long as the language in which he wrote.

So far my late regretted friend. But these trifling sketches of literary biography being now collected, it seems injustice to the author of *Robinson Crusoe* to permit his memoirs to be inserted, without a brief attempt to account for that popularity, which, in his principal work at least, has equalled that of any author who ever wrote.

And we must, in the first place, remark, that the fertility of De Foe was astonishing. He wrote on all occasions, and on all subjects, and seemingly had little time for preparation upon the subject in hand, but treated it from the stores which his memory retained of early reading, and such hints as he had caught up in society, not one of which seems to have been lost upon him. A complete list of De Foe's works, notwithstanding the exertions of the late George Chalmers, has not yet been procured, and a perfect collection even of such books as he is well known to have written, can scarcely be procured, even by the most active bibliomaniac.† The preceding memoir does not notice one half of his compositions, all, even the meanest of which, have something in them to distinguish them as the works of an extraordinary man. It cannot, therefore, be doubted, that he possessed a powerful memory to furnish him with materials, and a no less copious vein of imagination to weave them up into a web of his own, and supply the rich embroidery which in reality constitutes their chief value. De Foe does not display much acquaintance with classic learning, neither does it appear that his attendance on the Newington seminary had led him deep into the study of ancient languages. His own language is genuine English, often simple even to vulgarity, but always so distinctly impressive, that its very vulgarity had, as we shall presently show, an efficacy, in giving an air of truth or probability to the facts and sentiments it conveys. Exclusive of politics, De Foe's studies led chiefly to those popular narratives, which are the amusement of children and of the lower classes; those accounts of travellers who have visited remote countries; of voyagers who have made discoveries of new lands and strange nations; of pirates and bucaniers who have acquired wealth by their desperate adventures on the ocean. His residence at Limehouse, near the Thames, must have made him acquainted with many of those wild mariners, half privateers, half robbers, whom he must often have heard relate their adventures, and with whose manners and sentiments he thus became intimately acquainted. There is reason to believe, from a passage in his Review, (we have unfortunately mislaid the reference,) that he was acquainted with Dampierre, a mariner whose scientific skill in his profession and power of literary composition were at that time rarely found in his profession, especially among those rough sons of the ocean who acknowledged no peace beyond the Line, and had as natural an enmity to a South-American Spaniard as a greyhound to a hare, and who, though distinguished by the somewhat milder term of bucanier, were little better than absolute pirates. The English Government, it is well known, were not, however, very active in destroying this class of ad-

† The author has long sought for his poem termed Caledonia, without being able to obtain a sight of it

venturers while they confined their depredations to the Dutch and Spaniards, and, indeed, seldom disturbed them, if they returned from their roving life, and sat down to enjoy their ill-gotten gains. The courage of these men, the wonderful risks which they incurred, their hair-breadth escapes, and the romantic countries through which they travelled, seem to have had infinite charms for De Foe. He has written several books on this subject, all of which are entertaining, and remarkable for the accuracy with which he personates the character of a bucaniering adventurer. The *New Voyage round the World*, the *Voyages and Piracies of Captain Singleton*, are of this class, and the second part of *Robinson Crusoe* properly belongs to it. De Foe's general acquaintance with nautical affairs has not been doubted, as he is said never to misapply the various sea-phrases, or show an ignorance unbecoming the character under which he wrote. His remarks upon trade, which are naturally mixed with these accounts of foreign parts, might naturally be expected from one whose speculations in every channel of trade had enabled him to write *An Account of Commerce*, and also a work called the *English Tradesman*, from which he appears to have been familiar with foreign countries, their produce, their manners, and government, and whatever rendered it easy or difficult to enter into trade with them. We may therefore conclude that Purchas's Pilgrim, Hackluyt's Voyages, and the other ancient authorities, had been curiously examined by him, as well as those of his friend Dampierre, of Wafer, and others who had been in the South Seas, whether as privateers, or, as it was then called, *Upon the account*.

Shylock observes, there are land thieves and water thieves; and as De Foe was familiar with the latter, so he was not without some knowledge of the practices and devices of the former. We are afraid we must impute to his long and repeated imprisonments, the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the secrets of thieves and mendicants, their acts of plunder, concealment, and escape. But whatever way he acquired his knowledge of low life, De Foe certainly possessed it in the most extensive sense, and applied it in the composition of several works of fiction in the style termed by the Spaniards *Gusto Picaresco*, of which no man was ever a greater master. This class of the fictitious narrative may be termed the Romance of Roguery, the subjects being the adventures of thieves, rogues, vagabonds, and swindlers, including viragoes and courtezans. The improved taste of the present age has justly rejected this coarse species of amusement, which is, besides, calculated to do an infinite deal of mischief among the lower classes, as it presents in a comic, or even heroic shape, the very crimes and vices to which they are otherwise most likely to be tempted. Nevertheless, the strange and blackguard scenes which De Foe describes, are fit to be compared to the gipsy-boys of the Spanish painter Murillo, which are so justly admired, as being, in truth of conception, and spirit of execution, the very *chef d'œuvres* of art, however low and loathsome the originals from which they are taken. Of this character is the *History of Colonel Jack*, for example, which had an immense popularity among the lower classes; that of *Moll Flanders*, a shoplifter and prostitute; that of *Mrs. Christian Davis*, called *Mother Ross*; and that of *Roxana*, as she is termed, a courtezan in higher life. All of these contain strong marks of genius; in the last they are particularly predominant. But from the coarseness of the narrative, and the vice and vulgarity of the actors, the reader feels as a well-principled young man may do, when seduced by some entertaining and dissolute libertine into scenes of debauchery, that, though he may be amused, he must be not a little ashamed of that which furnishes the entertainment. So that, though we could select from these *picaresque* romances a good deal that is not a little amusing, we let them pass by, as we would persons, howsoever otherwise interesting, who may not be in character and manners entirely fit for good society.

A third species of composition, to which the author's active and vigorous genius was peculiarly adapted, was the account of great national convulsions, whether by war, or by the pestilence, or the tempest. These were tales which are sure, when even moderately well told, to arrest the attention, and which, narrated with that impression of reality which De Foe knew so well how to convey, make the hair bristle and the skin creep. In this manner he has written the *Memoirs of a Cavalier*, which have been often read and quoted as a real production of a real personage. Born himself almost immediately after the Restoration, De Foe must have known many of those who had been engaged in the civil turmoils of 1642-6, to which the period of these memoirs refers. He must have lived among them at that age when boys, such as we conceive De Foe must necessarily have been, cling to the knees of those who can tell them of the darings and the dangers of their youth, at a period when their own passions, and views of pressing forward in life, have not begun to operate upon their minds, and while they are still pleased to listen to the adventures which others have encountered on that stage, which they themselves have not yet entered upon. The *Memoirs of a Cavalier* have certainly been enriched with some such anecdotes as were likely to fire De Foe's active and powerful imagination, and hint to him in what colours the subject ought to be treated.

The contrast betwixt the soldiers of the celebrated Tilly, and those of the illustrious Gustavus Adolphus, almost seems too minutely drawn to have been executed from anything short of ocular testimony. But De Foe's genius has shown, in this and other instances, how completely he could assume the character he describes.

The troops of Tilly are thus described:—

"I that had seen Tilly's army, and his old weather-beaten soldiers, whose discipline and exercises were so exact, and their courage so often tried, could not look on the Saxon army without some concern for them, when I considered who they had to deal with. Tilly's men were rugged surly fellows, their faces had an air of hardy courage, mangled with wounds and scars, their armour showed the bruises of musket bullets, and the rust of the winter storms. I observed of them their clothes were always dirty, but their arms were clean and bright; they were used to camp in the open fields, and sleep in the frost and rain; their horses were strong and hardy like themselves, and well taught their exercises; the soldiers knew their business so exactly that general orders were enough; every private man was fit to command, and their wheelings, marchings, countermarchings, and exercise, were done with such order and readiness, that the distinct words of command were hardly of any use among them; they were flushed with victory, and hardly knew what it was to fly."*

The discipline of Gustavus Adolphus is thus favourably contrasted with that of his enemy:—

"When I saw the Swedish troops, their exact discipline, their order, the modesty and familiarity of their officers, and the regular living of the soldiers, their camp seemed a well-ordered city; the meanest country-woman, with her market-ware, was as safe from violence as in the streets of Vienna. There were no regiments of whores and rogues as followed the imperialists; nor any woman in the camp, but such as being known to the provosts to be the wives of the soldiers, who were necessary for washing linen, taking care of the soldiers' clothes, and dressing their victuals.

"The soldiers were well clad, not gay, furnished with excellent arms, and exceeding careful of them, and though they did not seem so terrible as I thought Tilly's men did when I first saw them, yet the figure they made, together with what we had heard of them, made them seem to me invincible; the discipline and order of their marchings, camping, and exercise, was excellent and singular, and which was to be seen in no armies but the king's, his own skill, judgment, and vigilance, having added much to the general conduct of armies then in use."†

* Memoirs of a Cavalier, vol. I. ch. iii. † Ibid. ch. iv.

When the Great Rebellion broke out in England, in which the supposed author is actively engaged, the following slight touch more completely brings home the miseries of an internal contest than could a whole volume of reflections on the subject.

"I was now, by the king's particular favour, summoned to the councils of war, my father continuing absent and ill; and I began to think of the real grounds, and, which was more, of the fatal issue of this war. I say I now began it; for I cannot say that I ever rightly stated matters in my own mind before, though I had been enough used to blood, and to see the destruction of people, sacking of towns, and plundering the country; yet it was in Germany, and among strangers; but I found a strange, secret, and unaccountable sadness upon my spirits to see this acting in my own native country. It grieved me to the heart, even in the rout of our enemies, to see the slaughter of them; and even in the fight, to hear a man cry for quarter in English, moved me to a commiseration which I had never been used to; nay, sometimes it looked to me as if some of my own men had been beaten; and when I heard a soldier cry, O God, I am shot! I looked behind me to see which of my own troop was fallen. Here I saw myself at the cutting of the throats of my friends; and, indeed, some of my near relations. My old comrades and fellow-soldiers in Germany were some with us, some against us, as their opinions happened to differ in religion. For my part, I confess I had not much religion in me at that time; but I thought religion, rightly practised on both sides, would have made us all better friends."*

The *History of the Great Plague in London* is one of that particular class of compositions which hovers between romance and history. Undoubtedly De Foe embodied a number of traditions upon this subject with what he might actually have read, or of which he might otherwise have received direct evidence. The subject is hideous almost to disgust, yet, even had he not been the author of *Robinson Crusoe*, De Foe would have deserved immortality for the genius which he has displayed in this work, as well as in the *Memoirs of a Cavalier*. This dreadful disease, which, in the language of Scripture, might be described as "the pestilence which walketh in darkness, and the destruction that wasteth at noon-day," was indeed a fit subject for a pencil so veracious as that of De Foe; and, accordingly, he drew pictures almost too horrible to look upon.

It is a wonder how so excellent a subject as the Great Fire of London should have escaped the notice of De Foe, so eager for subjects of a popular character. Yet we can hardly regret this, since, besides the verses of Dryden in the *Annus Mirabilis*, the accounts by two contemporaries, Evelyn and Pepys, have sketched it in all its terrible brilliancy.

The Great Storm, which, on 26th November, 1703, in Addison's phrase, "o'er pale Britannia pass'd," was seized upon by De Foe as a subject for the exercise of his powers of description. But as it consists in a great measure of letters from the country, wretched pastoral poetry, (for De Foe was only a poet in prose,) and similar buckram and binding used by bookmakers, it does not do the genius of the author the same credit as the works before-named.

A third species of composition, for which this multifarious author showed a strong predilection, was that upon theurgy, magic, ghost-seeing, witchcraft, and the occult sciences. De Foe dwells on such subjects with so much unction, as to leave us little doubt that he was to a certain point a believer in something resembling an immediate communication between the inhabitants of this world, and of that which we shall in future inhabit. He is particularly strong on the subject of secret forebodings, mysterious impressions, bodements of good or evil, which arise in our own mind, but which yet seem impressed there by some external agent, and not to arise from the course of our natural reflections. Perhaps he even acted upon these supposed inspirations; for the following passage plainly refers to his own history, though, whether he speaks for the nonce, or means to be seriously understood, we cannot pretend to judge, though we incline to the latter opinion.

"I know a man who made it his rule always to obey these silent hints, and he has often declared to me, that when he obeyed them, he never miscarried; and if he neglected them, or went on contrary to them, he never succeeded; and gave me a particular case of his own, among a great many others, wherein he was thus directed. He had a particular case befallen him, wherein he was under the displeasure of the government, and was prosecuted for a misdemeanour, and brought to a trial in the King's Bench Court, where a verdict was brought against him, and he was cast; and things running very hard at that time against the party he belonged to, he was afraid to stand the hazard of a sentence, and absconded, taking care to make due provision for his bail, and to pay them whatever they might suffer. In this circumstance he was in great distress, and no way presented unto him but to fly out of the kingdom, which, being to leave his family, children, and employment, was very bitter to him, and he knew not what to do; all his friends advising him not to put himself into the hands of the law, which, though the offence was not capital, yet, in his circumstances, seemed to threaten his utter ruin. In this extremity, he felt one morning, (just as he had awaked, and the thoughts of his misfortune began to return upon him;) I say he felt a strong impulse darting into his mind thus, *Write a letter to them:* It spoke so distinctly to him, and as it were forcibly, that, as he has often said since, he can scarce persuade himself not to believe but that he heard it; but he grants that he did not really hear it, too.

"However, it repeated the words daily and hourly to him, till at length, walking about in his chamber where he was hidden, very pensive and sad, it jogged him again, and he answered aloud to it, as if it had been a voice, *Whom shall I write to?* It returned immediately, *Write to the judge.* This pursued him again for several days, till at length he took his pen, ink, and paper, and sat down to write, but knew not one word of what he should say; but, *Dabitur in hac hora*, he wanted not words. It was immediately impressed on his mind, and the words flowed upon his pen in a manner that even charmed himself, and filled him with expectations of success.

"This letter was so strenuous in argument, so pathetic in its eloquence, and so moving and persuasive, that, as soon as the judge read it, he sent him word he should be easy, for he would endeavour to make that matter light to him, and in a word, never left till he obtained to stop prosecution, and restore him to his liberty and his family."†

Whatever were De Foe's real sentiments on those mystic subjects, there is no doubt that he was fond of allowing his mind to dwell on them; and, either from his own taste, or because he reckoned them peculiarly calculated to attract the notice of a numerous class of readers, many of his popular publications turn upon supernatural visitation. Thus he wrote "An Essay on the history and reality of Apparitions; being an account of what they are, and what they are not; whence they come, and whence they come not; as also how we may distinguish between the apparitions of good and evil spirits, and how we ought to behave to them." This *Essay on Apparitions* was afterwards published under the name of Morton. De Foe, under the name of John Beaumont, Esq., wrote *A Treatise of Spirits, Apparitions, Witchcraft, and other Magical Practices; containing an Account of Genii and Familiar Spirits, &c.* In both of these works De Foe's reasoning, if it can be called such, belongs to the Platonic System of Dr. Henry More, but is not very consistent either with that or with itself. On

* Memoirs of a Cavalier, vol. II. ch. ii.

† Robinson Crusoe's Vision of the Angelick World, pp. 48, 49, 50. London, 1720.

the other hand, the examples, or, in other words, the stories of ghosts and magic, with which we are favoured, are remarkably well told, or rather, we should say, composed, and that with an air of perfect veracity, which nobody so well knew how to preserve as our author. To this class of his writings must be added the *Life of Duncan Campbell, the Conjuror and Fortune-teller*, a fellow who pretended to be deaf and dumb, and to tell fortunes, and whose reputation was such at the time, that De Foe thought his name would sell more than one book, and also wrote the *Spy on the Conjuror*; for, pressed by his circumstances to seek out such subjects as were popular for the moment, our author was apt to adhere to those which he had already treated with approbation. Thus, he not only wrote a second part to *Robinson Crusoe*, which is greatly inferior to the first part of that inimitable romance, but he drew a third draught on the popularity which it had acquired him, by a work of the mystical kind to which we have just alluded. This last seems the perfection of book-making. It is termed, *Serious Reflections during the Life of Robinson Crusoe, with his Vision of the Angelical World*. The contents are, in general, trite enough reflections upon moral subjects; and though Robinson Crusoe's solitary state is sometimes referred to, and the book is ornamented with a bird's-eye view of the memorable island, yet it contains few observations that might not have been made by any shop-keeper living at Charing Cross. Thus may the richest source of genius be exhausted, and the most plentiful flow of invention drained off to the very dregs.

Besides those three several species of romantic fiction, in each of which Daniel De Foe was a copious author, his unwearied pen was also turned to moral and philosophical subjects, to those which relate to the economy of life, to history, and to statistics and descriptive subjects. He wrote *Travels in North and South Britain*; he wrote *a History of the Union*; he wrote an incorrect *History of the Church of Scotland, from the Restoration to the Revolution*. None of these historical works are of much value, except, perhaps, the *History of the Union*, which is little more than a dry journal of what passed in the Scottish Parliament upon that remarkable occasion; yet De Foe must have had an interesting tale to tell, if he had chosen it. But, writing under Harley's patronage, he cramped his genius, probably, to avoid the risk of giving offence to the irritable Scottish nation. Among his numerous political tracts, the most interesting perhaps is, *The History of Addresses*, which, written with great power of sarcasm, places in a ludicrous and contemptible light, that mode of communication between the people and the throne. All must recollect the story of Richard Cromwell, who, in removing from Whitehall, no longer his own, begged that particular care might be taken of a large chest, which contained, he said, "all the lives and fortunes of England," pledged, of course, in support of the Second Protector, by those who now saw him, with the utmost indifference, dragged from the seat of government.

It is not, however, of such political subjects that we have undertaken to treat. The multifarious author whose head imagined, and whose pen executed, such variety of works upon them, that it is a labour even to collect their names, must be now treated of solely in his character of a writer of fictitious composition.

And here, before proceeding to attempt a few observations on *Robinson Crusoe* in particular, it may be necessary to consider what is the particular charm which carries the reader through, not that chef d'œuvre alone, but others of De Foe's compositions, and inspires a reluctance to lay down the volume till the tale is finished; and the desire, not generally felt in the perusal of works of fiction, to read every sentence and word upon every leaf, instead of catching up as much of the story as may enable us to understand the conclusion.

It cannot be the beauty of the style which thus commands the reader's attention; for that of De Foe, though often forcible, is rather rendered so by the interest of a particular situation than by the art of the writer. In general the language is loose and inaccurate, often tame and creeping, and almost always that of the lower classes in society. Neither does the charm depend upon the character of the incidents; for although in *Robinson Crusoe* the incidents are very fine, yet in the *History of the Plague* the events are disgusting, and scarce less in those works where the scene lies in low life. Yet, like Pistol eating his leek, we go on growling and reading to the end of the volume, while we nod over many a more elegant subject, treated by authors who exhibit a far greater command of language. Neither can it be the artful conducting of the story, by which we are so much interested. De Foe seems to have written too rapidly to pay the least attention to this circumstance; the incidents are huddled together like paving-stones discharged from a cart, and have as little connexion between the one and the other. The scenes merely follow, without at all depending on each other. They are not like those of the regular drama, connected together by a regular commencement, continuation, and conclusion, but rather resemble the pictures in a showman's box, which have no relation further than as being enclosed within the same box, and subjected to the action of the same string.

To what, then, are we to ascribe this general charm attached to the romances of De Foe? We presume to answer, that it is chiefly to be ascribed to the unequalled dexterity with which our author has given an appearance of REALITY to the incidents which he narrates. Even De Foe's deficiencies in style, his homeliness of language, his rusticity of thought, expressive of what is called the *Crassa Minerva*, seem to claim credit for him as one who speaks the truth, the rather that we suppose he wants the skill to conceal or disguise it. The principle is almost too simple to need illustration; and yet, as it seems to include something of a paradox, since in fact it teaches that with the more art a story is told, the less likely it is to attract earnest attention, it may be proved by reference to common life. If we meet with a friend in the street, who tells us a story containing something beyond usual interest, and not of every-day occurrence, our feeling with respect to the truth of the story will be much influenced by the character of the narrator. If he is a man of wit or humour, and places the ludicrous part of the tale in the most prominent point of view, the hearer will be apt to recollect that his friend is a wag, and make some grains of allowance accordingly. On the other hand, supposing the person who communicates the narrative to be of a sentimental or enthusiastic character, with romantic ideas and a store of words to express them, you listen to his tale with a sort of suspicion that it is *too well* told to be truly told, and that though it may be at bottom real, yet it has been embroidered over by the flourishes of the narrator. But if the same fact be told by a man of plain sense, and sufficient knowledge of the world, the minuteness with which he tells the story, mixing up with it a number of circumstances which are not otherwise connected with it, than as existing at the same moment, seems to guaranty the truth of what he says; and the bursts, whether of mirth or of emotion, which accompany the narrative, appear additional warrants of his fidelity, because neither is the usual mood of his mind. You believe, as coming from such a person, that which upon other information you might have thought an imposition, as Benedict credits the report of Beatrice's affection towards him, because "the fellow with the gray beard said it."

In the testimony of such a person upon a subject which is at all interesting, we generally detect some point which ascertains the eye-witness, and some expression which would seem to have only occurred to an individual who had heard and seen the facts to which he speaks. Those who are in the habit of attending courts of justice, during the leading of evidence, frequently hear not only from men or women of observation, but from "iron-witted fools and

unrespective boys," such striking circumstances as the following: a horrible murder had been committed by a man upon a person whom he had invited into his house in friendship; they were alone together when the deed was done, and the murderer, throwing on his coat, hastily left the house before the deed was discovered. A child of twelve or thirteen years old gave evidence that she was playing in the under part of the dwelling, and heard the accused person run hastily down stairs, and stumble at the threshold. She said she was very much frightened at the noise she heard; and being asked whether she had ever before thought of being frightened by a man running hurriedly down stairs, she replied no, but the noise then made was like no other she had ever heard before. The poet of the most active imagination would hardly have dared to ascribe such impressive effects to the wild and precipitate retreat of guilt in making its escape from justice. This peculiar effect upon the child's imagination we might have doubted if we had read it in fiction, and yet how striking it becomes, heard from the mouth of the child herself!

It is no doubt true, that, in assuming this peculiar style of narrative, the author does so at a certain risk. He debars himself from the graces of language, and the artifice of narrative; he must sometimes seem prolix, sometimes indistinct and obscure, though possessing occasional points of brilliancy; in which respect his story may resemble some old Catholic towns on the Continent, where the streets are left in general darkness, save at those favoured spots where lamps are kept burning before the altars of particular saints; whereas, a regularly composed narrative represents an English country town, so well lighted throughout, that no particular spot, scarce even the dwelling of Mr. Mayor, or the window of the apothecary, can exhibit any glow of peculiar lustre. And certainly it is the last style which should be attempted by a writer of inferior genius; for though it be possible to disguise mediocrity by fine writing, it appears in all its native inanity, when it assumes the garb of simplicity. Besides, this peculiar style of writing requires that the author possess King Fadlallah's secret of transmigration from one body to another, and possessing himself of all the qualities which he finds in the assumed character, retaining his own taste and judgment to direct them.

Sometimes this is done by the author avowedly taking upon himself an imaginary personage, and writing according to his supposed feelings and prejudices. What would be the Vicar of Wakefield's history unless told by the kindest and worthiest pedant that ever wore a cassock, namely, the Vicar himself? And what would be the most interesting and effecting, as well as the most comic, passages of *Castle Rackrent*, if narrated by one who had a less regard for "the family" than the immortal Thady, who, while he sees that none of the dynasty which he celebrates were perfectly right, has never been able to puzzle out wherein they were certainly wrong. Mr. Galt's country *Provost*, and still more his reverend *Annalist of the Parish*, should be also distinguished in this class. Wordsworth, himself, has assumed, in one of his affecting poems the character of a sea-faring person retired to settle in the country.

These are, however, all characters of masquerade: We believe that of De Foe was entirely natural to him. The high-born *Cavalier*, for instance, speaks nearly the same species of language, and shows scarce a greater knowledge of society than *Robinson Crusoe;* only he has a cast of the grenadier about him, as the other has the trim of a seaman. It is greatly to be doubted whether De Foe could have changed his colloquial, circuitous, and periphrastic style for any other, whether more coarse or more elegant. We have little doubt it was connected with his nature, and the particular turn of his thoughts and ordinary expressions, and that he did not succeed so much by writing in an assumed manner, as by giving full scope to his own.

The subject is so interesting, that it is worth while examining it a little more closely; with which view we have reprinted, as illustrating our commentary on what may be called the *plausible* style of composition, "The True History of the Apparition of one Mrs. Veal the next day after her death, to one Mrs. Bargrave, at Canterbury, the eighth of September, 1705, which Apparition recommends the perusal of Drelincourt's Book of Consolation against the Fears of Death." We are induced to this because the account of the origin of the pamphlet is curious, the pamphlet itself short, and, though once highly popular, now little read or known, and particularly because De Foe has put in force, within these few pages, peculiar specimens of his art of recommending the most improbable narrative, by his specious and serious mode of telling it.

An adventurous bookseller had ventured to print a considerable edition of a work by the Reverend Charles Drelincourt, minister of the Calvinist Church in Paris, and translated by M. D'Assigny, under the title of the "Christian's Defence against the Fear of Death, with several directions how to prepare ourselves to die well." But however certain the prospect of death, it is not so agreeable (unfortunately) as to invite the eager contemplation of the public; and Drelincourt's book, being neglected, lay a dead stock on the hands of the publisher. In this emergency, he applied to De Foe to assist him, (by dint of such means as were then, as well as now, pretty well understood in the literary world,) in rescuing the unfortunate book from the literary death to which general neglect seemed about to consign it.

De Foe's genius and audacity devised a plan, which, for assurance and ingenuity, defied even the powers of Mr. Puff in the *Critic;* for who but himself would have thought of summoning up a ghost from the grave to bear witness in favour of a halting body of divinity? There is a matter-of-fact, business-like style in the whole account of the transaction, which bespeaks ineffable powers of self-possession. The narrative is drawn up "by a gentleman, a *Justice of Peace* at Maidstone, in Kent, a very intelligent person." And, moreover, "the discourse is attested by a very sober and understanding gentlewoman, who lives in Canterbury, within a few doors of the house in which Mrs. Bargrave lives." The Justice believes his kinswoman to be of so discerning a spirit, as not to be put upon by any fallacy—and the kinswoman positively assures the Justice, "that the whole matter, as it is related and laid down, is really true, and what she herself heard, as near as may be, from Mrs. Bargrave's own mouth, who, she knows, had no reason to invent or publish such a story, or any design to forge and tell a lie, being a woman of so much honesty and virtue, and her whole life a course, as it were, of piety." Skepticism itself could not resist this triple court of evidence so artfully combined, the Justice attesting for the discerning spirit of the sober and understanding gentlewoman his kinswoman, and his kinswoman becoming bail for the veracity of Mrs. Bargrave. And here, gentle reader, admire the simplicity of those days. Had Mrs. Veal's visit to her friend happened in our time, the conductors of the daily press would have given the word, and seven gentlemen unto the said press belonging, would, with an obedient start, have made off for Kingston, for Canterbury, for Dover,—for Kamtschatka if necessary,—to pose the Justice, cross-examine Mrs. Bargrave, confront the sober and understanding kinswoman, and dig Mrs. Veal up from her grave, rather than not get to the bottom of the story. But in our time we doubt and scrutinize; our ancestors wondered and believed.

Before the story is commenced, the understanding gentlewoman, (not the Justice of Peace,) who is the reporter, takes some pains to repel the objections made against the story by some of the friends of Mrs. Veal's brother, who consider the marvel as an aspersion on their family, and do what they can to laugh it out of countenance. Indeed, it is allowed with admirable impartiality, that Mr. Veal is too much of a gentleman to suppose Mrs. Bargrave in

vented the story—scandal itself could scarce have supposed that—although one notorious liar, who is chastised towards the conclusion of the story, ventures to throw out such an insinuation. No reasonable or respectable person, however, could be found to countenance the suspicion, and Mr. Veal himself opined that Mrs. Bargrave had been driven crazy by a cruel husband, and dreamed the whole story of the apparition. Now all this is sufficiently artful. To have vouched the fact as universally known, and believed by every one, *nem. con.*, would not have been half so satisfactory to a skeptic as so allow fairly that the narrative had been impugned, and hint at the character of one of those skeptics, and the motives of another, as sufficient to account for their want of belief. Now to the fact itself.

Mrs. Bargrave and Mrs. Veal had been friends in youth, and had protested their attachment should last as long as they lived; but when Mrs. Veal's brother obtained an office in the customs at Dover, some cessation of their intimacy ensued, "though without any positive quarrel." Mrs. Bargrave had removed to Canterbury, and was residing in a house of her own, when she was suddenly interrupted by a visit from Mrs. Veal, as she was sitting in deep contemplation of certain distresses of her own. The visiter was in a riding habit, and announced herself as prepared for a distant journey, (which seems to intimate that spirits have a considerable distance to go before they arrive at their appointed station, and that the females at least put on a *habit* for the occasion.) The spirit, for such was the seeming Mrs. Veal, continued to wave the ceremony of salutation, both in going and coming, which will remind the reader of a ghostly lover's reply to his mistress in the fine old Scottish ballad:

> Why should I come within thy bower?
> I am no earthly man;
> And should I kiss thy rosey lips,
> Thy days would not be lang.

They then began to talk in the homely style of middle-aged ladies, and Mrs. Veal proses concerning the conversations they had formerly held, and the books they had read together. Her very recent experience probably led Mrs. Veal to talk of death, and the books written on the subject, and she pronounced, *ex cathedra*, as a dead person was best entitled to do, that "Drelincourt's book on death was the best book on the subject ever written." She also mentioned Dr. Sherlock, two Dutch books which had been translated, and several others; but Drelincourt, she said, had the clearest notions of death and the future state of any who had handled that subject. She then asked for the work, [we marvel the edition and impress had not been mentioned,] and lectured on it with great eloquence and affection. Dr. Kenrick's *Ascetick* was also mentioned with approbation by this critical spectre [the Doctor's work was no doubt a tenant of the shelf in some favourite publisher's shop;] and Mr. Norris's *Poem on Friendship*, a work which, I doubt, though honoured with a ghost's approbation, we may now seek for as vainly as Correlli tormented his memory to recover the sonata which the devil played to him in a dream. Presently after, from former habits we may suppose, the guest desires a cup of tea; but, bethinking herself of her new character, escapes from her own proposal by recollecting that Mr. Bargrave was in the habit of breaking his wife's china. It would have been indeed strangely out of character if the spirit had launched, or breakfasted upon tea and toast. Such a consummation would have sounded as ridiculous as if the statue of the Commander in *Don Juan* had not only accepted of the invitation of the libertine to supper, but had also committed a beef-steak to his flinty jaws and stomach of adamant. A little more conversation ensued of a less serious nature, and tending to show that even the passage from life to death leaves the female anxiety about person and dress somewhat alive. The ghost asked Mrs. Bargrave whether she did not think her very much altered, and Mrs. Bargrave of course complimented her on her good looks. Mrs. Bargrave also admired the gown which Mrs. Veal wore, and as a mark of her perfectly restored confidence, the spirit led her into the important secret that it was a *scoured silk*, and lately made up. She informed her also of another secret, namely, that one Mr. Bretton had allowed her ten pounds a-year; and, lastly, she requested that Mrs. Bargrave would write to her brother, and tell him how to distribute her mourning rings, and mentioned there was a purse of gold in her cabinet. She expressed some wish to see Mrs. Bargrave's daughter: but when that good lady went to the next door to seek her, she found on her return the guest leaving the house. She had got without the door, in the street, in the face of the beast market, on a Saturday, which is market day, and stood ready to part. She said she must be going, as she had to call upon her cousin Watson, (this appears to be a *gratis dictum* on the part of the ghost,) and maintaining the character of mortality to the last, she quietly turned the corner, and walked out of sight.

Then came the news of Mrs. Veal's having died the day before at noon. Says Mrs. Bargrave, "I am sure she was with me on Saturday almost two hours." And in comes Captain Watson, and says Mrs. Veal was certainly dead. And then come all the pieces of evidence, and especially the striped silk gown. Then Mrs. Watson cried out, "You have seen her indeed, for none knew but Mrs. Veal and I that that gown was scoured;" and she cried that the gown was described exactly, for, said she, "I helped her to make it up." And next we have the silly attempts made to discredit the history. Even Mr. Veal, her brother, was obliged to allow that the gold was found, but with a difference, and pretended it was not found in a cabinet, but elsewhere; and, in short, we have all the gossip of *says I*, and *thinks I*, and *says she*, and *thinks she*, which disputed matters usually excite in a country town.

When we have thus turned the tale, the seam without, it may be thought too ridiculous to have attracted notice. But whoever will read it as told by De Foe himself, will agree that, could the thing have happened in reality, so it would have been told. The sobering the whole supernatural visit into the language of middle or low life, gives it an air of probability even in its absurdity. The ghost of an exciseman's housekeeper, and a seamstress, were not to converse like Brutus with his Evil Genius. And the circumstances of scoured silks, broken tea-china, and such like, while they are the natural topics of such persons' conversation, would, one might have thought, be the last which an inventor would have introduced into a pretended narrative betwixt the dead and living. In short, the whole is so distinctly circumstantial, that, were it not for the impossibility, or extreme improbability at least, of such an occurrence, the evidence could not but support the story.

The effect was most wonderful. *Drelincourt upon Death*, attested by one who could speak from experience, took an unequalled run. The copies had hung on the bookseller's hands as heavy as a pile of lead bullets. They now traversed the town in every direction, like the same balls discharged from a field-piece. In short, the object of Mrs. Veal's apparition was perfectly attained.

The air of writing with all the plausibility of truth must, in almost every case, have its own peculiar value; as we admire the paintings of some Flemish artists, where, though the subjects drawn are mean and disagreeable, and such as in nature we would not wish to study or look close upon, yet the skill with which they are represented by the painter gives an interest to the imitation upon canvass which the original entirely wants. But, on the other hand, when the power of exact and circumstantial delineation is applied to objects, which we are anxiously desirous to see in their proper shape and colours, we have a double source of pleasure both in the art of the painter, and in the interest which we take in the subject represented. Thus the style of probability with which De Foe invested his narratives, was perhaps ill bestowed, or rather wasted, upon some of the works which he thought proper to produce, and cannot recommend to us the subject of *Colonel*

Jack and *Moll Flanders*; but, on the other hand, the same talent throws an air of truth about the delightful history of *Robinson Crusoe*, which we never could have believed it possible to have united with so extraordinary a situation as is assigned to the hero. All the usual scaffolding and machinery employed in composing fictitious history are carefully discarded. The early incidents of the tale, which in ordinary works of invention are usually thrown out as pegs to hang the conclusion upon, are in this work only touched upon, and suffered to drop out of sight. Robinson, for example, never hears any thing more of his elder brother, who enters Lockhart's Dragoons in the beginning of the work, and who, in any common romance, would certainly have appeared before the conclusion. We lose sight at once and for ever of the interesting Xury; and the whole earlier adventures of our voyager vanish, not to be recalled to our recollection by the subsequent course of the story. His father—the good old merchant of Hull—all the other persons who have been originally active in the drama—vanish from the scene, and appear not again. This is not the case in the ordinary romance, where the author, however luxuriant his invention, does not willingly quit possession of the creatures of his imagination, till they have rendered him some services upon the scene; whereas in common life, it rarely happens that our early acquaintances exercise much influence upon the fortunes of our future life.

Our friend Robinson, thereafter, in the course of his roving and restless life, is at length thrown upon his Desert Island, a situation in which, existing as a solitary being, he became an example of what the unassisted energies of an individual of the human race can perform; and the author has, with wonderful exactness, described him as acting and thinking precisely as such a man must have thought and acted in such an extraordinary situation.

Pathos is not De Foe's general characteristic; he had too little delicacy of mind; when it comes, it comes uncalled, and is created by the circumstances, not sought for by the author. The excess, for instance, of the natural longing for human society which Crusoe manifests while on board of the stranded Spanish vessel, by falling into a sort of agony, as he repeated the words, "O, that but one man had been saved!—Oh, that there had been but one!" is in the highest degree pathetic. The agonizing reflections of the solitary, when he is in danger of being driven to sea, in his rash attempt to circumnavigate his island, are also affecting.

In like manner we may remark, that De Foe's genius did not approach the grand or terrific. The battles, which he is fond of describing, are told with the indifference of an old bucanier, and probably in the very way in which he may have heard them recited by the actors. His goblins, too, are generally a common-place sort of spirits, that bring with them very little of supernatural terror; and yet the fine incident of the print of the naked foot on the sand, with *Robinson Crusoe's* terrors in consequence, never fail to leave a powerful impression upon the reader.

The supposed situation of his hero was particularly favourable to the circumstantial style of De Foe. *Robinson Crusoe* was placed in a condition where it was natural that the slightest event should make an impression on him; and De Foe was not an author who would leave the slightest event untold. When he mentions that two shoes were driven ashore, and adds, that they were not neighbours, we feel it an incident of importance to the poor solitary.,

The assistance which De Foe derived from Selkirk's history, seems of a very meagre kind. It is not certain that he was obliged to the real merit of Juan Fernandez even for the original hint; for the putting mutineers or turbulent characters on shore upon solitary places, was a practice so general among the bucaniers, that there was a particular name for the punishment; it was called *marooning* a man. De Foe borrowed, perhaps, from the account of Woodes Rogers, the circumstance of the two huts, the abundance of goats, the clothing made out of their skins; and the turnips of Alexander Selkirk may have perhaps suggested the corn of Robinson Crusoe. Even these incidents, however, are so wrought up and heightened, and so much is added to make them interesting, that the bare circumstances occurring elsewhere, cannot be said to infringe upon the author's claim to originality. On the whole, indeed, Robinson Crusoe is put to so many more trials of ingenuity, his comforts are so much increased, his solitude is so much diversified, and his account of his thoughts and occupations so distinctly traced, that the course of the work embraces a far wider circle of investigation into human nature, than could be derived from that of Selkirk, who, for want of the tools and conveniences supplied to Crusoe by the wreck, relapses into a sort of savage state, which could have afforded little scope for delineation. It may, however, be observed, that De Foe may have known so much of Selkirk's history, as to be aware how much his stormy passions were checked and tamed by his long course of solitude, and that, from being a kind of Will Atkins, a brawling dissolute seaman, he became (which was certainly the case) a grave, sober, reflective man. The manner in which Robinson Crusoe's moral sense and religious feeling are awakened and brought into action, are important passages in the work.*

Amid these desultory remarks, it may be noticed, that, through all his romances, De Foe has made a great deal of the narrative depend upon lucky hits and accidents, which, as he is usually at some pains to explain, ought rather to be termed providential occurrences. This is coupled with a belief in spiritual communication in the way of strong internal suggestions, to which De Foe, as we have seen, was himself sufficiently willing to yield belief. Odd and surprising accidents do, indeed, frequently occur in human life; and when we hear them narrated, we are interested in them, not only from the natural tendency of the human mind towards the extraordinary and wonderful, but also because we have some disposition to receive as truths circumstances, which, from their improbability, do not seem likely to be invented. It is the kind of good fortune, too, which every one wishes to himself, which comes without exertion, and just at the moment it is wanted; so that it gives a sort of pleasure to be reminded of the possibility of its arrival even in fiction.

The continuation of *Robinson Crusoe's* history, after he obtains the society of his man Friday, is less philosophical than that which turns our thoughts upon the efforts which a solitary individual may make for extending his own comforts in the melancholy situation in which he is placed, and upon the natural reflections suggested by the progress of his own mind. The character of Friday is nevertheless extremely pleasing; and the whole subsequent history of the shipwrecked Spaniards, and the pirate vessel, is highly interesting. Here certainly the Memoirs of *Robinson Crusoe* ought to have stopped. The Second Part, though containing many passages which display the author's genius, does not rise high in character above the *Memoirs of Captain Singleton*, or the other imaginary voyages of the author.

There scarce exists a work so popular as *Robinson Crusoe*. It is read eagerly by young people; and there is hardly an elf so devoid of imagination, as not to have supposed for himself a solitary island in which he could act *Robinson Crusoe*, were it but in the corner of the nursery. To many it has given the decided turn of their lives, by sending them to sea. For the young mind is much less struck with the hardships of the anchorite's situation than with the animating exertions which he makes to overcome them; and *Robinson Crusoe* produces the same impression upon an adventurous spirit, which the *Book of Martyrs* would do on a young devotee,

* We should say more on this subject, were it not that Mr. Howel, of Edinburgh, a person every way qualified for the task has collected several particulars concerning the history of Selkirk the prototype of Robinson Crusoe, which he designs shortly to lay before the public.

or the *Newgate Calendar* upon an acolyte of Bridewell; both of which students are less terrified by the horrible manner in which the tale terminates, than animated by sympathy with the saints or depredators who are the heroes of their volume. Neither does a re-perusal of *Robinson Crusoe*, at a more advanced age, diminish our early impressions. The situation is such as every man may make his own, and, being possible in itself, is, by the exquisite art of the narrator, rendered as probable as it is interesting. It has the merit, too, of that species of accurate painting which can be looked at again and again with new pleasure.

Neither has the admiration of the work been confined to England, though Robinson Crusoe himself, with his rough good sense, his prejudices, and his obstinate determination not to sink under evils which can be surpassed by exertion, forms no bad specimen of the True-Born Englishman. The rage for imitating a work so popular seems to have risen to a degree of frenzy; and, by a mistake not peculiar to this particular class of the *servum pecus*, the imitators did not attempt to apply De Foe's manner of managing the narrative to some situation of a different kind, but seized upon and caricatured the principal incidents of the shipwrecked mariner and the solitary Island. It is computed that within forty years from the appearance of the original work, no less than forty-one different *Robinsons* appeared, besides fifteen other imitations, in which other titles were used. Finally, though perhaps it is no great recommendation, the anti-social philosopher Rousseau will allow no other book than *Robinson Crusoe* in the hands of Emilius. Upon the whole, the work is as unlikely to lose its celebrity as it is to be equalled in its peculiar character by any other of similar excellence.

APPENDIX.

NO. I.

SOME ACCOUNT OF ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

WOODES ROGERS, who relieved Selkirk from his solitude, was commodore of a commercial expedition round the world, which sailed February, 1709, and returned to Britain 1711. A project for the re-settlement of the Bahama Islands having been submitted to Mr. Addison (then secretary of state) in 1717, the measure was determined on, and Rogers was appointed to head the expedition. He died governor of those islands in 1732. The following is the account he gives of his meeting, off the island Juan Fernandez, with Alexander Selkirk:—

"On February 1st, 1709, we came before the island of Juan Fernandez, having had a good observation the day before, and found our latitude to be 34 degrees 10 minutes south. In the afternoon, we hoisted out our pinnace; and Captain Dover, with the boat's crew, went in her to go ashore, though we could not be less than four leagues off. As soon as the pinnace was gone, I went on board the Duchess, who admired our boat attempting going ashore at that distance from land. It was against my inclination: but to oblige Captain Dover, I let her go. As soon as it was dark, we saw a light ashore. Our boat was then about a league off the island, and born away for the ships as soon as she saw the lights. We put our lights abroad for the boat, though some were of opinion, the lights we saw were our boat's lights; but, as night came on, it appeared too large for that. We fired our quarter-deck gun and several muskets, showing lights in our mizen and fore shrouds, that our boats might find us whilst we were in the lee of the island: About two in the morning our boat came on board, having been two hours on board the Duchess, that took them up astern of us; we were glad they got well off, because it began to blow. We were all convinced the light was on the shore, and designed to make our ships ready to engage, believing them to be French ships at anchor, and we must either fight them, or want water. All this stir and apprehension arose, as we afterwards found, from one poor naked man, who passed in our imagination, at present, for a Spanish garrison, a body of Frenchmen, or a crew of pirates. While we were under these apprehensions, we stood on the back side of the island, in order to fall in with the southerly wind, till we were passed the island; and then we came back to it again, and ran close aboard the land that begins to make the north-east side.

"We still continued to reason upon this matter; and it is in a manner incredible, what strange potions many of our people entertained from the sight of the fire upon the island. It served, however, to show people's tempers and spirits; and we were able to give a tolerable guess how our men would behave, in case there really were any enemies upon the island. The flaws came heavy off the shore, and we were forced to reef our topsails when we opened the middle bay, where we expected to have found our enemy; but saw all clear, and no ships, nor in the other bay near the north-east end. These two bays are all that ships ride in, which recruit on this island; but the middle bay is by much the best. We guessed there had been ships there, but that they were gone on sight of us. We sent our yawl ashore about noon, with Captain Dover, Mr. Fry, and six men, all armed: Meanwhile we and the Duchess kept turning to get in, and such heavy flaws came off the land, that we were forced to let go our topsail sheet, keeping all hands to stand by our sails, for fear of the winds carrying them away: But when the flaws were gone, we had little or no wind. These flaws proceeded from the land, which is very high in the middle of the island. Our boat did not return; we sent our pinnace with the men armed to see what was the occasion of the yawl's stay; for we were afraid that the Spaniards had a garrison there, and might have seized them. We put out a signal for our boat, and the Duchess showed a French ensign. Immediately our pinnace returned from the shore, and brought abundance of cray-fish, with a man clothed in goat's skins, who looked wilder than the first owners of them. He had been on the island four years and four months, being left there by Captain Stradling in the Cinque-ports; his name was ALEXANDER SELKIRK, a Scotchman, who had been master of the Cinque-ports, a ship that came here last with Captain Dampier, who told me, that this was the best man in her. I immediately agreed with him to be a mate on board our ship: It was he that made the fire last night when he saw our ships, which he judged to be English. During his stay here he saw several ships pass by, but only two came to anchor. As he went to view them, he found them to be Spaniards, and retired from them, upon which they shot at him: Had they been French he would have submitted; but chose to risk his dying alone on the island, rather than fall into the hands of Spaniards in these parts; because he apprehended they would murder him, or make a slave of him in the mines; for he found they would spare no stranger, that might be capable of discovering the South Seas.

"The Spaniards had landed, before he knew what they were; and they came so near him, that he had much ado to escape; for they not only shot at him, but pursued him to the woods, where he climbed to the top of a tree, at the foot of which they came to water, and killed several goats just by, but went off again without discovering him. He told us that he was born in Scotland, and was bred a sailor from his youth. The reason of his being left here, was a difference between him and his captain; which, together with the ship's being leaky, made him willing rather to stay here, than go along with him at first; but when he was at last willing to go, the captain would not receive him. He had been at the island before, to wood and water, when two of the ship's company were left upon it for six months, till the ship returned, being chased thence by two French South Sea ships. He had with him his clothes and bedding, with a firelock, some powder, bullets, and tobacco, a hatchet, a knife, a kettle, a Bible, some practical pieces, and his mathematical instruments and books. He diverted and provided for himself as well as he could; but for the first eight months, had much ado to bear up against melancholy, and the terror of being left alone in such a desolate place. He built two huts with pimento trees, covered them with long grass, and lined them with the skins of goats, which he killed with his gun, as he wanted, so long as his powder lasted, which was but a pound; and that being almost spent, he got fire by rubbing two sticks of pimento wood together upon his knee. In the lesser hut, at some distance from the other, he dressed his victuals; and in the larger he slept, and employed himself in reading, singing psalms, and praying; so that he said, he was a better Christian, while in this solitude, than ever he was before, or than, he was afraid, he should ever be again.

"At first he never ate anything till hunger constrained him, partly for grief, and partly for want of bread and salt: Nor did he go to bed, till he could watch no longer; the pimento wood, which burnt very clear, served him both for fire and candle, and refreshed him with its fragrant smell. He might have had fish enough, but would not eat them for want of salt, because they occasioned a looseness, except cray-fish, which are as large as our lobsters, and very good: These he sometimes boiled, and at other times broiled; as he did his goats' flesh, of which he made very good broth, for they are not so rank as ours. He kept an account of 500 that he killed while there, and caught as many more, which he marked on the ear, and let go. When his powder failed, he took them by speed of foot; for his way of living, continual exercise of walking and running, cleared him of all gross humours; so that he ran with wonderful swiftness through the woods, and up the rocks and hills, as we perceived when we employed him to catch goats for us: We had a bull dog, which we sent with several of our nimblest runners, to help him in catching goats; but he distanced and tired both the dog and the men, caught the goats, and brought them to us on his back.

"He told us, that his agility it pursuing a goat had once like to have cost him his life; he pursued it with so much eagerness, that he catched hold of it on the brink of a precipice, of which he was not aware, the bushes hiding it from him; so that he fell with the goat down the precipice, a great height, and was so stunned and bruised with the fall, that he narrowly escaped with his life; and, when he came to his senses, found the goat dead under him: He lay there about twenty-four hours, and was scarce able to crawl to his hut, which was about a mile distant, or to stir abroad again in ten days.

"He came at last to relish his meat well enough without salt or bread; and, in the season, had plenty of good turnips, which had been sowed there by Captain Dampier's men, and have now overspread some acres of ground. He had enough of good cabbage from the cabbage-trees, and seasoned his meat with the fruit of the pimento-trees, which is the same as Jamaica pepper, and smells deliciously. He found also a black pepper, called Malageta, which was very good to expel wind, and against griping in the guts.

"He soon wore out all his shoes and clothes by running in the woods; and, at last, being forced to shift without them, his feet became so hard, that he ran everywhere without difficulty; and it

was some time before he could wear shoes after we found him; for, not being used to any so long, his feet swelled, when he came first to wear them again.

"After he had conquered his melancholy, he diverted himself sometimes with cutting his name on the trees, and the time of his being left, and continuance there. He was at first much pestered with cats and rats, that bred in great numbers, from some of each species which had got ashore from ships that put in there to wood and water. The rats gnawed his feet and clothes whilst asleep, which obliged him to cherish the cats with his goat's flesh, by which many of them became so tame, that they would lie about him in hundreds, and soon delivered him from the rats. He likewise tamed some kids; and, to divert himself, would, now and then, sing and dance with them, and his cats: So that by the favour of Providence, and vigour of his youth, being now but thirty years old, he came, at last, to conquer all the inconveniences of his solitude, and to be very easy.

"When his clothes were worn out, he made himself a coat and a cap of goat-skins, which he stitched together with little thongs of the same, that he cut with his knife. He had no other needle but a nail; and when his knife was worn to the back, he made others, as well as he could, of some iron hoops that were left ashore, which he beat thin and ground upon stones. Having some linen-cloth by him, he sewed him some shirts with a nail, and stitched them with the worsted of his old stockings, which he pulled out on purpose. He had his last shirt on when we found him in the island.

"At his first coming on board us, he had so much forgot his language, for want of use, that we could scarce understand him; for he seemed to speak his words by halves. We offered him a dram; but he would not touch it, having drank nothing but water since his being there; and it was some time before he could relish our victuals. He could give us an account of no other product of the island than what we have mentioned, except some black plums, which are very good, but hard to come at; the trees which bear them growing on high mountains and rocks. Pimento trees are plenty here; and we saw some of sixty feet high, and about two yards thick; and cotton trees higher, and near four fathoms round in the stock. The climate is so good, that the trees and grass are verdant all the year round. The winter lasts no longer than June and July, and is not then severe, there being only a small frost, and a little hail; but sometimes great rains. The heat of the summer is equally moderate; and there is not much thunder, or tempestuous weather of any sort. He saw no venomous or savage creature on the island; nor any sort of beasts but goats, the first of which had been put ashore here on purpose for a breed, by Juan Fernandez, a Spaniard, who settled there with some families, till the continent of Chili began to submit to the Spaniards; which, being more profitable, tempted them to quit this island, capable, however, of maintaining a good number of people, and being made so strong, that they could not be easily dislodged from thence."

We are indebted for the following additional particulars, respecting the life and fate of this singular character, to the research of the late A. Gibson Hunter, Esq. of Balskelly, in Scotland: who, we believe, was in possession of his will, and some other curious relics. Through this gentleman we learn, that Selkirk was born at Largo in Fife, in the year 1676, where he possessed some trifling landed property. When young, he manifested a violent and turbulent disposition, which was not probably improved during his buccaneering trips, but received a sudden and permanent check by his solitary confinement on this desolate island. He went mate with Captain Stradling, in the Cinque-ports, on a trading voyage round the world, in 1704. In the course of which, a difference arising betwixt him and his captain, the causes of which must now remain for ever unexplained, Selkirk, with all the hardihood of the seaman's character, desired to be landed on the island of Fernandez. Here he remained in perfect solitude, existing, as he has described himself, until discovered by Captain Rogers. Selkirk died on board a king's ship, the Weymouth, of which he was mate, in 1723; leaving his effects, by will, to sundry "loving female friends," with whom he had contracted intimacies in the course of his peregrinations. His chest, his gun, and his drinking cup, the last made of a cocoa nut shell, are, or were till lately, the property of his descendants at Largo.

NO. II.

A true Relation of the Apparition of one Mrs. Veal, the next day after her death, to one Mrs. Bargrave, at Canterbury, the eighth of September, 1705, which Apparition recommends the perusal of Drelincourt's Book of Consolations against the fears of Death.

THE PREFACE.—This relation is matter of fact, and attended with such circumstances as may induce any reasonable man to believe it. It was sent by a gentleman, a Justice of Peace at Maidstone in Kent, and a very intelligent person, to his friend in London, as it is here worded; which discourse is attested by a very sober and understanding gentlewoman, a kinswoman of the said gentleman's, who lives in Canterbury, within a few doors of the house in which the within-named Mrs. Bargrave lives; who believes his kinswoman to be of so discerning a spirit, as not to be put upon by any fallacy; and who positively assured him that the whole matter, as it is related and laid down, is really true, and what she herself had in the same words, (as near as may be,) from Mrs. Bargrave's own mouth, who she knows had no reason to invent and publish such a story, or any design to forge and tell a lie; being a woman of much honesty and virtue, and her whole life a course as it were of piety. The use which we ought to make of it is, to consider, that there is a life to come after this, and a just God, who will retribute to every one according to the deeds done in the body; and therefore to reflect upon our past course of life we have led in the world; that our time is short and uncertain; and that, if we would escape the punishment of the ungodly, and receive the reward of the righteous, which is the laying hold of eternal life, we ought for the time to come, to return to God by a speedy repentance, ceasing to do evil, and learning to do well, to seek after God early, if haply he may be found of us, and lead such lives for the future, as may be well-pleasing in his sight.

A RELATION OF THE APPARITION OF MRS. VEAL.

This thing is so rare in all its circumstances, and on so good authority, that my reading and conversation has not given me any thing like it. It is fit to gratify the most ingenious and serious inquirer. Mrs. Bargrave is the person to whom Mrs. Veal appeared after her death; she is my intimate friend, and I can avouch for her reputation, for those last fifteen or sixteen years, on my own knowledge; and I can confirm the good character she had from her youth to the time of my acquaintance. Though since this relation, she is calumniated by some people that are friends to the brother of Mrs. Veal, who appeared; who think the relation of this appearance to be a reflection, and endeavour what they can to blast Mrs. Bargrave's reputation, and to laugh the story out of countenance. But by the circumstances thereof, and the cheerful disposition of Mrs. Bargrave, notwithstanding the ill usage of a very wicked husband, there is not yet the least sign of dejection in her face; nor did I ever hear her let fall a desponding or murmuring expression; nay, not when actually under her husband's barbarity, which I have been a witness to, and several other persons of undoubted reputation.

Now, you must know Mrs. Veal was a maiden gentlewoman of about thirty years of age, and for some years last past had been troubled with fits, which were perceived coming on her by her going off from her discourse very abruptly to some impertinence. She was maintained by an only brother, and kept his house in Dover. She was a very pious woman, and her brother a very sober man, to all appearance; but now he does all he can to null and quash the story. Mrs. Veal was intimately acquainted with Mrs. Bargrave from her childhood. Mrs. Veal's circumstances were then mean; her father did not take care of his children as he ought, so that they were exposed to hardships. And Mrs. Bargrave in those days had as unkind a father, though she wanted neither for food nor clothing, while Mrs. Veal wanted for both; insomuch that she would often say, "Mrs. Bargrave, you are not only the best, but the only, friend I have in the world; and no circumstance of life shall ever dissolve my friendship." They would often condole each other's adverse fortunes, and read together Drelincourt upon Death, and other good books; and so, like two Christian friends, they comforted each other under their sorrow.

Some time after, Mr. Veal's friends got him a place in the Custom House, at Dover, which occasioned Mrs. Veal, by little and little, to fall off from her intimacy with Mrs. Bargrave, though there was never any such thing as a quarrel; but an indifference came on by degrees, till at last Mrs. Bargrave had not seen her in two years and a half, though above a twelvemonth of the time Mrs. Bargrave hath been absent from Dover, and this last half year, has been in Canterbury about two months of the time, dwelling in a house of her own.

In this house, on the eighth of September, one thousand seven hundred and five, she was sitting alone in the forenoon, thinking over her unfortunate life, and arguing herself into a due resignation to Providence, though her condition seemed hard: "And," said she, "I have been provided for hitherto, and doubt not but I shall be still; and am well satisfied that my afflictions shall end when it is most fit for me." And then took up her sewing-work, which she had no sooner done, but she hears a knocking at the door; she went to see who was there, and this proved to be Mrs. Veal, her old friend, who was in a riding habit: At that moment of time, the clock struck twelve at noon.

"Madam," says Mrs. Bargrave, "I am surprised to see you, you have been so long a stranger;" but told her she was glad to see her, and offered to salute her, which Mrs. Veal complied with, till their lips almost touched, and then Mrs. Veal drew her hand across her own eyes, and said, "I am not very well," and so waved it. She told Mrs. Bargrave she was going a journey, and had a great mind to see her first. "But," says Mrs. Bargrave, "how can you take a journey alone? I am amazed at it, because I know you have a fond brother."—"Oh," says Mrs. Veal, "I gave my brother the slip, and came away, because I had so great a desire to see you before I took my journey." So Mrs. Bargrave went in with her into another room within the first, and Mrs. Veal sat her down in an elbow chair, in which Mrs. Bargrave was sitting when she heard Mrs. Veal knock. "Then," says Mrs. Veal, "my dear friend, I am come to renew our old friendship again, and beg your pardon for my breach of it; and if you can forgive me, you are the best of women."—"Oh," says Mrs. Bargrave, "do not mention such a thing; I have not had an uneasy thought about it; I can easily forgive it."—"What did you think of me?" said Mrs. Veal. Says Mrs. Bargrave, "I thought you were like the rest of the world, and that prosperity had made you forget yourself and me." Then Mrs. Veal reminded Mrs. Bargrave of the many friendly offices she did her in former days, and much of the conversation they had with each other in the times of their adversity; what books they read, and what comfort in particular they received from Drelincourt's Book of Death, which was the best, she said, on the subject ever wrote. She also mentioned Doctor Sherlock, and two Dutch books, which were translated, wrote upon death, and several others. But Drelincourt, she said, had the clearest notions of death, and of the future state, of any who had handled that subject. Then she asked Mrs. Bargrave whether she had Drelincourt? She said, "Yes." Says Mrs. Veal, "Fetch it." And so Mrs. Bargrave goes up stairs, and brings it down. Says Mrs. Veal, "Dear Mrs. Bargrave, if the eyes of our faith were as open as the eyes of our body, we should see

numbers of angels about us for our guard. The notions we have of Heaven now, are nothing like what it is, as Drelincourt says; therefore be comforted under your afflictions, and believe that the Almighty has a particular regard to you, and that your afflictions are marks of God's favour; and when they have done the business they are sent for, they shall be removed from you. And believe me, my dear friend, believe what I say to you, one minute of future happiness will infinitely reward you for all your sufferings. For I can never believe (and claps her hand upon her knee with great earnestness, which, indeed, ran through most of her discourse) that ever God will suffer you to spend all your days in this afflicted state. But be assured that your afflictions shall leave you, or you them, in a short time." She spake in that pathetical and heavenly manner, that Mrs. Bargrave wept several times, she was so deeply affected with it.

Then Mrs. Veal mentioned Dr. Kenrick's *Ascetick*, at the end of which he gives an account of the lives of the primitive Christians. Their pattern she recommended to our imitation, and said, "Their conversation was not like this of our age. For now," says she, "there is nothing but vain frothy discourse, which is far different from theirs. Theirs was to edification, and to build one another up in faith, so that they were not as we are, nor are we as they were. But," said she, "we ought to do as they did; there was a hearty friendship between them; but where is it now to be found?" Says Mrs. Bargrave, "It is hard indeed to find a true friend in those days." Says Mrs. Veal, "Mr. Norris has a fine copy of verses, called Friendship in Perfection, which I wonderfully admire. Have you seen the book?" says Mrs. Veal. "No," says Mrs. Bargrave; "but I have the verses of my own writing out."—"Have you?" says Mrs. Veal; "then fetch them;" which she did from above stairs, and offered them to Mrs. Veal to read, who refused, and waved the thing, saying, "holding down her head would make it ache;" and then desiring Mrs. Bargrave to read them to her, which she did. As they were admiring Friendship, Mrs. Veal said, "Dear Mrs. Bargrave, I shall love you for ever." In these verses there is twice used the word "Elysian."—"Ah!" says Mrs. Veal, "those poets have such names for Heaven!" She would often draw her hand across her own eyes and say, "Mrs. Bargrave, do not you think I am mightily impaired by my fits?" "No," says Mrs. Bargrave, "I think you look as well as ever I knew you."

After this discourse, which the apparition put in much finer words than Mrs. Bargrave said she could pretend to, and as much more than she can remember, (for it cannot be thought that an hour and three quarter's conversation could all be retained, though the main of it she thinks she does,) she said to Mrs. Bargrave she would have her write a letter to her brother, and tell him she would have him give rings to such and such; and that there was a purse of gold in her cabinet, and that she would have two broad pieces given to her cousin Watson.

Talking at this rate, Mrs. Bargrave thought that a fit was coming upon her, and so placed herself on a chair just before her knees, to keep her from falling to the ground, if her fits should occasion it; for the elbow chair, she thought, would keep her from falling on either side. And to divert Mrs. Veal, as she thought, took hold of her gown sleeve several times, and commended it. Mrs. Veal told her it was a scoured silk, and newly made up. But for all this, Mrs. Veal persisted in her request, and told Mrs. Bargrave she must not deny her. And she would have her tell her brother all their conversation when she had opportunity. "Dear Mrs. Veal," says Mrs. Bargrave, "this seems so impertinent, that I cannot tell how to comply with it; and what a mortifying story will our conversation be to a young gentleman! Why," says Mrs. Bargrave, it is much better, methinks, to do it yourself."—"No," says Mrs. Veal, "though it seems impertinent to you now, you will see more reasons for it hereafter." Mrs. Bargrave, then, to satisfy her importunity, was going to fetch a pen and ink, but Mrs. Veal said, "Let it alone now, but do it when I am gone; but you must be sure to do it;" which was one of the last things she enjoined her at parting, and so she promised her.

Then Mrs. Veal asked for Mrs. Bargrave's daughter; she said she was not at home; but if you have a mind to see her," says Mrs. Bargrave, "I'll send for her."—"Do," says Mrs. Veal; on which she left her, and went to a neighbour's to see her; and by the time Mrs. Bargrave was returning, Mrs. Veal was got without the door, in the street, in the face of the beast-market, on a Saturday, (which is market day,) and stood ready to part as soon as Mrs. Bargrave came to her. She asked her why she was in such haste. She said she must be going, though perhaps she might not go her journey till Monday; and told Mrs. Bargrave she hoped she should see her again at her cousin Watson's, before she went whither she was going. Then she said, she would take her leave of her, and walked from Mrs. Bargrave, in her view, till a turning interrupted the sight of her, which was three quarters after one in the afternoon.

Mrs. Veal died the 7th of September, at twelve o'clock at noon, of her fits, and had not above four hours' senses before her death, in which time she received the sacrament. The next day after Mrs. Veal's appearance, being Sunday, Mrs. Bargrave was mightily indisposed with a cold and a sore throat, that she could not go out that day; but on Monday morning she sends a person to Captain Watson's, to know if Mrs. Veal was there. They wondered at Mrs. Bargrave's inquiry, and sent her word she was not there, nor was expected. At this answer, Mrs. Bargrave told the maid she had certainly mistook the name, or made some blunder. And though she was ill, she put on her hood, and went herself to Captain Watson's, though she knew none of the family, to see if Mrs. Veal was there or not. They said they wondered at her asking, for that she had not been in town; they were sure if she had, she would have been there. Says Mrs. Bargrave, "I am sure she was with me on Saturday almost two hours." They said it was impossible, for they must have seen her if she had. In comes Captain Watson, while they were in dispute, and said that Mrs. Veal was certainly dead, and the executioners were making. This strangely surprised Mrs. Bargrave, when she sent to the person immediately who had the care of them, and found it true. Then she related the whole story to Captain Watson's family; and what gown she had on, and how striped; and that Mrs. Veal told her it was scoured. Then Mrs. Watson cried out, "You have been her indeed, for none knew, but Mrs. Veal and myself, that the gown was scoured." And Mrs. Watson owned that she described the gown exactly; "for," said she, "I helped her to make it up." This Mrs. Watson blazed all about the town, and avouched the demonstration of the truth of Mrs. Bargrave's seeing Mrs. Veal's apparition. And Captain Watson carried two gentlemen immediately to Mrs. Bargrave's house, to hear the relation from her own mouth. And when it spread so fast, that gentlemen, and persons of quality, the judicious and skeptical part of the world, flocked in upon her, it at last became such a task, that she was forced to go out of the way; for they were in general extremely satisfied of the truth of the thing, and plainly saw that Mrs. Bargrave was no hypochondriack, for she always appeared with such a cheerful air, and pleasing mien, that she has gained the favour and esteem of all the country; and it is thought a great favour if they can but get the relation from her own mouth. I should have told you before, that Mrs. Veal told Mrs. Bargrave that her sister and brother-in-law were just come down from London to sale her. Says Mrs. Bargrave, "how came you to order matters so strangely?"—"It could not be helped," said Mrs. Veal. And her brother and sister did come to see her, and entered the town of Dover just as Mrs. Veal was expiring. Mrs. Bargrave asked her whether she would drink some tea. Says Mrs. Veal, "I do not care if I do; but I'll warrant you this mad fellow (meaning Mrs. Bargrave's husband) has broke all your trinkets."—"But," says Mrs. Bargrave, "I'll get something to drink in for all that;" but Mrs. Veal waved it, and said, "It is no matter; let it alone:" and so it passed.

All the time I sat with Mrs. Bargrave, which was some hours, she recollected fresh sayings of Mrs. Veal. And one material thing more she told Mrs. Bargrave, that old Mr. Bretton allowed Mrs. Veal ten pounds a-year, which was a secret, and unknown to Mrs. Bargrave till Mrs. Veal told her.

Mrs. Bargrave never varies in her story, which puzzles those who doubt of the truth, or are unwilling to believe it. A servant in the neighbour's yard adjoining to Mrs. Bargrave's house heard her talking to somebody an hour of the time Mrs. Veal was with her. Mrs. Bargrave went out to her next neighbour's the very moment she parted with Mrs. Veal, and told her what a ravishing conversation she had with an old friend; and told the whole of it. Drelincourt's Book of Death is, since this happened, bought up strangely. And it is to be observed, that, notwithstanding all the trouble and fatigue Mrs. Bargrave has undergone upon this account, she never took the value of a farthing, nor suffered her daughter to take any thing, of any body, and therefore can have no interest in telling the story.

But Mr. Veal does what he can to stifle the matter, and said he would see Mrs. Bargrave; but yet it is certain matter of fact that he has been at Captain Watson's since the death of his sister, and yet never went near Mrs. Bargrave; and some of his friends report her to be a liar, and that she knew of Mr. Bretton's ten pounds a-year. But the person who pretends to say so, has the reputation to be a notorious liar among persons whom I know to be of undoubted credit. Now, Mr. Veal is more of a gentleman than to say she lies; but says a bad husband has cozened her; and she needs only present herself, and it will effectually confute that pretence. Mr. Veal says he asked his sister on her death-bed whether she had a mind to dispose of any thing? And she said no. Now, the things which Mrs. Veal's apparition wished have disposed of, were so trifling, and nothing of injustice attended in the disposal, that the design of it appears to me to be taken in order to make Mrs. Bargrave so to demonstrate the truth of her appearance, as to satisfy the world of the reality thereof, as to what she had seen and heard; and to secure her reputation against the reasonable and understanding part of mankind. And then again Mr. Veal owns that there was a purse of gold; but it was not found in her cabinet, but in a comb-box. This looks improbable, for that Mrs. Watson owned that Mrs. Veal was so very careful of the key of her cabinet that she would trust nobody with it; and if so, no doubt she would not trust her gold out of it. And Mrs. Veal's often drawing her hands over her eyes, and asking Mrs. Bargrave whether her fits had not impaired her, looks to me, as if she did it on purpose to remind Mrs. Bargrave of her fits, to prepare her not to think it strange that she should put her upon writing to her brother, to dispose of rings and gold, which looked so much like a dying person's request; and it took accordingly with Mrs. Bargrave as the effect of her fits coming upon her, and was one of the many instances of her wonderful love to her and care of her, that she should not be affrighted, which, indeed, appears in her whole management, particularly in her coming to her in the day time, waving the salutation, and when she was alone; and then the manner of her parting, to prevent a second attempt to salute her.

Now, why Mr. Veal should think this relation a reflection, (as it is plain he does by his endeavouring to stifle it,) I cannot imagine; because the generality believe her to be a great spirit, her discourse was so heavenly. Her two good errands were, to chastise Mrs. Bargrave in her affliction, and to ask her forgiveness for her breach of friendship, and with a pious discourse to encourage her. So that after all, to suppose that Mrs. Bargrave could hatch such an invention as this from Friday noon till Saturday noon, (supposing that she knew of Mrs. Veal's death the very first moment,) without jumbling circumstances, and without any interest too; she must be more witty, fortunate, and wicked too, than any indifferent person. I dare say, will allow. I asked Mrs. Bargrave several times if she was sure she felt the gown? She answered modestly, "If my senses be to be relied on, I am sure of it." I asked her if she heard a sound when she clapped her hands upon her knee? She said she did not remember she did, but said she appeared to be as much a substance as I did who talked with her. "And I may," said she, "be as soon persuaded that your apparition is talking to me now, as that I did not really see her; for I was under no manner of fear, and received her as a friend, and

parted with her as such. I would not," says she, "give one farthing to make any one believe it; I have no interest in it; nothing but trouble is entailed upon me for a long time, for aught I know; and had it not come to light by accident, it would never have been made public." But now she says she will make her own private use of it, and keep herself out of the way as much as she can; and so she has done since. She says she had a gentleman who came thirty miles to her to hear the relation; and that she had told it to a room-full of people at the time. Several particular gentlemen have had the story from Mrs. Bargrave's own mouth.

This thing has very much affected me, and I am as well satisfied as I am of the best grounded matter of fact. And why we should dispute matter of fact, because we cannot solve things of which we can have no certain or demonstrative notions, seems strange to me; Mrs. Bargrave's authority and sincerity alone would have been undoubted in any other case.

CHARACTER OF THE LATE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH AND QUEENSBERRY.

Published in the Edinburgh Journal, soon after the melancholy event to which it refers.

It is so lately as the year 1812, that Scotland was deprived of one of the best patriots and most worthy men to whom she ever gave birth, by the death of Henry, Duke of Buccleuch, who was succeeded in his rank and titles by his eldest son, whom also his country has now lost. To fill the place of his excellent father was a task of no small difficulty, for there never lived a man in a situation of distinction so generally beloved, so universally praised, and so little detracted from, or censured. The unbounded generosity of Duke Henry, his public munificence, his suavity of disposition, the sound and excellent sense, enlightened patriotism, and high spirit of honour which united in that excellent person, rendered him the darling of all ranks, and his name was never mentioned without praises by the rich, and benedictions by the poor. The general sorrow of all classes at the news of his death, the unfeigned tears which were shed at his funeral, cannot yet be forgotten.

Bred up under such a father, and a mother worthy of him, and living with those excellent parents in the strictest ties of mutual affection, the late Duke came to the honours and estates with the anxious wish to tread in his father's paths, and to follow the same course of public patriotism and private benevolence, in which he had so eminent an example before him. His country and friends might, to all human appearance, have promised themselves long to enjoy the benefits arising from such dispositions in a person so eminent. He was in the prime of life, of a constitution strong to outward appearance, and seasoned by constant exercise, both on foot and horseback—he was the father of a promising family—the husband of one whom it was impossible to know without loving, or even to look upon without admiring. All seemed to promise a course of life long and happy, as that which his father had just closed. But it has pleased God to show us upon what a slight foundation all earthly prospects rest. Some symptoms of delicate health had already displayed themselves in 1814; but, in the succeeding year, the Duke, in the loss of his excellent partner, sustained a wound from the effects of which he never recovered. "Come to me as soon as you can," was his affecting expression to a friend, "and do not fear the excess of my grief—you will find me as much composed as I shall be for the remainder of my life." And he was so—from a desire that the grief of the dearest objects of his affection might not be augmented by witnessing his. It was also the dying request and admonition of the object whom he lamented, that he would not suffer his regret for her to convert his house into a house of mourning; and while she blamed herself at the same time for indulging long and deep affliction for the death of their eldest son, she implored him not to fall into the same error. He promised, and kept his word. But the early and continued exertions which he made, from a high sense of duty, to suppress his sorrow, had an unfavourable influence upon his own health, which became gradually more and more impaired, until the late catastrophe. The few years during which he possessed his high situation, and the comparative retirement which his state of health required, have combined to render the character of the late Duke less correctly and generally known than that of his father, who filled for so many years a conspicuous part in the public eye. We therefore insert, as a tribute to his memory, the following particulars, which are derived from an authentic source.

The late Duke so far differed from his father, Duke Henry, that his temper was more quick, and, for the moment, more easily susceptible of resentment, when undeserved injury was offered to him, or an ungrateful return made to his favours. He had perceived, with indignation, that his father's kindness did not uniformly meet with a suitable return; and he placed, or rather desired to place, (for he sometimes forgot the restriction,) the noble and generous disposition which he derived from him, under the regulation of reciprocal justice. He was, upon principle, an enemy to that species of beneficence which has its source as much in negligence as in philanthropy, and gives, merely because it is painful to withhold. His first anxiety in every case was to discover what the party with whom he transacted had a right to expect; his next was not only to render him his full due, but to make those additions to it which his own bountiful nature suggested. In a settlement of accounts which had become somewhat perplexed by the illness and death of an ancient friend of the family, the Duke first employed himself in minutely ascertaining the amount of the balance due to him, which was considerable, and then, by a stroke of his pen, carried a similar sum to the credit of the family of his deceased friend. The accuracy he thought was due to himself, the liberality to the memory of a most excellent man, long attached to his family. As no man's heart was ever so readily opened by an appearance of attachment and kindness, the Duke never, on the other hand, permitted his sense of indifferent usage to hurry him into vindictive measures. At the close of a contested election, in which the usual subjects of irritation had occurred, his first expression was, that "every thing was now to be forgotten, excepting the services of his friends." Owing to the same sense of justice, we know it has happened more than once, that when applied to for his influence with government to grant pensions in cases of private distress, the Duke declined to recommend the imposition of such burden on the public, and himself made good the necessary provision. His acts of well-considered and deliberate generosity were not confined to the poor, properly so termed, but sought out and relieved the less endurable wants of those who had seen better days, and had been thrown into indigence by accidental misfortune; nor were they who received the relief always able to trace the source from whence it flowed.

As a public man, the Duke of Buccleuch was, like his father, sincerely attached to the principles of Mr Pitt, which he supported on every occasion with spirit and energy, but without virulence or prejudice against those who held different sentiments. He was of opinion that honour, loyalty, and good faith, although old-fashioned words, expressed more happily the duties of a man of rank than the newer denominations which have sometimes been substituted for them. He was a patriot in the noblest sense of the word, holding that the country had a right to the last acre of his estates, and the last drop of his blood; a debt which he prepared seriously to render to her, when there was an expectation that the country would be invaded. While Lord Dalkeith, he sat in the House of Commons: we are not aware that he spoke above once or twice in either House of Parliament; but as president of public meetings he often expressed himself with an ease, spirit, and felicity, which left little doubt that his success would have been considerable in the senate. His Grace was for many years Colonel of the Dumfries-

shire regiment of militia, the duties of which situation he performed with the greatest regularity, showing a turn for military affairs, as well as an attachment to them, which would have raised him high in the profession, had his situation permitted him to adopt it. That it would have been his choice was undoubted, for the military art, both in theory and in practical detail, formed his favourite study.

The management of the Duke's very extensive estates was conducted on the plan recommended by his father's experience, and which is peculiarly calculated to avoid the evil of rack-renting, which has been fraught with such misfortune to Scotland, and to secure the permanent interest both of tenant and landlord. No tenants on the Buccleuch estate, who continued worthy of patronage, were ever deprived of their farms, and scarce any have voluntarily relinquished the possession of them. To improve his large property by building, by plantations of great extent, by every encouragement to agriculture, was at once his Grace's most serious employment, and his principal amusement. The estate of Queensberry, to which he succeeded, although worth from 30,000*l.* to 40,000*l.* yearly, afforded to the Duke, owing to well-known circumstances, scarce the sixth part of the lesser sum. Yet he not only repaired the magnificent Castle of Drumlanrig, but accomplished, during the few years he possessed it, the restoration, with very large additions, of those extensive plantations, which had been laid waste during the life of the last proprietor. We have reason to think, that the Duke expended, on this single estate, in repairing the injuries which it had sustained, not less than eight times the income he derived from it. He was an enthusiastic planter, and personally understood the quality and proper treatment of forest timber. For two or three years past, his Grace extended his attention to the breed of cattle, and other agricultural experiments—a pleasure which succeeded in some degree to that of field sports, to which, while in full health, he was much addicted. Such were the principal objects of the Duke's expense, with the addition of that of a household suitable to his dignity; and what effect such an expenditure must have produced upon the country, may be conjectured by the following circumstance:—In the year 1817, when the poor stood so much in need of employment, a friend asked the Duke why his Grace did not propose to go to London in the spring? By way of answer, the Duke showed him a list of day labourers, then employed in improvements on his different estates, the number of whom, exclusive of his regular establishment, amounted to *nine hundred and forty-seven persons.* If we allow to each labourer two persons whose support depended on his wages, the Duke was in a manner foregoing, during this severe year, the privilege of his rank, in order to provide with more convenience for a little army of nearly three thousand persons, many of whom must otherwise have found it difficult to obtain subsistence. The result of such conduct is twice blessed, both in the means which it employs, and in the end which it attains in the general improvement of the country. This anecdote forms a good answer to those theorists who pretend that the residence of great proprietors on their estates is a matter of indifference to the inhabitants of that district. Had the Duke been residing and spending his revenue elsewhere, one half of these poor people would have wanted employment and food; and would probably have been little comforted by any metaphysical arguments upon population, which could have been presented to their investigation.

In his domestic relations, as a husband, a son, a brother, and a father, no rank of life could exhibit a pattern of tenderness and affection superior to that of the Duke of Buccleuch. He seemed only to live for his family and his friends, and those who witnessed his domestic happiness can alone estimate the extent of the present deprivation. He was a kind and generous master to his numerous household, and was rewarded by their sincere attachment.

In the sincerity and steadiness of his friendship, he was unrivalled. His intimacies, whether formed in early days, or during his military life, or on other occasions, he held so sacred, that, far from listening to any insinuations against an absent friend, he would not with patience hear him censured even for real faults. The Duke of Buccleuch also secured the most lasting attachment on the part of his intimates, by the value which he placed upon the sincerity of their regard. Upon one occasion, when the Duke had been much and justly irritated, an intimate friend took the freedom to use some expostulations with his Grace, pressed to the verge of urgency, on the extent to which he seemed to carry his resentment. The Duke's answer, which conceded the point in debate, began with these remarkable words:—"I have reason to thank God for many things, but *especially for having given me friends who will tell me truth.*" On the other hand, the Duke was not less capable of given advice, than willing to listen to it. He could enter with patience into the most minute details of matters far beneath his own sphere in life, and with strong, clear, unsophisticated good sense, never failed to point out the safest, most honourable, and best path to be pursued. Indeed, his accuracy of judgment was such, that even if a law-point were submitted to him, divested of its technicalities, the Duke generally took a view of it, founded upon the great principles of justice, which a professional person might have been benefited by listening to. The punctilious honour with which he fulfilled every promise, made the Duke of Buccleuch cautious in giving hopes to friends, or others, applying for his interest. Nor was he, though with such high right to attention, fond of making requests to administration. But a promise, or the shadow of a promise, was sacred to him; and though many instances might be quoted of his assistance having been given further than his pledge warranted an expectation, there never existed one in which it was not amply redeemed.

Well-educated, and with a powerful memory, the Duke of Buccleuch was both a lover and a judge of literature, and devoted to reading the time he could spare from his avocations. This was not so much as he desired; for the active superintendence of his own extensive affairs took up much of his time. As one article, he answered very many letters with his own hand, and never suffered above a post to pass over without a reply, even to those of little consequence; so that this single duty occupied very frequently two hours a-day. But his conversation often turned on literary subjects, and the zeal with which he preserved the ancient ruins and monuments which exist on his estates, showed his attachment to the history and antiquities of his country. In judging of literary composition, he employed that sort of criticism which arises rather from good taste and strong and acute perception of what was true or false, than from a vivacity of imagination. In this particular, his Grace would have formed no inadequate representative of the soundest and best educated part of the reading public, and an author might have formed from his opinion a very accurate conjecture how his work would be received by those whom every writer is most desirous to please. The Duke's own style in epistolary correspondence was easy, playful, and felicitous, or strong, succinct, and expressive, according to the nature of the subject.

In gayer hours, nothing could be so universally pleasing as the cheerfulness and high spirits of the Duke of Buccleuch. He bore his high rank (so embarrassing to some others) as easily and gracefully as he might have worn his sword. He himself seemed unconscious of its existence; the guests respected without fearing it. He possessed a lightness and playfulness of disposition, much humour, and a turn for raillery, which he had the singular tact to pursue just so far as it was perfectly inoffensive, but never to inflict a moment's confusion or pain. There are periods in each man's life which can never return again; and the friends of this illustrious person will long look back, with vain regret, on the delightful hours spent in his society.

In his intercourse with his neighbours, the Duke was frank, hospitable, and social, and ready upon all occasions to aid their views by forming plantations, by exchanging ground, or any similar point of accommodation and courtesy. To the public his purse was ever open, as appears from his Grace's liberal subscriptions to all works of splendour or utility.

We have one trait to add to this portrait—it is the last and the most important. As the Duke of Buccleuch held his high situation for the happiness of those around him, he did not forget by Whom it was committed to him. A portion of his private studies was always devoted to reading Scripture. Public worship was at all proper seasons performed in his family, and his own sense of devotion was humble, ardent and sincere. A devout believer in the truths of religion, he never, even in the gayest moment, permitted them to be treated with levity in his presence; and to attempt a jest on those subjects, was to incur his serious reproof and displeasure. He has gone to receive the reward of these virtues too early for a country which will severely feel his loss, for his afflicted family and his sorrowing friends, but not too soon for himself, since it was the unceasing labour of his life to improve to the utmost the large opportunities of benefiting mankind with which his situation invested him. Others of his rank might be more missed in the resorts of splendour and of gayety frequented by persons of distinction. But the peasant while he leans on his spade, age sinking to the grave in hopeless indigence, and youth struggling for the means of existence, will long miss the generous and powerful patron, whose aid was never asked in vain when the merit of the petitioner was unquestioned.

LORD SOMERVILLE.

From the Edinburgh Weekly Journal, Oct. 27, 1819.

Fate has, during the last twelve months, deprived the Scottish Peerage of some of its noblest names. The three Premier Peers, Dukes of Hamilton, Buccleuch, and Lennox, and the Earl of Errol, (eldest of the Scottish Earls,) have been successively removed from the scene. Of these, with the exception of the Duke of Hamilton, there were none whose age prepared their friends for the fatal change. The others were in the prime of life, or little past it; in mature manhood, fitted by experience for council, and not disqualified by age from active exertion. To this melancholy list we have now to add Lord Somerville's name, ranking among the most ancient of the Scottish Barons by right of birth, and entitled by every personal quality to the deep and affectionate regrets of his countrymen. The following particulars regarding this lamented nobleman have been communicated to us from good authority.

John, the fifteenth Lord Somerville, succeeded to his uncle in 1796. There were circumstances respecting his family property, which may be interesting to the general reader as well as the antiquary. The original source of the family was from a bold Baron of Somerville in Normandy, who followed the banner of William the Conqueror to the battle of Hastings. He was rewarded with ample lands, the remnant of which, comprehending Somerville-Aston, in Warwickshire, still considerable, though much dilapidated and encumbered with debt, descended to Somerville the poet, the friend of Shenstone, and the author of *The Chase*, &c. A younger brother of the warrior of Hastings, and who had also fought in that memorable battle, attended the Court of Malcolm Canmore, bearing a falcon on his arm, and had the fortune to become that Prince's Grand Falconer, and to obtain a grant of the lands of Linton in Roxburghshire, for some gallant exploit which tradition states to have been the slaying of a huge serpent, appealing for the truth of the tale to a very ancient monument, over a door of the parish church, on which there is certainly a beast engaged with an armed knight, though the shape of the animal resembles a wolf, or bear, more than a snake.

The Somervilles rose to eminence in Scotland, then sunk, and then again emerged into consequence; so that Lord Somerville's immediate ancestor, who retained a part of the ancient family patrimony, was a man of considerable wealth. At this time Somerville the poet was in distress for ready money, which the Scottish Lord Somerville advanced in sufficient quantity to remove his embarrassments; in consequence of which, and having no heirs of his own, Mr. Somerville settled on the Scottish and ennobled branch of his family, the ancient family estate of Somerville-Aston, in Warwickshire. And thus by a singular contingency, the estates of two families, whose ancestors were brothers during the reign of William the Conqueror, were united in the eighteenth century. Nay, what is yet more extraordinary, the chateau and dependencies of Somerville in Normandy were on sale about 1790, or thereabouts, and were nearly purchased by the subject of this Memoir. But the state of property in France was then becoming much disturbed, in consequence of the approaching revolution; and a wild report had arisen among the peasantry, that the English desired to make the Duke of York Duke of Normandy, and that the English barons, who had left that country in the suite of William the Conqueror, were to reclaim their estates there. The idea of purchasing the chateau of Somerville was therefore relinquished, otherwise Lord Somerville might have stood in the unique circumstance of representing his Norman, his English, and Scottish ancestor, by possessing some part of the inheritance of each of these lines.

Soon after his accession to the title, Lord Somerville was elected one of the sixteen representative Peers of Scotland, and sat in two successive Parliaments in that capacity. He was appointed President of the Board of Agriculture, an office which he filled for several years, with much honour to himself and eminent advantages to the objects of that institution. Before Lord Somerville succeeded to his title, he had already made himself remarkable by his zeal in agricultural pursuits, and indeed in every object which could promote the national welfare and general comfort of the people. He was early distinguished by the favour of his Sovereign, George III., or rather, if we may use the terms as distinct, by the friendship of that revered Prince.

His Majesty, shortly after Lord Somerville's succession to his title and estates, took an opportunity to let him know that he was not ignorant how his time had been employed. "The pursuits of agriculture," said the King, "particularly become an English gentleman, and I wish more of the British nobility displayed the same zeal for public improvement." Lord Somerville's appointment as one of the Lords of the Bed-chamber, followed in a few years. This office gave him immediate access to the person of his Monarch, and a congeniality of pursuits united them still more intimately; but although a courtier, Lord Somerville could not be termed, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, a politician. He returned with the most dutiful affection the regard of his Sovereign; he felt his duty as a member of the Legislature, and honoured and admired the British Constitution; but he kept aloof from political party, detested political intrigue, and never permitted difference of political opinion to interrupt the harmony of private society. When he served his friends,—and he was most anxious to forward the views of those whom he thought deserving,—he did it by his interest with those in power, not as a politician, but as a private friend; and as no man was more generally beloved, his influence of this kind was such as usually rendered his solicitations effectual, and many who now bewail his death, must add the tears of gratitude to those of friendly sorrow.

Lord Somerville's favourite studies were of an agricultural nature, and respected the growth of stock, the improvement of land, and the other objects of national economy. His skill, even in the minutiæ of these pursuits, was so remarkable, that a Lord of the Bed-chamber, and one of the best bred

men in Europe, was often chosen an arbiter by the professional graziers and butchers of Smithfield, to decide disputed questions concerning the weight and value of cattle. In fact, he had turned the full energy of an active and enterprising mind into this particular channel, and had obtained a proportional acquaintance with all the details of information concerned with it.

These favourite pursuits engaged Lord Somerville in the prosecution of various schemes, some of which proved eminently successful, while others terminated in failure. As the first, or one of the first, introducers of Merino sheep into Britain, his Lordship was eminently successful. On the other hand, an attempt which he made, at very considerable expense, to encourage fisheries upon the west coast of England, was totally the reverse. The same may be said of various publications, in which he threw out hints for national improvement in general, and for abridging and facilitating the labours of agriculture. It is proper to mention, that though his domestic establishment was always on a footing becoming his rank, and though he did not scruple to hazard considerable sums in such experiments as we have noticed, Lord Somerville was an excellent, though liberal economist: in this, acting upon a principle which he thought due to a just regard for his independence and rank in society.

But whatever difference of opinion may exist, concerning the wisdom or expediency of Lord Somerville's plans, the determined purity of his motives was never doubted. As an author, indeed, he had no ambition to be distinguished, further than by throwing together various and miscellaneous hints, suggested by his active mind and keen observation. And of his schemes it might be in general observed, that none terminated in any selfish prospect of advantage to himself, but that, on the contrary, they were always grounded upon views of general and national utility. The pains which Lord Somerville devoted to following out such objects, indicated a perseverance equal to his quickness of observation; and more than once he succeeded in realizing views, which at first sight seemed altogether fanciful. Even where he failed, his miscarriage was a caution to others, as a stranded vessel becomes a beacon to those who hold the same course. In these, the great pursuits of Lord Somerville's life, he may be well said to have deserved the gratitude of his country.

In taste, the subject of this Memoir was an admirer of vertu, and possessed a few good pictures, though he did not, we believe, purchase many. A painting of one of his ancestors, the Earl of Winton and his family, by Sir Antonio More, is one of the most curious old Scottish portraits existing. An ornamented edition of Somerville's *Chase*, was published, we believe, at Lord Somerville's expense, who also adorned with engravings a curious family history, compiled by one of his ancestors, which the author of this Memoir prepared for the press, at the request of his noble friend.

When the apprehension of foreign invasion and intestine discord called all to arms, Lord Somerville took his place in the general armament, as Major of the Somersetshire Yeomanry. There is an engraving of him in the uniform of the corps, which gives an accurate idea of his very handsome person and striking countenance.

In religion, Lord Somerville was an humble and devout Christian, regular in his attendance upon the duties of public worship, and sincere in the practice of his faith. His private virtues we cannot here delineate, without violating the delicacy which attended his conduct during life, and ought to follow him to his tomb. It is enough to say, that he was an affectionate brother, an easy master, an active and affectionate friend. Few men, indeed, have possessed a kinder and more benign spirit; and its influence extended not only through the social circle of friends and relatives who surrounded him, but diffused itself among his domestics, and even descended to the mute animals who were the companions and instruments of his amusements. A nature so susceptible of kindly emotions was, of course, liable to occasional irritability. But the flash of passion was as transitory as it was sudden; and if, in the course of its influence, he conceived himself to have injured the feelings of his meanest dependant, he was uneasy until he had in some way or other made atonement for the supposed offence.

In society, Lord Somerville's presence diffused a degree of general cheerfulness, and even happiness, which, perhaps, many men more learned, more witty, or more profound, would have in vain endeavoured to inspire. His mind had a general tincture of British literature; and he was, in particular, so well acquainted with the works of Shakspeare, that few men could either quote from him more aptly, or enjoy more keenly an allusion to his writings. But Lord Somerville had chiefly studied the great book of human life; and his conversation was full of anecdotes, both serious and humorous, which evinced the depth of his observation, and his knowledge of character.

These talents for conversation were regulated as well as adorned by his general disposition to please and to amuse. His good nature led him to search for, and his good sense to discover, the particular taste of his friends or his guests; and keenly interested as he usually was in the prosecution of some favourite scheme of his own, he was never so engrossed by it as to prevent his interesting himself in the pursuits of others. Lord Somerville's kindness seemed to give him the same prejudice in favour of the improvements or plans of his friends which self-love, in most instances, is apt to limit to one's own. He delighted to praise, not from a desire of increasing his popularity, or bespeaking favour with the parties interested in his eulogium, but from an honest and kindly feeling, which veiled the defects of his friends, and augmented their merits even in his own eyes. He uniformly brought cheerfulness with him into society, and left content and augmented happiness behind him.

Lord Somerville spent a considerable portion of his time in Scotland every year. The society in that country was some years ago, and still is, somewhat limited, by the exclusive prejudices of an ancient gentry in favour of their own rank. No man, in a rational degree, knew the value of ancient family and high birth better than Lord Somerville, and he was not indifferent to his own claims upon that account; but he endeavoured, on many occasions, and with eminent success, to unite the different ranks of society, without hurting the feelings of the lower, or compromising the dignity of the higher orders; and it was the usual consequence, that the latter departed instructed, the former honoured, and both gratified, from their mutual intercourse.

Lord Somerville's attachment to field sports was another cause of his frequent visits to his native country. His seat at the Pavilion near Melrose, to which are attached extensive salmon-fishings, particularly favourable for the use of the rod, afforded him great facilities in that respect. It may not be uninteresting to brothers of the angle to know, that Lord Somerville commenced this amusement, the noblest work, certainly, in which the fishing-rod can be exercised, rather late in life; he was reckoned a most able proficient, and, with the help of fine tackle, a light hand, and a sure eye, was often successful when the best fishers of the country would have despaired. A range of extensive moorland pasture in Lammermoor gave Lord Somerville the opportunity of moor-fowl shooting, an exercise which, from the wild regions into which it carries the sportsman, has much more interest than the tamer amusements of partridge and pheasant shooting. Among Lord Somerville's personal accomplishments, was the much coveted quality of being an excellent shot. We return to those by which he was distinguished in elegant society.

Lord Somerville's exterior and deportment were admirably qualified to render him the central point of such a society. To a handsome person and face, he added the most polished manners, uniting frankness, kindness, and courtesy, in such just proportion,

that it was impossible to say which quality predominated. He had the rare merit (only to be found in a Briton of high rank) of combining the knowledge of the agriculturist with the manners of the courtier; and, as has been said of Virgil in his Georgics, could treat even of the lowest agricultural topics without losing his dignity of character and situation. In these pursuits, as well as in the rural sports, which he followed keenly and successfully, he had frequent and familiar intercourse with the lower classes and peasantry, and most of them in the neighbourhood were known to him by person and name; yet his affability was so well qualified by dignity, that there occurred no instance of any one being seduced by it to exceed the bounds of due respect. His extensive and well-adjudged charities rendered him still dearer to the peasantry, and it was always with an especial view to their augmented comforts, that he shaped those various plans on which his mind was ever so actively employed.

Such was Lord Somerville. Distinguished in public life by patriotism, and an enlightened zeal for the improvement of the country to which he belonged, and dear to his numerous friends, from the warmth of his heart, and the amiable personal qualities which we have endeavoured to describe. These properties had doubtless their corresponding foibles, arising out of a sanguine temper and quick feelings. But these were of a nature so innocent, that, like a slight irregularity in a beautiful countenance, they rather gave individuality to the character than impaired its lustre. Although Lord Somerville's health had been early impaired by the consequences of a severe fall from a curricle, succeeded by some other accidents, it was, to external appearance, in a great measure restored, though his own internal sensations seemed to assure him of the contrary. Indeed, the weakness of constitution, which repeated accidents had brought on, made his habits somewhat those of a valetudinary. Yet as these were thrown aside upon excitation, (so that we have seen the individual, who did not willingly leave a public place in town without wrapping himself in a fur pelisse, throw himself into the Tweed at midnight, when the river was full of icicles, for the amusement of spearing salmon by torch-light,) his friends naturally thought that the precautions so readily dispensed with on particular occasions, were not strictly necessary, and hoped that, in the course of nature, they might have long enjoyed the happiness of his society. *Diis aliter visum!* And we may add, that it is no good omen of the times, otherwise gloomy, when those so well qualified by situation and talents to sustain the best interests of the country, are removed from us when their services might be most availing.

When the fatal period arrived, Lord Somerville was travelling towards Italy with his sister, Miss Somerville. He had taken leave of his native country, and of his neighbours, with a feeling of boding anxiety, which expressed itself in his solemn and affectionate farewell. Yet on his journey he was not in worse health than usual, until he reached Switzerland, where he was taken ill at Vevai, of a disease,—a species of dysentery, we believe,—from which he might possibly have recovered, had he had immediate medical assistance. But with his usual kindness, he had left his personal medical attendant behind him at Pontarlier, to take care of Sir William Harte, a countryman of distinction, whom he found extremely ill at that place. Thus deprived of the means of immediately checking the disorder, its symptoms soon proved mortal. He lingered a few days, possessed of his senses, reconciled to his fate, and endeavouring to soothe the sorrows of his sister, and of those around him. The presence of an English clergyman afforded him in his last moments the consolation of receiving the visible symbols of that religion which he had always sincerely professed.

On the 5th February, 1819, Lord Somerville expired, when, to grow an idea from a poet whom he read and relished, a warmer heart was never made cold by death.

KING GEORGE III.

From the Edinburgh Weekly Journal, Feb. 8, 1820.

Our last Journal acquainted our readers that our venerable Sovereign had closed his long and varied part in the mortal drama. Death has dropped the curtain on a reign of sixty years, the longest in the British annals, and the most marked with public events; and at the same time, a life spent in the most conscientious, virtuous, and self-denying efforts to perform the arduous duties of a monarch, has been closed in sickness, in sorrow, and in comparative obscurity. Were a voice from Heaven to proclaim aloud to us, that there is another and a better world, in which virtue may expect its assured reward, the testimony of a miracle could not impress the awful truth more deeply upon the mind than the life and death of George the Third. Our readers will forgive us, if, in recording this striking event, we forget for a space our character as Journalists in the more important duty of the moral teacher. A very brief review of the character of our late beloved Sovereign, though long in reference to our limits, is all we are enabled to give. We trust to perform it with the veneration due to the memory of the dead, and, at the same time, with the truth and sincerity which the living have a right to expect from us.

George the Third was the first of his family who could be termed a British Monarch; for his father, grandfather, and great grandfather, were foreigners both in language and manners; and, without its being possible to impute blame to them for a predilection so natural, the two former loved their German hereditary dominions better than they did the more powerful and wealthy kingdoms, which fortune, and the misconduct of the Stuarts, had called them to govern. Accordingly, the accession of our late Sovereign in 1760 was hailed by most of his subjects as the commencement of a new dynasty of kings, Britain's genuine offspring. The *morgue germanique* the military pedantry and awkward formality which characterized the court of George the Second, gave way, under the young Sovereign, to manners and an etiquette of a more easy nature, which better fitted the genius of a free and high-spirited people. Even the caustic Walpole has recorded favourably the impression made upon him by the change. "I was surprised," says he, "to find the levee room had lost so entirely the air of the lion's den. This Sovereign don't stand with his eyes fixed royally on the ground, and dropping bits of German news: he walks about, and speaks to every body. I saw him afterwards on the throne, where he is graceful and genteel, sits with dignity, and reads his answers to addresses well." Of his Majesty's personal appearance and demeanour, we need only add to the testimony of this acute observer, that George the Third continued till the close of the active part of his reign, to be distinguished by his graceful and dignified elocution in public. The rapture of the celebrated Quin, who had been his tutor, broke out upon the first royal speech from the throne, in the familiar exclamation, "I taught the boy to speak!" In private conversation, George the Third's manner was too much hurried to be graceful; but his desire to please and oblige was seconded by a memory tenacious in a most flattering degree, of all the minute particulars which could interest those who had been once introduced to him. Of the King's person, it is only necessary to say, it indicated more of muscular strength than of grace; and with his features, his whole subjects are well acquainted; for not only the most ordinary prints, but even the effigies on his coin, however deplorable in other respects, have not failed to preserve a striking likeness of the royal original. We return to the impression made by the King's accession.

A short acquaintance with the new sovereign showed that morals, as well as courtesy, had ascended the throne with him. His early marriage with the late Queen, by a happy union of temper and of virtues on both sides, made the royal house-

hold a model of domestic affection. The pleasures of the Monarch were simple as they were innocent. Without doors, they were limited to the chase, and to the improvement of his farm; the first of which afforded a healthy exercise, and the second a profitable example to his subjects. At home, he filled up the few intervals which the laborious duties of his station left him, with music, (the only one of the fine arts to which he was powerfully attached,) with mechanical pursuits and scientific experiments, and with the collecting, improving, and arranging that most valuable library, which the munificence of his Royal Successor graciously bestowed on the public. George III. might be termed a bibliographer rather than a student, yet he read a good deal also, and rather for improvement than amusement. The King's habits were temperate even to abstemiousness, and his chief delight was in the conversation of his own family, and a very few of the nobles about his person, who were most devotedly attached to him. Among those who held that distinction, John Duke of Roxburghe was particularly distinguished. He was, as is well known, a bibliomaniac, like his Majesty. Each was the happy possessor of a copy of Caxton's Book of Troye; but the King examined his own with such accuracy, as enabled him to prove to demonstration, that though both copies were of the same edition, that in the Royal Library must have been more early thrown off than the Duke's, because a leaf in the former was what is technically called locked,* an error which had been discerned and corrected in the Duke's copy. So that his Majesty triumphed that his own copy of the first book (we believe) of the English press was also the earliest printed.

Mechanics were also a favourite study of the King, who used to amuse himself with the construction of optical and other philosophical instruments. It will give an idea of his good nature to mention, that his Majesty had bespoken a complicated instrument from the celebrated Ramsden, and had directed the artist, who was not so much renowned for punctuality as for talents, to have it ready against a particular day. When at length it was sent home, the only notice which the King took of the want of punctuality, was by telling the optician, good humouredly, that "he had observed the day of the week and month accurately, he had only forgotten the year."

Yet, with all the pretensions to popularity afforded by a life devoted to duty, and relieved only by such innocent amusements, George the Third, at the commencement of his reign, and for a long period after, was by no means popular. His character was respected, and his merits appreciated, by those who approached his person; but he was not a favourite of the people at large, to whom his merits were only known by report.

One of his first acts of royalty was to call to his administration a nobleman who had been his own tutor; a person of worth and honour, a patron of literature and the arts, but not possessing political talents comparable to those of the celebrated Earl of Chatham, whom he succeeded in power. That daring minister had engaged the country, for no very adequate cause, in a bloody war with France, whom Britain had humbled in every part of the globe. The new minister made a peace so much inferior to the high-blown expectations of the country, that it seemed he had wilfully thrown away the advantages which had been gained so dearly; and the King's support of this unfortunate nobleman gave the utmost dissatisfaction to the country, and led the way to a spirit of mobbish license, which in British history had never been so directly levelled against the person of the monarch.

This cause of discontent, skilfully kept up by demagogues, did not by any means subside at the dismissal of the obnoxious servant of the crown. The breach between the King and his favourite is now well known to have been absolute, from the dissolution of the ministry; they never afterwards saw each other, except in public, and then in the most formal manner, insomuch, that we are aware of Lord Bute having expressed with some vehemence his sense of the King's harshness, when his Majesty, on an occasion when his lordship appeared at court, did not even ask after the health of his lady, which was then in a precarious condition. Whether the King thought that Lord Bute had too early given way to the popular clamour, and in some degree deserted him, by giving in his resignation before it was required by the royal mandate, we do not pretend to decide. One thing is certain, that if his Majesty's breach with his late favourite had been made so total with the purpose of disarming the obloquy attending the connexion, (which we do not believe to have been the case,) the intended consequence was not attained. For several years afterwards, the watchword for discontent was, that ministers actually in office were merely puppets, and all was managed by Lord Bute behind the curtain. Such assertions served long to excite factious clamours against the King; while the ex-minister, with more reason, complained of the inexorable displeasure, which did not permit his Majesty to use even ordinary civility towards his early and faithful servant.

The disputes with the colonies, and the war which ensued, kept up and encouraged the spirit of public disaffection. This unhappy war might have a great colour of justice in theory; but in practice it was so ill conducted, and on the whole was so very impolitic, that all will now allow we had better have manumitted the Americans on their first exhibiting symptoms of discontent. But it is no less clear, that the King, in honour and conscience, deemed himself obliged to carry on the unhappy struggle to the very last; and being in a remarkable degree the *justus et tenax propositi* of the moral poet, he would not consent to the dismemberment of his dominions until necessity absolutely compelled him to that sacrifice. His speech to Adams, envoy from the American States, after the peace, was singularly expressive of his character. The ambassador naturally felt that the first interview betwixt him and his late sovereign must be unpleasant; when the King at once relieved him of his painful feelings, by saying to him, with the utmost frankness, "Mr. Adams, I was the last man to consent to the peace with America; but that peace being made, I will be the first in my dominions to oppose any attempts which may be made to disturb its conditions." Still the people of Britain only saw that an unsuccessful war had been carried on with pertinacity, until it was concluded by a peace, which was only short of being disgraceful; and remembering the victories of Chatham's administration under George the Second, were in proportion discontented with the ministers and measures, and even with the person, of their present Sovereign.

It might have been thought that the personal character of the monarch would have alleviated the strong censure arising from public misfortunes. But candour must admit, that, with the advantages which we have mentioned, George the Third laboured under some disadvantages, which for a long time obscured his highly estimable qualities. Notwithstanding what we have said of his personal qualities, his education had been narrow and confined in an unusual degree, and no adequate pains had been taken either to form his external manners, or to cultivate his mind in classical or polite literature. The King felt these wants, and in the earlier part of his reign was shy and reserved, admitting very few to his familiar society, and avoiding rather than courting the opportunities of appearing in public. The general voice of an opposition, distinguished for talents and for wit, accused the King of affecting the retired state of an eastern sultan, rather than the social dignity of a British monarch. The qualities which ought to have counterbalanced those impressions, the firmness and soundness of his judgment, the steadiness of his courage, the high principle upon which he regulated his conduct, the sacrifices of ease of amusement, of indulgence, even of health, which, with unostentatious perseverance,

* Such is the phrase when, by an error at press, the reverse has been printed on the side of the leaf which should have presented the obverse, so that page 32 precedes 31.

George III. offered up year after year to the regular discharge of his regal duties, were long in forcing their way to the public. But at length they made their due impression.

The first act of the King's life which obtained him the general expression of the people's gratitude, was his conduct during the riots in 1780. The then Lord Mayor of London, (a man of deep political research, like high civic authorities in the present day,) was so steady a friend to the right of petitioning parliament, that, instead of dispersing a body of 60,000 men, who had assembled to exercise this constitutional privilege, he suffered them to occupy the city, which they set on fire in twenty different places. The confusion was yet upon the increase, and the petitioners had already destroyed a million's worth of houses, goods, and furniture, before the constitutional sages could satisfy their scrupulous consciences, when or how government ought to exercise that important function for which, of all others, it is chiefly intended,—the protection, namely, of the peaceable subject in his life and property. The King cut the knot, by offering to march into the city at the head of his Guards, and, at every personal risk, to put down this disgraceful commotion. The common sense and manly spirit which dictated his decision, gave energy to the timid counsellors around him—London was saved—no one complained of the infringement of the right of petitioning—and we cannot observe that our liberties suffered much by the forcible dispersion of those who had assembled to exercise it in so tremendous a manner.

But the great burst of public feeling in favour of George the Third, took place at a period somewhat later, when the coalition was formed betwixt the parties of North and Fox; when these two leaders, who had long stood in such inveterate hostility to each other, joined their forces for the purpose of taking the cabinet by storm, and placing the King at their discretion. In this emergency, the King made an appeal, which might be termed a personal one, to the public opinion of the nation, in opposition to a parliamentary majority, obtained by a union of parties so incongruous. A sense of the real worth and unostentatious merits of the Monarch, had by degrees sunk into the minds of the middle classes of the people, (in whose voice, and neither in that of the highest, nor of the lowest orders, public opinion really lodges,) and now that their feelings also were interested in the behalf of the Sovereign, the King's cause was adopted by general acclamation; nor did he ever afterwards lose the firm hold which he then attained on the hearts of his subjects.

Scotland may boast that she took the lead of the sister country, in perceiving, and rewarding by her affection, the virtues of the Sovereign. This did not, however, arise either entirely from the moral character or the sagacity usually imputed to our countrymen; it sprung from honest gratitude, for the King had been a friend to Scotland. Much of the abuse levelled against George III. by Wilkes, Churchill, and others, accused him of partiality to the northern part of his dominions; and the imputation designed to irritate the English, served to attach their neighbours to the person of their prince. Besides, the gentleness and kindness of his disposition were well qualified to reclaim to their allegiance the adherents of the unhappy house of Stuart, who now found themselves objects rather of compassionate respect than of political hatred and persecution. The restoration of the forfeited estates completed the reconciliation of a bold and enthusiastic class of subjects with the reigning monarch; which was not the less perfect, that many, with an amiable inconsistency, retained in theory their old political tenets, and could not in conscience have taken the oath of allegiance to George the Third, while they would have spent in his defence the last drop of their blood.

These causes of the King's popularity were peculiar to those who dwelt "benorth the Roman Wall;" but that popularity soon became universal through Britain. It was in vain that the most indecent satire was directed against the harmless peculiarities of a manner and mode of expression, too precipitate to be graceful; and equally in vain that his private life and amusements were ransacked to serve the purposes of slander. It seemed as if men loved the King the better for knowing, that all which "much malice mingled with a little wit" could say against him, was exaggerated ridicule directed against trifling personal peculiarities, or the quiet pleasures of his inoffensive domestic life. His Majesty even gained by this rigorous examination: he was loved in proportion as he was known.

The King's virtuous and exemplary conduct as a parent and husband, his dislike of the pomp of attendance and apparatus of royalty, the quiet and innocent tenor of his amusements, the exemplary diligence and precision with which he despatched the load of public business attached to his functions, were qualities of English growth, and made him dear to the hearts of Englishmen. It became known, though the King studied to conceal it, that if a strict economy regulated the expenditure of his palace, at least a fifth part of the income assigned to his Majesty by the state, was devoted to public and private charity, with a munificence truly royal. It became known also, that if, in his solitary rambles around Windsor, his conversation with those whom he casually encountered was marked by his usual rapidity of inquiry, it was also distinguished by traits of benevolence and good nature, which might well atone for want of grace, or occasional departure from etiquette. In the most trifling instances, as well as in the most important, his Majesty's conduct towards those with whom he was placed in casual contact, was marked by that amiable *bon hommie* and wish to oblige, which indicated the most genuine good nature. He respected age, and he loved childhood. Many anecdotes have been given of his private walks in Windsor Forest. That which follows is trivial, but we know it to be correct; and it shows the kindly benevolence which wished to make every one happy. Two Eton boys were spending their holydays with a friend at Sunning-hill, and had wandered into the Forest, where they met a fresh-looking old gentleman in the Windsor uniform, who stopped them, and jestingly asked if they were playing truant. They gave an account of themselves, and said they had come to see the King's staghounds throw off. "The King does not hunt today," said the kind stranger, "but when he does, I will let you know; and you must not come to the ground by yourselves, lest you should meet with some accident." They parted; and two or three days after, while the family were at breakfast, one of the Royal Yeomanry-prickers rode up to the gate, to acquaint them that the King was waiting till he brought the two young gentlemen to a place of safety, where they might see the hounds thrown off: it is probable this little trait of overflowing good nature made two Royalists for life.

All these anecdotes got abroad, and all told to the King's advantage. Great bounties may be bestowed in policy, and striking occasions may be chosen to do generous actions out of vanity and ostentation; but the bounty and the kindness which marked the King's disposition in the calm tenor of his privacy, could not be assumed as a disguise, and were appreciated as the generous effusions of his excellent heart. Known popularly and familiarly by the name of *Farmer George*, the British people at once loved him as a father, respected him as their sovereign, and regarded even his peculiarities as something belonging to the character and humour of the nation, of whom he might be termed at once the king and the representative.

The deplorable circumstances of the malady with which he was seized, showed the regard of the subjects to their sovereign, and served to increase it by interesting their compassion in his behalf; and we are persuaded that, from the period of his recovery to that of his death, there never lived a monarch so firmly enthroned in the hearts of his subjects. His conduct during the stormy period which followed that event, served to rivet their affections to him firmly and indissolubly. His name was the rallying

word of patriotism and gallantry; and when Britons were called upon to fight for their all, it was the more willingly obeyed, because they were also to fight for their good old king. No human voice was more fit to call a nation to arms, for no man possessed more courage in his own person than George the Third. During the period when disaffected and misguided men were forming daily plots against his person and life, he could not be persuaded to adopt any of the precautions which were recommended by his anxious counsellors. "My life," he said, "assume what precautions I may, must always be in the power of every man desperate enough to throw away his own; and to appear apprehensive on the topic, would be to invite the attempt." When the danger was imminent, his courage was as steady as his understanding was correct in judging of it at a distance. Upon one occasion, when his Majesty was assaulted by a furious rabble in the Park, and the carriage-doors nearly forced open, he was not observed to change countenance, or to alter a single muscle; and when the maniac Hatfield fired a pistol at him in the theatre, he was, when the smoke cleared off, discovered standing in the front of the box, upright and unmoved, the only composed man in the crowded and convulsed assembly, and anxious only to prevent the Queen from being alarmed. This personal courage was the inalienable inheritance of the house of Brunswick, which is distinguished for a constitutional fearlessness of danger: the kind and generous affection with which it was united was his Majesty's own.

We have spoken of our lamented sovereign as a man; it remains to speak of him as a king. We do not at present pretend either to question or to defend the principles on which his foreign and domestic policy were conducted, further than in illustration of his personal character. In both the great and predominant events of his reign, he was guided by a sense of justice and of duty. In the American, and afterwards in the Revolutionary war, he was actuated by no pique against his neighbour, nor by any ambitious wish to extend his own dominions. The former was unfortunate from the commencement to the conclusion, and the latter was so during the whole period in which George the Third exercised the government. But it was never hinted that the King, in encouraging and supporting the ministers who carried on the one or the other, had any other object but that of maintaining the lawful rights of his crown, and of upholding the constitution of the country which he governed. Even the tongue of slander went no further than to charge him with an obstinate adherence to what it termed an extravagant opinion. And there was that firmness and hardihood in the King's mind which, even when things seemed most desperate, refused the unmanly expedient which sovereigns have sometimes resorted to, in casting off an unfortunate minister to shelter themselves from popular indignation, as a sultan causes the head of the grand-vizier to be thrown over the gates of the seraglio, to appease a mutiny among the Janizaries. In the situation of Charles the First, George the Third would never have abandoned the Earl of Strafford. The obnoxious Earl of Bute retreated from his post of premier, giving way to a storm, which he perhaps foresaw would be dangerous to his master as well as to himself. But he was not dismissed by the King, who seems rather to have resented than approved of his resignation.

Taking his full share of the responsibility of the actions of his ministers when censured, George III. was equally ready to ascribe to them the full measure of merit which they could justly claim, even when he did them this justice at his own expense. The following anecdote is a remarkable proof of what we have said. The Egyptian expedition was planned almost exclusively by the late Lord Melville, and did not receive a cordial assent even from Mr. Pitt himself. It was resolved upon in the council by the narrowest majority, and the Sovereign gave his written assent in words like the following: "I consent, with the utmost reluctance, to a measure, which seems to me calculated to peril the flower of my army upon a distant and hazardous expedition." Under such discouraging auspices that expedition was undertaken, which was the first in the lengthened war that served distinctly to show, that, whether the encounter be by land or sea, the Briton is more than a match for his enemies. On occasion of the King's breakfasting with Lord Melville at Wimbledon, during his retirement from office, in Lord Sidmouth's administration, he took a public and generous mode of acknowledging that minister's merit. He filled a glass of wine, and, having desired the Queen and company to follow his example, he drank "to the health of the minister, who, in opposition to the opinion of his colleagues, and under the avowed reluctance of his sovereign, dared to plan, and carry into execution, the Egyptian expedition."

The King's conduct towards the Coalition ministry, and afterwards to Fox and Grenville's administration, both of which were well understood to be forced upon him by parliament, in opposition to his own choice and wishes, was equally candid, open, and manly. He used no arts to circumvent or deceive the councillors whom he unwillingly received into the cabinet; nor did he, on the other hand, impede their measures by petty opposition. While they were ministers, he gave them the full power of their situation; not affecting, at the same time, to conceal, that they were not those whose assistance he would voluntarily have chosen.

It is very well known, that many of the distinguished statesmen, who were called upon these occasions to approach the King's person, were surprised to find that they had formed a false estimate of his character. They had repeated it so often, that they were themselves convinced that the King's firmness was but the pertinacity of an obstinate unpersuadable man, of small abilities and a contracted judgment. They found, on a nearer approach to the Sovereign, that it was the resolution of a man of strong intellectual capacity, a shrewd and excellent judge of mankind, well acquainted with the constitution of Great Britain, and yet better with the peculiar character of her inhabitants. "They may say what they will of the King," said a Scottish Whig, of great and deserved esteem in that party, "but he has more sense than the whole bunch of them."

Indeed, however inferior George the Third might be to many of the ministers whom the voice of Parliament had recommended, in theoretical or general information, he possessed in a degree far superior to most, perhaps to all of them, an accurate practical acquaintance with the temper and opinions of the people of Great Britain. "Charles Fox," said a lady of great sagacity, when speaking of that accomplished statesman, "is a very clever and highly-gifted man, but he has never discovered the great secret that John Bull is a Tory by nature." The King, however, had made this discovery. He knew that the sense of the kingdom could not be expressed by the mob, to whom the Whigs made too frequent appeals, and who swallow by wholesale whatever flatters their passions for the time; nor by the highest order of society, whom political connexions lead to form preconceived and unalterable opinions, or whom the eager pursuit of some favourite political scheme sometimes renders callous to the choice of the means by which it may be served; but by those numerous classes, whose education has prepared their minds for deciding on points which their leisure and habits give them opportunity and inclination to consider, and who, themselves unengaged in the game, can the more soundly judge of the manner in which it is played. The King was aware of the weight which his personal character gave him amongst that middling but independent portion of the community; and trusting to his influence amongst them, he watched for, and embraced, the opportunities, when he could make a successful appeal to their judgment and feelings. He availed himself, perhaps equally, of his natural tact, and of the experience which the miscarriages of the early part of his reign had taught him, to wait for the moment when the

popular gale shifted against an unacceptable ministry, to make this appeal; and he chose his time so judiciously, that he was always successful, because, like an able general, he never commenced the contest until he had gained the advantage-ground on which the struggle was to be made. The two remarkable changes of administration which followed on Fox's India Bill, and on the Catholic question, manifested the King's skill in this species of tactics.

We have purposely delayed to mention one marked feature in George the Third's character. We have endeavoured to show him in his private and in his public capacity; but it remains to mention his sentiments and conduct in that relation, in which the King of the Islands, and of the Ocean which surrounds them, was of no higher importance than one of his meanest subjects. His conduct as a Christian indicated the firmest belief in the doctrines of our holy religion, as well as the deepest reverence for its practical precepts. He was conscientiously scrupulous, even where the grounds of his scruples might seem questionable; and his dismissing the Fox and Grenville administration, on the subject of Catholic Emancipation, could not be wondered at, since he had parted with Pitt on the same grounds. In both cases, the nation gave him credit for the utmost sincerity; and many sympathized with his feelings, who doubted the solidity of the grounds on which they were awakened. His Majesty set, in his own conduct, as well as in the regulation of his family and household, the example of a sincere and pious Christian. His faith illustrated his conduct, and his conduct did credit to the doctrines which he received and defended.

Here, then, we pause, arrived by a circular path at the point from which we commenced. This monarch, so worthy of affection, so devoted to his people, so faithful in the discharge of every duty, so blameless in his private conduct, whose greatest errors were the fruits of the best intentions, opened his career amid a storm of turbulence and calumny, and closed it, virtually at least, amidst national calamity, amounting nearly to despair. He nailed the colours of Britain to the mast; but he was not rewarded by seeing them float triumphant over all her enemies! He reaped not in this world the reward of his firmness, his virtue, his enduring patriotism; but was stricken with mental alienation, while he wept, broken-hearted, over the bed of a beloved and amiable daughter, and died the secluded inhabitant of a private apartment, in darkness mental as well as bodily.

Deep, therefore, is our conviction, while comparing the life of George III. with its termination, that Heaven had destined for our beloved Sovereign a far richer reward, in the applause of his own conscience, while struggling with so many difficulties; and when these, with all the troubles of life, had disappeared, in the exchange of a temporal crown, entwined with thorns, for that glory which passeth not away.

LORD BYRON.

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Amidst the general calmness of the political atmosphere, we have been stunned, from another quarter, by one of those death-notes, which are pealed at intervals, as from an archangel's trumpet, to awaken the soul of a whole people at once. Lord Byron, who has so long and so amply filled the highest place in the public eye, has shared the lot of humanity. He died at Missolonghi, on the 19th of April, 1824. That mighty Genius, which walked amongst men as something superior to ordinary mortality, and whose powers were beheld with wonder, and something approaching to terror, as if we knew not whether they were of good or of evil, is laid as soundly to rest as the poor peasant, whose ideas never went beyond his daily task. The voice of just blame, and that of malignant censure, are at once silenced; and we feel almost as if the great luminary of Heaven had suddenly disappeared from the sky, at the moment when every telescope was levelled for the examination of the spots which dimmed its brightness. It is not now the question, what were Byron's faults, what his mistakes; but how is the blank which he has left in British literature to be filled up? Not, we fear, in one generation, which, among many highly gifted persons, has produced none who approached Byron in ORIGINALITY, the first attribute of genius. Only thirty-seven years old—so much already done for immortality—so much time remaining, as it seemed to us short-sighted mortals, to maintain and to extend his fame, and to atone for errors in conduct and levities in composition,—who will not grieve that such a race has been shortened, though not always keeping the straight path, such a light extinguished, though sometimes flaming to dazzle and to bewilder? One word on this ungrateful subject ere we quit it for ever.

The errors of Lord Byron arose neither from depravity of heart—for nature had not committed the anomaly of uniting to such extraordinary talents an imperfect moral sense,—nor from feelings dead to the admiration of virtue. No man had ever a kinder heart for sympathy, or a more open hand for the relief of distress; and no mind was ever more formed for the enthusiastic admiration of noble actions, providing he was convinced that the actors had proceeded on disinterested principles. Lord Byron was totally free from the curse and degradation of literature—its jealousies, we mean, and its envy. But his wonderful genius was of a nature which disdained restraint, even when restraint was most wholesome. When at school, the tasks in which he excelled were those only which he undertook voluntarily; and his situation as a young man of rank, with strong passions, and in the uncontrolled enjoyment of a considerable fortune, added to that impatience of strictures or coercion which was natural to him. As an author, he refused to plead at the bar of criticism; as a man, he would not submit to be morally amenable to the tribunal of public opinion. Remonstrances from a friend, of whose intentions and kindness he was secure, had often great weight with him, but there were few who could or dared venture on a task so difficult. Reproof he endured with impatience, and reproach hardened him in his error; so that he often resembled the gallant war-steed, who rushes forward on the steel that wounds him. In the most painful crisis of his private life, he evinced this irritability and impatience of censure in such a degree, as almost to resemble the noble victim of the bull-fight, which is more maddened by the squibs, darts, and petty annoyances of the unworthy crowds beyond the lists, than by the lance of his nobler and, so to speak, his more legitimate antagonist. In a word, much of that in which he erred, was in bravade and scorn of his censors, and was done with the motive of Dryden's despot, "to show his arbitrary power." It is needless to say, that his was a false and prejudiced view of such a contest; and that if the noble bard gained a species of triumph, by compelling the world to read poetry, though mixed with baser matter, because it was *his*, he gave, in return, an unworthy triumph to the unworthy, besides deep sorrow to those whose applause, in his cooler moments, he most valued.

It was the same with his politics, which on several occasions assumed a tone menacing and contemptuous to the constitution of his country; while, in fact, Lord Byron was in his own heart sufficiently sensible, not only of his privileges as a Briton, but of the distinction attending his high birth and rank, and was peculiarly sensitive of those shades which constitute what is termed the manners of a gentleman. Indeed, notwithstanding his having employed epigrams, and all the petty war of wit, when such would have been much better abstained from, he would have been found, had a collision taken place between the aristocratic and democratic parties in the state, exerting all his energies in defence of that to which he naturally belonged. His own feeling on these subjects he has explained in the

very last canto of Don Juan; and they are in entire harmony with the opinions which we have seen expressed in his correspondence, at a moment when matters appeared to approach a serious struggle in his native country:—"If we are to fall," he expressed himself to this purpose, "let the independent aristocracy and gentry of England suffer by the sword of an arbitrary prince, who has been born and bred a gentleman, and will behead us after the manner of our ancestors; but do not let us suffer ourselves to be massacred by the ignoble swarms of ruffians, who are endeavouring to throttle their way to power." Accordingly, he expresses in the strongest terms his purpose of resisting to the last extremity the tendency to anarchy, which commercial distress had generated, and disaffection was endeavouring to turn to its own purposes. His poetry expresses similar sentiments.

> "It is not that I adulate the people:
> Without *me* there are Demagogues enough,
> And infidels to pull down every steeple,
> And set up in their stead some proper stuff.
> Whether they may sow Skepticism to reap Hell,
> As is the Christian dogma rather rough,
> I do not know;—I wish men to be free
> As much from mobs and kings—from you as me.
> The consequence is, being of no party,
> I shall offend all parties."—

We are not, however, Byron's apologists, for *now*, alas! he needs none. His excellences will *now* be universally acknowledged, and his faults (let us hope and believe) not remembered in his epitaph. It will be recollected what a part he has sustained in British literature since the first appearance of Childe Harold, a space of nearly sixteen years. There has been no reposing under the shade of his laurels, no living upon the resource of past reputation; none of that *coddling* and petty precaution, which little authors call "taking care of their fame." Byron let his fame take care of itself. His foot was always in the arena, his shield always hung in the lists; and although his own gigantic renown increased the difficulty of the struggle, since he could produce nothing, however great, which exceeded the public estimate of his genius, yet he advanced to the honourable contest again and again and again, and came always off with distinction, almost always with complete triumph. As various in composition as Shakspeare himself, (this will be admitted by all who are acquainted with his Don Juan,) he has embraced every topic of human life, and sounded every string on the divine harp, from its slightest to its most powerful and heart-astounding tones. There is scarce a passion, or a situation, which has escaped his pen; and he might be drawn, like Garrick, between the Weeping and the Laughing Muse, although his most powerful efforts have certainly been dedicated to Melpomene. His genius seemed as prolific as various. The most prodigal use didn't exhaust his powers, nay, seemed rather to increase their vigour. Neither Childe Harold, nor any of the most beautiful of Byron's earlier tales, contain more exquisite morsels of poetry than are to be found scattered through the cantos of Don Juan, amidst verses which the author appears to have thrown off with an effort as spontaneous as that of a tree resigning its leaves to the wind.—But that noble tree will never more bear fruit or blossom! It has been cut down in its strength, and the past is all that remains to us of Byron. We can scarce reconcile ourselves to the idea—scarce think that the voice is silent for ever, which, bursting so often on our ear, was often heard with rapturous admiration, sometimes with regret, but always with the deepest interest.

> All that's bright must fade,
> The brightest still the fleetest!

With a strong feeling of awful sorrow, we take leave of the subject. Death creeps upon our most serious, as well as upon our most idle, employments; and it is a reflection solemn and gratifying, that he found our Byron in no moment of levity, but contributing his fortune, and hazarding his life, in behalf of a people only endeared to him by their past glories, and as fellow-creatures suffering under the yoke of a heathen oppressor.

Since this sketch first appeared, the author has had an opportunity of learning, from the very first authority, that the importance of Lord Byron's life to the Greek cause was even greater than he had ventured to suppose it. His whole influence was turned to the best and wisest purposes; and most singular it was to behold an individual, certainly not remarkable for prudence in his own private affairs, direct with the utmost sagacity the course to be pursued by a great nation, involved in a situation of extraordinary difficulty. It seems as if his keen and hasty temper was tamed by the importance of the task which he had undertaken, as the war-horse, which prances and curvets under a light burden, moves steadily as well as actively under the armed warrior, when he guides it to battle. His advice and control were constantly exerted to reconcile the independent and jarring chiefs with each other, to induce them to lay aside jealousies, feuds, and the miserable policy of seeking each some individual advantage; and to determine them to employ their united means against the common enemy. It was his constant care to postpone the consideration of disputes upon speculative political maxims, and direct every effort to the recovery of national independence, without which no form of government could be realized.

To the honour of the Greek nation, they repaid with warm gratitude the wise and disinterested zeal with which they beheld him undertake their cause. Had he remained to uphold their banner, it had not, perhaps, been in the present danger of sinking under their own disunion, rather than the force of their barbarous enemies. Greece and the world however, were to be deprived of this remarkable man. And surely to have fallen in a crusade for freedom and humanity, as in olden times it would have been, an atonement for the blackest crimes, may in the present be allowed to expiate greater follies than even exaggerating calumny has propagated against Byron.

When the preceding remarks on Lord Byron's death appeared in the newspapers, they attracted some observation, and called forth from certain critics an expression of censure upon the author, who had delayed, till the scene was closed upon a great contemporary, to render a tribute to his genius. This was not the case, however; for during the most calamitous part of Lord Byron's life, the author had, without attempting to justify what could not admit of vindication, done his best to do justice to his distinguished talents, without reserving either his praise or censure until their object was no more. The following article, which appeared in the Quarterly Review, eleven years since,* is here inserted, because it serves to show that during Lord Byron's lifetime, and at a period when circumstances had rendered him personally unpopular, the author's feelings and sentiments towards his illustrious friend, were the same which he has attempted to express in the preceding sketch.

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We have felt ourselves very much affected by the perusal of these poems, nor can we suppose that we are singular in our feelings. Other poets have given us their literary productions as the subject of criticism, impersonally, as it were, and generally speaking, abstracted from their ordinary habits and feelings; and all, or almost all, might apply to their poetical effusions, though in somewhat a different sense, the *l'envoy* of Ovid—

> Sine me, Liber, ibis in urbem.

The works of such authors are indeed before the public, but the character, the habits of the poet, the events of his life, and the motives of his writing, are known but to the small circle of literary gossips, for whose curiosity no food is too insipid. From such, indeed, those supposed to be in intimacy with the individual have sometimes undergone an exami-

* Review of the Third Canto of Childe Harolde, with other poems, by Lord Byron.

nation which reminds us of the extravagances of Arabella in the *Female Quixote*, who expected from every lady she met in society a full and interesting history of her life and adventures, and whose inquiries could only be answered in the words of the "Weary Knife-grinder,"—

"Story! God bless you, I have none to tell, ma'am!"

The time, therefore, appeared to be past, when the mere sin of having been dipped in rhyme, was supposed to exclude the poet from the usual business and habits of life, and to single him out from the herd as a marked deer, expected to make sport by his solitary exertions for escape. Whether this lack of personal distinction has arisen from the diminished irritability of the rhyming generation, from the peculiar habits of those who have been distinguished in our time, or from their mental efforts having been early directed to modify and to restrain the excess of their enthusiasm, we do not pretend to conjecture; but it is certain, that for many years past, though the number of our successful poets may be as great as at any period of our literary history, we have heard little comparatively of their eccentricities, their adventures, or their distresses. The wretched Dermody is not worth mentioning as an exception, and the misfortunes of Burns arose from circumstances not much connected with his powerful poetical genius.

It has been, however, reserved for our own time to produce one distinguished example of the Muse having descended upon a bard of a wounded spirit, and lent her lyre to tell, and we trust to soothe, afflictions of no ordinary description; afflictions originating probably in that singular combination of feeling which has been called the poetical temperament, and which has so often saddened the days of those on whom it has been conferred. If ever a man could lay claim to that character in all its strength and all its weakness, with its unbounded range of enjoyment, and its exquisite sensibility of pleasure and of pain, it must certainly be granted to Lord Byron. Nor does it require much time, or a deep acquaintance with human nature, to discover why these extraordinary powers should in many cases have contributed more to the wretchedness than to the happiness of their possessor.

The "imagination all compact," which the greatest poet who ever lived has assigned as the distinguishing badge of his brethren, is in every case a dangerous gift. It exaggerates, indeed, our expectations, and can often bid its possessor hope, where hope is lost to reason: but the delusive pleasure arising from these visions of imagination, resembles that of a child whose notice is attracted by a fragment of glass, to which a sunbeam has given momentary splendour. He hastens to the spot with breathless impatience, and finds the object of his curiosity and expectation is equally vulgar and worthless. So is it with the man of quick and exalted powers of imagination. His fancy over-estimates the object of his wishes, and pleasure, fame, distinction, are alternately pursued, attained, and despised, when in his power. Like the enchanted fruit in the palace of a sorcerer, the objects of his admiration lose their attraction and value as soon as they are grasped by the adventurer's hand, and all that remains is regret for the time lost in the chase, and wonder at the hallucination under the influence of which it was undertaken. The disproportion between hope and possession which is felt by all men, is thus doubled to those whom nature has endowed with the power of gilding a distant prospect by the rays of imagination.

These reflections, though trite and obvious, are in a manner forced from us in considering the poetry of Lord Byron, by the sentiments of weariness of existence and enmity with the world which it so frequently expresses, and by the singular analogy which such sentiments hold with incidents of his life so recently before the public. The works before us contain so many direct allusions to the author's personal feelings and private history, that it becomes impossible that we should divide Lord Byron from his poetry, or offer our criticism upon the continuation of *Childe Harold* without reverting to the circumstances in which the commencement of that singular and original work first appeared.

Distinguished by title, and descent from an illustrious line of ancestry, Lord Byron showed, even in his earliest years, that nature had added to those advantages the richest gifts of genius and fancy. His own tale is partly told in two lines of Lara:—

"Left by his Sire, too young such loss to know,
Lord of himself, that heritage of woe."

His first literary adventure and its fate are well remembered. The poems which he published in his minority had, indeed, those faults of conception and diction which are inseparable from juvenile attempts; and, in particular, might rather be considered as imitations of what had captivated the ear and fancy of the youthful author, than as exhibiting originality of conception and expression. It was like the first essay of the singing bird catching at and mimicking the notes of its parent, ere habit and time have given the fulness of tone, confidence, and self-possession, which render assistance unnecessary. Yet though there were many, and those not the worst judges, who discerned in those juvenile productions, a depth of thought and felicity of expression which promised much at a more mature age, their errors did not escape the critical lash; and certain distinguished brethren of ours yielded to the opportunity of pouncing upon a titled author, and to that sin which most readily besets our fraternity, (and to which we dare not pronounce ourselves inaccessible,) the temptation, namely, of showing our own wit, and entertaining our readers with a lively article, without much respect to the feelings of the author, or even to the indications of merit which the work may exhibit. The review was read and raised mirth; the poems were neglected, the author was irritated, and took his revenge in keen iambics, not only on the offending critic, but on many others, in whose conduct or writings the juvenile bard had found, or imagined he had found, some cause of offence. The satire, which has been since suppressed, as containing opinions hastily expressed, evinced a spirit at least sufficiently poignant for all the purposes of reprisal; and although the verses might, in many respects, be deemed the offspring of hasty and indiscriminating resentment, they bore a strong testimony to the ripening talents of the author. Having thus vented his indignation against the critics and their readers, and put many, if not all the laughers upon his side, Lord Byron went abroad, and the controversy was forgotten for some years.

It was in 1812, when Lord Byron returned to England, that *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* made its first appearance, producing an effect upon the public, at least equal to that of any work which has appeared within this or the last century. Reading is now indeed so general among all ranks and classes, that the impulse received by the public mind on such occasions is instantaneous through all but the very lowest classes of society, instead of being slowly communicated from one set of readers to another, as was the case in the days of our fathers. *The Pilgrimage*, acting on such an extensive medium, was calculated to rouse and arrest the attention in a peculiar degree.

The fictitious personage (whose sentiments, however, no one could help identifying with those of the author,) presented himself with an avowed disdain of all the attributes which most men would be gladly supposed to possess. Childe Harold is represented as one satiated by indulgence in pleasure, and seeking in change of place and clime a relief from the tedium of a life which glided on without an object. The assuming of such a character as the medium of communicating his poetry and his sentiments, indicated a feeling towards the public, which, if it fell short of contemning their favour, disdained, at least, all attempt to propitiate them. Yet the very audacity of this repulsive personification, joined to the energy with which it was supported, and to the indications of a bold, powerful, and original mind, which glanced through every line of the poem, elec-

trified the mass of readers, and placed at once upon Lord Byron's head the garland, for which other men of genius have toiled long, and which they have gained late. He was placed pre-eminent among the literary men of his country by general acclamation. Those critics who had so rigorously censured his juvenile essays, and perhaps "dreaded such another field," were the first to pay warm and sincere homage to his matured efforts; while others, who saw in the sentiments of Childe Harold much to regret and to censure, did not withhold their tribute of applause to the depth of thought, the power and force of expression, the beauty of description, and the energy of sentiment, which animated the *Pilgrimage*. If the volume was laid aside for a moment, under the melancholy and unpleasing impression that it seemed calculated to chase hope from the side of man, and to dim his prospects both of this life and of futurity, it was immediately and almost involuntarily assumed again, as our feeling of the author's genius predominated over our reluctance to contemplate the gloomy views of human nature, which it was his pleasure to place before us. Something was set down to the angry recollection of his first failure, which might fairly authorize so high a mind to hold the world's opinion in contempt; something was allowed for the recent family losses to which the poem alluded, and under the feeling of which it had been partly written: and it seemed to most readers, as if gentler and more kindly features were, at times, seen to glance from under the cloud of misanthropy, which the author had flung around his hero. Thus, as all admired the Pilgrimage of Childe Harold, all were prepared to greet the author with that fame which is the poet's best reward, and which is chiefly and most justly due to one who, in these exhausted days, strikes out a new and original line of composition.

It was amidst such feelings of admiration that Lord Byron entered, we may almost say for the first time, the public stage, on which he has made so distinguished a figure. Every thing in his manner, person, and conversation, tended to maintain the charm which his genius had flung around him; and those admitted to his conversation, far from finding that the inspired poet sunk into ordinary mortality, felt themselves attached to him, not only by many noble qualities, but by the interest of a mysterious, undefined, and almost painful curiosity.

It is well known how wide the doors of society are opened in London to literary merit even of a degree far inferior to Lord Byron's, and that it is only necessary to be honourably distinguished by the public voice to move as a denizen in the first circles. The passport was not necessary to Lord Byron, who possessed the hereditary claims of birth and rank to enter the best society. But the interest which his genius attached to his presence, and to his conversation, was of a nature far beyond what these hereditary claims could of themselves have conferred, and his reception was enthusiastic beyond any thing we have ever witnessed, or even heard reported. We have already noticed that Lord Byron was not one of those literary men of whom it may be truly said, *Minuit præsentia famam*. A countenance, exquisitely modelled to the expression of feeling and passion, and exhibiting the remarkable contrast of very dark hair and eye-brows, with light and expressive eyes, presented to the physiognomist the most interesting subject for the exercise of his art. The predominating expression was that of deep and habitual thought, which gave way to the most rapid play of features when he engaged in interesting discussion; so that a brother poet compared them to the sculpture of a beautiful alabaster vase, only seen to perfection when lighted up from within. The flashes of mirth, gayety, indignation, or satirical dislike, which frequently animated Lord Byron's countenance, might, during an evening's conversation, be mistaken by a stranger for its habitual expression, so easily and so happily was it formed for them all; but those who had an opportunity of studying his features for a length of time, and upon various occasions, both of rest and emotion, will agree with us that their proper language was that of melancholy. Sometimes shades of this kind interrupted even his gayest and most happy moments, and the following verses are said to have dropped from his pen to excuse a transient expression of gloom which overclouded the general hilarity.

> "When from the heart where Sorrow sits,
> Her dusky shadow mounts too high,
> And o'er the changing aspect flits,
> And clouds the brow, or fills the eye—
> Heed not the gloom that soon shall sink:
> My thoughts their dungeon know too well;
> Back to my breast the captives shrink,
> And bleed within their silent cell."

It was impossible to behold this interesting countenance, expressive of a dejection belonging neither to the rank, the age, nor the literary success of this young nobleman, without feeling an indefinable curiosity to ascertain whether it had a deeper cause than habit or constitutional temperament. It was obviously of a degree incalculably more serious than that alluded to by Prince Arthur—

> ——— I remember when I was in France,
> Young gentlemen would be as sad as night
> Only for wantonness———

But, howsoever derived, this, joined to Lord Byron's air of mingling in amusements and sports as if he contemned them, and felt, that his sphere was far above the frivolous crowd which surrounded him, gave a strong effect of colouring to a character whose tints were otherwise romantic. Noble and far descended—his mind fraught with ancient learning and modern accomplishment—the pilgrim of distant and savage countries—eminent as a poet among the first whom Britain has produced—and having besides cast around him a mysterious charm arising from the sombre tone of his poetry, and the occasional melancholy of his deportment, Lord Byron occupied the eyes, and interested the feelings, of all. The enthusiastic looked on him to admire, the serious with a wish to admonish, and the soft with a desire to console. Even literary envy—a base sensation, from which, perhaps, this age is more free than any other—forgave the man whose splendour dimmed the fame of his competitors. The generosity of Lord Byron's disposition, his readiness to assist merit in distress, and to bring it forward where unknown, deserved and obtained the general regard of those who partook of such merit, while his poetical effusions, poured forth with equal force and fertility, showed at once a daring confidence in his own powers, and a determination to maintain, by continued effort, the high place he had attained in British literature. This rapidity of composition and publication we have heard blamed as endangering the fame of the author, while it gave such proofs of talent. We are inclined to dispute the proposition, at least in the present instance.

We are sometimes tempted to blame the timidity of those poets, who, possessing powers to arrest the admiration of the public, are yet too much afraid of censure to come frequently forward, and thus defraud themselves of their fame, and the public of the delight which they might afford us. Where success has been unexpectedly, and perhaps undeservedly, obtained by the capricious vote of fashion, it may be well for the adventurer to draw his stake and leave the game, as every succeeding hazard will diminish the chance of his rising a winner. But they cater ill for the public, and give indifferent advice to the poet, supposing him possessed of the highest qualities of his art, who do not advise him to labour while the laurel around his brows yet retains its freshness. Sketches from Lord Byron are more valuable than finished pictures from others; nor are we at all sure that any labour which he might bestow in revisal would not rather efface than refine those outlines of striking and powerful originality, which they exhibit when flung rough from the hand of the master. No one would have wished to condemn Michael Angelo to work upon a single block of marble, until he had satisfied, in every point, the petty criticism of that Pope, who, neglecting the sublime and magnificent character and attitude of the sculptor's Moses, descended

to blame a wrinkle in the fold of the garment. Should it be urged, that in thus stimulating genius to unsparing exertion, we encourage carelessness and hurry in the youthful candidates for literary distinction, we answer, it is not the learner to whom our remarks apply; they refer to him only, who, gifted by nature with the higher power of poetry, (an art as difficult as it is enchanting,) has made himself master, by application and study, of the mechanical process, and in whom, we believe, frequent exertions upon new works awaken and stimulate that genius, which might be cramped and rendered tame by long and minute anxiety to finish to the highest possible degree any one of the number. If we look at our poetical library, we shall find, generally speaking, that the most distinguished poets have been the most voluminous, and that those who, like Gray, limited their productions to a few poems, anxiously and sedulously corrected and revised, have given them a stiff and artificial character, which, far from disarming criticism, has rather embittered its violence, while the Aristarch, like Achilles assailing Hector, meditates dealing the mortal wound through some unguarded crevice of the supposed impenetrable armour, with which the cautious bard has vainly invested himself. Our opinion must be necessarily qualified by the caution, that as no human invention can be infinitely fertile, as even the richest genius may be, in agricultural phrase, *cropped out*, and rendered sterile, and as each author must necessarily have a particular style in which he is supposed to excel, and must, therefore, be more or less a mannerist; no one can with prudence persevere in forcing himself before the public, when, from failure in invention, or from having rendered the peculiarities of his style over trite and familiar, the veteran "lags superfluous on the stage," a slighted mute in those dramas where he was once the principal personage. To this humiliation vanity frequently exposes genius; and it is no doubt true that a copious power of diction, joined to habitual carelessness in composition, has frequently conduced to it. We would therefore be understood to recommend to authors, while a consciousness of the possession of vigorous powers, carefully cultivated, unites with the favour of the public, to descend into the arena, and continue their efforts vigorously while their hopes are high, their spirits active, and the public propitious, in order that on the slightest failure of nerves or breath, they may be able to withdraw themselves honourably from the contest, gracefully giving way to other candidates for fame, and cultivating studies more suitable to a flagging imagination than the fervid art of poetry. This, however, is the affair of the authors themselves: should they neglect this prudential course, the public will no doubt have more indifferent books on their table than would otherwise have loaded it; and as the world always seizes the first opportunity of recalling the applause it has bestowed, the former wreaths of the writers will for a time be blighted by their immediate failure. But these evils, so far as the public is concerned, are greatly overbalanced by such as arise from the timid caution, which bids genius suppress its efforts, until they shall be refined into unattainable perfection; and we cannot but repeat our conviction that poetry, being in its higher classes an art which has for its elements sublimity and unaffected beauty, is more liable than any other to suffer from the labour of polishing, or from the elaborate and composite style of ornament, and alternate affectation of simplicity and artifice, which characterize the works even of the first poets, when they have been over anxious to secure public applause, by long and reiterated correction. It must be remembered that we speak of the higher tones of composition; there are others of a subordinate character, where extreme art and labour are not bestowed in vain. But we cannot consider over anxious correction as likely to be employed with advantage upon poems like those of Lord Byron, which have for their object to rouse the imagination, and awaken the passions.

It is certain, to return to the subject from which we have gone somewhat astray, that the rapidity with which Lord Byron's poems succeeded each other, during four years, served to arrest as well as to dazzle and delight the public; nor did there appear room to apply to him, in the height of his fame and the flower of his age, the caution which we might whisper to other bards of popular celebrity. The Giaour, the Bride of Abydos, the Corsair, Lara, the Siege of Corinth, followed each other with a celerity, which was only rivalled by their success; and if at times the author seemed to pause in his poetic career, with the threat of forbearing further adventure for a time, the public eagerly pardoned the breach of a promise by keeping which they must have been sufferers. Exquisitely beautiful in themselves, these tales received a new charm from the romantic climes into which they introduced us, and from the oriental costume so strictly preserved, and so picturesquely exhibited. Greece, the cradle of the poetry with which our earliest studies are familiar, was presented to us among her ruins and her sorrows. Her delightful scenery, once dedicated to those deities who, though dethroned from their own Olympus, still preserve a poetical empire, was spread before us in Lord Byron's poetry, varied by all the moral effect derived from what Greece is, and what she has been; while it was doubled by comparisons, perpetually excited between the philosophers and heroes, who formerly inhabited that romantic country, and their descendants, who either stoop to the Scythian conquerors, or maintain, among the recesses of their classical mountains, an independence as wild and savage as it is precarious. The oriental manners also, and diction, so peculiar in their picturesque effect, that they can cast a charm even over the absurdities of an eastern tale, had here the more honourable occupation of decorating that which in itself was beautiful, and enhancing by novelty what would have been captivating without its aid. The powerful impression produced by this peculiar species of poetry confirmed us in a principle, which, though it will hardly be challenged when stated as an axiom, is very rarely complied with in practice. It is, that every author should, like Lord Byron, form to himself, and communicate to the reader, a precise, defined, and distinct view of the landscape, sentiment, or action, which he intends to describe to the reader. This simple proposition has been so often neglected, that we feel warranted in giving it a little more consideration and illustration than plain men may at first sight think necessary.

An author occasionally forgets that it is his business rather to excite than to satiate the imagination of his readers; rather to place before him such a distinct and intelligible sketch as his own mind can fill up, than, by attempting to exhaust all that can be said on the subject, to confuse the apprehension and weary the attention. There should be, even in poetical description, that *keeping* and *perspective*, which is demanded in the sister art of painting, and which alone can render the scenes presented by either, distinct, clear, and intelligible. Here the painter has, in some degree, the advantage of the poet, for *perspective* is the very foundation of his art. The most stupid bungler that ever took brush in hand, is aware that his objects must diminish as they withdraw from the eye, that he is not entitled to render the rocks of his distance too distinct, and that the knowledge that such things do actually exist, will not justify him in painting with minuteness the lichens and shrubs, which grow on their surface and in their crevices, when to be represented at a distance from which these minute objects cannot be discovered by the eye. Yet suppose such a novice a follower of the Muses, and he will not hesitate a moment to transgress this wholesome rule. In fact, he will, with the confused minuteness of a Chinese painter, labour to introduce into his verbal description, every thing which he knows to exist, and, by confounding that which is important to his purpose with that which is subordinate, he will produce a mass of images, more or less splendid, according to the vivacity of his imagination, but perplexing, incongruous, and unsatisfactory, in all respects, to the reader, who in vain endeavours to reduce them in his own mind in-

to one distinct landscape, the various parts of which shall bear a just proportion to each other. Such a poet has assembled, perhaps, excellent materials for composition, but he does not present them in intelligible arrangement to the reader; and he fails to produce upon the mind of others the desired effect, probably because the picture has never been presented to his own with sufficient accuracy.

This is more particularly the case with such authors as, lacking the erudition of Southey, the fancy of Moore, or the personal experience of Lord Byron, attempt to lay their scene in countries or ages, with the costume and manners of which they are but imperfectly acquainted. Such adventurers are compelled to draw heavily on their slender stock of knowledge on every occasion, and to parade, as fully as they can, before the eye of the reader, whatsoever their reading has gleaned concerning their subject. Without Chatterton's genius, they fall into Chatterton's error, who, not considering that in the most ancient authors scarcely one word in ten has become obsolete, wrote a set of poems in which every second word was taken from a glossary, and necessarily remitted to one, under the idea that he was imitating the language of the ancients. Thus, when a poet deals in materials of which he is not fully master, he is obliged, at the risk of outraging both taste and nature, to produce as frequently, and detain before the reader as long as possible, those distinctive marks by which he means to impress him with the reality of his story. And the outrage is committed in vain; for it is not enough for the representation of an eastern landscape, that the foreground should be encumbered with turbans and sabres, and the fantastical architecture of the kiosk or the mosque, if the distance be not marked by those slight but discriminating touches which mark the reality of the scene, the lightly indicated palm-tree, which overhangs the distant fountain, or the shadowy and obscure delineation of the long column of the caravan, retreating through the distance; or the watchman who rests on his lance, while his tribe slumber around him, as in the following exquisite picture taken from one of the poems before us:

> "The boy was sprung to manhood: in the wilds
> Of fiery climes he made himself a home,
> And his soul drank their sunbeams; he was girt
> With strange and dusky aspects; he was not
> Himself like what he had been; on the sea
> And on the shore he was a wanderer;
> There was a mass of many images
> Crowded like waves upon me, but he was
> A part of all; and in the last he lay
> Reposing from the noon-tide sultriness,
> Couch'd among fallen columns, in the shade
> Of ruin'd walls that had survived the names
> Of those who rear'd them; by his sleeping side
> Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds
> Were fastened near a fountain; and a man
> Clad in a flowing garb did watch the while,
> While many of his tribe slumber'd around:
> And they were canopied by the blue sky
> So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
> That God alone was to be seen in Heaven."
>
> *The Dream*, p. 40.

This is true *keeping*—an Eastern picture, perfect in its foreground, and distance, and sky, and no part of which is so dwelt upon or laboured as to obscure the principal figure. It is often in the slight and almost imperceptible touches that the hand of the master is shown, and that a single spark, struck from his fancy, lightens with a long train of illumination that of the reader.

It is another remarkable property of the poetry of Lord Byron, that although his manner is frequently varied—although he appears to have assumed for an occasion the characteristic stanza and style of several contemporaries, yet not only is his poetry marked in every instance by the strongest cast of originality, but in some leading particulars, and especially in the character of his heroes, each story so closely resembles the others, that, managed by a writer of less power, the effect would have been an unpleasing monotony. All, or almost all his heroes, have somewhat the attributes of Childe Harold:—all, or almost all, have minds which seem at variance with their fortunes, and attempt to conceal high and poignant feelings of pain and pleasure, a keen sense of what is noble and honourable, and an equally acute susceptibility of injustice or injury, under the garb of stoicism or contempt of mankind. The strength of early passion, and the glow of youthful feeling, are uniformly painted as chilled or subdued by a train of early imprudences or of darker guilt, and the sense of enjoyment tarnished, by too intimate and experienced an acquaintance with the vanity of human wishes. These general attributes mark the stern features of all Lord Byron's heroes, from those which are shaded by the scallopped hat of the illustrious Pilgrim, to those which lurk under the turban of Alp, the Renegade. The public, ever anxious in curiosity or malignity to attach to fictitious characters real prototypes, were obstinate in declaring that in these leading traits of character, Lord Byron copied from the individual features reflected in his own mirror. On this subject the noble author entered, on one occasion, a formal protest, though, it will be observed, without entirely disavowing the ground on which the conjecture was formed.

"With regard to my story, and stories in general, I should have been glad to have rendered my personages more perfect and amiable, if possible, inasmuch, as I have been sometimes criticised, and considered no less responsible for their deeds and qualities than if all had been personal. Be it so—if I have deviated into the gloomy vanity of 'drawing from self,' the pictures are probably like, since they are unfavourable; and if not, those who know me are undeceived, and those who do not, I have little interest in undeceiving. I have no particular desire that any but my acquaintance should think the author better than the beings of his imagining; but I cannot help a little surprise, and perhaps amusement, at some odd critical exceptions in the present instance, when I see several bards, (far more deserving, I allow,) in very reputable plight, and quite exempt from all participation in the faults of these heroes, who, nevertheless, might be found with little more morality than 'The Giaour,' and perhaps—but no—I must admit Childe Harold to be a very repulsive personage; and as to his identity, those who like it must give him whatever 'alias' they please."

It is difficult to say whether we are to receive this passage as an admission or a denial of the opinion to which it refers; but Lord Byron certainly did the public injustice, if he supposed it imputed to him the criminal actions with which many of his heroes were stained. Men no more expected to meet in Lord Byron the Corsair, who "knew himself a villain," than they looked for the atrocity of Kehama on the shores of the Derwent Water: yet even in the features of Conrad, those who have looked on Lord Byron will recognise some likeness.

> "——— to the sight
> No giant frame sets forth his common height;
> Yet, in the whole, who paused to look again,
> Saw more than marks the crowd of vulgar men;
> They gaze and marvel how—and still confess
> That thus it is, but why they cannot guess.
> Sun-burnt his cheek, his forehead high and pale
> The sable curls in wild profusion veil;
> And oft perforce his rising lip reveals
> The haughtier thought it curbs, but scarce conceals.
> Though smooth his voice, and calm his general mien,
> Still seems there something he would not have seen;
> His features' deepening lines and varying hue
> At times attracted, yet perplex'd the view."
>
> *The Corsair*, p. 11.

And the ascetic regimen which the noble author himself observed, was no less marked in the description of Conrad's fare.

> "Ne'er for his lip the purpling cup they fill,
> That goblet passes him untasted still—
> And for his fare—the rudest of his crew
> Would, that, in turn, have pass'd untasted too;
> Earth's coarsest bread, the garden's homeliest roots,
> And scarce the summer luxury of fruits,
> His short repast in humbleness supply,
> With all a hermit's board would scarce deny."
>
> *The Corsair*, p. 4.

The following description of Lara suddenly and unexpectedly returned from distant travels, and reassuming his station in the society of his own country, has in like manner strong points of resemblance to the part which the author himself seemed

occasionally to bear amid the scenes where the great mingle with the fair.

"——— 'tis quickly seen
Whate'er he be, 'twas not what he had been;
That brow in furrow'd lines had fix'd at last,
And spake of passions, but of passions past;
The pride, but not the fire of earlier days,
Coldness of mien, and carelessness of praise;
A high demeanour, and a glance that took
Their thoughts from others by a single look;
And that sarcastic levity of tongue,
The stinging of a heart the world hath stung,
That darts in seeming playfulness around,
And makes those feel that will not own the wound;
All this seem'd his, and something more beneath
Than glance could well reveal, or accent breathe:
Ambition, glory, love, the common aim
That some can conquer, and that all would claim,
Within his breast appear'd no more to strive,
Yet seem'd as lately they had been alive;
And some deep feeling it were vain to trace
At moments lighten'd o'er his livid face."

Lara, pp. 6. 7.

We are not writing Lord Byron's private history, though, from the connexion already stated between his poetry and his character, we feel ourselves forced upon considering his literary life, his deportment, and even his personal appearance. But we know enough, even of his private story, to give our warrant, that, though his youth may have shared somewhat too largely in the indiscretions of those left too early masters of their own actions and fortunes, falsehood and malice alone can impute to him any real cause for hopeless remorse, or gloomy misanthropy. To what, then, are we to ascribe the singular peculiarity which induced an author of such talent, and so well skilled in tracing the darker impressions which guilt and remorse leave on the human character, so frequently to affix features peculiar to himself to the robbers and corsairs which he sketched with a pencil as forcible as that of Salvator?—More than one answer may be returned to this question; nor do we pretend to say which is best warranted by the facts. The practice may arise from a temperament, which radical and constitutional melancholy has, as in the case of Hamlet, predisposed to identify its owner with scenes of that deep and arousing interest, which arises from the stings of conscience contending with the stubborn energy of pride, and delighting to be placed in supposed situations of guilt and danger, as some men love instinctively to tread the giddy edge of a precipice, or, holding by some frail twig, to stoop forward over the abyss into which the dark torrent discharges itself. Or it may be that these disguises were assumed capriciously, as a man may choose the cloak, poniard, and dark-lantern of a bravo, for his disguise at a masquerade. Or, feeling his own powers in painting the sombre and the horrible, Lord Byron assumed in his fervour the very semblance of the beings he describes, like an actor who presents on the stage at once his own person and the tragic character with which for the time he is invested. Nor is it altogether incompatible with his character to believe, that, in contempt of the criticisms which on this account had attended Childe Harold, he was determined to show to the public how little he was affected by them, and how effectually it was in his power to compel attention and respect, even when imparting a portion of his own likeness and his own peculiarities to pirates and outlaws.

But although we do not pretend to ascertain the motive on which Lord Byron acted in bringing the peculiarities of his own sentiments and feelings so frequently before his readers, it is with no little admiration that we regard these extraordinary powers, which, amidst this seeming uniformity, could continue to rivet the public attention, and secure general and continued applause. The versatility of authors who have been able to draw and support characters so different from each other as from their own, has given to their productions the inexpressible charm of variety, and has often secured them against that neglect which in general attends what is technically called mannerism. But it was reserved to Lord Byron to present the same character on the public stage again and again, varied only by the exertions of that powerful genius, which, searching the springs of passion and of feeling in their innermost recesses, knew how to combine their operations, so that the interest was eternally varying, and never abated, although the most important personage of the drama retained the same lineaments. It will one day be considered as not the least remarkable literary phenomenon of this age, that, during a period of four years, notwithstanding the quantity of distinguished poetical talent of which we may be permitted to boast, a single author, and he managing his pen with the careless and negligent ease of a man of quality, and choosing for his theme subjects so very similar, and persons bearing so close a resemblance to each other,—did, in despite of these circumstances, of the unamiable attributes with which he usually invested his heroes, and of the proverbial fickleness of the public, maintain the ascendency in their favour, which he had acquired by his first matured production. So, however, it indisputably has been; and those comparatively small circles of admirers excepted, which assemble naturally around individual poets of eminence, Lord Byron has been for that time, and may for some time continue to be, the Champion of the English Parnassus. If his empire over the public mind be in any measure diminished, it arises from no literary failure of his own and from no triumph of his competitors, but from other circumstances.

We may add extracts of a different description from the same article, tending to show, that if the author offered willingly and freely his tribute, humble as it might be, to the genius of Byron, while that distinguished individual walked amongst us, he was not prevented, either by the kindness which he felt for his friend, or the reverence which he owed to the man of genius, from noticing with freedom of animadversion the points on which they differed.

Childe Harold arrives on Waterloo—a scene where all men, where a poet especially, and a poet such as Lord Byron, must needs pause, and amid the quiet simplicity of whose scenery is excited a moral interest, deeper and more potent even than that which is produced by gazing upon the sublimest efforts of Nature in her most romantic recesses.

That Lord Byron's sentiments do not correspond with ours is obvious, and we are sorry for both our sakes. For our own,—because we have lost that note of triumph with which his harp would otherwise have rung over a field of glory such as Britain never reaped before; and on Lord Byron's account,—because it is melancholy to see a man of genius duped by the mere cant of words and phrases, even when facts are most broadly confronted with them. If the poet has mixed with original, wild, and magnificent creations of his imagination, prejudices which he could only have caught by the contagion which he most professes to despise, it is he himself must be the loser. If his lofty muse has soared in all her brilliancy over the field of Waterloo without dropping even one leaf of laurel on the head of Wellington, his merit can dispense even with the praise of Lord Byron. And as, when the images of Brutus were excluded from the triumphal procession, his memory became only the more powerfully imprinted on the souls of the Romans,—the name of the British hero will be but more eagerly recalled to remembrance by the very lines in which his praise is forgotten.

We would willingly avoid mention of the political opinions hinted at by Childe Harold, and more distinctly expressed in other poems of Lord Byron;—the more willingly, as we strongly suspect that these effusions are rather the sport of whim and singularity, or at best the suggestion of sudden starts of feeling and passion, than the expressions of any serious or fixed opinion. A French author, (*Le Censeur du Dictionnaire des Girouettes*,) who has undertaken the hardy task of vindicating the consistency of the actors in the late revolutions and counter-revolutions of his country, gives it as his decided opinion, that poets in particular are not amenable to censure whatever political opinions they may express, or however frequently these opinions may exhibit marks of inconsistency.—"Le cer-

veau d'un poète est une cire molle et flexibile où s'imprime naturellement tout ce qui le flatte, le séduit, et l'alimente. La Muse du chant n'a pas de parti : c'est une étourdie sans conséquence, qui folâtre également et sur de riches gazons et sur d'arides bruyères. Un poète en délire chante indifféremment Titus et Thamasp, Louis XII. et Cromwell, Christine de Suède et Fanchon la Vielleuse."

We suspect that Lord Byron will not feel much flattered by the opportunity we have given him of sheltering himself under the insignificance which this Frenchman attaches to the political opinions of poets. But if he renounces the defence arising from the difficulty of resisting a tempting subject, and the pleasure of maintaining a paradox, it will be difficult for him to escape from the charge of inconsistency. For to compare Waterloo to the battle of Cannæ, and speak of the blood which flowed on the side of the vanquished as lost in the cause of freedom, is contrary not only to plain sense and general opinion, but to Lord Byron's own experience, and to the testimony of that experience which he has laid before the public. Childe Harold, in his former Pilgrimage, beheld in Spain the course of the "tyrant and of the tyrant's slaves." He saw "Gaul's vulture with her wings unfurled," and indignantly expostulated with Fate on the impending destruction of the patriotic Spaniards.

> "And must they fall,—the young, the proud, the brave,
> To swell one bloated Chief's unwholesome reign,
> No step between submission and a grave,
> The rise of rapine, and the fall of Spain!"

Childe Harold saw the scenes which he celebrates—and does he now compare to the field of Cannæ the plain of Waterloo, and mourn over the fall of the tyrant and the military satraps and slaves whose arms built his power, as over the fall of the cause of liberty? We know the ready answer which will be offered by the few who soothe their own prejudices, or seek to carry their own purposes, by maintaining this extravagant proposition. They take a distinction: Bonaparte, according to their creed, fell a tyrant in 1814, and revived a deliverer in 1815. A few months' residence in the Isle of Elba had given him time for better thoughts, and had mortified within his mind that gorging ambition, for which Russia was not too great, nor Hamburgh too small a morsel; which never evaporated under the burning sun of Egypt, nor was chilled by the Polar snows; which survived the loss of millions of soldiers, and an incalculable tract of territory, and burned as fiercely during the conferences of Chatillon, when the despot's fate was trembling in the scales, as at those of Tilsit, when that of his adversary had kicked the beam. All the experience which Europe had bought, by oceans of blood and years of degradation, ought, according to these gentlemen, to have been forgotten upon the vague and empty professions of one, whose word, whensoever and wheresoever pledged, never bound him an instant, when interest or ambition required a breach of it. Bonaparte, on his return from Elba, had assured the world he was changed in temper, mind, and disposition; and his old agent and minister (Fouché de Nantes) was as ready to give his security as Bardolph was to engage for Falstaff. When Gil Blas found his old comrades in knavery, Don Raphael and Ambrose de Lamela, administrating the revenues of a Carthusian convent, he shrewdly conjectured that the treasure of the holy fathers was in no small danger, and grounded his suspicion on the old adage, "Il ne faut pas mettre à la cave un ivrogne qui a renoncé au vin." But Europe—when France had given the strongest proof of her desire to recover what she termed her glory, by expelling a king whose reign was incompatible with foreign wars, and recalling Napoleon, to whom conquest was as the very breath of his nostrils—Europe, most deserving, had she yielded to such arguments, to have been crowned with "the diadem, hight foolscap," is censured for having exerted her strength to fix her security, and confuting with her own warlike weapons those whose only law was arms, and only argument battle.

We do not believe there lives any one who can seriously doubt the truth of what we have said. If, however, there were any simple enough to expect that Freedom, restored by the victorious arms of Bonaparte, their mistake (had Lord Wellington not saved them from its consequences) would have resembled that of poor Slender, who, rushing to the embraces of Anne Page, found himself unexpectedly in the gripe of a lubberly post-master's boy. But probably no one was foolish enough to nourish such hopes, though there are some—their number is few—whose general opinions concerning the policy of Europe are so closely and habitually linked with their party prejudices at home, that they see in the victory of Waterloo only the triumph of Lord Castlereagh; and could the event have been reversed, would have thought rather of the possible change of seats in St. Stephen's, than of the probable subjugation of Europe. Such were those who, hiding perhaps secret hopes with affected despondence, lamented the madness which endeavoured to make a stand against the Irresistible, whose military calculations were formed on plans far beyond the comprehension of all other minds; and such are they who, confuted by stubborn facts, now affect to mourn over the consequences of a victory which they had pronounced impossible. But, as we have already hinted, we cannot trace in Lord Byron's writings any systematic attachment to a particular creed of politics, and he appears to us to seize the subjects of public interest upon the side in which they happen to present themselves for the moment, with this qualification, that he usually paints them on the shaded aspect, perhaps that their tints may harmonize with the sombre colours of his landscape. Dangerous as prophecies are, we could almost hazard a prediction, that, if Lord Byron enjoys that length of life which we desire for his sake and our own, his future writings may probably show that he thinks better of the morals, religion, and constitution of his country, than his poems have hitherto indicated. Should we fail in a hope which we cherish fondly, the disgrace of false prophecy must rest with us, but the loss will be with Lord Byron himself.

Childe Harold, though he shuns to celebrate the victory of Waterloo, gives us a most beautiful description of the evening which preceded the battle of Quatre Bras, the alarm which called out the troops, and the hurry and confusion which preceded their march.

A beautiful elegiac stanza on the Honourable Major Howard, a relation of Lord Byron; and several verses, in which the author contemplates the character and fall of Napoleon,—close the meditations suggested by the field of Waterloo. The present situation of Bonaparte ought to exempt him (unless when, as in the following pages, he is brought officially before us,) from such petty warfare as we can wage. But if Lord Byron supposes that Napoleon's fall was occasioned, or even precipitated, by a "just habitual scorn of men and their thoughts," too publicly and rashly expressed, or, as he has termed it in a note, "the continued obtrusion on mankind of his want of all community of feeling with or for them,"—we conceive him to be under a material error. Far from being deficient in that necessary branch of the politician's art, which soothes the passions and conciliates the prejudices of those whom they wish to employ as instruments, Bonaparte possessed it in exquisite perfection. He seldom missed finding the very man that was fittest for his immediate purpose; and he had, in a peculiar degree, the art of moulding him to it. It was not, then, because he despised the means necessary to gain his end that he finally fell short of attaining it, but because, confiding in his stars, his fortune, and his strength, the ends which he proposed were unattainable even by the gigantic means which he possessed. But if we are to understand that the projects of Napoleon intimated, too plainly for the subsistence of his power, how little he regarded human life or human happiness in the accomplishment of his personal views, and that this conviction heated his enemies and cooled his friends, his indeed may

e called a *scorn*, but surely not a *just scorn* of his llow-mortals.

The next theme on which the poet rushes, is the haracter of the enthusiastic, and as Lord Byron ell terms him, "self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau," a subject naturally suggested by the scenes n which that unhappy visionary dwelt, at war with ll others, and by no means at peace with himself; n affected contemner of polished society, for whose pplause he secretly panted, and a waster of elopence in praise of the savage state in which his paraoxical reasoning, and studied, if not affected, delamation, would never have procured him an intant's notice. In the following stanza, his characr and foibles are happily treated.

LXXX.

"His life was one long war with self-sought foes,
Or friends by him self-banish'd; for his mind
Had grown Suspicion's sanctuary, and chose
For its own cruel sacrifice, the kind,
'Gainst whom he raged with fury strange and blind.
But he was frenzied—wherefore, who may know?
Since cause might be which skill could never find;
But he was frenzied by disease or wo,
To that worse pitch of all, which wears a reasoning show."

In another part of the poem, this subject is reewed, where the traveller visits the scenery of La ouvelle Eloïse.

"Clarens, sweet Clarens, birth place of deep love,
Thine air is the young breath of passionate thought;
Thy trees take root in love; the snows above
The very Glaciers have his colours caught,
And sunset into rose-hues sees them wrought,
By rays which sleep there lovingly."

There is much more of beautiful and animated deription, from which it appears that the impassionpd parts of Rousseau's romance have made a deep mpression upon the feelings of the noble poet. The nthusiasm expressed by Lord Byron is no small tribute to the power possessed by Jean Jaques over the passions; and, to say truth, we needed some uch evidence, for, though almost ashamed to avow the truth, which is probably very much to our own discredit, still, like the barber of Midas, we must speak or die, we have never been able to feel the interest, or discover the merit, of this far-famed performance. That there is much eloquence in the letters, we readily admit: there lay Rousseau's strength. But his lovers, the celebrated St. Preux and Julie, have, from the earliest moment we have heard the tale (which we well remember) down to the present hour, totally failed to interest us. There might be some constitutional hardness of heart; but, like Lance's pebble-hearted cur, Crab, we remained dry-eyed, while all wept around us. And still, on resuming the volume, even now, we can see little in the pages of these two tiresome pedants to interest our feelings for either of them; we are by no means flattered by the character of Lord Edward Bomston, produced as the representative of the English nation; and, upon the whole, consider the dulness of the story as the best apology for its exquisite immorality. To state our opinion in language much better than our own, we are unfortunate enough to regard his far-famed history of philosophical gallantry as "unfashioned, indelicate, sour, gloomy, ferocious medley of pedantry and lewdness; of metaphysical speculations, blended with the coarsest sensuality."* Rather does Rousseau claim a higher rank with us on account of that Pythian and frenetic inspiration which vented

"Those oracles which set the world in flame,
Nor ceased to burn till kingdoms were no more."

We agree with Lord Byron, that this frenzied sophist, reasoning upon false principles, or rather presenting that show of reasoning which is the worst pitch of madness, was a primary apostle of the French Revolution; nor do we differ greatly from his Lordship's conclusion, that good and evil were together overthrown in that volcanic explosion. But when Lord Byron assures us, that after the successive changes of government by which the French legislators have attempted to reach a theoretic perfection of constitution, mankind must and will begin the same work anew, in order to do it better and more effectually,—we devoutly hope the experiment, however *hopeful*, may not be renewed in our time, and that the "fixed passion" which Childe Harold describes as "holding his breath," and waiting the "atoning hour," will choke in his purpose ere that hour arrives. Surely the voice of dear-bought experience should now at length silence, even in France, the clamour of empirical philosophy. Who would listen a moment to the blundering mechanic who should say, "I have burned your house down ten times in the attempt, but let me once more disturb your old fashioned chimneys and vents, in order to make another trial, and I will pledge myself to succeed in heating it upon the newest and most approved principle?"

The poem proceeds to describe, in a tone of great beauty and feeling, a night-scene witnessed on the Lake of Geneva; and each natural object, from the evening grasshopper to the stars, "the poetry of heaven," suggests the contemplation of the connexion between the Creator and his works. The scene is varied by the "fierce and fair delight" of a thunder-storm, described in verse almost as vivid as its lightnings. We had marked it for transcript, as one of the most beautiful passages of the poem; but quotation must have bounds, and we have been already liberal. But the "live thunder leaping among the rattling crags"—the voice of mountains, as if shouting to each other—the plashing of the big rain—the gleaming of the wild lake, lighted like a phosphoric sea—present a picture of sublime terror, yet of enjoyment, often attempted, but never so well, certainly never better, brought out in poetry. The Pilgrim reviews the characters of Gibbon and Voltaire, suggested by their residences on the lake of Geneva, and concludes by reverting to the same melancholy tone of feeling with which the poem commenced. Childe Harold, though not formally dismissed, glides from our observation; and the poet, in his own person, renews the affecting address to his infant daughter;—

CXV.

"My daughter! with thy name this song begun—
My daughter! with thy name thus much shall end.
I see thee not,—I hear thee not,—but none
Can be so wrapt in thee; thou art the friend
To whom the shadows of far years extend:
Albeit my brow thou never shouldst behold,
My voice shall with thy future visions blend,
And reach into thy heart,—when mine is cold,—
A token and a tone, even from thy father's mould."

He proceeds in the same tone for several stanzas, and then concludes with this paternal benediction:—

"Sweet be thy cradled slumbers o'er the sea,
And from the mountains where I now respire,
Fain would I waft such blessings upon thee,
As with a sigh I deem thou might'st have been to me."

Having finished the analysis of this beautiful poem, we have the difficult and delicate task before us, of offering some remarks on the tone and feeling in which it is composed. But before discharging this part of our duty, we must give some account of the other fasciculus with which the fertile genius of Lord Byron has supplied us.

The collection to which the *Prisoner of Chillon* gives name, inferior in interest to the continuation of *Childe Harold*, is marked, nevertheless, by the peculiar force of Lord Byron's genius. It consists of a series of detached pieces, some of them fragments, and rather poetical prolusions, than finished and perfect poems.

Some of our readers may require to be informed, that Chillon, which gives name to the first poem, is a castle on the lake of Geneva, belonging of old to the Dukes of Savoy, employed by them during the dark ages, as a state prison, and furnished of course with a tremendous range of subterranean dungeons, with a chamber dedicated to the purpose of torture, and all the apparatus of feudal tyranny. Here the earlier champions of the Reformation were frequently doomed to expiate their heretical opinions. Among the hardiest of these was Bonnivard, whom Lord

* Burke's Letter to a Member of the National Assembly.

Byron has selected as the hero of his poem. He was imprisoned in Chillon for nearly six years, from 1530, namely, to 1536, and underwent all the rigour of the closest captivity. But it has not been the purpose of Lord Byron to paint the peculiar character of Bonnivard, nor do we find any thing to remind us of the steady firmness and patient endurance of one suffering for conscience-sake. The object of the poem, like that of Sterne's celebrated sketch of the prisoner, is to consider captivity in the abstract, and to mark its effects in gradually chilling the mental powers as it benumbs and freezes the animal frame, until the unfortunate victim becomes, as it were, a part of his dungeon, and identified with his chains. This transmutation we believe to be founded on fact: at least, in the Low Countries, where capital punishments are never inflicted, and where solitary confinement for life is substituted in the case of enormous crimes, something like it may be witnessed. On particular days in the course of the year, these victims of a jurisprudence which calls itself humane, are presented to the public eye upon a stage erected in the open market-place, apparently to prevent their guilt and their punishment from being forgotten. It is scarcely possible to witness a sight more degrading to humanity than this exhibition:—with matted hair, wild looks and haggard features, with eyes dazzled by the unwonted light of the sun, and ears deafened and astounded by the sudden exchange of the silence of a dungeon for the busy hum of men, the wretches sit more like rude images fashioned to a fantastic imitation of humanity, than like living and reflecting beings. In the course of time, we are assured, they generally become either madmen or idiots, as mind or matter happens to predominate, when the mysterious balance between them is destroyed. But they who are subjected to such a dreadful punishment are generally, like most perpetrators of gross crimes, men of feeble internal resources. Men of talents like Trenck have been known, in the deepest seclusion, and most severe confinement, to battle the foul fiend Melancholy, and to come off conquerors, during a captivity of years. Those who suffer imprisonment for the sake of their country or their religion have yet a stronger support, and may exclaim, though in a different sense from that of Othello—

"It is the cause—it is the cause, my soul."

And hence the early history of the church is filled with martyrs, who, confident in the justice of their cause, and the certainty of their future reward, endured with patience the rigour of protracted and solitary captivity, as well as the bitterness of torture, and of death itself. This, however, is not the view which Lord Byron has taken of the character and captivity of Bonnivard, for which he has offered an apology in the following passage in the notes. "When the foregoing poem was composed, I was not sufficiently aware of the history of Bonnivard, or I would have endeavoured to dignify the subject by an attempt to celebrate his courage and his virtues." The theme of the poem is therefore the gradual effect of protracted captivity upon a man of powerful mind, tried at the same time by the successive deaths of his two brethren.

It will readily be allowed that this singular poem is more powerful than pleasing. The dungeon of Bonnivard is, like that of Ugolino, a subject too dismal even for the power of the painter or poet to counteract its horrors. It is the more disagreeable, as affording human hope no anchor to rest upon, and describing the sufferer, though a man of talents and virtues, as altogether inert and powerless under his accumulated sufferings. Yet as a picture, however gloomy the colouring, it may rival any which Lord Byron has drawn; nor is it possible to read it without a sinking of the heart, corresponding with that which he describes the victim to have suffered.

We have said that Lord Byron occasionally, though without concealing his own original features, assumes the manner and style of his contemporaries. Of this we have more than one instance in the present collection. It is impossible to read the *Prisoner of Chillon* without finding several passages, which strongly remind us of Wordsworth. There is another called *Churchill's Grave*, for which Southey seems to afford the model, not in his epic strains, but in his English eclogues, in which moral truths are expressed, to use the poet's own language, in "an almost colloquial plainness of language," and an air of quaint and original expression assumed, to render the sentiment at once impressive and *piquant*. The grave of Churchill, however, might have called from Lord Byron a deeper commemoration; for though they generally differed in character and genius, there was a resemblance between their history and character. The satire of Churchill flowed with a more profuse, though not a more embittered, stream; while, on the other hand, he cannot be compared to Lord Byron in point of tenderness or imagination. But both these poets held themselves above the opinion of the world, and both were followed by the fame and popularity which they seemed to despise. The writings of both exhibit an inborn, though sometimes ill regulated, generosity of mind, and a spirit of proud independence, frequently pushed to extremes. Both carried their hatred of hypocrisy beyond the verge of prudence, and indulged their vein of satire to the borders of licentiousness. In the flower of his age, Churchill died in a foreign land. Here, we trust, the parallel will cease, and that the subject of our criticism will long survive to honour his own.*

Two other pieces in this miscellany recall to our mind the wild, unbridled, and fiery imagination of Coleridge. To this poet's high poetical genius we have always paid deference,—even where, perhaps, he has, too frequently for his own popularity, wandered into the wild and mystic, and left the reader at a loss accurately to determine his meaning. Perhaps in that called the *Spell* the resemblance may be fanciful, but we cannot allow it to be so in the singular poem called *Darkness*, well entitled,

"A dream which is not all a dream."

In this case, our author has abandoned the art so peculiarly his own, of showing the reader where his purpose tends, and has contented himself with presenting a mass of powerful ideas unarranged, and the meaning of which we certainly confess ourselves not always able to attain. A succession of terrible images is placed before us, flitting and mixing, and disengaging themselves as in the dream of a feverish man—Chimeras dire, to whose existence a mind refuses credit, which confound and weary the ordinary reader, and baffle the comprehension even of those more accustomed to the flights of a poetic muse, are dashed off as in an Arabesque painting. The subject is the progress of Utter Darkness, until it becomes, in Shakspeare's phrase, the "burier of the dead," and the assemblage of terrific ideas which the poet has placed before us only fail in exciting our terror from the extravagance of the plan. These mystical profusions do indeed produce upon us the effect described in Henry More's lines, quoted in Southey's Omniana—

"A lecture strange he seemed to read to me;
And though I did not rightly understand
His meaning, yet I deem'd it to be
Some goodly thing."

But the feeling of reverence which we entertain for that which is difficult of comprehension, gives way to weariness whenever we begin to suspect that it cannot be distinctly comprehended by any one.

To speak plainly, the framing of such phantasms is a dangerous employment for the exalted and teeming imagination of such a poet as Lord Byron, whose Pegasus has ever required rather a bridle than a spur. The waste of boundless space into which they lead the poet, the neglect of precision which such themes may render habitual, make them, in respect to poetry, what mysticism is to religion. The meaning of the poet as he ascends upon cloudy wing, becomes the shadow only of a thought, and having

* Such was the vain hope we then expressed. Alas! the resemblance was doomed to be completed in the catastrophe which we deprecated.

cluded the comprehension of others, necessarily ends by escaping from that of the author himself. The strength of poetical conception, and beauty of diction, bestowed upon such prolusions, is as much thrown away as the colours of a painter, could he take a cloud of mist, or a wreath of smoke, for his canvass.

Omitting one or two compositions of less interest, we cannot but notice the *Dream*, which, if we do not misconstrue it, has a covert and mysterious relation to the tale of Childe Harold. It is written with the same power of poetry, nor have we here to complain of obscurity in the mode of narrating the vision, though we pretend not to the skill or information necessary to its interpretation. It is difficult, however, to mistake who or what is meant in the conclusion, and more especially as the tone too well agrees with similar passages in the continuation of Childe Harold.

> "The Wanderer was alone as heretofore:
> The beings which surrounded him were gone,
> Or were at war with him; he was a mark
> For blight and desolation, compass'd round
> With Hatred and Contention.
> ——————— he lived
> Through that which had been death to many men,
> And made him friends of mountains; with the stars
> And the quick Spirit of the Universe
> He held his dialogues; and they did teach
> To him the magic of their mysteries;
> To him the book of Night was open'd wide,
> And voices from the deep abyss reveal'd
> A marvel and a secret—Be it so."—Pp. 44, 45.

The reader is requested to contrast these lines with the stern and solemn passage in which Childe Harold seems to bid a long and lasting farewell to social intercourse, and, with exceptions so cautiously restricted and guarded as to be almost none, brands the mass of humanity whom he leaves behind him as falsé and treacherous.

> CXIII.
> "I have not loved the world, nor the world me;
> I have not flatter'd its rank breath, nor bow'd
> To its idolatries a patient knee,—
> Nor coin'd my cheek to smiles, nor cried aloud
> In worship of an echo; in the crowd
> They could not deem me one of such; I stood
> Among them, but not of them; in a shroud
> Of thoughts which were not their thoughts, and still could,
> Had I not filed my mind, which thus itself subdued.
>
> CXIV.
> I have not loved the world, nor the world me—
> But let us part fair foes; I do believe,
> Though I have found them not, that there may be
> Words which are things—hopes which will not deceive,
> And virtues which are merciful, nor weave
> Snares for the falling: I would also deem
> O'er others' griefs that some sincerely grieve;
> That two, or one, are almost what they seem—
> That goodness is no name, and happiness no dream."
> Pp. 61, 62.

Though the last of these stanzas has something in it mystic and enigmatical, yet with the passage already quoted from the *Dream*, and some other poems which are also before the public, they remove the scrupulous delicacy with which otherwise we would have avoided allusion to the mental sufferings of the noble poet. But to uncover a wound, is to demand a surgeon's hand to tent it. With kinder feelings to Lord Byron in person and reputation no one could approach him than ourselves; we owe it to the pleasure which he has bestowed upon us, and to the honour he has done to our literature. We have paid our warmest tribute to his talents: it is their due. We will touch on the uses for which he was invested with them: it is our duty; and happy, most happy, should we be, if, in discharging it, we could render this distinguished author a real service. We do not assume the office of harsh censors—we are entitled at no time to do so towards genius, least still in what may be termed its hour of adversity; we are prepared to make full allowance for the moral effect of misfortune upon a bold and haughty spirit.

> "——— When the splitting wind
> Makes flexible the knee of knotted oaks,
> And flies fled under shade, the Thing of Courage,
> As roused with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
> And, with an accent tuned in self-same key,
> Returns to chiding fortune."

But this mode of defiance may last too long, and hurry him who indulges it into further evils; and to this point our observations tend. The advice ought not to be contemned on account of the obscurity of those by whom it was given:—the roughest fisherman is a useful pilot when a gallant vessel is near the breakers; the meanest shepherd may be a sure guide over a pathless heath, and the admonition which is given in well-meant kindness should not be despised, even when tendered with a frankness which may resemble a want of courtesy.

If the conclusion of Lord Byron's literary career were to be such as these mournful verses have anticipated—if this darkness of the spirit, this skepticism concerning the existence of worth, of friendship, of sincerity, were really and permanently to sink like a gulf between this distinguished poet and society, another name will be added to the illustrious list to whom Preston's caution refers.

> "Still wouldst thou write?—to tame thy youthful fire,
> Recall to life the masters of the lyre;
> Lo, every brow the shade of sorrow wears,
> And every wreath is stain'd with dropping tears!"

But this is an unfair picture. It is not the temper and talents of the poet, but the use to which he puts them, on which his happiness or misery is grounded. A powerful and unbridled imagination is, we have already said, the author and architect of its own disappointments. Its fascinations, its exaggerated pictures of good and evil, and the mental distress to which they give rise, are the natural and necessary evils attending on that quick susceptibility of feeling and fancy incident to the poetical temperament. But the Giver of all talents, while he has qualified them each with its separate and peculiar alloy, has endowed the owner with the power of purifying and refining them. As if to moderate the arrogance of genius, it is justly and wisely made requisite, that the conscious possessor must regulate and tame the fire of his fancy, and descend from the heights to which she exalts him, in order to obtain ease of mind and tranquillity. The materials of happiness, that is, of such degree of happiness as is consistent with our present state, lie around us in profusion. But they lie so low, that the man of talents must stoop to gather them; and it is just they should do so, otherwise they would be beyond the reach of the mass of society, for whose benefit, as well as for his, Providence has created them. There is no royal and no poetical path to contentment and heart's-ease: that by which they are attained is open to all classes of mankind, and lies within the most limited range of intellect. To narrow our wishes and desires within the scope of our powers of attainment; to consider our misfortunes, however peculiar in their character, as our inevitable share in the patrimony of Adam; to bridle those irritable feelings, which, ungoverned, are sure to become governors; to shun that intensity of galling and self-wounding reflection which our poet has so forcibly described in his own burning language:

> "——— I have thought
> Too long and darkly, till my brain became,
> In its own eddy, boiling and o'erwrought,
> A whirling gulf of phantasy and flame;"—

—to stoop, in short, to the realities of life; repent if we have offended, and pardon if we have been trespassed against; to look on the world less as our foe than as a doubtful and capricious friend, whose applause we ought as far as possible to deserve, but neither to court nor contemn—such seem the most obvious and certain means of keeping or regaining mental tranquillity.

> ——— "Semita certe
> Tranquillæ per virtutem patet unica vitæ."

We are compelled to dwell upon this subject; for future ages, while our language is remembered, will demand of this, why Lord Byron was unhappy? We retort this query on the noble poet himself while it is called "to-day." He does injustice to the world, if he imagines he has left it exclusively filled with those who rejoice in his sufferings. If the voice of consolation be, in cases like his, less loudly heard than that of reproach or upbraiding, it is because those

who long to conciliate, to advise, to mediate, to console, are timid in thrusting forward their sentiments, and fear to exasperate where they most seek to soothe; while the busy and officious intrude, without shame or sympathy, and embitter the privacy of affliction by their rude gaze and importunate clamour. But the pain which such insects can give only lasts while the wound is raw. Let the patient submit to the discipline of the soul enjoined by religion, and recommended by philosophy, and the scar will become speedily insensible to their stings. Lord Byron may not have loved the world, but the world *has* loved him; not perhaps with a wise or discriminating affection, but as well as it is capable of loving any one. And many who do not belong to the world, as the word is generally understood, have their thoughts fixed on Lord Byron, with the anxious wish and eager hope that he will bring his powerful understanding to combat with his irritated feelings, and that his next efforts will show that he has acquired the peace of mind necessary for the free and useful exercise of his splendid talents.

"I decus, i nostrum, melioribus utere fatis."

THE DUKE OF YORK.

From the Edinburgh Weekly Journal, Jan. 10, 1827.

In the person of his Royal Highness the Duke of York, we may justly say, in the language of scripture, "there has fallen this day in our Israel a Prince and a Great Man." He has, from an early period of his manhood, performed a most important part in public life. In the early wars of the French Revolution, the Duke of York commanded the British forces on the Continent, and although we claim not for his memory the admiration due to the rare and high gifts, which, in our later times, must combine to form a military genius of the first order, yet it has never been disputed that in the field his Royal Highness displayed intelligence, military skill, and his family attribute, the most cool and unalterable courage. He had also the universal testimony of the army for his efforts to lessen the distresses of the privates, during the horrors of an unsuccessful campaign, in which he acquired, and kept to his death, the epithet of the Soldier's Friend. It was singular that on the trial of the maniac Hatfield, where the Duke was examined as a witness, the accused person recognised his Royal Highness by that title.

But it is not on account of these early services that we now, as boldly as our poor voice may, venture to bring forward the late Duke of York's claims to the perpetual gratitude of his country. It is as the reformer and regenerator of the British army, which he brought from a state nearly allied to general contempt, to such a pitch of excellence, that we may, without much hesitation, claim for them an equality with, if not a superiority over, any troops in Europe. The Duke of York had the firmness to look into and examine the causes, which, ever since the American war, though arising out of circumstances existing long before, had gone as far to destroy the character of the British army, as the natural good materials of which it is composed would permit. The heart must have been bold that did not despair at the sight of such an Augean stable.

In the first place, our system of purchasing commissions,—itself an evil in a military point of view, and yet indispensable to the freedom of the country,—had been stretched so far as to open the way to every sort of abuse. No science was required on the part of the candidate for a commission, no term of service as a cadet, no previous experience whatsoever; the promotion went on equally unimpeded; the boy let loose from school the last week, might in the course of a month be a field officer, if his friends were disposed to be liberal of money and influence. Others there were, against whom there could be no complaint for want of length of service, although it might be difficult to see how their experience was improved by it. It was no uncommon thing for a commission to be obtained for a child in the cradle; and when he came from college, the fortunate youth was at least a lieutenant of some standing by dint of fair promotion. To sum up this catalogue of abuses, commissions were in some instances bestowed upon young ladies, when pensions could not be had. We knew ourselves one fair dame who drew the pay of captain in the —— dragoons, and was probably not much less fit for the service than some who, at that period, actually did duty; for, as we have said, no knowledge of any kind was demanded from the young officers. If they desired to improve themselves in the elemental parts of their profession, there were no means open either of direction or of instruction. But as a zeal for knowledge rarely exists where its attainment brings no credit or advantage, the gay young men who adopted the military profession were easily led into the fashion of thinking, that it was pedantry to be master even of the routine of the exercise which they were obliged to perform. An intelligent sergeant whispered from time to time the word of command, which his captain would have been ashamed to have known without prompting; and thus the duty of the field-day was huddled over rather than performed. It was natural, under such circumstances, that the pleasures of the mess, or of the card or billiard table, should occupy too much of the leisure of those who had so few duties to perform, and that extravagance, with all its disreputable consequences, should be the characteristic of many officers, while others, despairing of promotion, which could only be acquired by money or influence, sunk into mere machines, performing without hope or heart a task which they had learned by rote, and only remaining in the profession because it was too late to begin another.

To this state of things, by a succession of well considered and effectual regulations, gradually the Duke of York put a stop, with a firm yet gentle hand. Terms of service were fixed for every rank, and neither influence nor money were permitted to force any individual forward, until he had served the necessary time in the inferior rank from which he desired to be promoted. No rank short of that of the Duke of York—no courage and determination inferior to that of his Royal Highness, could have accomplished a change so important to the service, but which yet was so unfavourable to the wealthy and to the powerful, whose children and protegés had formerly found a brief way to promotion. Thus a protection was afforded to those officers who could only hope to rise by merit and length of service, while at the same time the young military aspirant was compelled to discharge the duties of a subaltern before attaining the higher commissions.

In other respects, the influence of the Commander-in-Chief was found to have the same gradual and meliorating influence. The vicissitudes of real service and the emergencies to which individuals are exposed, began to render ignorance unfashionable, as it was speedily found that mere valour, however fiery, was inadequate, on such occasions, for the extrication of those engaged in them; and that they who knew their duty and discharged it, were not only most secure of victory and safety in action, but chiefly distinguished at head quarters, and most certain of promotion. Thus a taste for studying mathematics and calculations applicable to war, was gradually introduced into the army, and carried by some to a great length, while a perfect acquaintance with the routine of the field-day was positively demanded from every officer in the service as an indispensable qualification.

His Royal Highness also introduced a species of moral discipline among the officers of our army, which has had the highest consequences on their character. Persons of the old school of Captain Plume and Captain Brazen, men who swore hard, drank deep, bilked tradesmen, and plucked pigeons, were no longer allowed to arrogate a character, which they could only support by deep oaths

and ready swords. If a tradesman, whose bill was unpaid by an officer, thought proper to apply at the Horse Guards, the debtor received a letter from head-quarters, requiring to know if there existed any objections to the account, and failing the party's rendering a satisfactory answer, he was put under stoppages until the creditor's demand was satisfied. Repeated applications of this kind might endanger the officer's commission, which was then sold for the payment of his creditors. Other moral delinquencies were at the same time adverted to; and without maintaining an inquisitorial strictness over the officers, or taking too close inspection of the mere gayeties and follies of youth, a complaint of any kind implying a departure from the character of a gentleman and man of honour, was instantly inquired into by the Commander-in-Chief, and the delinquent censured or punished, as the case seemed to require. The army was thus like a family under the protection of an indulgent father, who, willing to encourage ment, checks with a timely frown the temptations to license and extravagance.

The private soldiers equally engaged the attention of his Royal Highness. In the course of his superintendence of the army, a military dress, the most absurd in Europe, was altered for one easy and comfortable for the men, and suitable to the hardships they are exposed to in actual service. The severe and vexatious rules about tying and powdering of hair, and other trifling punctilios, (which had been found sometimes to goad excellent troops into mutiny,) were abolished, and strict cleanliness was substituted for a Hottentot head-dress of tallow and flour. The pay of the soldier was augmented, while care was at the same taken that it should, as far as possible, be expended in bettering his food and extending his comforts. The slightest complaint on the part of a private sentinel was as regularly inquired into, as if it had been preferred by a general officer. Lastly, the use of the cane (a brutal practice, which our officers borrowed from the Germans,) was entirely prohibited, and even regular corporal punishments by the sentence of a court-martial have been gradually diminished.

If, therefore, we find in the modern British officer better general information, a more regular course of military study, a deeper acquaintance with the principles of his profession, and a greater love for its exertions—if we find the private sentinel discharge his duty with a mind unembittered by petty vexations and regimental exactions, conscious of immunity from capricious violence, and knowing where to appeal if he sustains injury—if we find in all ranks of the army a love of their profession, and a capacity of matching themselves with the finest troops which Europe ever produced,—it is to the talents and labours of his Royal Highness the Duke of York that we owe this change from the state of the forces forty years since.

The means of improving the tactics of the British army did not escape His Royal Highness's sedulous care and attention. Formerly every commanding officer manœuvred his regiment after his own fashion, as light infantry, or as a battalion in quick time, slow time, double quick time, or no time at all. Thus if a brigade of troops were brought together, it was very doubtful whether they could execute any one combined movement, and almost certain that they could not execute the various parts of it on the same principle. This was remedied by the system of regulations compiled by the late Sir David Dundas, and which obtained the sanction and the countenance of his Royal Highness. This one circumstance, of giving a uniform principle and mode of working to the different bodies, which are after all but parts of the same great machine, was in itself one of the most distinguished services which could be rendered to a national army; and it is only surprising that, before it was introduced, the British army was able to execute combined movements of any sort whatsoever.

We can but notice the Duke of York's establishment near Chelsea for the orphans of soldiers, the cleanliness and discipline of which is a model for such institutions; and the Royal Military School, or College, at Sandhurst, where every species of scientific instruction is afforded to those officers whom it is desirable to qualify for the service of the Staff. It comprehends two classes, one of cadets, and one of young officers of some standing, and the studies of both are directed according to the differences of their ages. The excellent officers who have been formed at this institution, are the best pledge of what is due to its founder. Again we repeat, that if the British soldier meets his foreign adversary, not only with equal courage, but with equal readiness and facility of manœuvre—if the British officer brings against his scientific antagonist, not only his own good heart and hand, but an improved and enlightened knowledge of his profession, it is to the exertions of the Duke of York that the army and the country owe this.

The former condition of the British army denied to his Royal Highness the possibility of conquering at its head; but he prepared then, for their arduous task, those soldiers by whom the victories of Britain were finally achieved.

The character of his Royal Highness was admirably adapted to the task of this extended reformation in a branch of the public service in which the safety of England absolutely depended for the time. His judgment, in itself clear and steady, was inflexibly guided by honour and principle. No solicitations could make him promise what it would have been inconsistent with these principles to grant; nor could any circumstance induce him to break or elude the promise which he had once given. At the same time, his feelings, humane and kindly, were on all possible occasions, accessible to the claims of compassion; and there occurred but rare instances of a wife widowed, or a family rendered orphans, by the death of a meritorious officer, without something being done on the part of the Duke of York to render their calamities more tolerable.

As a statesman, the Duke of York, from his earliest appearance in public life, was guided by the opinions of Mr. Pitt. But two circumstances are worthy of remark. First, that his Royal Highness never permitted the consideration of politics to influence him in his department of Commander-in-Chief but gave alike to Whig as to Tory, the preferment their service or their talents deserved. Secondly, in attaching himself to the party, whose object is supposed to be to strengthen the Crown, his Royal Highness would have been the last man to invade, in the slightest degree, the rights of the people. The following anecdote may be relied upon. At the table of the Commander-in-Chief, not many years since, a young officer entered into a dispute with Lieut. Col. —— upon the point to which military obedience ought to be carried. The young gentleman was at the time of life when soldiers are apt to carry a sense of military duty to enthusiasm. "If the Commander-in-Chief," said the young officer, like a second Seid, "should command me to do a thing which I knew to be civilly illegal I should not scruple to obey him, and consider myself as relieved from all responsibility by the orders of my military superior."—"So would not I," returned the gallant and intelligent officer who maintained the opposite side of the question. "I should rather prefer the risk of being shot for disobedience by my commanding officer, than hanged for transgressing the laws, and violating the liberties of the country."—"You have answered like yourself," said his Royal Highness, whose attention had been attracted by the vivacity of the debate; "and the officer would deserve both to be shot and hanged that should act otherwise. I trust all British officers would be as unwilling to execute an illegal command, as I trust the Commander-in-Chief is incapable of issuing one."

The religion of the Duke of York was sincere, and he was particularly attached to the doctrines and constitution of the Church of England. In this his Royal Highness strongly resembled his father; and, like his father, he entertained a conscientious sense of the obligations of the Coronation Oath, which prevented him from acquiescing in the further re

laxation of the laws against Catholics. We pronounce no opinion on the justice of his Royal Highness's sentiments on this important point; but we must presume them to have been sincerely entertained, since they were expressed at the hazard of drawing down upon his Royal Highness much odium from a party equally zealous and powerful.

In his person and countenance, the Duke of York was large, stout, and manly; he spoke with some of the indistinctness of utterance peculiar to his late father, rather than with the precision of enunciation which distinguishes the King, his Royal Brother. Indeed, his Royal Highness resembled his late Majesty perhaps the most of any of George the Third's descendants. His family affections were strong, and the public cannot have forgotten the pious tenderness with which he discharged the duty of watching the last days of his Royal Father, darkened as they were by corporeal blindness and mental incapacity. No pleasure, no business, was ever known to interrupt his regular visits to Windsor, where his unhappy parent could neither be grateful for, nor even sensible of, his unremitted attention. The same ties of affection united his Royal Highness to other members of his family, and particularly to its present Royal Head. Those who witnessed the coronation of his present Majesty, will long remember, as the most interesting part of that august ceremony, the cordiality with which his Royal Highness the Duke of York performed his act of homage, and the tears of affection which were mutually shed between the Royal Brethren. We are aware, that under this heavy dispensation, his Majesty will be chief mourner, not in name only, but in all the sincerity of severed affection. The King's nearest brother in blood was also his nearest in affection; and the subject who stood next to the throne, was the individual who would most willingly have laid down his life for its support.

In social intercourse the Duke of York was kind, courteous, and condescending; general attributes, we believe, of the Blood Royal of England, and well befitting the Princes of a free country. It may be remembered, that when, in "days of youthful pride," his Royal Highness had wounded the feelings of a young nobleman, he never thought of sheltering himself behind his rank, but manfully gave reparation by receiving the (well-nigh fatal) fire of the offended party, though he declined to return it.

We would here gladly conclude the subject; but to complete a portrait, the shades as well as the lights must be inserted, and in their foibles as well as their good qualities, Princes are the property of History. Occupied perpetually with official duty, which, to the last period of his life, he discharged with the utmost punctuality, the Duke of York was peculiarly negligent of his own affairs; and the embarrassments which arose in consequence were considerably increased by an imprudent passion for the turf and for deep play. Those unhappy propensities exhausted the funds with which the nation supplied him liberally, and sometimes produced extremities which must have been painful to a man of a temper so honourable. The exalted height of his rank, which renders it doubtless more difficult to look into and regulate domestic expenditure, together with the engrossing duties of his Royal Highness's office, may be admitted as alleviations, but not apologies, for such imprudence.

A criminal passion of a different nature proved, at one part of the Duke's life, fraught with consequences likely to affect his character, destroy the confidence of the country in his efforts, and blight the fair harvest of national gratitude, for which he had toiled so hard. It was a striking illustration of the sentiment of Shakspeare:—

> The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
> Make whips to scourge us.——

The Duke of York, married to Frederica, Princess Royal of Prussia, Sept. 29, 1791, lived with her on terms of decency, but not of affection; and his Royal Highness had formed, with a female called Clarke, a connexion, justifiable certainly neither by the laws of religion nor morality. Imprudently he suffered this woman to express her wishes to him for the promotion of a few officers, to whose preferment there could be no other objection than that they were recommended by such a person. It ought doubtless to have occurred to the Duke, that the solicitations of a woman like this were not likely to be disinterested. In fact, she seems to have favoured one or two persons, as being her paramours—several for mere prospect of gain, which she had subordinate agents to hunt out for, and one or two from a real sense of good nature and benevolence. The examination of this woman and her various profligate intimates before the House of Commons, occupied that assembly for nearly three months, with an intenseness of anxiety seldom equalled. The Duke of York was acquitted from the motion brought against him by a majority of eighty; but so strong was the outcry against him without doors, so much was the nation convinced that all Mrs. Clarke said was true, and so little could they be brought to doubt that the Duke of York was a conscious and participant actor in all that person's schemes, that his Royal Highness, seeing his utility obstructed by popular prejudice, tendered to his Majesty the resignation of his office, which was accepted accordingly, March 20, 1809. And thus, as, according to Solomon, a dead fly can pollute the most precious unguent, was the honourable fame, acquired by the services of a lifetime, obscured by the consequences of what the gay world would have termed a venial levity. The warning to those of birth and eminence, is of the most serious nature.

This step had not been long taken, when the mist in which the question was involved began to disperse. The public accuser, in the House of Commons, Colonel Wardle, was detected in some suspicious dealings with the principal witness, Mrs. Clarke. It became manifest that she was brought to the bar as a bribed witness, and it began to be remarked that a great part of her testimony was only supported by that of her own visiters and confidants. Next occurred, in the calm moments of retrospect, the great improbability that his Royal Highness ever could know on what terms she had previously negotiated with those in whose favour she solicited. It may be well supposed she concealed her secret motive for interesting herself in such as were her abused protector's own favoured rivals; and what greater probability was there, that she should explain to him her mercenary speculations, or distinguish them from the intercessions which she made upon more honourable motives? When the matter of accusation was thus reduced to his Royal Highness's having been, in two or three instances, the dupe of an artful woman, the public began to see, that when once the guilt of entertaining a mistress was acknowledged, the disposition to gratify such a person, who must always exercise a natural influence over her paramour, followed as a matter of course. It was then that the public compared the extensive and lengthened train of public services, by which the Duke had distinguished himself in the management of the army, with the trifling foible of his having granted one or two favours, not in themselves improper, at the request of a woman who had such opportunities to press her suit; and, doing to his Royal Highness the justice he well deserved, welcomed him back, in May, 1811, to the situation from which he had been driven, for a time, by calumny and popular prejudice.

In that high command his Royal Highness continued to manage our military affairs till within a very few days of his death. During the last years of the most momentous war that ever was waged, his Royal Highness prepared the most splendid victories our annals boast, by an unceasing attention to the character and talents of the officers, and the comforts and the health of the men. Trained under a system so admirable, our army seemed to increase in efficacy, power, and even in numbers, in proportion to the increasing occasion which the public had for their services. Nor is it a less praise, that when the men so disciplined returned from scenes of battle, ravaged countries, and stormed

cities, they resumed the habits of private life as if they had never left them; and that of all the crimes which the criminal calendar presents, (in Scotland at least,) there are not above one or two instances in which the perpetrators have been disbanded soldiers. This is a happy change since the reduction of the army, after the peace with America in 1783, which was the means of inundating the country with ruffians of every description; and when in the prison of Edinburgh alone, there were six or seven disbanded soldiers under sentence of death at the same time. These advantages are not peculiar to Scotland; the amended character of the army has been felt in every part of the British Empire.

Since laying this hasty sketch before the public, men of all parties and principles have concurred in expressing similar sentiments respecting the distinguished Personage to whom we have offered our tribute of regret. We retreat from a task which is in better hands, and only claim the credit of sincerity in a panegyric, which, however worthless it may be, we have not been accustomed to offer upon light grounds.

THE END OF BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES

DRAMAS.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE DRAMAS.

[This contains all the dramatic pieces which Sir Walter Scott ever published: namely, the translation of Goetz von Berlichingen, which appeared in 1799; the House of Aspen, which was written at the same early period, though it was first printed in the Keepsake for 1829; Halidon Hill, written and published in 1822; MacDuff's Cross, 1822: and the Doom of Devorgoil, and the Ayrshire Tragedy, which appeared together in 1830.

The Editor had some scruples about reprinting the version of Goetz of the Iron Hand; but it marks so important a period in the author's studies, that on the whole, he considered it proper to insert it.

J. G. L.]

HALIDON HILL;

A DRAMATIC SKETCH, FROM SCOTTISH HISTORY.

PREFACE TO HALIDON HILL.

THOUGH the Public seldom feel much interest in such communications, (nor is there any reason why they should,) the Author takes the liberty of stating, that these scenes were commenced with the purpose of contributing to a miscellany projected by a much-esteemed friend.* But instead of being confined to a scene or two, as intended, the work gradually swelled to the size of an independent publication. It is designed to illustrate military antiquities, and the manners of chivalry. The Drama (if it can be termed one) is, in no particular, either designed or calculated for the stage.†

The subject is to be found in Scottish history; but not to overload so slight a publication with antiquarian research, or quotations from obscure chronicles, may be sufficiently illustrated by the following passage from PINKERTON'S *History of Scotland*, vol. i. p. 72.

"The Governor (anno 1402) dispatched a considerable force under Murdac, his eldest son; the Earls of Angus and Moray also joined Douglas, who entered England with an army of ten thousand men, carrying terror and devastation to the walls of Newcastle.

"Henry IV. was now engaged in the Welsh war against Owen Glendour; but the Earl of Northumberland, and his son the Hotspur Percy, with the Earl of March, collected a numerous array, and awaited the return of the Scots, impeded with spoil, near Milfield, in the north part of Northumberland. Douglas had reached Wooler, in his return; and, perceiving the enemy, seized a strong post between the two armies, called Homildon-Hill. In this method he rivalled his predecessor at the battle of Otterburn, but not with like success. The English advanced to the assault, and Henry Percy was about to lead them up the hill, when March caught his bridle, and advised him to advance no farther, but to pour the dreadful shower of English arrows into the enemy. This advice was followed with the usual fortune; for in all ages the bow was the English instrument of victory; and though the Scots, and perhaps the French, were superior in the use of the spear, yet this weapon was useless after the distant bow had decided the combat. Robert the Great, sensible of this at the battle of Bannockburn, ordered a prepared detachment of cavalry to rush among the English archers at the commencement, totally to disperse them, and stop the deadly effusion. But Douglas now used no such precaution: and the consequence was, that his people, drawn up on the face of the hill, presented one general mark to the enemy, none of whose arrows descended in vain. The Scots fell without fight, and unrevenged, till a spirited knight, Swinton, exclaimed aloud, 'O my brave countrymen! what fascination has seized you to-day, that you stand like deer to be shot, instead of indulging your ancient courage, and meeting your enemies hand to hand? Let those who will, descend with me, that we may gain victory, or life, or fall like men.'‡ This being heard by Adam Gordon, between whom and Swinton there existed an ancient and deadly feud, attended with the mutual slaughter of many followers, he instantly fell on his knees before Swinton, begged his pardon, and desired to be dubbed a knight by him whom he must now regard as the wisest and the boldest of that order in Britain. The ceremony performed, Swinton and Gordon descended the hill, accompanied only by one hundred men; and a desperate valour led the whole body to death. Had a similar spirit been shown by the Scottish army, it is probable that the event of the day would have been different. Douglas, who was certainly deficient in the most important qualities of a general, seeing his army begin to disperse, at length attempted to descend the hill; but the English archers, retiring a little, sent a flight of arrows so sharp and strong that no armour could withstand; and the Scottish leader himself, whose panoply was of remarkable temper, fell under five wounds, though not mortal. The English men-of-arms, knights, or squires, did not strike one blow, but remained spectators of the rout, which was now complete. Great numbers of the Scots were slain, and near five hundred perished in the river Tweed upon their flight. Among the illustrious captives was Douglas, whose chief wound deprived him of an eye; Murdac, son of Albany; the Earls of Moray and Angus; and about twenty-four gentlemen of eminent rank and power. The chief slain were, Swinton, Gordon, Livingston of Calendar, Ramsay of Dalhousie, Walter Sinclair, Roger Gordon, Walter Scott, and others. Such was the issue of the unfortunate battle of Homildon."

It may be proper to observe, that the scene of action has, in the following pages, been transferred from Homildon to Halidon Hill. For this there was an obvious reason;—for who would again venture to introduce upon the scene the celebrated Hotspur, who commanded the English at the former battle? There are, however, several coincidences which may reconcile even the severer antiquary to the substitution of Halidon Hill for Homildon. A Scottish army was defeated by the English on both occasions, and under nearly the same circumstances of address on the part of the victors, and mismanagement on that of the vanquished, for the English long-bow decided the day in both cases. In both cases, also, a Gordon was left on the field of battle; and at Halidon, as at Homildon, the Scots were commanded by an ill-fated representative of the great house of Douglas. He of Homildon was surnamed *Time-man*, i. e. *Loose-man*, from his repeated defeats and miscarriages; and with all the personal valour of his race, seems to have enjoyed so small a portion of their sagacity, as to be unable to learn military experience from reiterated calamity. I am far, however, from intimating, that the traits of imbecility and envy attributed to the Regent in the following sketch, are to be historically ascribed either to the elder Douglas of Halidon Hill, or to him called *Time-man*, who seems to have enjoyed the respect of his countrymen, notwithstanding that, like the celebrated Anne de Montmorency, he was either defeated, or wounded, or made prisoner, in every battle which he fought. The Regent of the sketch is a character purely imaginary.

The tradition of the Swinton family, which still survives in a lineal descent, and to which the author has the honour to be related, avers, that the Swinton who fell at Homildon in the manner narrated in the preceding extract, had slain Gordon's father; which seems sufficient ground for adopting that circumstance into the following Dramatic Sketch, though it is rendered improbable by other authorities.

If any reader will take the trouble of looking at Froissart, Fordun, or other historians of the period, he will find, that the character of the Lord of Swinton, for strength, courage, and conduct, is by no means exaggerated.

W. S.

Abbotsford, 1822.

* [The author alludes to a collection of small pieces in verse, edited, for a charitable purpose, by Mrs. Joanna Baillie.]

† [In the first edition, the text added, "In case any attempt shall be made to produce it in action, (as has happened in similar cases,) the author submit he present opportunity to intimate, that it shall be at the peril of those who make such an experiment." Adverting to this passage, the New Edinburgh Review (July, 1822) said,—"We, nevertheless, do not believe that any thing more essentially dramatic, in so far as it goes, more capable of stage effect, has appeared in England since the days of her greatest genius; and giving Sir Walter, therefore, full credit for his coyness on the present occasion, we ardently hope that he is but trying his strength in the most arduous of all literary enterprises, and that, ere long, he will demonstrate his right to the highest honours of the tragic muse." The British Critic, for October, 1822, says, on the same head, "Though we may not accede to the author's declaration, that it is 'in no particular calculated for the stage,' we must not lead our readers to look for any thing amounting to a regular drama. It would, we think, form an underplot, of very great interest, in an historical play of customary length; and although its incidents and personages are mixed up, in these scenes, with an event of real history, there is nothing in either to prevent their being interwoven in the plot of any drama of which the action should lie in the confines of England and Scotland, at any of the very numerous periods of Border warfare. The whole interest, indeed, of the story, is engrossed by two characters, imagined, as it appears to us, with great force and probability, and contrasted with considerable skill and effect."]

‡ ["Miles magnanimus dominus Johannes Swinton, tanquam voce horrida præconis exclamavit, dicens, O commilitones inclyti! quis vos hodie fascinavit non indulgere solitæ probitati, quod nos dextris connitis, nec ut viri cunctis erigitis, ad invadendum emulos, qui vos, tanquam damulos vel hinnulos imperatos, sagittarum jaculis perdere festinant. Descendant mecum qui velint, et in nomine Domini hostes penetrabimus, ut vel de vita potiamur, vel saltem ut militis cum honore occumbamus," &c.—*Fordun, Scoti-Chronicon*, vol. ii. p. 494.]

HALIDON HILL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SCOTTISH.

THE REGENT OF SCOTLAND.
GORDON, SWINTON, LENNOX, SUTHERLAND, ROSS, MAXWELL, JOHNSTONE, LINDESAY, } *Scottish Chiefs and Nobles.*
ADAM DE VIPONT, *a Knight Templar.*
THE PRIOR OF MAISON-DIEU.
REYNALD, *Swinton's Squire.*
HOB HATTELY, *a Border Moss-Trooper.*
Heralds.

ENGLISH.

KING EDWARD III.
CHANDOS, PERCY, RIBAUMONT, } *English and Norman Nobles.*
THE ABBOT OF WALTHAMSTOW.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The northern side of the eminence of Halidon. The back Scene represents the summit of the ascent, occupied by the Rear-guard of the Scottish army. Bodies of armed Men appear as advancing from different points, to join the main Body.

Enter DE VIPONT *and the* PRIOR OF MAISON-DIEU.

VIPONT.

No further, Father—here I need no guidance—
I have already brought your peaceful step
Too near the verge of battle.

PRIOR.

Fain would I see you join some Baron's banner,
Before I say farewell. The honour'd sword
That fought so well in Syria, should not wave
Amid the ignoble crowd.

VIPONT.

Each spot is noble in a pitched field,
So that a man has room to fight and fall on't.
But I shall find out friends. 'Tis scarce twelve years
Since I left Scotland for the wars of Palestine,
And then the flower of all the Scottish nobles
Were known to me; and I, in my degree,
Not all unknown to them.

PRIOR.

Alas! there have been changes since that time;
The Royal Bruce, with Randolph, Douglas, Grahame,
Then shook in field the banners which now moulder
Over their graves † the chancel.

VIPONT.

And thence comes it,
That while I look'd on many a well-known crest
And blazon'd stlield,* as hitherward we came,
The faces of the Barons who displayed them
Were all unknown to me. Brave youths they seem'd;
Yet, surely, fitter to adorn the tilt-yard,
Than to be leaders of a war. Their followers,
Young like themselves, seem like themselves unpractised—
Look at their battle-rank.

PRIOR.

I cannot gaze on't with undazzled eye,
So thick the rays dart back from shield and helmet,
And sword and battle-axe, and spear and pennon.
Sure 'tis a gallant show! The Bruce himself
Hath often conquer'd at the head of fewer
And worse appointed followers.

VIPONT.

Ay, but 'twas Bruce that led them. Reverend Father,
'Tis not the falchion's weight decides a combat;
It is the strong and skilful hand that wields it.
Ill fate, that we should lack the noble King,
And all his champions now! Time call'd them not,
For when I parted hence for Palestine,
The brows of most were free from grizzled hair.

PRIOR.

Too true, alas! But well you know, in Scotland,
Few hairs are silver'd underneath the helmet;
'Tis cowls like mine which hide them. 'Mongst the laity,
War's the rash reaper, who thrusts in his sickle
Before the grain is white. In threescore years
And ten, which I have seen, I have outlived
Wellnigh two generations of our nobles.
The race which holdst yon summit is the third

VIPONT.

Thou mayst outlive them also.

PRIOR.

Heaven forefend!
My prayer shall be, that Heaven will close my eyes,
Before they look upon the wrath to come.

VIPONT.

Retire, retire, good Father!—Pray for Scotland—
Think not on me. Here comes an ancient friend,
Brother in arms, with whom to-day I'll join me.
Back to your choir, assemble all your brotherhood,
And weary Heaven with prayers for victory.‡

PRIOR.

Heaven's blessing rest with thee,
Champion of Heaven, and of thy suffering country!

[*Exit* PRIOR. VIPONT *draws a little aside, and lets down the beaver of his helmet.*

Enter SWINTON, *followed by* REYNALD *and others to whom he speaks as he enters.*

SWINTON.

Halt here, and plant my pennon, till the Regent
Assign our band its station in the host.

REYNALD.

That must be by the Standard. We have had
That right since good Saint David's reign at least.
Fain would I see the Marcher would dispute it.

* [MS.—"I've look'd on many a well-known pennon
Playing the air," &c.]

† [MS.—"The youths who hold," &c., "are."

‡ [MS.——" with prayers for Scotland's weal."]

SWINTON.

Peace, Reynald! Where the general plants the soldier,
There is his place of honour, and there only
His valour can win worship. Thou'rt of those,
Who would have war's deep art bear the wild semblance
Of some disorder'd hunting, where, pell-mell,
Each trusting to the swiftness of his horse,
Gallants press on to see the quarry fall.
Yon steel-clad Southrons, Reynald, are no deer;
And England's Edward is no stag at bay.

VIPONT (*advancing.*)

There needed not, to blazon forth the Swinton,
His ancient burgonet, the sable Boar
Chain'd to the gnarl'd oak,*—nor his proud step,
Nor giant stature, nor the ponderous mace,
Which only he, of Scotland's realm, can wield:
His discipline and wisdom mark the leader,
As doth his frame the champion. Hail, brave Swinton!

SWINTON.

Brave Templar, thanks! Such your cross'd shoulder speaks you;
But the closed visor, which conceals your features,
Forbids more knowledge. Umfraville, perhaps—

VIPONT (*unclosing his helmet.*)

No; one less worthy of our sacred Order.
Yet, unless Syrian suns have scorch'd my features
Swart as my sable visor, Alan Swinton
Will welcome Symon Vipont.

SWINTON (*embracing him.*)

As the blithe reaper
Welcomes a practised mate, when the ripe harvest
Lies deep before him, and the sun is high!
Thou'lt follow yon old pennon, wilt thou not?
'Tis tatter'd since thou saw'st it, and the Boar-heads
Look as if brought from off some Christmas board,
Where knives had notch'd them deeply.

VIPONT.

Have with them, ne'ertheless. The Stuart's Chequer,
The Bloody Heart of Douglas, Ross's Lymphads,
Sutherland's Wild-cats, nor the royal Lion,
Rampant in golden treasure, wins me from them.
We'll back the Boar-heads bravely. I see round them
A chosen band of lances—some well known to me.
Where's the main body of thy followers?

SWINTON.

Symon de Vipont thou dost see them all
That Swinton's bugle-horn can call to battle,
However loud it rings. There's not a boy
Left in my halls, whose arm has strength enough
To bear a sword—there's not a man behind,
However old, who moves without a staff.
Striplings and graybeards, every one is here,
And here all should be—Scotland needs them all:
And more and better men, were each a Hercules,
And yonder handful centupled.

VIPONT.

A thousand followers—such, with friends and kinsmen,
Allies and vassals, thou wert wont to lead—
A thousand followers shrunk to sixty lances
In twelve years' space!—And thy brave sons, Sir Alan?
Alas! I fear to ask.

SWINTON.

All slain, De Vipont. In my empty home
A puny babe lisps to a widow'd mother,
"Where is my grandsire? wherefore do you weep?"
But for that prattler, Lytulph's house is heirless.
I'm an old oak, from which the foresters
Have hew'd four goodly boughs, and left beside me
Only a sapling, which the fawn may crush
As he springs over it.

VIPONT.

All slain?—alas!

SWINTON.

Ay, all, De Vipont. And their attributes,
John with the Long Spear—Archibald with the Axe,
Richard the Ready—and my youngest darling,
My Fair-hair'd William—do but now survive
In measures which the gray-hair'd minstrels sing,
When they make maidens weep.

VIPONT.

These wars with England, they have rooted out
The flowers of Christendom. Knights who might win
The sepulchre of Christ from the rude heathen,
Fall in unholy warfare!

SWINTON.

Unholy warfare? ay, well hast thou named it;
But not with England—would her cloth-yard shafts
Had bored their cuirasses! Their lives had been
Lost like their grandsire's, in the bold defence
Of their dear country†—but in private feud
With the proud Gordon, fell my Long-spear'd John,
He with the Axe, and he men called the Ready,
Ay, and my Fair-hair'd Will—the Gordon's wrath
Devour'd my gallant issue.

VIPONT.

Since thou dost weep, their death is unavenged?

SWINTON.

Templar, what think'st thou me?—See yonder rock,
From which the fountain gushes—is it less
Compact of adamant, though waters flow from it?
Firm hearts have moister eyes.—They *are* avenged.
I wept not till they were—till the proud Gordon
Had with his life-blood dyed my father's sword,
In guerdon that he thinn'd my father's lineage,
And then I wept my sons; and, as the Gordon
Lay at my feet, there was a tear for him,
Which mingled with the rest. We had been friends,
Had shared the banquet and the chase together,
Fought side by side,—and our first cause of strife,
Wo to the pride of both, was but a light one!

VIPONT.

You are at feud, then, with the mighty Gordon?

SWINTON.

At deadly feud. Here in this Border-land,
Where the sire's quarrels descend upon the son
As due a part of his inheritance,
As the strong castle and the ancient blazon,
Where private Vengeance holds the scales of justice,
Weighing each drop of blood as scrupulously
As Jews or Lombards balance silver pence,
Not in this land 'twixt Solway and Saint Abb's,
Rages a bitterer feud than mine and theirs,
The Swinton and the Gordon.

VIPONT.

You, with some threescore lances—and the Gordon
Leading a thousand followers.

SWINTON.

You rate him far too low. Since you sought Palestine,
He hath had grants of baronies and lordships
In the far-distant North. A thousand horse
His southern friends and vassals always number'd
Add Badenoch kerne, and horse from Dee and Spey;
He'll count a thousand more.—And now, De Vipont,
If the Boar-heads seem in your eyes less worthy
For lack of followers—seek yonder standard—
The bounding Stag, with a brave host around it;
There the young Gordon makes his earliest field,
And pants to win his spurs. His father's friend,
As well as mine, thou wert—go, join his pennon,
And grace him with thy presence.

VIPONT.

When you were friends, I was the friend of both;
And now I can be enemy to neither;
But my poor person, though but slight the aid

* ["The armorial bearings of the ancient family of Swinton are *sable*, a chevron, *or*, between three boars' heads erased, *argent*. Crest—a boar chained to a tree, and above, on an escroll *J'espere*. Supporters—two boars standing on a compartment, whereon are the words, *Je Pense*."—*Douglas's Baronage*, p. 182.]

† [MS.—"Of the dear land that nursed them—but in feud."

Joins on this field the banner of the two
Which hath the smallest following.

SWINTON.

Spoke like the generous Knight, who gave up all,
Leading and lordship, in a heathen land
To fight, a Christian soldier! Yet, in earnest,
I pray, De Vipont, you would join the Gordon
In this high battle. 'Tis a noble youth,—
So fame doth vouch him,—amorous, quick, and valiant;
Takes knighthood, too, this day, and well may use
His spurs too rashly* in the wish to win them.
A friend like thee beside him in the fight,
Were worth a hundred spears, to rein his valour
And temper it with prudence:—'tis the aged eagle
Teaches his brood to gaze upon the sun,
With eye undazzled.

VIPONT.

Alas, brave Swinton! Wouldst thou train the hunter
That soon must bring thee to the bay? Your custom,
Your most unchristian, savage, fiend-like custom,
Binds Gordon to avenge his father's death.

SWINTON.

Why, be it so! I look for nothing else:
My part was acted when I slew his father,
Avenging my four sons—Young Gordon's sword,
If it should find my heart, can ne'er inflict there
A pang so poignant as his father's did.
But I would perish by a noble hand,
And such will his be if he bear him nobly,
Nobly and wisely on this field of Halidon.

Enter a PURSUIVANT.

PURSUIVANT.

Sir Knights to council!—'tis the Regent's order,
That knights and men of leading meet him instantly
Before the royal standard. Edward's army
Is seen from the hill-summit.

SWINTON.

Say to the Regent, we obey his orders.
[*Exit* PURSUIVANT.
[*To* REYNALD.] Hold thou my casque, and furl my pennon up
Close to the staff. I will not show my crest,
Nor standard, till the common foe shall challenge them.
I'll wake no civil strife, nor tempt the Gordon
With aught that's like defiance.

VIPONT.

Will he not know your features?

SWINTON.

He never saw me. In the distant North,
Against his will, 'tis said, his friends dotain'd him
During his nurture—caring not, belike,
To trust a pledge so precious near the Boar-tusks.
It was a natural but needless caution:
I wage no war with children, for I think
Too deeply on mine own.

VIPONT.

I have thought on it, and will see the Gordon
As we go hence† to council. I do bear
A cross, which binds me to be Christian priest,
As well as Christian champion.‡ God may grant,
That I, at once his father's friend and yours,
May make some peace betwixt you.§

SWINTON.

When that your priestly zeal, and knightly valour,
Shall force the grave to render up the dead.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

The summit of Halidon Hill, before the Regent's Tent. The Royal Standard of Scotland is seen in the back-ground, with the Pennons and Banners of the principal Nobles around it.

Council of Scottish Nobles and Chiefs. SUTHERLAND, ROSS, LENNOX, MAXWELL, *and other Nobles of the highest rank, are close to the* REGENT's *person, and in the act of keen debate.* VIPONT, *with* GORDON *and others, remain grouped at some distance on the right hand of the Stage. On the left, standing also apart, is* SWINTON, *alone and bare-headed. The Nobles are dressed in Highland or Lowland habits, as historical costume requires. Trumpets, Heralds &c. are in attendance.*

LENNOX.

Nay, Lordlings, put no shame upon my counsels.
I did but say, if we retired a little,
We should have fairer field and better vantage.
I've seen King Robert—ay, the Bruce himself—
Retreat six leagues in length, and think no shame on't.

REGENT.

Ay, but King Edward sent a haughty message,
Defying us to battle on this field,
This very hill of Halidon; if we leave it
Unfought withal, it squares not with our honour.

SWINTON (*apart.*)

A perilous honour, that allows the enemy,
And such an enemy as this same Edward,
To choose our field of battle! He knows how
To make our Scottish pride betray its master
Into the pitfall.

[*During this speech the debate among the Nobles is continued.*

SUTHERLAND (*aloud.*)

We will not back one furlong—not one yard;
No, nor one inch; where'er we find the foe,
Or where the foe finds us, there will we fight him.
Retreat will dull the spirit of our followers,
Who now stand prompt for battle.

ROSS.

My Lords, methinks great Morarchat‖ has doubts,
That, if his Northern clans once turn the seam
Of their check'd hose behind, it will be hard
To halt and rally them.

SUTHERLAND.

Say'st thou, MacDonnell?—Add another falsehood,
And name when Morarchat was coward or traitor?
Thine island race, as chronicles can tell,
Were oft affianced to the Southron cause;
Loving the weight and temper of their gold,
More than the weight and temper of their steel.

REGENT.

Peace, my Lords, ho!

ROSS (*throwing down his Glove.*)

MacDonnell will not peace! There lies my pledge,
Proud Morarchat, to witness thee a liar.

MAXWELL.

Brought I all Nithsdale from the Western Border,
Left I my towers exposed to foraying England,
And thieving Annandale, to see such misrule?

JOHNSTONE.

Who speaks of Annandale? Dare Maxwell slander
The gentle House of Lochwood?¶

REGENT.

Peace, Lordlings, once again. We represent
The Majesty of Scotland—in our presence
Brawling is treason.

SUTHERLAND.

Were it in presence of the King himself,
What should prevent my saying——

Enter LINDESAY.

LINDESAY.

You must determine quickly. Scarce a mile
Parts our vanguard from Edward's. On the plain,

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* [MS.—"Sharply."]
† [MS.—"As we do pass," &c.]
‡ [MS.—"The cross I wear appoints me Christian priest,
As well as Christian warrior," &c.]
§ [In the MS. the scene terminates with this line.]
‖ [Morarchat is the ancient Gaelic designation of the Earls of Sutherland. See *ante*, page 634, *note.*]
¶ [Lochwood Castle was the ancient seat of the Johnstones Lords of Annandale.]

Bright gleams of armour flash through clouds of dust,
Like stars through frost-mist—steeds neigh, and weapons clash—
And arrows soon will whistle—the worst sound
That waits on English war.—You must determine.

REGENT.

We are determined. We will spare proud Edward
Half of the ground that parts us.—Onward, Lords;
Saint Andrew strike for Scotland! We will lead
The middle ward ourselves, the Royal Standard
Display'd beside us; and beneath its shadow
Shall the young gallants, whom we knight this day,
Fight for their golden spurs.—Lennox, thou'rt wise;
And wilt obey command—lead thou the rear.

LENNOX.

The rear.—why I the rear? The van were fitter
For him who fought abreast with Robert Bruce.

SWINTON (*apart.*)

Discretion hath forsaken Lennox too!
The wisdom he was forty years in gathering
Has left him in an instant. 'Tis contagious
Even to witness frenzy.

SUTHERLAND.

The Regent hath determined well. The rear
Suits him the best who counsell'd our retreat.

LENNOX.

Proud Northern Thane, the van were soon the rear,
Were thy disorder'd followers planted there.

SUTHERLAND.

Then, for that very word I make a vow,
By my broad Earldom, and my father's soul,
That if I have not leading of the van,
I will not fight to-day!

ROSS.

Morarchat! thou the leading of the van!
Not whilst MacDonnell lives.

SWINTON (*apart.*)

Nay, then a stone would speak.
Addresses the REGENT.] May't please your Grace,
And you, great Lords, to hear an old man's counsel,
That hath seen fights enow. These open bickerings
Dishearten all our host. If that your Grace,
With these great Earls and Lords, must needs debate,
Let the closed tent conceal your disagreement:
Else 'twill be said, ill fares it with the flock,
If shepherds wrangle, when the wolf is nigh.

REGENT.

The old Knight counsels well. Let every Lord
Or Chief, who leads five hundred men or more,
Follow to council—others are excluded—
We'll have no vulgar censurers of our conduct—
[*Looking at* SWINTON.
Young Gordon, your high rank and numerous following
Give you a seat with us, though yet unknighted.

GORDON.

I pray you, pardon me: My youth's unfit
To sit in council, when that Knight's gray hairs
And wisdom wait without.

REGENT.

Do as you will; we deign not bid you twice.
[*The* REGENT, ROSS, SUTHERLAND, LENNOX, MAXWELL, *&c. enter the Tent. The rest remain grouped about the Stage.*

GORDON (*observing* SWINTON.)

That helmetless old Knight, his giant stature,
His awful accents of rebuke and wisdom,
Have caught my fancy strangely. He doth seem
Like to some vision'd form which I have dream'd of,
But never saw with waking eyes till now.
I will accost him.

VIPONT.

Pray you, do not so;
Anon I'll give you reason why you should not.
There's other work in hand——

GORDON.

I will but ask his name. There's in his presence
Something that works upon me like a spell,
Or like the feeling made my childish ear
Doat upon tales of superstitious dread,
Attracting while they chill'd my heart with fear.
Now, born the Gordon, I do feel right well
I'm bound to fear naught earthly—And I fear naught.
I'll know who this man is——.
[*Accosts* SWINTON.
Sir Knight, I pray you, of your gentle courtesy,
To tell your honour'd name. I am ashamed,
Being unknown in arms, to say that mine
Is Adam Gordon.

SWINTON (*shows emotion, but instantly subdues it.*)

It is a name that soundeth in my ear
Like to a death-knell—ay, and like the call
Of the shrill trumpet to the mortal lists;
Yet 'tis a name which ne'er hath been dishonour'd,
And never will, I trust—most surely never
By such a youth as thou.

GORDON.

There's a mysterious courtesy in this,
And yet it yields no answer to my question.
I trust you hold the Gordon not unworthy
To know the name he asks?

SWINTON.

Worthy of all that openness and honour
May show to friend or foe—but, for my name,
Vipont will show it you; and, if it sound
Harsh in your ear,* remember that it knells there
But at your own request. This day, at least,
Though seldom wont to keep it in concealment,
As there's no cause I should, *you* had not heard it.

GORDON.

This strange——

VIPONT.

The mystery is needful. Follow me.
[*They retire behind the side Scene.*

SWINTON (*looking after them.*)

'Tis a brave youth. How blush'd his noble cheek,
While youthful modesty, and the embarrassment
Of curiosity, combined with wonder,
And half suspicion of some slight intended,
All mingled in the flush; but soon 'twill deepen
Into revenge's glow. How slow is Vipont!—
I wait the issue, as I've seen spectators
Suspend the motion even of the eyelids,
When the slow gunner, with his lighted match,
Approach'd the charg'd cannon, in the act
To waken its dread slumbers.—Now 'tis out;
He draws his sword, and rushes towards me,
Who will nor seek nor shun him.

Enter GORDON, *withheld by* VIPONT.

VIPONT.

Hold, for the sake of Heaven!—O, for the sake
Of your dear country, hold!—Has Swinton slain
your father,
And must you, therefore, be yourself a parricide,
And stand recorded as the selfish traitor,
Who, in her hour of need, his country's cause
Deserts, that he may wreak a private wrong?—
Look to yon banner—that is Scotland's standard;
Look to the Regent—he is Scotland's general;
Look to the English—they are Scotland's foemen.
Bethink thee, then, thou art a son of Scotland,
And think on naught beside.†

GORDON.

He hath come here to brave me!—Off! unhand
me!—
Thou canst not be my father's ancient friend,
Thou stand'st 'twixt me and he who slew my father.

VIPONT.

You know not Swinton. Scarce one passing thought
Of his high mind was with you; now, his soul
Is fix'd on this day's battle. You might slay him

* ["A name unmusical to Volscian ears,
And harsh in sound to thine."—*Coriolanus.*]

† [In the MS. the five last lines of Vipont's speech are interpolated.]

At unawares before he saw your blade drawn.—
Stand still, and watch him closer.*

Enter MAXWELL, *from the Tent.*

SWINTON.

How go our councils, Maxwell, may I ask?

MAXWELL.

As wild, as if the very wind and sea
With every breeze and every billow battled
For their precedence.†

SWINTON.

Most sure they are possess'd! Some evil spirit,
To mock their valour, robs them of discretion.
Fie, fie, upon't!—O, that Dunfermline's tomb
Could render up The Bruce! that Spain's red shore
Could give us back the good Lord James of Douglas!
Or that fierce Randolph, with his voice of terror,
Were here, to awe these brawlers to submission!

VIPONT (*to* GORDON.)

Thou hast perused him at more leisure now.

GORDON.

I see the giant form which all men speak of,
The stately port—but not the sullen eye,
Not the bloodthirsty look, that should belong
To him that made me orphan. I shall need
To name my father twice ere I can strike
Through grey hairs, and face of such command;
Yet my hand clenches on my falchion-hilt,
Remember he shall die.

VIPONT.

Need I again remind you, that the place
Permits not private quarrel?

GORDON.

Pardoning. I will not seek—nay, I will shun it—
And yet methinks that such debate's the fashion.
Have heard how taunts, reproaches, and the lie,
The lie itself, have flown from mouth to mouth;
As if a band of peasants were disputing
About a foot-ball match, rather than Chiefs
Were ordering a battle. I am young,
And lack experience; tell me, brave De Vipont,
Is such the fashion of your wars in Palestine?

VIPONT.

Such it at times hath been; and then the Cross
Hath sunk before the Crescent. Heaven's cause
Won us not victory where wisdom was not.—
Behold yon English host come slowly on,
With equal front, rank marshall'd upon rank,
As if one spirit ruled one moving body;
The leaders, in their places, each prepared
To chargé, support, and rally, as the fortune
Of changeful battle needs;—then look on ours,
Broken, disjointed, as the tumbling surges
When the winds wake at random. Look on both,
And guess the issue; yet there might be succour.

GORDON.

We're lawfully o'ermatch'd in discipline;
So even my inexperienced eye can judge.
What succour save in Heaven?

VIPONT.

Heaven acts by human means. The artist's skill
Supplies in war, as in mechanic crafts,
Deficiency of tools. There's courage, wisdom,
And skill enough, live in one leader here,
As, flung into the balance, might avail
To counterpoise the odds twixt that ruled host
And our wild multitude.—I must not name him.

GORDON.

I guess, but dare not ask.—What band is yonder,
Arranged so closely as the English discipline
Hath marshall'd their best files?

VIPONT.

Know's thou not the pennon?
One day, perhaps, thou'lt see it all too closely,—
It is Sir Alan Swinton's.

GORDON.

These, then, are his,—the relics of his power;
Yet worth a host of ordinary men.—
And I must slay my country's sagest leader,
And crush by numbers that determined handful,
When most my country needs their practised aid.
Or men will say, "There goes degenerate Gordon
His father's blood is on the Swinton's sword,
And his is in his scabbard!" [*Muses.*

VIPONT (*apart.*)

High blood and mettle, mix'd with early wisdom,
Sparkle in this brave youth. If he survive
This evil omen'd day, I pawn my word,
That in the ruin which I now forebode,
Scotland has treasure left.—How close he eyes
Each look and step of Swinton! Is it hate,
Or is it admiration, or are both
Commingled strangely in that steady gaze?

[SWINTON *and* MAXWELL *return from the bottom of the Stage.*

MAXWELL.

The storm is laid at length amongst these counsellors;
See, they come forth.

SWINTON.

And it is more than time;
For I can mark the vanguard archery
Handling their quivers—bending up their bows.

Enter the REGENT *and Scottish Lords.*

REGENT.

Thus shall it be, then, since we may no better:
And, since no Lord will yield one jot of way
To this high urgency, or give the vanguard
Up to another's guidance, we will abide them
Even on this bent; and as our troops are rank'd,
So shall they meet the foe. Chief, nor Thane,
Nor Noble, can complain of the precedence
Which chance has thus assign'd him.

SWINTON (*apart.*)

O, sage discipline,
That leaves to chance the marshalling of a battle!

GORDON.

Move him to speech, De Vipont.

VIPONT.

Move *him!*—Move whom?

GORDON.

Even him, whom, but brief space since
My hand did burn to put to utter silence.

VIPONT.

I'll move it to him.—Swinton, speak to them,
They lack thy counsel sorely.

SWINTON.

Had I the thousand spears which once I led,
I had not thus been silent. But men's wisdom
Is rated by their means. From the poor leader
Of sixty lances, who seeks words of weight?

GORDON (*steps forward.*)

Swinton, there's that of wisdom on thy brow,
And valour in thine eye, and that of peril
In this most urgent hour, that bids me say,—
Bids me, thy mortal foe, say,—Swinton, speak,
For King and Country's sake!

SWINTON.

Nay, if that voice commands me, speak I will;
It sounds as if the dead lays charge on me.

REGENT

(*To* LENNOX, *with whom he has been consulting.*)
'Tis better than you think. This broad hill-side
Affords fair compass for our power's display
Rank above rank rising in seemly tiers;
So that the rearward stands as fair and open—

* ["You sleept not here—not where the Royal Standard
Awaits the attack of Scotland's enemies.
Against the common foe—wage private quarrel.
He pledged his fist—he thought in on the event
Of this day's fight. Stand still and watch him closer."]

† ["Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier."—*Hamlet.*]

SWINTON.

As e'er stood mark before an English archer.

REGENT.

Who dares to say so?—Who is't dare impeach
Our rule of discipline?

SWINTON.

A poor Knight of these Marches, good my Lord;
Alan of Swinton, who hath kept a house here,
He and his ancestry, since the old days
Of Malcolm, called the Maiden.

REGENT.

You have brought here, even to this pitched field,
In which the royal Banner is display'd,
I think some sixty spears, Sir Knight of Swinton;
Our musters name no more.

SWINTON.

I brought each man I had; and Chief, or Earl,
Thane, Duke, or dignitary, brings no more:
And with them brought I what may here be useful—
An aged eye; which, what in England, Scotland,
Spain, France, and Flanders, hath seen fifty battles,
And ta'en some judgment of them; a stark hand too,
Which plays as with a straw with this same mace,—
Which if a young arm here can wield more lightly,
I never more will offer word of counsel.

LENNOX.

Hear him, my Lord; it is the noble Swinton—
He hath had high experience.

MAXWELL.

He is noted
The wisest warrior 'twixt the Tweed and Solway,—
I do beseech you, hear him.

JOHNSTONE.

Ay, hear the Swinton—hear stout old Sir Alan;
Maxwell and Johnstone both agree for once.

REGENT.

Where's your impatience now?
Late you were all for battle, would not hear
Ourself pronounce a word—and now you gaze
On yon old warrior, in his antique armour,
As if he were arisen from the dead,
To bring us Bruce's counsel for the battle.

SWINTON.

'Tis a proud word to speak: but he who fought
Long under Robert Bruce, may something guess,
Without communication with the dead,
At what he would have counsell'd.—Bruce had bidden ye
Review your battle-order, marshall'd broadly
Here on the bare hill-side, and bidden you mark
Yon clouds of Southron archers, bearing down
To the green meadow-lands which stretch beneath—
The Bruce had warn'd you, not a shaft to-day
But shall find mark within a Scottish bosom,
If thus our field be order'd. The callow boys,
Who draw but four-foot bows, shall gall our front,
While on our mainward, and upon the rear,
The cloth-yard shafts shall fall like death's own darts,
And, though blind men discharge them, find a mark.
Thus shall we die the death of slaughter'd deer,
Which, driven into the toils, are shot at ease
By boys and women, while they toss aloft
All idly and in vain their branchy horns,
As we shall shake our unavailing spears.

REGENT.

Tush, tell not me! If their shot fall like hail,
Our men have Milan coats to bear it out.

SWINTON.

Never did armourer temper steel on stithy
That made sure fence against an English arrow;
A cobweb gossamer were guard as good*
Against a wasp-sting.

REGENT.

Who fears a wasp-sting?

SWINTON.

I, my Lord, fear none
Yet should a wise man brush the insect off,
Or he may smart for it.

REGENT.

We'll keep the hill; it is the vantage ground
When the main battle joins.

SWINTON.

It ne'er will join, while their light archery
Can foil our spearmen and our barbed horse.
To hope Plantagenet would seek close combat
When he can conquer riskless, is to deem
Sagacious Edward simpler than a babe
In battle-knowledge. Keep the hill, my Lord,
With the main body, if it is your pleasure;
But let a body of your chosen horse
Make execution on yon waspish archers.
I've done such work before, and love it well;
If 'tis your pleasure to give me the leading,
The dames of Sherwood, Inglewood, and Weardale
Shall sit in widowhood and long for venison,
And long in vain. Whoe'er remembers Bannockburn,—
And when shall Scotsman, till the last loud trumpet,
Forget that stirring word!—knows *that* great battle
Even thus was fought and won.

LENNOX.

This is the shortest road to bandy blows;
For when the bills step forth and bows go back,
Then is the moment that our hardy spearmen,
With their strong bodies, and their stubborn hearts,
And limbs well knit by mountain exercise,
At the close tug shall foil the short-breathed Southron.

SWINTON.

I do not say the field will thus be won;
The English host is numerous, brave, and loyal;
Their Monarch most accomplish'd in war's art,
Skill'd, resolute, and wary——

REGENT.

And if your scheme secure not victory,†
What does it promise us?

SWINTON.

This much at least,—
Darkling we shall not die: the peasant's shaft,
Loosen'd perchance without an aim or purpose,
Shall not drink up the life-blood we derive
From those famed ancestors, who made their breasts
This frontier's barrier for a thousand years.
We'll meet these Southron bravely hand to hand,
And eye to eye, and weapon against weapon;
Each man who falls shall see the foe who strikes him.
While our good blades are faithful to the hilts,
And our good hands to these good blades are faithful
Blow shall meet blow, and none fall unavenged—
We shall not bleed alone.

REGENT.

And this is all
Your wisdom hath devised?

SWINTON.

Not all; for I would pray you, noble Lords,
(If one, among the guilty guiltiest, might,)
For this one day to charm to ten hours' rest
The never-dying worm of deadly feud,
That gnaws our vexed hearts—think no one foe
Save Edward and his host:—days will remain,‡
Ay, days by far too many will remain,

* [MS.——"guard as thick."]

† ["The generous abandonment of private dissension, on the part of Gordon, which the historian has described as a momentary impulse, is depicted by the dramatist with great skill and knowledge of human feeling, as the result of many powerful and conflicting emotions. He has, we think, been very successful in his attempt to express the hesitating, and sometimes retrograde movements of a young and ardent mind, in its transition from the first glow of indignation against his hereditary foeman, the mortal antagonist of his father, to the no less warm and generous devotion of feeling which is inspired in it by the contemplation of that foeman's valour and virtues."—*British Critic.*]

‡ [MS.—"For this one day to chase our country's curse
From your vex'd bosoms, and think no one enemy
But those in yonder army—days enow,
Ay, days," &c.]

To avenge old feuds or struggles for precedence;—
Let this one day be Scotland's.—For myself,
If there is any here may claim from me
(As well may chance) a debt of blood and hatred,
My life is his to-morrow unresisting,
So he to-day will let me do the best
That my old arm may achieve for the dear country
That's mother to us both.

[GORDON *shows much emotion during this and the preceding speech of* SWINTON.

REGENT.

Is it a dream—a vision!—if one troop
Rush down upon the archers, all will follow,
And order is destroy'd—we'll keep the battle-rank
Our fathers wont to do. No more on't.—Ho!
Where be those youths seek knighthood from our sword?

HERALD.

Here are the Gordon, Somerville, and Hay,
And Hepburn with a score of gallants more.

REGENT.

Gordon, stand forth.

GORDON.

I pray your Grace, forgive me.

REGENT.

How! seek you not for knighthood?

GORDON.

I do thirst for't.
But, pardon me—'tis from another sword.

REGENT.

It is your Sovereign's—seek you for a worthier?

GORDON.

Who would drink purely, seeks the secret fountain,
How small soever—not the general stream,
Though it be deep and wide. My Lord, I seek
The boon of knighthood from the honour'd weapon
Of the best knight, and of the sagest leader,
That ever graced a ring of chivalry.
—Therefore, I beg the boon on bended knee,
Even from Sir Alan Swinton. [*Kneels.*

REGENT.

Degenerate boy? Abject at once and insolent!—
See, Lords, he kneels to him that slew his father!

GORDON (*starting up.*)

Shame be on him, who speaks such shameful word!
Shame be on him, whose tongue would sow dissension,
When most the time demands that native Scotsmen
Forget each private wrong!

SWINTON (*interrupting him.*)

Youth, since you crave me
To be your sire in chivalry, I remind you
War has its duties, Office has its reverence;
Who governs in the Sovereign's name is Sovereign!—
Crave the Lord Regent's pardon.

GORDON.

You task me justly, and I crave his pardon,
[*Bows to the* REGENT.
His and these noble Lords'; and pray them all
Bear witness to my words.—Ye noble presence,
Here I remit unto the Knight of Swinton
All bitter memory of my father's slaughter,
All thoughts of malice, hatred, and revenge;
By no base fear or composition moved,
But by the thought, that in our country's battle
All hearts should be as one. I do forgive him
As freely as I pray to be forgiven,
And once more kneel to him to sue for knighthood.

SWINTON (*affected, and drawing his sword.*)

Alas! brave youth, 'tis I should kneel to you,
And, tendering thee the hilt of the fell sword
That made thee fatherless, bid thee use the point
After thine own discretion. For thy boon—
Trumpets be ready—In the Holiest name,
And in Our Lady's and Saint Andrew's name,
[*Touching his shoulder with his sword.*
I dub thee Knight!—Arise, Sir Adam Gordon!
Be faithful, brave, and O, be fortunate,
Should this ill hour permit!

[*The trumpets sound; the Heralds cry* "Largesse," *and the Attendants shout* "A Gordon! A Gordon!"

REGENT.

Beggars and flatterers! Peace, peace, I say!
We'll to the Standard; knights shall there be made
Who will with better reason crave your clamour.

LENNOX.

What of Swinton's counsel?
Here's Maxwell and myself think it worth noting.

REGENT (*with concentrated indignation.*)

Let the best knight, and let the sagest leader,—
So Gordon quotes the man who slew his father,—
With his old pedigree and heavy mace,
Essay the adventure if it pleases him,
With his fair threescore horse. As for ourselves,
We will not peril aught upon the measure.

GORDON.

Lord Regent, you mistake; for if Sir Alan
Shall venture such attack, each man who calls
The Gordon chief, and hopes or fears from him
Or good or evil, follows Swinton's banner
In this achievement.

REGENT.

Why, God ha' mercy! This is of a piece.
Let young and old e'en follow their own counsel;
Since none will list to mine.

ROSS.

The Border cockerel fain would be on horseback;
'Tis safe to be prepared for fight or flight:
And this comes of it to give Northern lands
To the false Norman blood.

GORDON.

Hearken, proud Chief of Isles! Within my stalls
I have two hundred horse; two hundred riders
Mount guard upon my castle, who would tread
Into the dust a thousand of your Redshanks,
Nor count it a day's service.

SWINTON.

Hear I this
From thee, young man, and on the day of battle?
And to the brave MacDonnell?

GORDON.

'Twas he that urged me; but I am rebuked.

REGENT.

He crouches like a leash-hound to his master!*

SWINTON.

Each hound must do so that would head the deer—
'Tis mongrel curs that snatch at mate or master.

REGENT.

Too much of this.—Sirs, to the Royal Standard!
I bid you, in the name of good King David.
Sound trumpets—sound for Scotland and King David!

[*The* REGENT *and the rest go off, and the Scene closes. Manent* GORDON, SWINTON, *and* VIPONT, *with* REYNALD *and followers.* LENNOX *follows the* REGENT; *but returns, and addresses* SWINTON.

LENNOX.

O, were my western horsemen but come up,
I would take part with you!

SWINTON.

Better that you remain.
They lack discretion; such gray head as yours
May best supply that want.
Lennox, mine ancient friend, and honour'd lord,
Farewell, I think, for ever!

LENNOX.

Farewell, brave friend!—and farewell, noble Gordon,
Whose sun will be eclipsed even as it rises!—
The Regent will not aid you.

SWINTON.

We will so bear us, that as soon the blood-hound
Shall halt, and take no part, what time his comrade

* [In the MS. this speech and the next are interpolated.]

Is grappling with the deer, as he stand still,
And see us overmatch'd.

LENNOX.

Alas! thou dost not know how mean his pride is,
How strong his envy.

SWINTON.

Then we will die, and leave the shame with him.
[*Exit* LENNOX.

VIPONT (*to* GORDON.)

What ails thee, noble youth? What means this pause?
Thou dost not rue thy generosity?

GORDON.

I have been hurried on by strong impulse,
Like to a bark that scuds before the storm,
Till driven upon some strange and distant coast,
Which never pilot dream'd of.—Have I not forgiven?
And am I not still fatherless?

SWINTON.

Gordon, no;
For while we live I am a father to thee.

GORDON.

Thou, Swinton?—no!—that cannot, cannot be.

SWINTON.

Then change the phrase, and say, that while we live,
Gordon shall be my son. If thou art fatherless,
Am I not childless too? Bethink thee, Gordon,
Our death-feud was not like the household fire,
Which the poor peasant hides among its embers,
To smoulder on, and wait a time for waking.
Ours was the conflagration of the forest,
Which, in its fury, spares not sprout nor stem,
Hoar oak, nor sapling—not to be extinguish'd,
Till Heaven, in mercy, sends down all her waters;
But, once subdued, its flame is quench'd for ever;
And spring shall hide the tract of devastation,*
With foliage and with flowers.—Give me thy hand.

GORDON.

My hand and heart!—And freely now!—to fight!

VIPONT.

How will you act? [*To* SWINTON.] The Gordon's band and thine
Are in the rearward left, I think, in scorn—
Ill post for them who wish to charge the foremost!

SWINTON.

We'll turn that scorn to vantage, and descend
Sidelong the hill—some winding path there must be—
O, for a well-skill'd guide!

HOB HATTELY *starts up from a Thicket.*

HOB.

So here he stands.—An ancient friend, Sir Alan.
Hob Hattely, or, if you like it better,
Hob of the Heron Plume, here stands your guide.

SWINTON.

An ancient friend?—a most notorious knave,
Whose throat I've destined to the dodder'd oak
Before my castle, these ten months and more.
Was it not you who drove from Simprim-mains,
And Swinton-quarter, sixty head of cattle?

HOB.

What then, if now I lead your sixty lances
Upon the English flank, where they'll find spoil
Is worth six hundred beeves?

SWINTON.

Why, thou canst do it, knave. I would not trust thee
With one poor bullock; yet would risk my life,
And all my followers on thine honest guidance.

HOB.

There is a dingle and a most discreet one,
(I've trod each step by star-light,) that sweeps round
The rearward of this hill, and opens secretly
Upon the archers' flank.—Will not that serve
Your present turn, Sir Alan?

SWINTON.

Bravely, bravely!

* [MS.—"But, once extinguish'd, it is quench'd for ever,
And spring shall hide the blackness of its ashes."]

GORDON.

Mount, sirs, and cry my slogan.
Let all who love the Gordon follow me!

SWINTON.

Ay, let all follow—but in silence follow.
Scare not the hare that's couchant on her form—
The cushat from her nest—brush not, if possible,
The dewdrop from the spray—
Let no one whisper, until I cry, "Havoc!"
Then shout as loud's ye will.—On, on, brave Hob;
On, thou false thief, but yet most faithful Scotsman!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A rising Ground immediately in front of the Position of the English Main Body. PERCY, CHANDOS, RISAUMONT, *and other English and Norman Nobles, are grouped on the Stage.*

PERCY.

The Scots still keep the hill—the sun grows high.
Would that the charge would sound.

CHANDOS.

Thou scent'st the slaughter, Percy.—Who comes here?

[*Enter the* ABBOT OF WALTHAMSTOW.

Now, by my life, the holy priest of Walthamstow,
Like to a lamb among a herd of wolves!
See, he's about to bleat.

ABBOT.

The King, methinks, delays the onset long.

CHANDOS.

Your general, Father, like your rat-catcher,
Pauses to bait his traps, and set his snares.

ABBOT.

The metaphor is decent.

CHANDOS.

Reverend sir,
I will uphold it just. Our good King Edward
Will presently come to this battle-field,
And speak to you of the last tilting match,
Or of some feat he did a twenty years since;
But not a word of the day's work before him.
Even as the artist, sir, whose name offends you,
Sits prosing o'er his can, until the trap fall,
Announcing that the vermin are secured,
And then 'tis up, and on them.

PERCY.

Chandos, you give your tongue too bold a license

CHANDOS.

Percy, I am a necessary evil.
King Edward would not want me, if he could,
And could not, if he would. I know my value.
My heavy hand excuses my light tongue:
So men wear weighty swords on their defence,
Although they may offend the tender shin,
When the steel-boot is doff'd.

ABBOT.

My Lord of Chandos,
This is but idle speech on brink of battle,
When Christian men should think upon their sins;
For as the tree falls, so the trunk must lie,
Be it for good or evil. Lord, bethink thee,
Thou hast withheld from our most reverend house,
The tithes of Everingham and Settleton;
Wilt thou make satisfaction to the Church
Before her thunders strike thee? I do warn thee
In most paternal sort.

CHANDOS.

I thank you, Father, filially.
Though but a truant son of Holy Church,
I would not choose to undergo her censures,
When Scottish blades are waving at my throat.
I'll make fair composition.

ABBOT.

No composition; I'll have all, or none.

[illegible]

Nay, [illegible] rather [illegible]
All [illegible] my [illegible] soul to Heaven's mercy,
Rather than pile my [illegible] with these—
My hour may not be come.

ABBOT.

Impious—impenitent—

PERCY.

Hush! the King—the King!

Enter KING EDWARD, *attended by* BALIOL *and others.*

KING (*apart to* CHANDOS.)

Hark hither, Chandos!—Have the Yorkshire archers
Yet join'd the vanguard?

CHANDOS.

They're mid-ching thither.

KING EDWARD.

Bid them make haste, for shame—send a quick rider.
The loitering knaves! were it to steal my venison,
Their steps were light enough.—How now, Sir Abbot?
Say, is your Reverence come to study with us
The princely art of war?

ABBOT.

I'll tell it lecture from my Lord of Chandos.
In which he term'd your Grace a rat-catcher.

KING EDWARD.

Chandos how's this?

CHANDOS.

O, I will prove it, sir!—These skipping Scots
Have changed a dozen times 'twixt Bruce and Baliol,
Quitting each House when it began to totter;
They're fierce and cunning, treacherous, too, as rats,
And we, in truth, will smoke them in their fastnesses.

KING EDWARD.

These rats have seen your back, my Lord of Chandos,
And noble Percy's too.

PERCY.

Ay; but the mass which now lies weltering
On yon hill-side, like a Leviathan
That's stranded on the shallows, then had soul in't,
Order and discipline, and power of action.
Now 'tis a headless corpse, which only shows,
By wild convulsions, that some life remains in't.

KING EDWARD.

True, they had once a head; and 'twas a wise,
Although a rebel head.

ABBOT (*bowing to the* KING.)

Would he were here! we should find one to match him.

KING EDWARD.

There's something in that wish which makes an echo
Within my bosom. Yet it is as well,
Or better, that The Bruce is in his grave.
We have enough of powerful foes on earth,
No need to summon them from other worlds.

PERCY.

Your Grace ne'er met The Bruce?

KING EDWARD.

Never himself; but in my earliest field,
I did encounter with his famous captains,
Douglas and Randolph. Faith! they press'd me hard.

ABBOT.

My liege, if I might urge you with a question,
Will the Scots fight to-day?

KING EDWARD (*sharply.*)

Go look your breviary.

CHANDOS (*apart.*)

The Abbot has it—Edward will not answer
On that nice point. We must observe his humour.—
[*Addresses the* KING.
Your first campaign, my liege?—That was in Weardale,
When Douglas drove [illegible]
And turn'd [illegible] to [illegible]

KING EDWARD.

Ay, by Saint Edward!—I escaped right nearly.
I was a soldier then for holydays,
And slept not in mine armour: my safe rest
Was startled by the cry of "Douglas! Douglas!"
And by my couch, a grisly chamberlain
Stood Alan Swinton, with his bloody mace.
It was a churchman saved me—my stout chaplain,
Heaven quit his spirit! caught a weapon up,
And grappled with the giant.—How now, Louis?

Enter an Officer, who whispers the KING.

KING EDWARD.

Say to him,—thus—and thus—— [*Whispers.*

ABBOT.

That Swinton's dead. A monk of ours reported,
Bound homeward from St. Ninian's pilgrimage,
The Lord of Gordon slew him.

PERCY.

Father, and if your house stood on our borders,
You might have cause to know that Swinton lives,
And is on horseback yet.

CHANDOS.

He slays the Gordon,
That's all the difference—a very trifle.

ABBOT.

Trifling to those who wage a war more noble
Than with the arm of flesh.

CHANDOS (*apart.*)

The Abbot's vex'd, I'll rub the sore for him.—
(*Aloud.*) I have seen priests that used that arm of flesh,
And used it sturdily.—Most reverend Father,
What say you to the chaplain's deed of arms
In the King's tent at Weardale?

ABBOT.

It was most sinful, being against the canon
Prohibiting all churchmen to bear weapons;
And as he fell in that unseemly guise,
Perchance his soul may rue it.

KING EDWARD (*overhearing the last words.*)

Who may rue?

And what is to be rued?

CHANDOS (*apart.*)

I'll match his Reverence for the tithes of Everingham.
—The Abbot says, my Liege, the deed was sinful
By which your chaplain, wielding secular weapons,
Secured your Grace's life and liberty,
And that he suffers for't in purgatory.

KING EDWARD (*to the* ABBOT.)

Say'st thou my chaplain is in purgatory?

ABBOT.

It is the canon speaks it, good my Liege.

KING EDWARD.

In purgatory! thou shalt pray him out on't,
Or I will make thee wish thyself beside him.

ABBOT.

My Lord, perchance his soul is past the aid
Of all the church may do—there is a place
From which there's no redemption.

KING EDWARD.

And if I thought my faithful chaplain there,
Thou shouldst there join him, priest!—Go, watch, fast, pray,
And let me have such prayers as will storm Heaven—
None of your mum'd and mutter'd hurtling masses

ABBOT (*apart to* CHANDOS.)

For God's sake, take him off.

CHANDOS.

Wilt thou compound, then,
The tithes of Everingham?

KING EDWARD.

I tell thee, if thou bear'st the keys of Heaven,

Abbot, thou might not turn a bolt with them
'Gainst any well-deserving English subject.

ABBOT (*to* CHANDOS.)

We will compound, and grant thee, too, a share
I'the next indulgence. Thou dost need it much,
And greatly 'twill avail thee.

CHANDOS.

Enough—we're friends, and when occasion serves,
I will strike in.——
[*Looks as if towards the Scottish Army.*

KING EDWARD.

Answer, proud Abbot; is my chaplain's soul,
If thou know'st aught on't, in the evil place?

CHANDOS.

My Liege, the Yorkshire men have gain'd the meadows,
I see the pennon green of merry Sherwood.

KING EDWARD.

Then give the signal instant! We have lost
But too much time already.

ABBOT.

My Liege, your holy chaplain's blessed soul——

KING EDWARD.

To hell with it and thee! Is this a time
To speak of monks and chaplains?
[*Flourish of Trumpets, answered by a distant sound of Bugles.*
See, Chandos, Percy—Ha, Saint George! Saint Edward!
See it descending now, the fatal hail-shower,
The storm of England's wrath—sure, swift, resistless,
Which no mail-coat can brook.—Brave English hearts!
How close they shoot together!—as one eye
Had aim'd five thousand shafts—as if one hand
Had loosed five thousand bow-strings!

PERCY.

The thick volley
Darkens the air, and hides the sun from us.

KING EDWARD.

It falls on those shall see the sun no more.
The winged, the resistless plague* is with them.
How their vex'd host is reeling to and fro,
Like the chafed whale with fifty lances in him,
They do not see, and cannot shun the wound.
The storm is viewless, as death's sable wing
Unerring as his scythe.

PERCY.

Hackney and riders are going down together.
'Tis almost pity to see nobles fall,
And by a peasant's arrow.

BALIOL.

I could weep them,
Although they are my rebels.

CHANDOS (*aside to* PERCY.)

His conquerors, he means, who cast him out
From his usurped kingdom.—(*Aloud.*) 'Tis the worst of it,
That knights can claim small honour in the field
Which archers win, unaided by our lances.

KING EDWARD.

The battle is not ended. [*Looks towards the field.*
Not ended?—scarce begun! What horse are these,
Rush from the thicket underneath the hill?

PERCY.

They're Hainaulters, the followers of Queen Isabel.

KING EDWARD (*hastily.*)

Hainaulters!—thou art blind—wear Hainaulters
Saint Andrew's silver cross?—or would they charge
Full on our archers, and make havoc of them?—
Bruce is alive again—ho, rescue! rescue!—
Who was't survey'd the ground?

RIBAUMONT.

Most royal Liege—

KING EDWARD.

A rose hath fallen from thy chaplet,† Ribaumont.

RIBAUMONT.

I'll win it back, or lay my head beside it. [*Exit.*

KING EDWARD.

Saint George! Saint Edward! Gentlemen, to horse,
And to the rescue!—Percy, lead the bill-men;
Chandos, do thou bring up the men-at-arms.—
If yonder numerous host should now bear down
Bold as their vanguard, (*to the Abbot,*) thou mayst pray for us,
We may need good men's prayers.—To the rescue,
Lords, to the rescue! ha, Saint George! Saint Edward!‡ [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A part of the Field of Battle betwixt the two Main Armies. Tumults behind the scenes; alarums, and cries of "Gordon, a Gordon," "Swinton," *&c.*

Enter, as victorious over the English vanguard, VIPONT, REYNALD, *and others.*

VIPONT.

'Tis sweet to hear these war-cries sound together,
Gordon and Swinton.

REYNALD.

'Tis passing pleasant, yet 'tis strange withal.
Faith, when at first I heard the Gordon's slogan
Sounded so near me, I had nigh struck down
The knave who cried it.§

Enter SWINTON *and* GORDON.

SWINTON.

Pitch down my pennon in yon holly bush.

GORDON.

Mine in the thorn beside it; let them wave,
As fought this morn their masters, side by side.

SWINTON.

Let the men rally and restore their ranks
Here in this vantage-ground—disorder'd chase
Leads to disorder'd flight; we have done our part,
And if we're succour'd now, Plantagenet
Must turn his bridle southward.—
Reynald, spur to the Regent with the basnet
Of stout De Grey, the leader of their vanguard.—
Say, that in battle-front the Gordon slew him,
And by that token bid him send us succour.

GORDON.

And tell him that when Selby's headlong charge
Had wellnigh borne me down, Sir Alan smote him.
I cannot send his helmet, never matchall
Went to so many shivers.—Harkye, grooms!
[*To those behind the scenes.*
Why do you let my noble steed stand suffering
After so hot a course?

SWINTON.

Ay, breathe your horses, they'll have work anon,
For Edward's men-at-arms will soon be on us.

* ["The viewless, the resistless plague," &c.]

† The well-known expression by which Robert Bruce censured the negligence of Randolph, for permitting an English body of cavalry to pass his flank on the day preceding the battle of Bannockburn.

‡ ["In the second act, after the English nobles have amused themselves in some trifling conversation with the Abbot of Walthamstow, Edward is introduced; and his proud courageous temper and short manner are very admirably delineated; though, if our historical recollections do not fail us, it is more completely the picture of Longshanks than of the third Edward. . . . We conceive it to be extremely probable that Sir Walter Scott had resolved to commemorate some of the events in the life of Wallace, and had already sketched that hero, and a Twaddel and Edward the First, when his eye glanced over the description of Homildon Hill, in Pinkerton's History of Scotland; that, being pleased with the characters of Swinton and Gordon, he substituted his Wallace to Swinton; and that for the sake of retaining his portrait of Edward, as there happened to be a Gordon and a Douglas at the battle of Halidon, in the time of Edward the Third, and there was so much similarity in the circumstances of the contest, he preserved his Edward as Edward the Third, retaining also the old Knight Templar, in defiance of the anachronism."—*Monthly Review*, July, 1822.]

§ [The MS. adds,—"such was my surprise."]

The flower of England, Gaseony, and Flanders;
But with swift succour we will side them bravely.—
De Vipont, thou look'st sad?*

VIPONT.

It is because I hold a Templar's sword
Wed to the crossed hilt with Christian blood.

SWINTON.

The blood of English archers—what can gild
A Scottish blade more bravely?

VIPONT.

Even therefore grieve I for those gallant yeomen,
England's peculiar and appropriate sons,
Known in no other land. Each boasts his hearth
And field as free as the best lord his barony,
Owing subjection to no human vassalage,
Save to their King and law. Hence are they resolute,
Leading the van on every day of battle,
As men who know the blessings they defend.
Hence are they frank and generous in peace,
As men who have their portion in its plenty.
No other kingdom shows such worth and happiness
Veil'd in such low estate—therefore I mourn them.

SWINTON.

I'll keep my sorrow for our native Scots,
Who, spite of hardship, poverty, oppression,
Still follow to the field their Chieftain's banner,
And die in the defence on't.

GORDON.

And if I live and see my halls again,
They shall have portion in the good they fight for.
Each hardy follower shall have his field,
His household hearth and sod-built home, as free
As ever Southron had. They shall be happy!—
And my Elizabeth shall smile to see it!—†
I have betrayed myself.

SWINTON.

Do not believe it.—
Vipont, do thou look out from yonder height,
And see what motion in the Scottish host,
And in King Edward's.— [*Exit* VIPONT.
Now will I counsel thee;
The Templar's ear is not no tale of love,
Being wedded to his Order. But I tell thee,
The brave young knight that hath no lady-love
Is like a lamp unlighted; his brave deeds,
And its rich painting, do seem then most glorious,
When the pure ray gleams through them.—
Hath thy Elizabeth no other name?‡

GORDON.

Must I then speak of her to you, Sir Alan?
The thought of thee, and of thy matchless strength,
Hath conjured phantoms up amongst her dreams.
The name of Swinton hath been spell sufficient
To chase the rich blood from her lovely cheek.
And wouldst thou now know here?

SWINTON.

I would, nay must.
Thy father in the paths of chivalry,
Should know the load-star thou dost rule thy course by.

GORDON.

Nay, then, her name is—hark— [*Whispers.*

SWINTON.

I know it well, that ancient northern house.

GORDON.

O, thou shalt see its fairest grace and honour
In my Elizabeth. And if music touch thee—

SWINTON.

It did, before disasters had entuned me.

GORDON.

O, her honour
Shall hush each sad remembrance to oblivion,
Or melt them to such gentleness of feeling,
That grief shall have its sweetness. Who, but she,
Knows the wild harpings of our native land?
Whether they lull the shepherd on his hill,
Or wake the knight to battle; rouse to merriment,
Or sooth to sadness; she can touch each mood.
Princes and statesmen, chiefs renown'd in arms,
And gray-hair'd bards, contend which shall the first
And choicest homage render to the enchantress.

SWINTON.

You speak her talent bravely.

GORDON.

Though you smile.
I do not speak it half. Her gift creative,
New measures adds to every air she wakes;
Varying and gracing it with liquid sweetness,
Like the wild modulation of the lark;
Now leaving, now returning to the strain!
To listen to her, is to seem to wander
In some enchanted labyrinth of romance,
Whence nothing but the lovely fairy's will,
Who wove the spell, can extricate the wanderer.
Methinks, I hear her now!—

SWINTON.

Bless'd privilege
Of youth! There's scarce three minutes to decide
'Twixt death and life, 'twixt triumph and defeat,
Yet all his thoughts are in his lady's bower,
List'ning her harping!— [*Enter* VIPONT.
Where are thine, De Vipont?

VIPONT.

On death—on judgment—on eternity!
For time is over with us.

SWINTON.

There moves not, then, one pennon to our aid,
Of all that flutter yonder!

VIPONT.

From the main English host come pushing forward
Pennons enow—ay, and their Royal Standard.
But ours stand rooted, as for crows to roost on.

SWINTON (*to himself.*)

I'll rescue him at least.—Young Lord of Gordon,
Spur to the Regent—show the instant need——

GORDON.

I penetrate thy purpose; but I go not.

SWINTON.

Not at my bidding? I, thy sire in chivalry—
Thy leader in the battle?—I command thee.

GORDON.

No, thou wilt not command me seek my safety,—
For such is thy kind meaning,—at the expense
Of the last hope which Heaven reserves for Scotland.
While I abide, no follower of mine
Will turn his rein for life; but were I gone,
What power can stay them? and, our band dispersed,
What swords shall for an instant stem yon host,
And save the latest chance for victory?

VIPONT.

The noble youth speaks truth: and were he gone,
There will not twenty spears be left with us.

GORDON.

No, bravely as we have begun the field,
So let us fight it out. The Regent's eyes,
More certain than a thousand messages,
Shall see us stand, the barrier of his host
Against yon bursting storm. If not for honour
If not for warlike rule, for shame at least
He must bear down to aid us.

SWINTON.

Must it be so?
And am I forced to yield the sad consent,
Devoting thy young life?§ O, Gordon, Gordon!

* ["While thus employing a breathing time, Swinton observes the thoughtful, contemplative cast of De Vipont. And what follows. Were ever England and Englishmen more nobly, more beautifully, more justly characterised, than by the latter, or was patriotic feeling ever better sustained than by the former and his brave companions in arms?"—*New Edinburgh Review.*]

† ["There wanted but a little of the tender passion to make his youth every way a hero of romance. But the poem has no other fellow admirable in this defect supplied: in his enthusiastic anticipation of prosperity, he allows a name to escape him."—*New Edinburgh Review.*]

‡ ["Amid the confusion and din of the battle, the reader is unexpectedly greeted with a dialogue, which breathes forth the soft sounds of the lute in the clang of trumpets."—*Monthly Review.*]

§ [MS.—"And am I doom'd to yield the sad consent
That thus devotes thy life?"]

I do it as the patriarch doom'd his issue;
I at my country's, he at Heaven's command;
Let Heaven vainly some atoning sacrifice,*
Rather than such a victim!—(*Trumpets.*) Hark, they come!
Their music sounds not like thy lady's lute.

GORDON.

Yet shall my lady's name mix with it gayly.—
Moupa, vassals, couch your lances, and cry, "Gordon!
Gordon for Scotland and Elizabeth!"

[*Exeunt. Loud alarums.*

SCENE III.

Another part of the Field of Battle, adjacent to the former scene.

Alarums. Enter SWINTON, *followed by* HOB HATTERLY.

SWINTON.

Stand to it yet! The man who flies to-day,
May bastards warm them at his household hearth!

HOB HATTERLY.

That ne'er shall be my curse. My Meg Halden
Is trusty as my broadsword.

SWINTON.

Ha, thou knave,
Art thou demoralized too?

HOB HATTERLY.

I know, Sir Alan,
You want no homeward guide; so threw my reins
Upon my palfrey's neck, and let him loose.
Within an hour he stands before my gate;
And Meg Halden will need no other token
To bid the Melrose Monks say masses for me.

SWINTON.

Thou'rt resolved to cheat the hellfire, then?

HOB HATTERLY.

It is my purpose,
Having lived a thief, to die a brave man's death;
And never had I a more glorious chance for't.

SWINTON.

Here lies the way to it, knave.—Make in, make in,
And aid young Gordon!

[*Exeunt. Loud and long alarums. After which the back Scene rises, and discovers* SWINTON *on the ground,* GORDON *supporting him; both much wounded.*

SWINTON.

All are our down—the reapers have pass'd o'er us,
And lie in distant harvest.—My toil's over;
Take thou my sickle. [*Dropping his sword.*] Hand of mine again
Shall never, never wield it!†

GORDON.

O valiant leader, is thy light extinguish'd!
That only beacon-flame which promised safety
In this day's deadly wrack!

SWINTON.

My lamp hath long been dim. But thine, young Gordon,
Just kindled, to be quench'd so suddenly,
Ere Scotland saw its splendour!——

GORDON.

Five thousand horse hung idly on yon hill,
Saw us o'erpowered, and no one stirr'd to aid us!

SWINTON.

It was the Regent's envy.—Out!—alas!
Why blame I him!—It was our civil discord,
Our selfish vanity, our jealous hatred,
Which framed this day of dole for our poor country.—
Had thy brave father held yon leading staff,
As well his talents and valour might have claim'd it,
We had not fall'n unaided.—How, O how
Is he to answer it, whose deed prevented——

GORDON.

Alas! alas! the author of the death-feud,
He has his reckoning too! for had your sons
And num'rous vassals lived, we had lack'd no aid.

SWINTON.

May God assoil the dead, and him who follows!
We've drank the poison'd beverage which we brew'd:
Have sown the wind, and reap'd the tenfold whirlwind!—
But thou, brave youth, whose nobleness of heart
Pour'd oil upon the wounds our hate inflicted;
Thou, who best deem'st no wrong need'st no forgiveness,—
Why shouldst thou share our punishment?

GORDON.

All need forgiveness.—[*Distant alarum.*]——Hark, in yonder direct
Did the main battles counter?

SWINTON.

Look on the field, brave Gordon, if thou canst,
And tell me how the day goes.—but I guess,
Too surely do I guess——

GORDON.

All's lost! all's lost!—Of the main Scottish host
Some wildly fly, and some rush wildly forward,
And some there are who seem to turn their spears
Against their countrymen.

SWINTON.

Rashness, and cowardice, and secret treason,
Combine to ruin us; and our hot valour,
Devoid of discipline, is madmen's strength,
More fatal unto friends than enemies!
I'm glad that these dim eyes shall see no more on't.—
Let thy hands close them, Gordon—I will dream
My fair-hair'd William renders me that office!

[*Dies.*

GORDON.

And, Swinton, I will think I do that duty
To my dear father.

Enter DE VIPONT.

VIPONT.

Fly, fly, brave youth!—A handful of my followers,
The scatter'd gleaning of this desperate day,
Still hover yonder to essay thy rescue.—
O linger not!—I'll be your guide to them.

GORDON.

Look there, and bid me fly!—the oak has fall'n,
And the young ivy bush, which learn'd to climb
By its support, must needs partake its fall.

VIPONT.

Swinton? Alas! the best, the bravest, strongest,
And sagest of our Scottish chivalry!
Forgive one moment, if to save the living,
My tongue should wrong the dead.—Gordon, do think thee,
Thou dost but stay to perish with the corpse
Of him who slew thy father.

GORDON.

Ay, but he was my sire in chivalry,
He taught my youth to soar above the promptings
Of mean and selfish vengeance; gave my youth
A name that shall not die even on this death-spot.
Records shall tell this field had not been lost,
Had all men fought like Swinton and like Gordon.

[*Trumpets.*

Save thee, De Vipont.—Hark! the Southron trumpets——

VIPONT.

Nay, without thee I stir not.

Enter EDWARD, CHANDOS, PERCY, BALIOL, &c.

GORDON.

Ay, they come on—the Tyrant and the Traitor,
Workman and tool, Plantagenet and Baliol.
O for a moment's strength in this poor arm,
To do one glorious deed!

[*He rushes on the Englishmen, but is made prisoner with* VIPONT.

* [This speech of Swinton's is interpolated on the blank page of the manuscript.]

† [This speech of Swinton's is interpolated on the blank page of the manuscript.]

1. MS.—"Thou hast small cause to tarry with the traitor."

KING EDWARD.

Disarm them—harm them not; though it was they
Made havoc on the archers of our vanguard,
They and that bulky champion. Where is he?

CHANDOS.

Here lies the giant! Say his name, young Knight?

GORDON.

Let it suffice. he was a man this morning.*

CHANDOS.

I question'd thee in sport. I do not need
Thy information, youth. Who that has fought
Through all these Scottish wars, but knows his crest,
The sable boar chain'd to the leafy oak,
And that huge mace still seen where war was wildest!

KING EDWARD.

'Tis Alan Swinton!
Grim chamberlain, who in my tent at Weardale,
Stood by my startled couch† with torch and mace,
When the Black Douglas' war-cry waked my camp.

GORDON (*sinking down.*)

If thus thou know'st him,
Thou wilt respect his corpse.‡

KING EDWARD.

As belted Knight and crowned King, I will.

GORDON.

And let mine
Sleep at his side, in token that our death
Ended the feud of Swinton and of Gordon.

KING EDWARD.

It is the Gordon!—Is there aught beside
Edward can do to honour bravery,
Even in an enemy?

GORDON.

Nothing but this
Let not base Baliol, with his touch or look,
Profane my corpse or Swinton's. I've some breath still,
Enough to say—Scotland—Elizabeth! [*Dies.*

CHANDOS.

Baliol, I would not brook such dying looks,
To buy the crown you aim at.

KING EDWARD (*to* VIPONT.)

Vipont, thy crossed shield shows ill in warfare
Against a Christian king.

VIPONT.

That Christian King is warring upon Scotland.
I was a Scotsman ere I was a Templar,§
Sworn to my country ere I knew my order.

KING EDWARD.

I will but know thee as a Christian champion,
And set thee free unransom'd.

Enter ABBOT OF WALTHAMSTOW.

ABBOT.

Heaven grant your Majesty
Many such glorious days as this has been!

KING EDWARD.

It is a day of much and high advantage;
Glorious it might have been, had all our foes
Fought like these two brave champions.—Strike the drums,
Sound trumpets, and pursue the fugitives,
Till the Tweed's eddies whelm them. Berwick's render'd—
These wars, I trust, will soon find lasting close.‖

* [In his narrative of events on the day after the battle of Sheriffmuir, Sir Walter Scott says, "Amongst the gentlemen who fell on this occasion, were several on both sides, alike eminent for birth and character. The body of the gallant young Earl of Strathmore was found on the field watched by a faithful old domestic, who, being asked the name of the person whose body he waked upon with so much care, made this striking reply, 'He was a man yesterday.'"—*Tales of a Grandfather*, Third Series. See. vol. vi.]

† [*MS.*—"Stood arm'd beside my couch," &c.]

‡ ["The character of Swinton is obviously a favourite with the author, to which circumstance we are probably indebted for the strong relief in which it is given, and the perfect verisimilitude which belongs to it. The stately commanding figure of the veteran warrior, whom, by the illusion of his art, the author has passed in veritable presentment before us;—his venerable age, superior prowess, and intuitive decision;—the broils in which he had engaged, the misfortunes he had suffered, and the intrepid fortitude with which he sustained them,—together with that rigorous control of temper, not to be shaken even by unmerited contumely and insult;—these qualities, grouped and embodied in one and the same character, render it morally impossible that we should not at once sympathize and admire. The inherent force of his character is finely illustrated in the effect produced upon Lord Gordon by the first appearance of the man 'who had made him fatherless.'"—*Edinburgh Magazine*, July, 1822.]

§ A Venetian General, observing his soldiers testified some unwillingness to fight against those of the Pope, whom they regarded as father of the Church, addressed them in terms of similar encouragement,—"Fight on! we were Venetians before we were Christians."

‖ ["It is generally the case that much expectation ends in disappointment. The free delineation of character in some of the recent Scottish Novels, and the admirable conversations intempered throughout them, raised hopes that, when a regular drama should be attempted by the person who was considered as their author, the success would be eminent. Its announcement, too, in a solemn and formal manner, did not diminish the interest of the public. The drama, however, which was expected, turns out to be, infact, and not only in name, merely a dramatic sketch, which is entirely deficient in plot, and contains but three characters, Swinton, Gordon, and Edward, in whom any interest is endeavoured to be excited. With some exceptions, the dialogue also is flat and coarse; and for all these defects, one or two vigorous descriptions of battle scenes, will scarcely make sufficient atonement, except in the eyes of very enthusiastic friends."—*Monthly Review.*

"Halidon Hill, we understand, unlike the earlier poems of its author, has not been received into the ranks of popular favour. Such rumours, of course, have no effect on our critical judgment; but we cannot forbear saying, that, thinking as we do very highly of the spirit and taste with which an interesting tale is here sketched in natural and energetic verse, we are yet far from feeling surprised that the approbation, which it is our pleasing duty to bestow, should not have been anticipated by the ordinary readers of the work before us. It bears, in truth, no great resemblance to the narrative poems from which Sir Walter Scott derived his first and high reputation, and by which, *for the present*, his genius must be characterized. It is wholly free from many of their most obvious faults—their carelessness, their irregularity, and their inequality both of conception and of execution; but it wants likewise no inconsiderable portion of their beauties—it has less 'pomp and circumstance,' less picturesque description, romantic association, and chivalrous glitter, less sentiment and reflection, less perhaps of all their striking charms, with the single exception of that one redeeming and sufficing quality, which forms, in our view, the highest recommendation of *all* the author's works of imagination, their unaffected and unflagging VIGOUR. This perhaps, after all, is only saying, that we have before us a dramatic poem, instead of a metrical tale of romance, and that the author has had too much taste and discretion to bedizen his scenes with inappropriate and encumbering ornament. There is, however, a class of readers of poetry, and a pretty large class, too, who have no relish for a work, however naturally and strongly the characters and incidents may be conceived and sustained—however appropriate and manly may be the imagery and diction—from which they cannot select any isolated passages to store in their memories or their commonplace books, to whisper into a lady's ear, or transcribe into a lady's album. With this tea-table and watering-place school of critics, 'Halidon Hill' must expect no favour; it has no rant—no mysticism—and, worst offence of all, no affectation."—*British Critic*, October, 1822.]

MACDUFF'S CROSS.

INTRODUCTION TO MACDUFF'S CROSS.

These few scenes had the honour to be included in a Miscellany, published in the year 1822, by Mrs. Joanna Baillie, and are here reprinted, to unite them with the trifles of the same kind which owe their birth to the author. The singular history of the Cross and Law of Clan MacDuff is given, at length enough to satisfy the keenest antiquary, in *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.* It is here only necessary to state, that the Cross was a place of refuge to any person related to MacDuff, within the ninth degree, who, having committed homicide in sudden quarrel, should reach this place, prove his descent from the Thane of Fife, and pay a certain penalty.

The shaft of the Cross was destroyed at the Reformation. The huge block of stone which served for its pedestal is still in existence near the town of Newburgh, on a kind of pass which commands the county of Fife to the southward, and to the north, the windings of the magnificent Tay and fertile country of Angus-shire. The Cross bore an inscription, which is transmitted to us in an unintelligible form by Sir Robert Sibbald.

Abbotsford, January, 1830.

* [See page 236, ante, in the Appendix to Lord Scott's, "Law of Clan MacDuff."]

MACDUFF'S CROSS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

NINIAN, WALDHAVE, } *Monks of Lindores.* | LINDESAY, MAURICE BERKELEY, } *Scottish Barons.*

PRELUDE.

Nay, smile not, Lady, when I speak of witchcraft,
And say, that still there lurks amongst our glens
Some touch of strange enchantment.—Mark that fragment,
I mean that rough hewn block of massive stone,
Placed on the summit of this mountain-pass,
Commanding prospect wide o'er field and fell,
And peopled village and extended moorland,
And the wide ocean and majestic Tay,
To the far distant Grampians.—Do not deem it
A loosen'd portion of the neighbouring rock,
Detach'd by storm and thunder,—'twas the pedestal
On which, in ancient times, a cross was rear'd,
Carved o'er with words which foil'd philologists;
And the events it did commemorate
Were dark, remote, and undistinguishable,
As were the mystic characters it bore.
But, mark,—a wizard born on Avon's bank,
Tuned but his harp to this wild northern theme,
And, lo! the scene is hallow'd. None shall pass,
Now or in after days, beside that stone,
But he shall have strange visions; thoughts and words
That shake, or rouse, or thrill the human heart,
Shall rush upon his memory when he hears
The spirit-stirring name of this rude symbol;—
Oblivious ages, at that simple spell,
Shall render back their terrors with their woes,
Alas! and with their crimes—and the proud phantoms
Shall move with step familiar to his eye,
And accents, which, once heard, the ear forgets not,
Though ne'er again to list them. Siddons, thine,
Thou matchless Siddons! thrill upon our ear;
And on our eye thy lofty Brother's form
Rises as Scotland's monarch.—But, to thee,
Joanna, why to thee speak of such visions?
Thine own wild wand can raise them.
Yet since thou wilt an idle tale of mine,
Take one which scarcely is of worth enough
To give or to withhold.—Our time creeps on,
Fancy grows colder as the silvery hair
Tells the advancing winter of our life.
Yet it be of worth enough to please,
That worth it owes to her who set the task;
If otherwise, the fault rests with the author.

SCENE I.

The summit of a Rocky Pass near to Newburgh, about two miles from the ancient Abbey of Lindores, in Fife. In the centre is MacDuff's Cross, an antique Monument; and, at a small distance, on one side, a Chapel, with a lamp burning.

Enter, as having ascended the Pass, NINIAN *and* WALDHAVE, *Monks of Lindores,* NINIAN *crosses himself, and seems to recite his devotions.*—WALDHAVE *stands gazing on the prospect, as if in deep contemplation.*

NINIAN.
Here stands the Cross, good brother, consecrated
By the bold Thane unto his patron saint
Magridius, once a brother of our house.
Canst thou not spare an ave or a creed?
Or hath the steep ascent exhausted you?
You trode it stoutly, though 'twas rough and toilsome.

WALDHAVE.
I have trode a rougher.

NINIAN.
On the Highland hills—
Scarcely within our sea-girt province here,
Unless upon the Lomonds or Bennarty.

WALDHAVE.
I spoke not of the literal path, good father,
But of the road of life which I have travell'd,
Ere I assumed this habit; it was bounded,
Hedged in, and limited by earthly prospects,
As ours beneath was closed by dell and thicket.
Here, we see wide and far, and the broad sky,
With wide horizon, opens full around,
While earthly objects dwindle. Brother Ninian,
Fain would I hope that mental elevation
Could raise me equally o'er worldly thoughts,
And place me nearer heaven.

NINIAN.
'Tis good morality.—But yet forget not,
That though we look on heaven from this high eminence,
Yet doth the Prince of all the airy space,
Arch foe of man, possess the realms between.

WALDHAVE.
Most true, good brother; and men may be farther
From the bright heaven they aim at, even because
They deem themselves secure on't.

NINIAN (*after a pause.*)
You do gaze—
Strangers are wont to do so—on the prospect.
Yon is the Tay roll'd down from Highland hills,
That rests his waves, after so rude a race,
In the fair plains of Gowrie—further westward,
Proud Stirling rises—yonder to the east,
Dundee, the gift of God, and fair Montrose,
And still more northward lie the ancient towers—

WALDHAVE.
Of Edzell.

NINIAN.
How? know you the towers of Edzell?

WALDHAVE.
I've heard of them.

NINIAN.
Then have you heard a tale,
Which when he tells, the peasant shakes his head,
And shuns the mouldering and deserted walls.

WALDHAVE.
Why, and by whom, deserted?

NINIAN.

Long the tale—
Enough to say that the last Lord of Edzell,
Bold Louis Lindesay, had a wife, and found——

WALDHAVE.

Enough is said, indeed—since a weak woman,
Ay, and a tempting fiend, lost Paradise,
When man was innocent.

NINIAN.

They fell at strife,
Men say, on slight occasion: that fierce Lindesay
Did bend his sword against De Berkeley's breast,
And that the lady threw herself between:
That then De Berkeley dealt the Baron's death-wound.
Enough, that from that time De Berkeley bore
A spear in foreign wars. But, it is said,
He hath return'd of late; and, therefore, Brother,
The Prior hath ordain'd our vigil here,
To watch the privilege of the sanctuary,
And rights of Clan MacDuff.

WALDHAVE.

What rights are these?

NINIAN.

Most true! you are but newly come from Rome,
And do not know our ancient usages.
Know then, when fell Macbeth beneath the arm
Of the predestined knight, unborn of woman,
Three boons the victor ask'd, and thrice did Malcolm,
Stooping the sceptre by the Thane restored,
Assent to his request. And hence the rule,
That first when Scotland's King assumes the crown,
MacDuff's descendant rings his brow with it:
And hence, when Scotland's King calls forth his host,
MacDuff's descendant leads the van in battle:
And last, in guerdon of the crown restored,
Red with the blood of the usurping tyrant,
The right was granted in succeeding time,
That if a kinsman of the Thane of Fife
Commit a slaughter on a sudden impulse,
And fly for refuge to this Cross MacDuff,
For the Thane's sake he shall find sanctuary;
For here must the avenger's step be staid,
And here the panting homicide find safety.

WALDHAVE.

And here a brother of your order watches,
To see the custom of the place observed?—

NINIAN.

Even so;—such is our convent's holy right,
Since Saint Magridius,—blessed be his memory!—
Did by a vision warn the Abbot Eadmir.—
And chief we watch, when there is bickering
Among the neighbouring nobles, now most likely
From this return of Berkeley from abroad,
Having the Lindesay's blood upon his hand.

WALDHAVE.

The Lindesay, then, was loved among his friends?

NINIAN.

Honour'd and fear'd he was—but little loved;
For even his bounty bore a show of sternness;
And when his passions waked, he was a Sathan
Of wrath and injury.

WALDHAVE.

How now, Sir Priest! (*fiercely*)—Forgive me (*recollecting himself*)—I was dreaming
Of an old baron who did bear about him
Some touch of your Lord Reynold.

NINIAN.

Lindesay's name, my brother,
Indeed was Reynold;—and methinks, moreover,
That, as you spoke even now, he would have spoken.
I brought him a petition from our convent:
He granted straight, but in such tone and manner,
By my good saint! I thought myself scarce safe
Till Tay roll'd broad between us. I must now
Unto the chapel—meanwhile the watch is thine;
And, at my word, the hurrying fugitive,
Should such arrive, must here find sanctuary;
And, at thy word, the fiery-paced avenger
Must stop his bloody course—e'en as swoln Jordan
Controll'd his waves, soon as they touch'd the feet
Of those who bore the ark.

WALDHAVE.

Is this my charge?

NINIAN.

Even so;—and I am near, should chance require me;
At midnight I relieve you on your watch,
When we may taste together some refreshment:
I have cared for it; and for a flask of wine—
There is no sin, so that we drink it not
Until the midnight hour, when lauds have toll'd.
Farewell a while, and peaceful watch be with you!
[*Exit towards the chapel.*

WALDHAVE.

It is not with me, and alas! alas!
I know not where to seek it.—This monk's mind
Is with his cloister match'd, nor lacks more room.
Its petty duties, formal ritual,
Its humble pleasures and its paltry troubles,
Fill up his round of life; even as some reptiles,
They say are moulded to the very shape,
And all the angles of the rocky crevice,
In which they live and die. But for myself,
Retired in passion to the narrow cell,
Couching my tired limbs in its recesses,
So ill-adapted am I to its limits,
That every attitude is agony.——
How now! what brings him back?

Re-enter NINIAN.

NINIAN.

Look to your watch, my brother;—horsemen come:
I heard their tread when kneeling in the chapel.

WALDHAVE (*looking to a distance.*)

My thoughts have wrapt me more than thy devotion,
Else had I heard the tread of distant horses
Farther than thou couldst hear the sacring bell;
But now in truth they come:—flight and pursuit
Are sights I've been long strange to.

NINIAN.

See how they gallop down the opposing hill!
Yon gray steed bounding down the headlong path
As on the level meadow; while the black,
Urged by the rider with his naked sword,
Stoops on his prey, as I have seen the falcon
Dashing upon the heron.—Thou dost frown
And clench thy hand as if it grasp'd a weapon?

WALDHAVE.

'Tis but for shame to see a man fly thus
While only one pursues him.—Coward, turn!—
Turn thee, I say! thou art as stout as he,
And well mayst match thy single sword with his.
Shame, that a man should rein a steed like thee,
Yet fear to turn his front against a foe?—
I am ashamed to look on them.

NINIAN.

Yet look again,—they quit their horses now,
Unfit for the rough path:—the fugitive
Keeps the advantage still.—They strain towards us.

WALDHAVE.

I'll not believe that ever the bold Thane
Rear'd up his cross to be a sanctuary
To the base coward, who shunn'd an equal combat.—
How's this?—that look—that mien—mine eyes grow dizzy!—

NINIAN.

He comes:—thou art a novice on this watch,
Brother, I'll take the word and speak to him.
Pluck down thy cowl;—know, that we [illegible] champions
Have honour to maintain, and must not seem
To quail before the laity.
[WALDHAVE *lets down his cowl, and steps back.*

Enter MAURICE BERKELEY.

NINIAN.

Who art thou, stranger? speak thy name and purpose.

BERKELEY.

I claim the privilege of Clan MacDuff,
My name is Maurice Berkeley, and my lineage
Allies me nearly with the Thane of Fife.

NINIAN.

Give us to know the cause of sanctuary?

BERKELEY.

Let him show it,
Against whose violence I claim the privilege.

Enter LINDESAY, *with his sword drawn. He rushes at* BERKELEY; NINIAN *interposes.*

NINIAN.

Peace in the name of Saint Magridius!
Peace, in our Prior's name, and in the name
Of that dear symbol, which did purchase peace
And good-will towards man! I do command thee
To sheathe thy sword, and stir no contest here.

LINDESAY.

One charm I'll try first,
To lure the craven from the enchanted circle
Which he hath harbour'd in.—Hear you, De Berkeley,
This is my brother's sword—the hand it arms
Is weapon'd to avenge a brother's death:—
If thou hast heart to step a furlong off,
And change three blows,—even for so short a space
As these good men may say an ave-marie,—
So, Heaven be good to me! I will forgive thee
Thy deed and all its consequences.

BERKELEY.

Were not my right hand fetter'd by the thought
That slaying thee were but a double guilt
In which to steep my soul, no bridegroom ever
Stepp'd forth to trip a measure with his bride
More joyfully than I, young man, would rush
To meet thy challenge.

LINDESAY.

He quails, and shuns to look upon my weapon,
Yet boasts himself a Berkeley!

BERKELEY.

Lindesay, and if there were no deeper cause
For shunning thee than terror of thy weapon,
That rock hewn Cross as soon should start and stir,
Because a shepherd-boy blew horn beneath it,
As I for brag of thine.

NINIAN.

I charge you both, and in the name of Heaven,
Breathe no defiance on this sacred spot,
Where Christian men must bear them peacefully,
On pain of the Church thunders. Calmly tell
Your cause of difference; and, Lord Lindesay, thou
Be first to speak them.

LINDESAY.

Ask the blue welkin—ask the silver Tay,
The northern Grampians—all things know my wrongs;
But ask not me to tell them, while the villain,
Who wrought them, stands and listens with a smile.

NINIAN.

It is said—
Since you refer us thus to general fame—
That Berkeley slew thy brother, the Lord Louis,
In his own halls at Edzell———

LINDESAY.

Ay, in his halls—
In his own halls, good father, that's the word.
In his own halls he slew him, while the wine
Stood on the board between! The gallant Thane,
Who wreak'd Macbeth's inhospitable murder,
Dar'd not yon Cross to sanction deeds like these.

BERKELEY.

Thou say'st I came a guest!—I came a victim,
A destined victim, train'd on to the doom
His frantic jealousy prepared for me.
He fix'd a quarrel on me, and we fought.
Can I forget the form that came between us,
And perish'd by his sword? 'Twas then I fought
For vengeance,—until then I guarded life,
But then I sought to take it, and prevail'd.

LINDESAY.

Wretch! thou didst first dishonour to thy victim,
And then didst slay him!

BERKELEY.

There is a busy fiend tugs at my heart,
But I will struggle with it!—Youthful knight,
My heart is sick of war, my hand of slaughter;
I come not to my lordships, or my land,
But just to seek a spot in some cold cloister,
Which I may kneel on living, and, when dead,
Which may suffice to cover me.
Forgive me that I caused your brother's death;
And I forgive thee the injurious terms
With which thou taxest me.

LINDESAY.

Take worse and blacker.—Murderer, adulterer!—
Art thou not moved yet?

BERKELEY.

Do not press me further.
The hunted stag, even when he seeks the thicket
Compell'd to stand at bay, grows dangerous!
Most true thy brother perish'd by my hand,
And if you term it murder—I must bear it.
Thus far my patience can; but if thou brand
The purity of yonder martyr'd saint,
Whom then my sword but poorly did avenge,
With one injurious word, come to the valley,
And I will show thee how it shall be answer'd!

NINIAN.

This heat, Lord Berkeley, doth but ill accord
With thy late pious patience.

BERKELEY.

Father, forgive, and let me stand excused
To Heaven and thee, if patience brooks no more.
I loved this lady fondly—truly loved—
Loved her, and was beloved, ere yet her father
Conferr'd her on another. While she lived,
Each thought of her was to my soul as hallow'd
As those I send to Heaven; and on her grave,
Her bloody, early grave, while this poor hand
Can hold a sword, shall no one cast a scorn.

LINDESAY.

Follow me. Thou shalt hear me call the adulteress
By her right name.—I'm glad there's yet a spur
Can rouse thy sluggard mettle.

BERKELEY.

Make then obeisance to the blessed Cross,
For it shall be on earth thy last devotion.

[*They are going off.*

WALDHAVE (*rushing forward.*)

Madmen, stand!—
Stay but one second—answer but one question.—
There, Maurice Berkeley, can'st thou look upon
That blessed sign, and swear thou'st spoken truth?

BERKELEY.

I swear by Heaven,
And by the memory of that murder'd innocent,
Each seeming charge against her was as false
As our bless'd Lady's spotless. Hear, each saint!
Hear me, thou holy rood! Hear me from heaven,
Thou martyr'd excellence!—Hear me from penal fire,
(For sure not yet thy guilt is expiated!)
Stern ghost of her destroyer!———

WALDHAVE (*throws back his cowl.*)

He hears! he hears! Thy spell hath raised the dead.

LINDESAY.

My brother! and alive!—

WALDHAVE.

Alive,—but yet, my Richard, dead to thee,
No tie of kindred binds me to the world;
All were renounced, when, with reviving life,
Came the desire to seek the sacred cloister.

Alas, in vain! for to that last retreat
Like to a [illegible] bloodhound in full chase,
My passions and my wrongs have followed me,
Wrath and remorse—and, to fill up the cry,
Thou hast brought vengeance hither.

LINDESAY.

I but sought
To do the act and duty of a brother.

WALDHAVE.

I ceased to be so when I left the world;
But if he can forgive as I forgive,
God sends me here a brother in mine enemy,
To pray for me and with me. Hast thou canst,
De Berkeley, give thine hand.—

[illegible] It is the will
Of Heaven made manifest in thy preservation,
To inhibit farther bloodshed; for De Berkeley,
The votary Maurice lays the title down.
Go to his bride, Lord Richard, where a maiden
Kin to his blood, and daughter in affection,
Heirs his broad lands;—If thou canst love her
Lindesay,
Woo her and be successful.

THE DOOM OF DEVORGOIL.

PREFACE TO THE DOOM OF DEVORGOIL.

THE first of these dramatic pieces was long since written, for the purpose of obliging the late Mr. Terry, then Manager of the Adelphi Theatre, for whom the Author had a particular regard. The manner in which the mimic goblins of Devorgoil are intermixed with the supernatural machinery, was found to be objectable, and the production had other faults, which rendered it unfit for representation.* I have called the piece a Melo-Drama, for want of a better name; but, as I learn from the unquestionable authority of Mr. Coleman's Random Records, that one species of the drama is termed an *extravaganza*, I am sorry I was not sooner aware of a more appropriate name than that which I had selected for Devorgoil.

The Author's Publishers thought it desirable, that the scenes, long condemned to oblivion, should be united to similar attempts of the same kind; and as he felt indifferent on the subject, they are printed in the same volume with Halidon Hill and MacDuff's Cross, and thrown off in a separate form, for the convenience of those who possess former editions of the Author's Poetical works.

[* Mr. Daniel Terry, the comedian, distinguished for a very peculiar style of humour on the stage, and, moreover, by personal accomplishments of various sorts not generally shared by members of his profession, was, during many years, on terms of intimacy with Sir Walter Scott. He died 23d June, 1822.]

The general story of the Doom of Devorgoil is founded on an old Scottish tradition, the scene of which lies in Galloway. The crime supposed to have occasioned the misfortunes of this devoted house, is similar to that of Lord Herries of Haddom Castle, who is the principal personage of Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe's interesting ballad, in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, page 224. In remorse for this crime, he built the singular monument called the Tower of Repentance. In many cases the Scottish superstitions allude to the fairies, or those who, for sins of milder description, are permitted to wander with the "rout that never rest," as they were termed by Dr. Leyden. They imitate human labour and human amusements, but their toil is useless, and without any advantageous result: and their gaiety is unsubstantial and hollow. The phantom of Lord Erick is supposed to be a spectre of this character.

The story of the Ghostly Barber is told in many countries; but the best narrative founded on the passage, is the tale called Stumme Liebe, among the legends of Musæus. I think it has been introduced upon the English stage in some pantomime, which was one objection to bringing it upon the scene a second time.

ABBOTSFORD *April*, 1830.

THE DOOM OF DEVORGOIL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OSWALD OF DEVORGOIL, *a decayed Scottish Baron.*
LEONARD, *a Ranger.*
DURWARD, *a Palmer.*
LANCELOT BLACKTHORN, *a Companion of Leonard, in love with Katleen.*
GUILLEMMEKIN, *a conceited Student.*
OWLSPIEGLE and COMMERSMOUT, *Mashers, represented by Blackthorn and Flora.*
SPIRIT OF LORD ERICK OF DEVORGOIL.
Peasants, Shepherds, and Vassals of inferior rank.
ELEANOR, *Wife of Oswald, descended of obscure Parentage.*
FLORA, *Daughter of Oswald.*
KATLEEN, *Niece of Eleanor.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The Scene represents a wild and hilly, but not a mountainous Country, in a frontier District of Scotland. The flat Scene exhibits the Castle of Devorgoil, decayed, and partly ruinous, situated upon a Lake and connected with the Land by a drawbridge, which is lowered. Time—Sunset.

FLORA *enters from the Castle, looks timidly around, then comes forward and speaks.*

He is not here—those pleasures are not ours
Which pleased evening brings to all things else.

SONG.*

The sun from the lake is low,
The wild birds hush their song,
The hills have evening's deepest glow,
Yet Leonard tarries long.
Now all whom varied toil and care
From home and love divide,
In the blest hour of twilight may repair
Each to the loved one's side.

The night-chime, on turret high,
Who watch her gallant knight,
Looks to the western beam to spy
The flash of armour bright.
The village circle, with hand on brow,
The level ray to shade,
Upon the footpath watches now
For Colin's darkening plaid.

Now to their mates the wild swans sow,
By day they swam apart,
And to the thicket wanders slow
The hind beside the hart.
The woodlark at his partner's side,
Twittering his closing song—
All things whom day and care divide,
But he—and he is long.

[KATLEEN *has come out of the Castle while* FLORA *sings, and speaks when the song is ended.*

KATLEEN.

Ah, my dear cos!—if that your mother's niece
May so presume to call your father's daughter,—
All these fond things have got some home of comfort
To tempt their lovers back—the lady's bower,
The shepherdess's hut, the wild swan's couch
Among the rushes, even the lark's low nest,
Has that of promise which lures home a lover;
But we have nought of this.

FLORA.

How call you, then, this castle of my sire,
The towers of Devorgoil?

KATLEEN.

Dungeons for men, and palaces for owls;
Yet no wise owl would change a farmer's barn
For yonder hungry hall—our latest mouse,
Our last of mice, I tell you, has been found
Starved in the pantry; and the reverend spider,
Sole living tenant of the Baron's halls,
Who, train'd to abstinence, lived a whole summer
Upon a single fly, he's famish'd too;
The cat is in the kitchen-chimney seated
Upon our last of fagots, destined soon
To dress our last of suppers, and, poor soul,
Is starved with cold, and mewling mad with hunger.

FLORA.

D'ye mock our misery, Katleen?

KATLEEN.

No, but I am hysteric on the subject,
So I must laugh or cry, and laughing's lightest.

FLORA.

Why stay you with us, then, my merry cousin?
From you my sire can ask no filial duty.

KATLEEN.

No! thanks to Heaven,
No noble in wide Scotland, rich or poor,
Can claim an interest in the vulgar blood
That dances in my veins; and I might wed
A forester to-morrow, nothing fearing
The wrath of high-born kindred, and far less
That the dry bones of lead-lapp'd ancestors
Would clatter in their cerements at the tidings.

FLORA.

My mother, too, would gladly see you placed
Beyond the verge of our unhappiness,†
Which, like a witch's circle, blights and taints
Whatever comes within it.

KATLEEN.

Ah! my good aunt!
She is a careful kinswoman, and prudent,
In all but marrying a ruin'd baron.
When she could take her choice of honest yeomen;
And now, to balance this ambitious error,
She presses on her daughter's love the suit
Of one, who hath no touch of nobleness,
In manners, birth, or mind, to recommend him,—
Sage Master Gullexammer, the new-dubb'd preacher.

FLORA.

Do not name him, Katleen!

KATLEEN.

Ay, but I must, and with some gratitude.
I said but now, I saw our last of fagots
Destined to dress our last of meals, but said not
That the repast consisted of choice dainties,
Sent to our larder by that liberal suitor,
The kind Melchisedek.

* The author thought of omitting this song, which was, in fact, abridged into one in "Quentin Durward," termed Quaty Guy. It appeared, however, necessary to the sense that the original stanzas should be retained here.

† [MS.—"Beyond the circle of our wretchedness."]

FLORA.

Were famishing the word,
I'd famish ere I tasted them—the fop,
The fool, the low-born, low-bred, pedant coxcomb!

KATLEEN.

There spoke the blood of long-descended sires!
My cottage wisdom ought to echo back,—
O the snug parsonage! the well-paid stipend!
The yew-hedged garden! beehives, pigs, and poultry!
But, to speak honestly, the peasant Katleen,
Valuing these good things justly, still would scorn
To wed, for such, the paltry Gullcrammer,
As much as Lady Flora.

FLORA.

Mock me not with a title, gentle cousin,
Which poverty has made ridiculous.—
[*Trumpets far off.*
Hark! they have broken up the weapon-shawing;
The vassals are dismiss'd, and marching homeward.

KATLEEN.

Comes your sire back to-night?

FLORA.

He did purpose
To tarry for the banquet. This day only,
Summon'd as a king's tenant, he resumes
The right of rank his birth assigns to him,
And mingles with the proudest.

KATLEEN.

To return
To his domestic wretchedness to-morrow—
I envy not the privilege. Let us go
To yonder height, and see the marksmen practise:
They shoot their match down in the dale beyond,
Between the Lowland and the Forest district,
By ancient custom, for a tun of wine.
Let us go see which wins.

FLORA.

That were too forward.

KATLEEN.

Why, you may drop the screen before your face,
Which some chance breeze may haply blow aside
Just when a youth of special note takes aim.
It chanced even so that memorable morning,
When, nutting in the woods, we met young Leonard;—
And in good time here comes his sturdy comrade,
The rough Lance Blackthorn.

Enter LANCELOT BLACKTHORN, *a Forester, with the Carcass of a Deer on his back, and a gun in his hand.*

BLACKTHORN.

Save you, damsels!

KATLEEN.

Godden, good yeoman.—Come you from the weapon-shaw?

BLACKTHORN.

Not I, indeed; there lies the mark I shot at.
[*Lays down the Deer.*
The time has been I had not miss'd the sport,
Although Lord Nithsdale's self had wanted venison;
But this same waste of mine, young Leonard Dacre,
Makes me do what he lists;—he'll win the prize,
though:
The Forest district will not lose its honour,
And that is all I care for—(*some shots are heard.*)
Hark! they're at it.
I'll go see the issue.

FLORA.

Leave not here
he produce of your hunting.

BLACKTHORN.

But I must, though.
This is his lair to-night, for Leonard Dacre
Charged me to leave the stag at Devorgoil;
Then show me quickly where to stow the quarry,
And let me to the sports—(*more shots.*) Come, hasten, damsels!

FLORA.

It is impossible—we dare not take it.

BLACKTHORN.

There let it lie, then, and I'll wind my bugle,
That all within these tottering walls may know
That here lies venison, whose likes to hit it
[*About to blow.*

KATLEEN (*to* FLORA.)

He will alarm your mother; and, besides,
Our Forest proverb teaches, that no question
Should ask where venison comes from.
Your careful mother, with her wonted prudence,
Will hold it unbecoming pleads its own apology.—
Come, Blackthorn, I will show you where to stow it.
[*Exeunt* KATLEEN *and* BLACKTHORN *into the Castle—there shouting—then a Bugle sounds. Stragglers, armed in different ways, pass over the stage, as if from the Weapon-shaw.*

FLORA.

The prize is won; that general shout proclaim'd it.
The milkmaiden and the vassals are dispersing.
[*She drums back.*

FIRST VASSAL (*a peasant.*)

Ay, ay,—'tis lost and won,—the Forest have it.
'Tis they have all the luck on't.

SECOND VASSAL (*a shepherd.*)

Luck, sayst thou, man? 'Tis practice, skill, and cunning.

THIRD VASSAL.

'Tis no such thing.—I had hit the mark precisely,
But for this cursed flint; and, as I fired,
A swallow cross'd mine eye too—Will you tell me
That that was but a chance, mine honest shepherd?

FIRST VASSAL.

Ay, and last year, when Lancelot Blackthorn won it,
Because my powder happen'd to be damp,
Was there no luck in that?—The worse luck mine.

SECOND VASSAL.

Still I say 'twas not chance; it might be witchcraft.

FIRST VASSAL.

Faith, not unlikely, neighbours; for their spectres
Do often haunt about this ruin'd castle.
I've seen myself this spark,—young Leonard Dacre,—
Come stealing like a ghost ere break of day,
And after sunset, too, along this path;
And well you know the haunted towers of Devorgoil
Have no good reputation in the land.

SHEPHERD.

That have they not. I've heard my father say,—
Ghosts dance as lightly in its moonlight halls,
As ever maiden did on Midsummer
Upon the village-green.

FIRST VASSAL.

Those that frequent such spirit-haunted places
Must needs know more than simple Christians do.—
See, Lance this blessed moment leaves the castle,
And comes to triumph o'er us.
[BLACKTHORN *enters from the Castle, and comes forward while they speak.*

THIRD VASSAL.

A mighty triumph! What is't, after all,
Except the driving of a piece of lead,—
As learned Master Gullcrammer defined it,—
Just through the middle of a painted board.

BLACKTHORN.

And if he so define it, by your leave,
Your learned Master Gullcrammer's an ass.

THIRD VASSAL (*angrily.*)

He is a preacher, huntsman, under favour.

SECOND VASSAL.

No quarrelling, neighbours—you may both be right.

Enter a FOURTH VASSAL, *with a gallon stoup of wine.*

FOURTH VASSAL.

Why stand you brawling here? Young Leonard Dacre

Has set abroach the tun of wine he gain'd,
That all may drink who list. Blackthorn, I sought you;
Your comrade prays you will bestow this flagon
Where you have left the deer you killed this morning.

BLACKTHORN.

And that I will; but first we will take toll
To see if it's worth carriage. Shepherd, thy horn.
There must be due allowance made for leakage,
And that will come about a draught a-piece.
Skink it about, and, when our throats are liquor'd,
We'll merrily trowl our song of weaponshaw.
[*They drink about out of the* SHEPHERD'S *horn, and then sing.*

SONG.

We love the shrill trumpet, we love the drum's rattle,
They call us to sport, and they call us to battle;
And old Scotland shall laugh at the threats of a stranger
While our comrades in pastime are comrades in danger.

If there's mirth in our house, 'tis our neighbour that shares it—
If peril approach, 'tis our neighbour that dares it;
Add when we hold off to the pipe and the tabor,
The fair hand we press is the hand of a neighbour.

Then chuse your mates, comrades, the hands that continue chest,
Faith, friendship, and brotherhood, join'd to entwine them;
And we'll laugh at the threats of each insolent stranger,
While our comrades in sport are our comrades in danger.

BLACKTHORN.

Well, I must do mine errand. Master flagon
[*Shaking it.*
Is too consumptive for another bleeding.

SHEPHERD.

I must to my fold.

THIRD VASSAL.

I'll to the butt of wine,
And see if that has given up the ghost yet.

FIRST VASSAL.

Have with you, neighbour.
[BLACKTHORN *enters the Castle, the rest account severally.* MELCHISEDEK GULLCRAMMER *watches them off the stage, and then enters from the side-scene. He costumes to a Geneva cloak and band, with a high-crowned hat; the rest of his dress in the fashion of James the First's time. He looks to the windows of the Castle, then draws back as if to escape observation, while he brushes his cloak, drives the white threads from his waistcoat with his wetted thumb, and dusts his shoes, all with the air of one who would not willingly be observed engaged in these offices. He then adjusts his collar and band, comes forward and speaks.*

GULLCRAMMER.

Right comely is thy garb, Melchisedek;
As well beseemeth one, whom good Saint Mungo,
The patron of our land and university,
Hath graced with license both to teach and preach—
Who dare opine thou hither plod'st on foot?
Trim sits thy cloak, unruffled is thy band,
And not a speck upon thine outward man,
Bewrays the labours of thy weary sole.
[*Touches his shoe, and smiles complacently.*
Quaint was that jest and pleasant!—Now will I
Approach and hail the dwellers of this fort;
But specially sweet Flora Devorgoil,
Ere her proud sire return. He loves me not,
Mocketh my lineage, flouts at mine advancement—
Sour as the fruit the crab-tree furnishes,
And hard as is the cudgel it supplies;
But Flora—she's a lily on the lake,
And I must reach her, though I risk a ducking.
[*As* GULLCRAMMER *moves towards the drawbridge,* BAULDIE DURWARD *enters, and interposes himself betwixt him and the Castle.* GULLCRAMMER *stops and speaks.*
Whom have we here?—that ancient fortune-teller,
Pander and sorcerer, and sturdy beggar,
Old Bauldie Durward! Would I were well past him!
[DURWARD *advances, partly in the dress of a palmer, partly in that of an old Scottish mendicant, having coarse blue cloak and badge, white beard, &c.*

* [MS.—"That you should walk in such trim guise."]

DURWARD.

The blessing of the evening on your worship,
And on your taff'ty doublet. Much I marvel
Your wisdom chooseth such trim garb,* when tem peats
Are gathering to the bursting.

GULLCRAMMER (*looks to his dress, and then to the sky, with some apprehension.*)

Surely, Bauldie,
Thou dost belie the evening—in the west
The light sinks down as lovely as this band
Drops o'er this mantle—Tush, man! 'twill be fair.

DURWARD.

Ay, but the storm I bode is big with blows,
Horsewhips for hailstones, clubs for thunderbolts;
And for the wailing of the midnight wind,
The unpitied howling of a cudgell'd coxcomb.
Come, come, I know thou seek'st fair Flora Devorgoil.

GULLCRAMMER.

And if I did, I do the damsel grace.
Her mother thinks so, and she has accepted
At these poor hands gifts of some consequence,
And curious dainties for the evening cheer,
To which I am invited—She respects me.

DURWARD.

But not so doth her father, haughty Oswald.
Bethink thee, he's a baron——

GULLCRAMMER.

And a bare one
Construe me that, old man!—The crofts of Mucklewhame—
Destined for mine so soon as heaven and earth
Have shared my uncle's soul and bones between them—
The crofts of Mucklewhame, old man, which nourish
Three scores of sheep, three cows, with each her follower,
A female palfrey eke—I will be candid,
She is of that meek tribe, whom, in derision,
Our wealthy southern neighbours nickname donkeys——

DURWARD.

She hath her follower too,—when thou art there.

GULLCRAMMER.

I say to thee, these crofts of Mucklewhame,
In the mere tything of their stock and produce,
Outvie whatever patch of land remains
To this old rugged castle and its owner.
Well, therefore, may Melchisedek Gullcrammer,
Younger of Mucklewhame, for such I write me,
Master of Arts, by grace of good Saint Andrew,
Preacher, in brief expectance of a kirk,
Endow'd with ten score Scottish pounds per annum,
Being eight pounds seventeen eight in sterling coin—
Well then, I say, may this Melchisedek,
Thus highly graced by fortune—and by nature
E'en gifted as thou seest—desire to woo
The daughter of the beggar'd Devorgoil.

DURWARD.

Credit an old man's word, kind Master Gullcrammer,
You will not find it so.—Come, sir, I've known
The hospitality of Mucklewhame;
It reach'd not to profuseness—yet, in gratitude
For the pure water of its living well,
And for the barley loaves of its fair fields,
Wherein chopp'd straw contended with the grain
Which best should satisfy the appetite,
I would not see the hopeful heir of Mucklewhame
Thus fling himself on danger.

GULLCRAMMER.

Danger! what danger?—Know'st thou not, old Oswald
This day attends the muster of the shire,
Where the crown vassals meet to show their arms,
And their best horse of service?—'Twas good sport
(An if a man had dared but laugh at it)
To see old Oswald with his rusty morion,
And huge two-handed sword, that might have seen
The field of Bannockburn or Chevy-Chase,
Without a squire or vassal, page or groom,

Or e'en a single pikeman at his heels,
Mix with the proudest nobles of the county,
And claim precedence for his tatter'd person
O'er armours double gilt and ostrich plumage.

DURWARD.

Ay! 'twas the jest at which fools laugh the loudest,
The downfall of our old nobility—
Which may forerun the ruin of a kingdom.
I've seen an idiot clap his hands, and shout
To see a tower like yon (*points to a part of the Castle*) stoop to its base,
In headlong ruin; while the wise look'd round,
And fearful sought a distant stance to watch
What fragment of the fabric next should follow;
For when the turrets fall, the walls are tottering.

GULLCRAMMER (*after pondering.*)

If that means aught, it means thou saw'st old Oswald
Expell'd from the assembly.

DURWARD.

Thy sharp wit
Hath glanced unwittingly right nigh the truth.
Expell'd he was not, but his claim denied
At some contested point of ceremony.
He left the weaponshaw in high displeasure,
And hither comes—his wonted bitter temper
Scarce sweeten'd by the chances of the day.
'Twere much like rashness should you wait his coming,
And thither tends my counsel.

GULLCRAMMER.

And I'll take it;
Good Bauldie Durward, I will take thy counsel,
And will requite it with this minted farthing,
That bears our sovereign's head in purest copper.

DURWARD.

Thanks to thy bounty—Haste thee, good young master;
Oswald, besides the old two handed sword,
Bears in his hand a staff of potency,
To charm intruders from his castle purlieus.

GULLCRAMMER.

I do abhor all charms, nor will abide
To hear or see, far less to feel their use.
Behold, I have departed. [*Exit hastily.*

Manet DURWARD.

DURWARD.

Thus do I play the idle part of one
Who seeks to save the moth from scorching him
In the bright taper's flame—And Flora's beauty*
Must, not unlike that taper, waste away,
Gilding the rugged walls that saw it kindled.
This was a shard-born beetle, heavy, drossy,†
Though boasting his dull drone and gilded wing.
Here comes a flutterer of another stamp,
Whom the same ray is charming to his ruin.

Enter LEONARD, *dressed as a huntsman; he pauses before the Tower, and whistles a note or two at intervals—drawing back, as if fearful of observation—yet waiting, as if expecting some reply.* DURWARD, *whom he had not observed, moves round, so as to front* LEONARD *unexpectedly.*

LEONARD.

I am too late—it was no easy task
To rid myself from yonder noisy revellers.
Flora!—I fear she's angry—Flora—Flora!‡

SONG.

Admire not that I gain'd the prize
From all the village crew;
How could I fail with hand or eyes,
When heart and faith were true?

[MS.—"——— And Flora's years of beauty."
[MS.—"This was an earth-born beetle, dull, and drossy."]
‡ [From the MS., the following song appears to have been a recent interpolation.]
[The MS. here adds:—
"*Leonard.* But mine is not misplaced—If I sought beauty,
Resides it not with Flora Devorgoil?
If piety, if sweetness, if discretion,
Patience beneath ill suited tasks of labour,
And filial tenderness, that can beguile
Her moody sire's dark thoughts, as the soft moonshine

And when in floods of rosy wine
My comrades drown'd their cares,
I thought but that thy heart was mine,
My own leapt light as theirs.

My brief delay then do not blame,
Nor deem your swain untrue;
My form but linger'd at the game,
My soul was still with you.

She hears not!

DURWARD.

But a friend hath heard—Leonard, I pity thee.

LEONARD (*starts, but recovers himself.*)

Pity, good father, is for those in want,
In age, in sorrow, in distress of mind,
Or agony of body. I'm in health—
Can match my limbs against the stag in chase,
Have means enough to meet my simple wants,
And am so free of soul that I can carol
To woodland and to wild in notes as lively
As are my jolly bugle's.

DURWARD.

Even therefore dost thou need my pity, Leonard,
And therefore I bestow it, paying thee,
Before thou feel'st the need, my mite of pity.
Leonard, thou lovest; and in that little word
There lies enough to claim the sympathy
Of men who wear such hoary locks as mine,
And know what misplaced love is sure to end in.

LEONARD.

Good father, thou art old, and even thy youth
As thou hast told me, spent in cloister'd cells,
Fits thee but ill to judge the passions,
Which are the joy and charm of social life.
Press me no farther, then, nor waste those moments
Whose worth thou canst not estimate.
[*As turning from him.*

DURWARD (*detains him.*)

Stay, young man!
'Tis seldom that a beggar claims a debt;
Yet I bethink me of a gay young stripling,
That owes to these white locks and hoary beard
Something of reverence and of gratitude
More than he wills to pay.

LEONARD.

Forgive me, father. Often hast thou told me,
That in the ruin of my father's house
You saved the orphan Leonard in his cradle;
And well I know, that to thy care alone—
Care seconded by means beyond thy seeming—
I owe whate'er of nurture I can boast.

DURWARD.

Then for thy life preserved,
And for the means of knowledge I have furnish'd,
(Which lacking, man is levell'd with the brutes,)
Grant me this boon:—Avoid these fated walls!
A curse is on them, bitter, deep, and heavy,
Of power to split the massiest tower they boast
From pinnacle to dungeon vault. It rose
Upon the gay horizon of proud Devorgoil,
As unregarded as the fleecy cloud,
The first forerunner of the hurricane,
Scarce seen amid the welkin's shadeless blue.
Dark grew it, and more dark, and still the fortunes
Of this doom'd family have darken'd with it.
It hid their sovereign's favour, and obscured
The lustre of their service, gender'd hate
Betwixt them and the mighty of the land;
Till by degrees the waxing tempest rose,
And stripp'd the goodly tree of fruit and flowers,
And buds, and boughs, and branches. There remains
A rugged trunk, dismember'd and unsightly,
Waiting the bursting of the final bolt

Illumes the cloud of night—if I seek those,
Are they not all with Flora? Number me
The list of female virtues one by one,
And I will answer all with Flora Devorgoil.
"*Durward.* This is the wonted pitch of youthful passion:
And every woman who hath had a lover,
However now deem'd crabbed, cross, and cankered,
And crooked both in temper and in shape,
Has in her day been thought the purest, wisest,
Gentlest, and the best condition'd—and o'er all
Fairest and liveliest of Eve's numerous daughters.
"*Leonard.* Good father, thou art old," &c.]

To splinter it to shivers. Now, go pluck
Its single tendril to enwreath thy brow,
And rest beneath its shade—to share the ruin!

LEONARD.

This anathema,
Whence should it come?—How merited?—and when?

DURWARD.

Twas in the days
Of Oswald's grandsire,—mid Galwegian chiefs
The fellest foe, the fiercest champion.
His blood-red penons scared the Cumbrian coasts,
And wasted towns and manors mark'd his progress.
His galleys stored with treasure, and their decks
Crowded with English captives, who beheld,
With weeping eyes, their native shores retire,
He bore him homeward; but a tempest rose——

LEONARD.

So far I've heard the tale,
And spare thee the recital,—The grim chief,
Marking his vessels labour on the sea,
And loath to lose his treasure, gave command
To plunge his captives in the raging deep.

DURWARD.

There sunk the lineage of a noble name,
And the wild waves boom'd over sire and son,
Mother and nursling, of the ouse Hof Aglionby,*
Leaving but one frail tendril.—Hence the fate
That hovers o'er these turrets,—hence the peasant,
Belated, hying homewards, dreads to cast
A glance upon that portal, lest he see
The unshrouded spectres of the murder'd dead;†
Or the avenging Angel, with his sword,
Waving destruction; or the grisly phantom
Of that fell Chief, the doer of the deed,
Which still, they say, roams through his empty halls,
And mourns their wasteness and their lonelihood.

LEONARD.

Such is the dotage
Of superstition, father, ay, and the cant
Of hoodwink'd prejudice.—Not for atonement
Of some foul deed done in the ancient warfare,
When war was butchery, and men were wolves,
Doth Heaven consign the innocent to suffering.
I tell thee, Flora's virtues might atone
For all the massacres her sires have done,
Since first the Pictish race their stained limbs‡
Array'd in wolf's skin.

DURWARD.

Leonard, ere yet this beggar's scrip and cloak
Supplied the place of mitre and of crosier,§
Which in these alter'd lands must not be worn,
I was superior of a brotherhood
Of holy men,—the Prior of Lanercost.
Nobles then sought my footstool many a league,
There to unload their sins—questions of conscience
Of deepest import were not deem'd too nice
For my decision, youth.—But not even then,
With mitre on my brow, and all the voice
Which Rome gives to a father of her church,
Dared I pronounce so boldly on the ways
Of hidden Providence, as thou, young man,
Whose chiefest knowledge is to track a stag,
Or wind a bugle, hast presumed to do.

LEONARD.

Nay, I pray forgive me,
Father; thou know'st I meant not to presume——

DURWARD.

Can I refuse thee pardon?—Thou art all
That war and change have left to the poor Durward.
Thy father, too, who lost his life and fortune
Defending Lanercost, when its fair aisles
Were spoil'd by sacrilege—I bless'd his banner,
And yet it prosper'd not. But—all I could—
Thee from the wreck I saved, and for thy sake
Have still dragg'd on my life of pilgrimage
And penitence upon the hated shores
I else had left for ever. Come with me,
And I will teach thee there is healing in
The wounds which friendship gives. [*Exeunt.*

* [MS.——"House of Ehrenwald."]
† [MS.——"spectres of the murder'd captives."]
‡ [MS.——"their painted limbs."]

SCENE II.

The Scene changes to the interior of the Castle. An apartment is discovered, in which there is much appearance of present poverty, mixed with some relics of former grandeur. On the wall hangs, amongst other things, a suit of ancient armour; by the table is a covered basket; behind, and concealed by it, the carcass of a roe-deer. There is a small latticed window, which, appearing to perforate a wall of great thickness, is supposed to look out towards the drawbridge. It is in the shape of a loop hole for musketry; and, as is not unusual in old buildings, is placed so high up in the wall, that it is only approached by five or six narrow stone steps.

ELEANOR, *the wife of* OSWALD *of* DEVORGOIL, FLORA *and* KATLEEN, *her Daughter and Niece, are discovered at work. The former spins, the latter are embroidering.* ELEANOR *quits her own labour to examine the manner in which* FLORA *is executing her task, and shakes her head as if dissatisfied.*

ELEANOR.

Fy on it, Flora; this botch'd work of thine
Shows that thy mind is distant from thy task.
The finest tracery of our old cathedral
Had not a richer, freer, bolder pattern,
Than Flora once could trace. Thy thoughts are wandering.

FLORA.

They're with my father. Broad upon the lake
The evening sun sunk down; huge piles of clouds,
Crimson and sable, rose upon his disk,
And quench'd him ere his setting, like some champion
In his last conflict, losing all his glory.
Sure signals those of storm. And if my father
Be on his homeward road——

ELEANOR.

But that he will not.
Baron of Devorgoil, this day at least
He banquets with the nobles, who the next
Would scarce vouchsafe an alms to save his household
From want or famine. Thanks to a kind friend,
For one brief space we shall not need their aid.

FLORA (*joyfully.*)

What! knew you then his gift?
How silly I that would, yet durst not tell it!
I fear my father will condemn us both,
That easily accepted such a present.

KATLEEN.

Now, here's the game a bystander sees better
Than those who play it.—My good aunt is pondering
On the good cheer which Gullcrammer has sent us,
And Flora thinks upon the forest venison. [*Aside.*

ELEANOR (*to* FLORA.)

Thy father need not know on't—'tis a boon
Comes timely, when frugality, nay, abstinence,
Might scarce avail us longer. I had hoped
Ere now a visit from the youthful donor,
That we might thank his bounty; and perhaps
My Flora thought the same, when Sunday's kerchief
And the best kirtle were sought out, and donn'd
To grace a work-day evening.

FLORA.

Nay, mother, that is judging all too close!
My work-day gown was torn—my kerchief sullied
And thus—But, think you, will the gallant come?

ELEANOR.

He will, for with these dainties came a message
From gentle Master Gullcrammer, to intimate——

§ [MS.—"Supplied the { place / want } of palmer's cowl and staff."]

FLORA (*greatly disappointed.*)
Gullcrammer?

KATLEEN.
There burst the bubble—down fell house of cards,
And cousin's like to cry for't! [*Aside.*

ELEANOR.
Gullcrammer? ay, Gullcrammer—thou scorn'st not at him?
Twere something short of wisdom in a maiden,
Who, like the poor bat in the Grecian fable,
Hovers betwixt two classes in the world,
And is disclaim'd by both the mouse and bird.

KATLEEN.
I am the poor mouse,
And may go creep into what hole I list,
And no one heed me—Yet I'll waste a word
Of counsel on my betters.—Kind my aunt,
And you, my gentle cousin, wer't not better
We thought of dressing this same gear for supper,
Than quarrelling about the worthless donor?

ELEANOR.
Peace, minx!

FLORA.
Thou hast no feeling, cousin Katleen.

KATLEEN.
Soh! I have brought them both on my poor shoulders.
So meddling peace-makers are still rewarded:
Men let them to't again, and fight it out.

FLORA.
Mother, were I disclaim'd of every class,
I would not therefore so disclaim myself,
As even a passing thought of scorn to waste
On cloddish Gullcrammer.

ELEANOR.
List to me, love, and let adversity
Incline thine ear to wisdom.—Look around thee—
Of the gay youths who boast a noble name,
Which will incline to wed a dowerless damsel?
And of the yeomanry, who think'st thou, Flora,
Would ask to share the labours of his farm
A high-born begger?—This young man is modest——

FLORA.
Silly, good mother; sheepish, if you will it.

ELEANOR.
E'en call it what you list—the softer temper,
The fitter to endure the bitter sallies
Of one whose wit is all too sharp for mine.

FLORA.
Mother, you cannot mean it as you say;
You cannot bid me prize conceited folly?

ELEANOR.
Content thee, child—each lot has its own blessings.
This youth, with his plain-dealing honest suit,
Brothers thee quiet, peace, and competence,
Redemption from a home, o'er which fell Fate
Stoops like a falcon.—O, if thou could'st choose
(As no such choice is given) 'twixt such a mate
And some proud noble!—Who, in sober judgment,
Would like to navigate the heady river,
Dashing in fury from its parent mountain,
More than the waters of the quiet lake?

KATLEEN.
Now can I hold no longer—Lake, good aunt?
Nay, in the name of truth, say mill-pond, horse-pond;
Or if there be a pond more miry,
More sluggish, mean-derived, and base than either,
Be such Gullcrammer's emblem—and his portion!

FLORA.
I would that he or I were in our grave,
Rather than thus his suit should goad me!—Mother,
Flora of Devorgoil, though low in fortunes
Is still too high in mind to join her name
With such a base-born churl as Gullcrammer.

ELEANOR.
You are trim maidens both!
(*To* FLORA.) Have you forgotten,
Or did you mean to call to *my* remembrance
Thy father chose a wife of peasant blood?

FLORA.
Will you speak thus to me, or think the stream
Can mock the fountain it derives its source from?
My venerated mother, in that name
Lies all on earth a child should chiefest honour;
And with that name to mix reproach or taunt,
Were only short of blasphemy to Heaven.

ELEANOR.
Then listen, Flora, to that mother's counsel,
Or rather profit by that mother's fate.
Your father's fortunes were but bent, not broken,
Until he listen'd to his rash affection.
Means were afforded to redeem his house,
Ample and large—the hand of a rich heiress
Awaited, almost courted, his acceptance;
He saw my beauty—such it then was call'd,
Or such at least he thought it—the wither'd bust
Whate'er it now may seem, had blossoms then,—
And he forsook the proud and wealthy heiress,
To wed with me and ruin——

KATLEEN (*aside.*)
The more fool,
Say I, apart, the peasant maiden then,
Who might have chose a mate from her own hamlet.

ELEANOR.
Friends fell off,
And to his own resources, his own counsels,
Abandon'd, as they said, the thoughtless prodigal,
Who had exchang'd rank, riches, pomp, and honour
For the mean beauties of a cottage maid.

FLORA.
It was done like my father,
Who scorn'd to sell what wealth can never buy—
True love and free affections. And he loves you!
If you have suffer'd in a weary world,
Your sorrows have been jointly borne, and love
Has made the load sit lighter.

ELEANOR.
Ay, but a misplaced match hath that deep curse in't
That can embitter e'en the purest streams
Of true affection. Thou hast seen me seek,
With the strict caution early habits taught me,
To match our wants and means—hast seen father,
With aristocracy's high brow of scorn,
Spurn at economy, the cottage virtue,
As best befitting her whose sires were peasants:
Nor can I, when I see my lineage scorn'd,
Always conceal in what contempt I hold
The fancied claims of rank he clings to fondly.

FLORA.
Why will you do so?—well you know it chafes him.

ELEANOR.
Flora, thy mother is but mortal woman,
Nor can at all times check an eager tongue.

KATLEEN (*aside.*)
That's no new tidings to her niece and daughter.

ELEANOR.
O mayst thou never know the spited feelings
That gender discord in adversity
Betwixt the dearest friends and truest lovers!
In the chill damping gale of poverty,
If Love's lamp go not out, it gleams but palely,
And twinkles in the socket.

FLORA.
But tenderness can screen it with her veil,*
Till it revive again—By gentleness, good mother,
How oft I've seen you sooth my father's mood!

KATLEEN.
Now there speak youthful hope and fantasy! [*Aside.*

ELEANOR.
That is an easier task in youth than age;

* [MS.—"Ay, but the veil of tenderness can screen it."]

Our temper hardens, and our charms decay,
And both are needed in that art of soothing.

KATLEEN.

And there speaks sad experience. [*Aside.*

ELEANOR.

Besides, since that our state was utter desperate,
Darker his brow, more dangerous grow his words;
Fain would I snatch thee from the wo and wrath
Which darken'd long my life, and soon must end it.
[*A knocking without; ELEANOR shows alarm.*
It was thy father's knock, haste to the gate.
[*Exeunt FLORA and KATLEEN.*
What can have happ'd?—he thought to stay the night.
This gear must not be seen.
[*As she is about to remove the basket, she sees the body of the roe-deer.*
What have we here? a roe-deer!—as I fear it,
This was the gift of which poor Flora thought.
The young and handsome hunter—but time presses.
[*She removes the basket and the roe into a closet. As she has done—*

Enter OSWALD *of* DEVORGOIL, FLORA, *and* KATLEEN.

[*He is dressed in a scarlet cloak, which should seem worn and old—a headpiece, and old-fashioned sword—the rest of his dress that of a peasant. His countenance and manner should express the moody and irritable haughtiness of a proud man involved in calamity, and who has been exposed to recent insult.*

OSWALD (*addressing his wife.*)

The sun hath set—why is the drawbridge lower'd?

ELEANOR.

The counterpoise has fail'd, and Flora's strength,
Katleen's, and mine united, could not raise it.

OSWALD.

Flora and thou! A goodly garrison
To hold a castle, which, if fame say true,
Once foil'd the King of Norse and all his rovers.

ELEANOR.

It might be so in ancient times, but now——

OSWALD.

A herd of deer might storm proud Devorgoil.

KATLEEN (*aside to* FLORA.)

You, Flora, know full well one deer already
Has entered at the breach; and, what is worse,
The escort is not yet march'd off, for Blackthorn
Is still within the castle.

FLORA.

In Heaven's name, rid him out on't, ere my father
Discovers he is here! Why went he not
Before?

KATLEEN.

Because I staid him on some little business;
I had a plan to scare poor paltry Gullcrammer
Out of his paltry wits.

FLORA.

Well, haste ye now,
And try to get him off.

KATLEEN.

I will not promise that.
I would not turn an honest hunter's dog,
So well I love the woodcraft, out of shelter
In such a night as this—far less his master:
But I'll do this, I'll try to hide him for you.

OSWALD (*whom his wife has assisted to take off his cloak and feathered cap.*)

Ay, take them off, and bring my peasant's bonnet
And peasant's plaid—I'll noble it no further.
Let them erase my name from honour's lists,
And drag my scutcheon at their horses' heels;
I have deserved it all, for I am poor,
And poverty hath neither right of birth,
Nor rank, relation, claim, nor privilege,
To match a new-coin'd viscount, whose good grandsire,
The Lord be with him, was a careful skipper,
And steer'd his paltry skiff 'twixt Leith and Campvere—
Marry, sir, he could buy Geneva cheap,
And knew the coast by moonlight.

FLORA.

Mean you the Viscount Ellondale, my father?
What strife has been between you?

OSWALD.

O, a trifle!
Not worth a wise man's thinking twice about—
Precedence is a toy—a superstition
About a table's end, joint-stool, and trencher.
Something was once thought due to long descent,
And something to Galwegia's oldest baron,—
But let that pass—a dream of the old time.

ELEANOR.

It is indeed a dream.

OSWALD (*turning upon her rather quickly.*)

Ha! said ye! let me hear these words more plain.

ELEANOR.

Alas! they are but echoes of your own.
Match'd with the real woes that hover o'er us,
What are the idle visions of precedence,
But, as you term them, dreams, and toys, and trifles
Not worth a wise man's thinking twice upon?

OSWALD.

Ay, 'twas for you I framed that consolation,
The true philosophy of clouted shoe
And linsey-woolsey kirtle. I know, that minds
Of nobler stamp receive no dearer motive*
Than what is linked with honour. Ribands, tassels,
Which are but shreds of silk and spangled tinsel—†
The right of place, which in itself is momentary—
A word, which is but air—may in themselves,
And to the nobler file, be steep'd so richly
In that elixir, honour, that the lack
Of things so very trivial in themselves
Shall be misfortune. One shall seek for them‡
O'er the wild waves—one in the deadly breach
And battle's headlong front—one in the paths
Of midnight study,—and, in gaining these
Emblems of honour, each will hold himself
Repaid for all his labours, deeds, and dangers.
What then should he think, knowing them his own,
Who sees what warriors and what sages toil for,
The formal and establish'd marks of honour,
Usurp'd from him by upstart insolence?

ELEANOR (*who has listened to the last speech with some impatience.*)

This is but empty declamation, Oswald.
The fragments left at yonder full-spread banquet,
Nay, even the poorest crust swept from the table
Ought to be far more precious to a father,
Whose family lacks food, than the vain boast,
He sate at the board-head.

OSWALD.

Thou'lt drive me frantic!—I will tell thee, woman—
Yet why to thee? There is another ear
Which that tale better suits, and he shall hear it.
[*Looks at his sword, which he has unbuckled, and addresses the rest of the speech to it.*
Yes, trusty friend, my father knew thy worth,
And often proved it—often told me of it—
Though thou and I be now held lightly of,
And want the gilded hatchments of the time,
I think we both may prove true metal still.
'Tis thou shalt tell this story, right this wrong—
Rest thou till time is fitting. [*Hangs up the sword.*
[*The Women look at each other with anxiety during this speech, which they partly overhear. They both approach* OSWALD.

ELEANOR.

Oswald—my dearest husband!

FLORA.

My dear father

* [MS.——"Yet I know, for minds
Of nobler stamp earth has no dearer motive."]

† [MS.——"tinsel'd spangle."]

‡ [MS.——"One shall seek these emblems."]

OSWALD.

Peace, both—we speak no more of this. I go
To heave the drawbridge up. [*Exit.*

KATLEEN *mounts the steps towards the loop-hole, looks out, and speaks.*

The storm is gathering fast—broad; heavy drops
Fall plashing on the bosom of the lake,
And dash its inky surface into circles!
The distant hills are hid in wreaths of darkness.
'Twill be a fearful night.

OSWALD *re-enters, and throws himself into a seat.*

ELEANOR.

More dark and dreadful
Than is our destiny, it cannot be.

OSWALD (*to* FLORA.)

Such is Heaven's will—it is our part to bear it.
We're warranted, my child, from ancient story
And blessed writ, to say, that song assuages
The gloomy cares that prey upon our reason,
And wake a strife betwixt our better feelings
And the fierce dictates of the headlong passions.
Sing, then, my love; for if a voice have influence
To mediate peace betwixt me and my destiny,
Flora, it must be thine.

FLORA.

My best to please you!

SONG.

When the tempest's at the loudest,
On its gale the eagle rides;
When the ocean rolls the proudest,
Through the foam the sea bird glides—
All the rage of wind and sea
Is subdued by constancy.

Gnawing want and sickness pining,
All the ills that men endure;
Each their various pangs combining,
Constancy can find a cure—
Pain, and Fear, and Poverty,
Are subdued by constancy.

Bar me from each wonted pleasure,
Make me abject, mean, and poor;
Heap on insults without measure,
Chain me to a dungeon floor—
I'll be happy, rich, and free,
If endow'd with constancy.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Chamber in a distant part of the Castle. A large Window in the flat scene, supposed to look on the Lake, which is occasionally illuminated by lightning. There is a Couch-bed in the Room, and an antique Cabinet.

Enter KATLEEN, *introducing* BLACKTHORN.*

KATLEEN.

This was the destined scene of action, Blackthorn,
And here our properties. But all in vain,
For of Gullcrammer we'll see nought to-night,
Except the dainties that I told you of.

BLACKTHORN.

O, if he's left that same hog's face and sausages,
He will try back upon them, never fear it.
The cur will open on the trail of bacon,
Like my old brach-hound.

KATLEEN.

And should that hap, we'll play our comedy,—
Shall we not, Blackthorn? Thou shalt be Owlspiegle——

BLACKTHORN.

And who may that same hard-named person be?

KATLEEN.

I've told you nine times over.

BLACKTHORN.

Yes, pretty Katleen, but my eyes were busy
In looking at you all the time you were talking;
And so I lost the tale.

* [The MS. throughout the First Act reads *Buckthorn.*]

KATLEEN.

Then shut your eyes, and let your goodly ears
Do their good office.

BLACKTHORN.

That were too hard penance.
Tell but thy tale once more, and I will hearken
As if I were thrown out, and listening for
My bloodhound's distant bay.

KATLEEN.

A civil simile!
Then for the tenth time, and the last—be told,
Owlspiegle was of old the wicked barber
To Erick, wicked Lord of Devorgoil.

BLACKTHORN.

The chief who drown'd his captives in the Solway—
We all have heard of him.

KATLEEN.

A hermit hoar, a venerable man—
So goes the legend—came to wake repentance
In the fierce lord, and tax'd him with his guilt;
But he, heart-harden'd, turn'd into derision
The man of heaven, and, as his dignity
Consisted much in a long reverend beard,
Which reach'd his girdle, Erick caused his barber,
This same Owlspiegle, violate its honours
With sacrilegious razor, and clip his hair
After the fashion of a roguish fool.

BLACKTHORN.

This was reversing of our ancient proverb,
And shaving for the devil's, not for God's sake.

KATLEEN.

True, most grave Blackthorn; and in punishment
Of this foul act of scorn, the barber's ghost
Is said to have no resting after death,
But haunts these halls, and chiefly this same chamber,
Where the profanity was acted, trimming
And clipping all such guests as sleep within it.
Such is at least the tale our elders tell,
With many others, of this haunted castle.

BLACKTHORN.

And you would have me take this shape of Owlspiegle.
And trim the wise Melchisedek!—I wonnot.

KATLEEN.

You will nōt!

BLACKTHORN

No—unless you bear a part.

KATLEEN.

What! can you not alone play such a farce?

BLACKTHORN.

Not I—I'm dull. Besides, we foresters
Still hunt our game in couples. Look you, Katleen,
We danced at Shrovetide—then you were my partner;
We sung at Christmas—you kept time with me;
And if we go a mumming in this business,
By heaven, you must be one, or Master Gullcrammer
Is like to rest unshaven——

KATLEEN.

Why, you fool,
What end can this serve?

BLACKTHORN.

Nay, I know not, I.
But if we keep this wont of being partners,
Why, use makes perfect—who knows what may happen?

KATLEEN.

Thou art a foolish patch—But sing our carol,
As I have alter'd it, with some few words
To suit the characters, and I will bear—
[*Gives a paper.*

BLACKTHORN.

Part in the gambol. I'll go study quickly.
Is there no other ghost, then, haunts the castle,
But this same barber shave-a-penny goblin?

I thought they glanced in every beam of moonshine,
As frequent as the bat.

KATLEEN.

I've heard my aunt's high husband tell of prophecies,
And fates impending o'er the house of Devorgoil;
Legends first coin'd by ancient superstition,
And render'd current by credulity
And pride of lineage. Five years have I dwelt,
And ne'er saw any thing more mischievous
Than what I am myself.

BLACKTHORN.

And that is quite enough, I warrant you.
But, stay, where shall I find a dress
To play this—what d'ye call him—Owlspiegle?

KATLEEN (*takes dresses out of the cabinet.*)

Why, there are his own clothes,
Preserved with other trumpery of the sort,
For we have kept naught but what is good for naught.

[*She drops a cap as she draws out the clothes. Blackthorn lifts it, and gives it to her.*

Nay, keep it for thy pains—it is a coxcomb;
So call'd in ancient times, in ours a fool's cap;
For you must know they kept a Fool at Devorgoil
In former days; but now are well contented
To play the fool themselves, to save expenses;
Yet give it me, I'll find a worthy use for't.
I'll take this page's dress to play the page
Cockledemoy, who waits on ghostly Owlspiegle;
And yet 'tis needless, too, for Gullcrammer
Will scarce be here to-night.

BLACKTHORN.

I tell you that he will—I will uphold
His plighted faith and true allegiance
Unto a sous'd sow's face and sausages,
And such the dainties that you say he sent you,
Against all other likings whatsoever,
Except a certain sneaking of affection,
Which makes some folks I know of play the fool
To please some other folks.

KATLEEN.

Well, I do hope he'll come—there's first a chance
He will be cudgell'd by my noble uncle—
I cry his mercy—by my good aunt's husband,
Who did vow vengeance, knowing naught of him
But by report, and by a limping sonnet
Which he had fashioned to my cousin's glory,
And forwarded by blind Tom Long the carrier;
So there's the chance, first of a hearty beating,
Which failing, we've this after plot of vengeance.

BLACKTHORN.

Kind damsel, how considerate and merciful!
But how shall we get off, our parts being play'd?

KATLEEN.

For that we are well fitted; here's a trap door
Sinks with a counterpoise—you shall go that way.
I'll make my exit yonder—'neath the window,
A balcony communicates with the tower
That overhangs the lake.

BLACKTHORN.

'Twere a rare place, this house of Devorgoil,
To play at hide-and-seek in—shall we try,
One day, my pretty Katleen?

KATLEEN.

Hands off, rude ranger! I'm no managed hawk
To stoop to lure of yours,—But bear you gallantly;
This Gullcrammer hath vex'd my cousin much,
I fain would have some vengeance.

BLACKTHORN.

I'll bear my part with glee—he spoke irreverently
Of practice at a mark!

KATLEEN.

That cries for vengeance.
But I must go—I hear my aunt's shrill voice!
My cousin and her father will scream next.

ELEANOR (*at a distance.*)

Katleen! Katleen!

BLACKTHORN.

Hark to old Sweetlips!—
Away with you before the full cry open—
But stay, what have you there?

KATLEEN, (*with a bundle she has taken from the wardrobe.*)

My dress, my page's dress—let it alone.

BLACKTHORN.

Your tiring room is not, I hope, far distant;
You're inexperienced in these new habiliments—
I am most ready to assist your toilet.

KATLEEN.

Out, you great ass! was ever such a fool! [*Runs off.*

BLACKTHORN (*sings.*)

O, Robin Hood was a bowman good,
And a bowman good was he,
And he met with a maiden in merry Sherwood,
All under the greenwood tree.

Now give me a kiss, quoth bold Robin Hood,
Now give me a kiss, said he,
For there never came maid into merry Sherwood,
But she paid the forester's fee.

I've coursed this twelvemonth this sly puss, young Katleen,
And she has dodged me, turn'd beneath my nose,
And flung me out a score of yards at once;
If this same gear fadge right, I'll cote and mouth her,
And then! whoop! dead! dead! dead!—She is the metal
To make a woodman's wife of!——

[*Pauses a moment.*

Well—I can find a hare upon her form
With any man in Nithsdale—stalk a deer,
Run Reynard to the earth for all his doubles,
Reclaim a haggard hawk that's wild and wayward,
Can bait a wild-cat—sure the devil's in't
But I can match a woman—I'll to study.

[*Sits down on the couch to examine the paper*

SCENE II.

Scene changes to the inhabited apartment of the Castle, as in the last scene of the preceding Act. A fire is kindled, by which OSWALD *sits in an attitude of deep and melancholy thought, without paying attention to what passes around him.* ELEANOR *is busy in covering a table;* FLORA *goes out and re-enters, as if busied in the kitchen. There should be some by-play—the women whispering together, and watching the state of* OSWALD; *then separating, and seeking to avoid his observation, when he casually raises his head, and drops it again. This must be left to taste and management. The women, in the first part of the scene, talk apart, and as if fearful of being overheard; the by-play of stopping occasionally, and attending to* OSWALD'S *movements, will give liveliness to the Scene.*

ELEANOR.

Is all prepared?

FLORA.

Ay; but I doubt the issue
Will give my sire less pleasure than you hope for.

ELEANOR.

Tush, maid—I know thy father's humour better.
He was high-bred in gentle luxuries;
And when our griefs began, I've wept apart,
While lordly cheer and high-fill'd cups of wine
Were blinding him against the wo to come.
He has turn'd his back upon a princely banquet.
We will not spread his board—this night at least,
Since chance hath better furnish'd—with dry bread,
And water from the well.

Enter KATLEEN, *and hears the last speech.*

KATLEEN (*aside.*)

Considerate aunt!—she deems that a good supper
Were not a thing indifferent even to him
Who is to hang to-morrow; since she thinks so

We must take care the venison has due honour—
So much I owe the sturdy knave, Lance Blackthorn.

FLORA.

Mother, alas! when Grief turns reveller,
Despair is cup-bearer. What shall hap to-morrow?—

ELEANOR.

I have learn'd carelessness from fruitless care.
Too long I've watch'd to-morrow—let it come
And cater for itself—Thou hear'st the thunder.
[*Low and distant thunder.*
This is a gloomy night—within, alas!
[*Looking at her husband.*
Still gloomier and more threatening—Let us use
Whatever means we have to drive it o'er,
And leave to Heaven to-morrow. Trust me, Flora,
'Tis the philosophy of desperate want
To match itself but with the present evil,
And face one grief at once.
Away, I wish thine aid and not thy counsel.
[*As* FLORA *is about to go off,* GULLCRAMMER'S *voice is heard behind the flat scene, as if from the drawbridge.*

GULLCRAMMER (*behind.*)

Hillo—hillo—hilloa—hoa—hoa!
[OSWALD *raises himself and listens;* ELEANOR *goes up the steps, and opens the window at the loop-hole;* GULLCRAMMER'S *voice is then heard more distinctly.*

GULLCRAMMER.

Kind Lady Devorgoil—sweet Mistress Flora!—
The night grows fearful, I have lost my way,
And wander'd till the road turn'd round with me,
And brought me back—For Heaven's sake, give me shelter!

KATLEEN (*aside.*)

Now, as I live, the voice of Gullcrammer!
Now shall our gambol be play'd off with spirit;
I'll swear I am the only one to whom
That screech-owl hoop was e'er acceptable.

OSWALD.

What bawling knave is this that takes our dwelling
For some hedge-inn, the haunt of lated drunkards?

ELEANOR.

What shall I say?—Go, Katleen, speak to him.

KATLEEN (*aside.*)

The game is in my hands—I will say something
Will fret the Baron's pride—and then he enters.
(*She speaks from the window.*) Good sir, be patient!
We are poor folks—it is but six Scotch miles
To the next borough town, where your Reverence
May be accommodated to your wants;
We are poor folks, an't please your Reverence,
And keep a narrow household—there's no track
To lead your steps astray——

GULLCRAMMER.

Nor none to lead them right.—You kill me, lady,
If you deny me harbour. To budge from hence,
And in my weary plight, were sudden death,
Interment, funeral, sermon, tombstone, epitaph.

OSWALD.

Who's he that is thus clamorous without?
(*To* ELEANOR.) Thou know'st him?

ELEANOR (*confused.*)

I know him?—no—yes—'tis a worthy clergyman,
Benighted on his way;—but think not of him.

KATLEEN.

The morn will rise when that the tempest's past,
And if he miss the marsh, and can avoid
The crags upon the left, the road is plain.

OSWALD.

Then this is all your piety!—to leave
One whom the holy duties of his office
Have summon'd over moor and wilderness,
To pray beside some dying wretch's bed,
Who (erring mortal) still would cleave to life,
Or wake some stubborn sinner to repentance,—
To leave him, after offices like these,
To choose his way in darkness 'twixt the marsh
And dizzy precipice?*

* [MS.—"And headlong dizzy precipice."]

ELEANOR.

What can I do?

OSWALD.

Do what thou canst—the wealthiest do no more—
And if so much, 'tis well. These crumbling walls,
While yet they bear a roof, shall now, as ever,
Give shelter to the wanderer†—Have we food?
He shall partake it—Have we none? the fast
Shall be accounted with the good man's merits
And our misfortunes——
[*He goes to the loop-hole while he speaks, and places himself there in room of his wife, who comes down with reluctance.*

GULLCRAMMER (*without.*)

Hillo—hoa—hoa!
By my good faith, I cannot plod it farther;
The attempt were death.

OSWALD (*speaks from the window.*)

Patience, my friend, I come to lower the drawbridge.
[*Descends, and exit.*

ELEANOR.

O, that the screaming bittern had his couch,
Where he deserves it,‡ in the deepest marsh!

KATLEEN.

I would not give this sport for all the rent
Of Devorgoil, when Devorgoil was richest!
(*To* ELEANOR.) But now you chided me, my demure aunt,
For wishing him a horse-pond for his portion?

ELEANOR.

Yes, saucy girl; but, an it please you, then
He was not fretting me; if he had sense enough,
And skill to bear him as some casual stranger,—
But he is dull as earth, and every hint
Is lost on him, as fast-shot on the cormorant,
Whose hide is proof except to musket-bullets!

FLORA (*apart.*)

And yet to such a one would my kind mother,
Whose chiefest fault is loving me too fondly,
Wed her poor daughter!

Enter GULLCRAMMER, *his dress damaged by the storm;* ELEANOR *runs to meet him, in order to explain to him that she wished him to behave as a stranger.* GULLCRAMMER, *mistaking her signals for an invitation to familiarity, advances with the air of pedantic conceit belonging to his character, when* OSWALD *enters,—*ELEANOR *recovers herself, and assumes an air of distance,—*GULLCRAMMER *is confounded, and does not know what to make of it.*

OSWALD.

The counterpoise has clean given way: the bridge
Must e'en remain unraised, and leave us open,
For this night's course at least, to passing wanderers.—
What have we here?—is this the reverend man?
[*He takes up the candle and surveys* GULLCRAMMER, *who strives to sustain the imposition with confidence, while fear obviously contends with conceit and desire to show himself to the best advantage*

GULLCRAMMER.

Kind sir—or, good my lord—my band is ruffled,
But yet 'twas fresh this morning. This fell shower
Hath somewhat smirch'd my cloak, but you may note
It rates five marks per yard; my doublet
Hath fairly 'scaped—'tis three-piled taffeta.
[*Opens his cloak, and displays his doublet.*

OSWALD.

A goodly inventory—Art thou a preacher?

GULLCRAMMER.

Yea—I land Heaven and good Saint Mungo for it.

OSWALD.

'Tis the time's plague, when those that should weed follies
Out of the common field, have their own minds

† [MS.——"shall give, as ever,
Their shelter to the { needy. / wanderer."]

‡ [MS.—"Where it is fittest," &c.]

O'arrun with foppery—Envoys 'twixt heaven and earth,
Example should with precept join, to show us
How we may scorn the world with all its vanities.

GULLCRAMMER.

Nay, the high heavens forefend that I were vain!
When our learn'd Principal such sounding land
Gave to mine Essay on the hidden qualities
Of the sulphuric mineral, I disclaim'd
All self-exaltment. And (*turning to the women*) when at the dance,
The lovely Saccharissa Kirkencroft,
Daughter to Kirkencroft of Kirkencroft,
Graced me with her soft hand, credit me, ladies,
That still I felt myself a mortal man,
Though beauty smiled on me.

OSWALD.

Opine, sir, enough of this.
That you're our guest to-night, thank the rough heavens,
And all our worser fortunes; be conformable
Unto my rules; these are no Saccharissas
To gild with compliments. There's in your profession,
As the best grain will have its piles of chaff,
A certain whiffler, who hath dared to bait
A noble maiden with love tales and sonnets;
And if I meet him, his Geneva cap
May scarce be proof to save his ass's ears.

KATLEEN (*aside.*)

Umph—I am strongly tempted;
And yet I think I will be generous,
And give his brains a chance to save his bones.
Then there's more humour in our goblin plot,
Than in a simple drubbing.

ELEANOR (*apart to* FLORA.)

What shall we do? If he discover him,
He'll fling him out at window.

FLORA.

My father's hint to keep himself unknown
Is all too broad, I think, to be neglected.

ELEANOR.

But yet the fool, if we produce his bounty,
May claim the merit of presenting it;
And then we're but lost women for accepting
A gift our needs made timely.

KATLEEN.

Do not produce them.
We can let the fool go supperless to bed,
And keep his bones whole.

OSWALD (*to his wife.*)

Hast thou aught
To place before him ere he seek repose?

ELEANOR.

Alas! too well you know our needful fare
Is of the narrowest now, and knows no surplus.

OSWALD.

Shame us not with thy niggard housekeeping;
He is a stranger—were it our last crust,
And he the veriest coxcomb ere wore taffeta,
A pitch he's little short of—he must share it,
Though all should want to-morrow.

GULLCRAMMER (*partly overhearing what passes between them.*)

Nay, I am no lover of your sauced dainties:
Plain food and plenty is my motto still.
Your mountain air is bleak, and brings an appetite:
A soused sow's face, now, to my modest thinking,
Has ne'er a fellow. What think these fair ladies
Of a sow's face and sausages?

[*Makes signs to* ELEANOR.

FLORA.

Plague on the vulgar hind, and on his courtesies,
The whole truth will come out!

OSWALD.

What should they think, but that you're like to lack
Your favourite dishes, sir, unless perchance
You bring such dainties with you.

GULLCRAMMER.

No, not *with* me; not, indeed,
Directly *with* me; but—Aha! fair ladies!

[*Makes signs again.*

KATLEEN.

He'll draw the beating down—Were that the worst.
Heaven's will be done! [*Aside.*

OSWALD (*apart.*)

What can he mean?—this is the veriest dog-whelp—
Still he's a stranger, and the latest act
Of hospitality in this old mansion
Shall not be sullied.

GULLCRAMMER.

Troth, sir, I think, under the ladies' favour,
Without pretending skill in second sight,
Those of my cloth being seldom conjurers——

OSWALD.

I'll take my Bible-oath that thou art none. [*Aside.*

GULLCRAMMER.

I do opine, still with the ladies' favour,
That I could guess the nature of our supper:
I do not say in such and such precedence
The dishes will be placed; housewives, as you know
On such forms have their fancies; but, I say still,
That a sow's face and sausages——

OSWALD.

Peace, sir!
O'er-driven jests (if this be one) are insolent.

FLORA (*apart, seeing her mother uneasy.*)

The old saw still holds true—a churl's benefits,
Sauced with his lack of feeling, sense, and courtesy
Savour like injuries.

[*A horn is winded without; then a loud knocking at the gate.*

LEONARD (*without.*)

Ope, for the sake of love and charity!

[OSWALD *goes to the loop-hole.*

GULLCRAMMER.

Heaven's mercy! should there come another stranger,
And he half starved with wandering on the wolds,
The sow's face beasts no substance, nor the sausages,
To stand our reinforced attack! I judge, too,
By this starved Baron's language, there's no hope
Of a reserve of victuals.

FLORA.

Go to the casement, cousin.

KATLEEN.

Go yourself,
And bid the gallant who that bugle winded
Sleep in the storm-swept waste; as meet for him
As for Lance Blackthorn.—Come, I'll not distress you,
I'll get admittance for this second suitor,
And we'll play out this gambol at cross purposes.
But see, your father has prevented me.

OSWALD (*seems to have spoken with those without, and answers.*)

Well, I will ope the door; one guest already,
Driven by the storm, has claim'd my hospitality,
And you, if you were fiends, were scarce less welcome
To this my mouldering roof, than empty ignorance
And rank conceit—I hasten to admit you. [*Exit.*

ELEANOR (*to* FLORA.)

The tempest thickens. By that winded bugle,
I guess the guest that next will honour us.—
Little deceiver, that didst mock my troubles,
'Tis now thy turn to fear!

FLORA.

Mother, if I knew less or more of this
Unthought of and most perilous visitation,
I would your wishes were fulfill'd on me,
And I were wedded to a thing like yon.

GULLCRAMMER (*approaching.*)

Come, ladies, now you see the jest is threadbare,
And you must own that same sow's face and sausages——

Re-enter OSWALD *with* LEONARD, *supporting* BAULDIE DURWARD. OSWALD *takes a view of them, as formerly of* GULLCRAMMER, *then speaks.*

OSWALD (*to* LEONARD.)
By thy green cassock, hunting-spear, and bugle,
I guess thou art a huntsman?

LEONARD (*bowing with respect.*)
A ranger of the neighbouring royal forest,
Under the good Lord Nithsdale; huntsman, therefore,
In time time of peace, and when the land has war,
To my best powers a soldier.

OSWALD
Welcome, as either. I have loved the chase,
And was a soldier once.—This aged man,
What may he be?

DURWARD (*recovering his breath.*)
Is but a beggar, sir, an humble mendicant,
Who feels it passing strange, that from this roof,
Above all others, he should now crave shelter.

OSWALD.
Why so? You're welcome both—only the word
Warrants more courtesy than our present means
Permit us to bestow. A huntsman and a soldier
May be a prince's comrade, much more mine;
And for a beggar—friend, there little lacks,
Save that blue gown and badge, and clouted pouches,
To make us comrades too; then welcome both,
And to a beggar's feast. I fear brown bread,
And water from the spring, will be the best on't;
For we had cast to wend abroad this evening,
And left our larder empty.

GULLCRAMMER.
Yet, if some kindly fairy,
In our behalf, would search its hid recesses,—
(*Apart*) We'll not go supperless now—we're three to one.—
Still do I say, that a sow's face and sausages—

OSWALD (*looks sternly at him, then at his wife.*)
There's something under this, but that the present
Is not a time to question. (*To* ELEANOR) Wife, my mood
Is at such height of tide, that a turn'd feather
Would make me frantic now, with mirth or fury!
Tempt me no more—but if thou hast the things
This carrion crow so croaks for, bring them forth;
For, by my father's beard, if I stand caterer,
Twill be a fearful banquet!

ELEANOR.
Your pleasure be obey'd—Come, aid me, Flora.
[*Exeunt.*

(*During the following speeches the Women place dishes on the table.*)

OSWALD (*to* DURWARD.)
How did you lose your path?

DURWARD.
E'en when we thought to find it, a wild meteor
Danced in the moss, and led our feet astray.—
I give small credence to the tales of old,
Of Friar's-lantern told, and Will-o'-Wisp,
Else would I say, that some malicious demon
Guided us in a round; for to the moat,
When we had pass'd two hours since, were we led,
And there the gleam flicker'd and disappear'd
Even on your drawbridge. I was so worn down,
So broke with labouring through marsh and moor,
That, wold I nold I, here my young conductor
Would needs implore for entrance; else, believe me,
I had not troubled you.

OSWALD.
And why not, father?—have you e'er heard aught,
Or of my house or me, that wanderers,
Whom or their roving trade or sudden circumstance
Oblige to seek a shelter, should avoid
The House of Devorgoil?

DURWARD.
Sir, I am English born—
Native of Cumberland. Enough is said
Why I should shun those bowers, whose lords were hostile
To English blood, and unto Cumberland
Most hostile and most fatal.

OSWALD.
Ay, father. Once my grandsire plough'd, and harrow'd
And sow'd with salt, the streets of your fair towns;
But what of that?—you have the 'vantage now.

DURWARD.
True, Lord of Devorgoil, and well believe I,
That not in vain we sought these towers to-night,
So strangely guided, to behold their state.

OSWALD.
Ay, thou wouldst say, 'twas fit a Cumbrian beggar
Should sit an equal guest in his proud halls,
Whose fathers beggar'd Cumberland—Graybeard, let it be so.
I'll not dispute it with thee.
(*To* LEONARD, *who was speaking to* FLORA, *but on being surprised, occupied himself with the suit of armour.*)
What makest thou there, young man?

LEONARD.
I marvell'd at this harness—it is larger
Than arms of modern days. How richly carved
With gold inlaid on steel—how close the rivets—
How justly fit the joints! I think the gauntlet
Would swallow twice my hand.
[*He is about to take down some part of the Armour,* OSWALD *interferes.*

OSWALD.
Do not displace it.
My grandsire, Erick, doubled human strength,
And almost human size—and human knowledge,
And human vice, and human virtue also,
As storm or sunshine chanced to occupy
His mental hemisphere. After a fatal deed,
He hung his armour on the wall, forbidding
It e'er should be ta'en down. There is a prophecy,
That of itself 'twill fall, upon the night
When, in the fiftieth year from his decease,
Devorgoil's feast is full. This is the eve;
But, as too well you see, no meet occasion
Will do the downfall of the armour justice,
Or grace it with a feast. There let it bide,
Trying its strength with the old walls it hangs on,
Which shall fall soonest.

DURWARD (*looking at the trophy with a mixture of feeling.*)
Then there stern Erick's harness hangs untouch'd,
Since his last fatal raid on Cumberland!

OSWALD.
Ay, waste and want, and recklessness—a comrade
Still yoked with waste and want—have stripp'd these walls
Of every other trophy. Antler'd skulls,
Whose branches vouch'd the tales old vassals told
Of desperate chases—partisans and spears—
Knights' barred helms and shields—the shafts and bows,
Axes and breastplates, of the hardy yeomanry—
The banners of the vanquish'd—signs these arms
Were not assumed in vain, have disappear'd;
Yes, one by one, they all have disappear'd;
And now Lord Erick's harness hangs alone,
'Midst implements of vulgar husbandry,
And mean economy; as some old warrior
Whom want hath made an inmate of an alms-house,
Shows, 'mid the beggar'd spendthrifts, base mechanics,
And bankrupt pedlers, with whom fate has mix'd him.

DURWARD.
Or rather like a pirate, whom the prison-house,
Prime leveller next the grave, hath for the first time
Mingled with peaceful captives, low in fortunes,*
But fair in innocence.

§ [MS.—"Mingled with peaceful men, broken in fortunes."

OSWALD (*looking at* DURWARD *with surprise.*)
Friend, thou art bitter!

DURWARD.
Plain truth, sir, like the vulgar copper coinage,
Despised amongst the gentry, still finds value
And currency with beggars.

OSWALD.
Be it so.
I will not trench on the immunities
I soon may claim to share. Thy features, too,
Though weather-beaten, and thy strain of language,
Relish of better days.* Come hither, friend,
[*They speak apart.*
And let me ask thee of thine occupation.
[LEONARD *looks round, and, seeing* OSWALD *engaged with* DURWARD *and* GULLCRAMMER *with* ELEANOR, *approaches towards* FLORA, *who must give him an opportunity of doing so, with obvious attention on her part to give it the air of chance. The by-play here will rest with the Lady, who must engage the attention of the audience by playing off a little female hypocrisy and simple coquetry.*

LEONARD.
Flora——

FLORA.
Ay, gallant huntsman, may she deign to question
Why Leonard came not at the appointed hour;
Or why he came at midnight?

LEONARD.
Love has no certain loadstar, gentle Flora,
And oft gives up the helm to wayward pilotage.
To say the sooth—A beggar forced me hence,
And Will-o'-Wisp did guide us back again.

FLORA.
Ay, ay, your beggar was the faded spectre
Of Poverty, that sits upon the threshold
Of these our ruin'd walls. I've been unwise,
Leonard, to let you speak so oft with me;
And you a fool to say what you have said.
E'en let us here break short; and, wise at length,
Hold each our separate way through life's wide ocean.

LEONARD.
Nay, let us rather join our course together,
And share the breeze of tempest, doubling joys,
Relieving sorrows, warding evils off
With mutual effort, or enduring them
With mutual patience.

FLORA.
This is but flattering counsel—sweet and baneful;
But mine had wholesome bitter in't.

KATLEEN.
Ay, ay; but like the sly apothecary,
You'll be the last to take the bitter drug
That you prescribe to others.
[*They whisper.* ELEANOR *advances to interrupt them, followed by* GULLCRAMMER.

ELEANOR.
What, maid, no household cares?—Leave to your elders
The task of filling passing strangers' ears
With the due notes of welcome.

GULLCRAMMER.
Be it thine,
O, Mistress Flora, the more useful talent
Of filling strangers' stomachs with substantials;
That is to say,—for learned commentators
Do so expound substantials in some places,—
With a sous'd bacon-face and sausages.

FLORA (*apart.*)
Would thou wert sous'd, intolerable pedant,
Base, greedy, perverse, interrupting coxcomb!

KATLEEN.
Hush, coz, for we'll be well aveng'd on him,
And ere this night goes o'er, else woman's wit
Cannot o'ertake her wishes.
[*She proceeds to arrange seats.* OSWALD *and* DURWARD *come forward in conversation.*

* [MS.—"Both smack of better days," &c.]

OSWALD.
I like thine humour well.—So all men beg——

DURWARD.
Yes—I can make it good by proof. Your soldier
Begs for a leaf of laurel, and a line
In the Gazette. He brandishes his sword
To back his suit, and is a sturdy beggar—
The courtier begs a riband or a star,
And, like our gentler mumpers, is provided
With false certificates of health and fortune
Lost in the public service. For your lover,
Who begs a sigh, a smile, a lock of hair,
A buskin-point, he maunds upon the pad,
With the true cant of pure mendicity,
"The smallest trifle to relieve a Christian,
And if it like your ladyship!"——
[*In a begging tone.*

KATLEEN (*apart.*)
This is a cunning knave, and feeds the humour
Of my aunt's husband, for I must not say
Mine honour'd uncle. I will try a question.—
Your man of merit though, who serves the commonwealth,
Nor asks for a requital?—— [*To* DURWARD.

DURWARD.
Is a dumb beggar,
And lets his actions speak like signs for him,
Challenging double guerdon.—Now, I'll show
How your true beggar has the fair advantage
O'er all the tribes of cloak'd mendicity
I have told over to you.—The soldier's laurel,
The statesman's riband, and the lady's favour,
Once won and gain'd, are not held worth a farthing
By such as longest, loudest, canted for them;
Whereas your charitable halfpenny,†
Which is the scope of a true beggar's suit,
Is worth *two* farthings, and, in times of plenty,
Will buy a crust of bread.

FLORA (*interrupting him, and addressing her father.*)
Sir, let me be a beggar with the time,
And pray you come to supper.

ELEANOR (*to* OSWALD, *apart.*)
Must *he* sit with us? [*Looking at* DURWARD.

OSWALD.
Ay, ay, what else—since we are beggars all?
When cloaks are ragged, sure their worth is equal,
Whether at first they were of silk or woollen.

ELEANOR.
Thou art scarce consistent.
This day thou didst refuse a princely banquet,
Because a new made lord was placed above thee;
And now——

OSWALD.
Wife, I have seen, at public executions,
A wretch that could not brook the hand of violence
Should push him from the scaffold, pluck up courage
And, with a desperate sort of cheerfulness,
Take the fell plunge himself—
Welcome then, beggars, to a beggar's feast!

GULLCRAMMER (*who has in the meanwhile seated himself.*)
But this is more.—A better countenance,—
Fair fall the hands that sous'd it!—than this hog's,
Or prettier provender than these same sausages,
(By what good friend sent hither, shall be nameless,
Doubtless some youth whom love hath made profuse,)
[*Smiling significantly at* ELEANOR *and* FLORA.
No prince need wish to peck at. Long, I ween,
Since that the nostrils of this house (by metaphor, I mean the chimneys) smell'd a steam so grateful—
By your good leave I cannot dally longer.
[*Helps himself.*

OSWALD [*places* DURWARD *above* GULLCRAMMER.]
Meanwhile, sir,
Please it your youthful learning to give place
To gray hairs and to wisdom; and, moreover,
If you had tarried for the benediction——

† [MS.—"Whereas your genuine copper halfpenny."]

GULLGRAMMER (*somewhat abashed.*)
I said grace to myself.

OSWALD (*not minding him.*)
—And waited for the company of others,
It had been better fashion. Time has been,
I should have told a guest at Devorgoil,
Bearing himself thus forward, he was saucy.
[*He seats himself, and helps the company and himself in dumb-show. There should be a contrast betwixt the precision of his aristocratic civility and the rude under-breeding of* GULLGRAMMER.

OSWALD (*having tasted the dish next him.*)
Why, this is venison, Eleanor!

GULLGRAMMER.
Eh! What! Let's see—
[*Pushes across* OSWALD, *and helps himself.*
It may be venison—
I'm sure 'tis not beef, veal, mutton, lamb or pork.
Eke, I am sure, that be it what it will,
It is not half so good as sausages,
Or as a sow's face sous'd.

OSWALD.
Eleanor, whence all this?—

ELEANOR.
Wait till to-morrow,
You shall know all. It was a happy chance
That furnish'd us to meet so many guests.
[*Fills wine.*
Try if your cup be not as richly garnish'd
As is your trencher.*

KATLEEN (*apart.*)
My aunt adheres to the good cautious maxim
Of,—"Eat your pudding, friend, and hold your tongue."

OSWALD (*tastes the wine.*)
It is the grape of Bordeaux.
Such dainties, once familiar to my board,
Have been estranged from't long.
[*He again fills his glass, and continues to speak as he holds it up.*
Fill round, my friends—here is a treacherous friend now
Smiles in your face, yet seeks to steal the jewel,
Which is distinction between man and brute—
I mean our reason—this he does, and smiles.
But are not all friends treacherous?—one shall cross you
Even in your dearest interests—one shall slander you—
This steal your daughter, that defraud your purse;
But this gay flask of Bordeaux will but borrow
Your sense of mortal sorrows for a season,
And leave, instead, a gay delirium.
Methinks my brain, unused to such gay visitants,
The influence feels already!—we will revel!
Our banquet shall be loud!—it is our last.
Katleen, thy song.

KATLEEN.
Not now, my lord—I mean to sing to-night
For this same moderate, grave, and reverend clergyman;
I'll keep my voice till then.

ELEANOR.
Your round refusal shows but cottage breeding

KATLEEN.
Ay, my good aunt, for I was cottage nurtured,
And taught, I think, to prize my own wild will
Above all sacrifice to compliment.
Here is a huntsman—in his eyes I read it,
He sings the martial song my uncle loves,
What time fierce Claver'se, with his Cavaliers,
Abjuring the new change of government,
Forcing his fearless way through timorous friends,
And enemies as timorous, left the capital
To rouse in James's cause the distant Highlands.
Have you ne'er heard the song, my noble uncle?

OSWALD.
Have I not heard, wench?—It was I rode next him,
'Tis thirty summers since—rode by his rein;
We marched on through the alarm'd city,
As sweeps the osprey through a flock of gulls
Who scream and flutter, but dare no resistance
Against the bold sea-empress—They did murmur,
The crowds before us, in their sullen wrath,
And those whom we had pass'd, gathering fresh courage,
Cried havoc in the rear—we minded them
E'en as the brave bark minds the bursting billows,
Which, yielding to her bows, burst on her sides,
And ripple in her wake.—Sing me that strain.
[*To* LEONARD.
And thou shalt have a meed I seldom tender,
Because they're all I have to give—my thanks

LEONARD.
Nay, if you'll bear with what I cannot help,
A voice that's rough with hollowing to the hounds,
I'll sing the song even as old Rowland taught me.

SONG.†

AIR—"*The Bonnets of Bonny Dundee.*"

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claver'se who spoke,
"Ere the King's crown shall fall there are crowns to be broke;
So let each Cavalier who loves honour and me,
Come follow the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

"Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
Come open the West Port, and let me gang free,
And it's room for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!"

* Wooden trenchers should be used, and the quaigh, a Scottish drinking-cup.

† ["Dundee, enraged at his enemies, and still more at his friends, resolved to retire to the Highlands, and to make preparations for civil war, but with secrecy; for he had been ordered by James to make no public insurrection until assistance should be sent him from Ireland.

"Whilst Dundee was in this temper, information was brought him, whether true or false is uncertain, that some of the Covenanters had associated themselves to assassinate him, in revenge for his former severities against their party. He flew to the Convention and demanded justice. The Duke of Hamilton, who wished to get rid of a troublesome adversary, treated his complaint with neglect; and in order to sting him in the tenderest part, reflected upon that courage which could be alarmed by imaginary dangers. 'Dundee left the house in a rage, mounted his horse, and with a troop of fifty horsemen who had deserted to him from his regiment in England, galloped through the city. Being asked by one of his friends, who stopt him, 'Where he was going?' he waved his hat, and is reported to have answered, 'Wherever the spirit of Montrose shall direct me.' In passing under the walls of the Castle, he stopt, scrambled up the precipice at a place difficult and dangerous, and held a conference with the Duke of Gordon at a postern-gate, the marks of which are still to be seen, though the gate itself is built up. Hoping, in vain, to infuse the vigour of his own spirit into the Duke, he pressed him to retire with him into the Highlands, raise his vassals there, who were numerous, brave, and faithful, and leave the command of the castle to Winram, the lieutenant-governor, an officer on whom Dundee could rely. The Duke concealed his timidity under the excuse of a soldier. 'A soldier,' said he, 'cannot in honour quit the post that is assigned him.' The novelty of the sight drew numbers to the foot of the rock upon which the conference was held. These numbers every minute increased, and, in the end, were mistaken in the city for Dundee's adherents. The Convention was then sitting: news were carried thither that Dundee was at the gates with an army, and had prevailed upon the governor of the Castle to fire upon the town. The Duke of Hamilton, whose intelligence was better, had the presence of mind, by improving the moment of agitation, to overwhelm the one party and provoke the other, by their fears. He ordered the doors of the house to be shut, and the keys to be laid on the table before him. He cried out, 'That there was danger within as well as without doors; that traitors must be laid in confinement upon the present danger was over: but that the friends of liberty had nothing to fear, for that thou ands were ready to start up in their defence, at the stamp of his foot.' He ordered the drums to be beat and the trumpets to sound through the city. In an instant vast swarms of those who had been brought into town by him and Sir John Dalrymple from the western counties, and who had been hitherto hid in garrets and cellars, showed themselves in the streets; not, indeed, in the proper habiliments of war, but in arms, and with looks fierce and sullen, as if they felt disdain for their former concealment. This unexpected sight increased the noise and tumult of the town, which grew loudest in the streets adjoining to the house where the members were confined, and appeared still louder to those who were within, because they were ignorant of the cause from which the tumult arose. Many caught contagion from the anxious looks of each other. After some hours, the doors were thrown open, and the Whig members, as they went out, were received with acclamations, and those of the opposite party with the threats and curses of a prepared populace. Terrified by the prospect of future storms, many of the adherents of James quitted the Convention, and retired to the country; most of them changed sides; only a very few of the most resolute continued their attendance."—DALRYMPLE'S *Memoirs* vol. ii. p. 365.]

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat;
But the Provost, douce man, said, "Just e'en let him be,
The Gude Town is weel quit of that Deil of Dundee."
Come fill up my cup, &c.

As he rode down the sanctified bonds of the Bow,
Ilk carline was flyting and shaking her pow;
But the young plants of grace they look'd couthie and slee,
Thinking, luck to thy bonnet, thou Bonny Dundee!
Come fill up my cup, &c.

With pow-fastened Whigs the Grassmarket was cramm'd,
As if half the West had set trust to be hang'd;*
There was spite in each look, there was fear in each eye,
As they watch'd for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, &c.

These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears,
And lang-hafted gallies to kill Cavaliers;
But they shrunk to close-heads, and the causeway was free,
At the toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, &c.

He spurr'd to the foot of the proud Castle rock,
And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke;
"Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak two words or three,
For the love of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee."
Come fill up my cup, &c.

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes—
"Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose!
Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,
Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonny Dundee."
Come fill up my cup, &c.

"There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth,
If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's chiefs in the North;
There are wild Dunniewassals three thousand times three,
Will cry *hoigh!* for the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, &c.

"There's brass on the target of barkhed bull-hide,
There's steel in the scabbard that dangles beside;
The brass shall be burnish'd, the steel shall flash free,
At a toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, &c.

"Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks—
Ere I own a usurper, I'll couch with the fox;
And trebble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,
You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me!"
Come fill up my cup, &c.

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were blown,
The kettle-drums clash'd, and the horsemen rode on,
Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermiston's lee,
Died away the wild war-notes of Bonny Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle the horses and call up the man
Come open your gates, and let me gae free,
For I'm up with the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!

ELEANOR.

Katleen, do thou sing now. Thy uncle's cheerful;
We must not let his humour ebb again.

KATLEEN.

But I'll do better, aunt, than if I sung,
For there can sing blithe; so can this huntsman,
As he has shown o'en now; let them duet it.

OSWALD.

Well, huntsman, we must give to freakish maiden
The freedom of her fancy.—Raise the carol.
And Flora, if she can, will join the measure.

SONG.

When friends are met o'er merry cheer,
And lovely eyes are laughing near,
And in the goblet's bosom clear
The cares of day are drown'd;
When puns are made, and bumpers quaff'd,
And wild Wit shoots his roving shaft,
And Mirth his jovial laugh has laugh'd,
Then is our banquet crown'd,
Ah gay,
Then is our banquet crown'd.

When glees are sung, and catches troll'd,
And bashfulness grows bright and bold,
And beauty is no longer cold,
And age no longer dull;
When chimes are brief, and cocks do crow,
To tell us it is time to go,
Yet how to part we do not know,
Then is our feast at full,
Ah gay,
Then is our feast at full.

OSWALD (*rises with the cup in his hand.*)

Devorgoil's feast is full—
Drink to the pledge!

[*A tremendous burst of thunder follows these words of the Song; and the lightning should seem to strike the suit of black Armour, which falls with a crash.*† *All rise in surprise and fear, except* GULLCRAMMER, *who tumbles over backwards, and lies still.*

OSWALD.

That sounded like the judgment-peal—the roof
Still trembles with the volley.

DURWARD.

Happy those
Who are prepared to meet such fearful summons.—
Leonard, what dost thou there?

LEONARD (*supporting* FLORA.)

The duty of a man—
Supporting innocence. Were it the final call.
I were not misemploy'd.

OSWALD.

The armour of my grandsire hath fall'n down,
And old saws have spoke truth.—(*Musing.*) The fiftieth year—
Devorgoil's feast at fullest! What to think of it——

LEONARD (*lifting a scroll which had fallen with the armour.*)

This may inform us.

[*Attempts to read the manuscript, shakes his head, and gives it to* OSWALD.

But not to eyes unlearn'd it tells its tidings.

OSWALD.

Hawks, hounds, and revelling consumed the hours,
I should have given to study.
mm [*Looks at the manuscript.*
These characters I spell not more than thou.
They are not of our day, and, as I think,
Not of our language.—Where's our scholar now
So forward at the banquet? Is he laggard
Upon a point of learning?

LEONARD.

Here is the man of letter'd dignity,
E'en in a piteous case.

[*Drags* GULLCRAMMER *forward.*

OSWALD.

Art waking, craven? canst thou read this scroll?
Or art thou only learn'd in souming swine's flesh,
And prompt in eating it?

GULLCRAMMER.

Eh—ah!—oh—ho!—Have you no better time
To tax a man with riddles, than the moment
When he scarce knows whether he's dead or living?

OSWALD.

Confound the pedant!—can you read the scroll,
Or can you not, sir?—if you *can*, pronounce
Its meaning speedily.

GULLCRAMMER.

Can I read it, quotha!
When at our learned University,
I gain'd first premium for Hebrew learning—
Which was a pound of high-dried Scottish snuff,
And half a peck of onions, with a bushel
Of curious oatmeal,—our learn'd Principal
Did say, "Melchisedek, thou canst do any thing!"
Now comes he with his paltry scroll of parchment,
And, "*Can* you read it?"—After such affront,
The point is, if I *will*.

OSWALD.

A point soon solved,
Unless you choose to sleep among the frogs;
For look you, sir, there is the chamber window,
Beneath it lies the lake.

ELEANOR.

Kind Master Gullcrammer, beware my husband,
He brooks no contradiction—'tis his fault,
And in his wrath he's dangerous.

GULLCRAMMER (*looks at the scroll, and mutters as if reading.*

Hashgaboth, hotch-potch—
A simple matter this to make a rout of—
Ten rashersen bacon, mish-mash venison,
Sausagian soused-face—'Tis a simple catalogue

* [Previous to 1794, the Grassmarket was the common place of execution at Edinburgh.]

† I should think this may be contrived, by having a transparent zig-zag in the flat-scene, immediately above the armour suddenly and very strongly illuminated.

Of our small supper—made by the grave sage
Whose prescience knew this night that we should feast
On venison, hash'd sow's face, and sausages,
And hung his steel-coat for a supper-bell—
E'en let us to our provender again,
For it is written we shall finish it,
And bless our stars the lightning left it us.

OSWALD.

This must be impudence or ignorance!—
The spirit of rough Erick stirs within me,
And I will knock thy brains out if thou palterest;
Expound the scroll to me!

GULLCRAMMER.

You're over hasty;
And yet you may be right too—'Tis Samaritan,
Now I look closer on't, and I did take it
For simple Hebrew.

DURWARD.

'Tis Hebrew to a simpleton,
That we see plainly, friend—Give me the scroll.

GULLCRAMMER.

Alas, good friend! what would you do with it?

DURWARD (*takes it from him.*)

My best to read it, sir—The character is Saxon,
Used at no distant date within this district;
And thus the tenor runs—nor in Samaritan,
Nor simple Hebrew, but in wholesome English:—
Devorgoil, thy bright moon waneth,
And the rust thy harness staineth;
Servile guests the banquet soil
Of the once proud Devorgoil.
But should Black Erick's armour fall,
Look for guests shall scare you all!
They shall come e'er peep of day,—
Wake and watch, and hope and pray.

KATLEEN (*to* FLORA.)

Here is fine foolery—an old wall shakes
At a loud thunder-clap—down comes a suit
Of ancient armour, when its wasted braces
Were all too rotten to sustain its weight—
A beggar cries out, Miracle! and your father,
Weighing the importance of his name and lineage,
Must needs believe the dotard!*

FLORA.

Mock not, I pray you: this may be too serious.

KATLEEN.

And if I live till morning, I will have
The power to tell a better tale of wonder
Wrought on wise Gullcrammer. I'll go prepare me.
[*Exit.*

FLORA.

I have not Katleen's spirit, yet I hate
This Gullcrammer too heartily, to stop
Any disgrace that's hasting towards him.

OSWALD (*to whom the Beggar has been again reading the scroll.*)

'Tis a strange prophecy!—The silver moon,
Now waning sorely, is our ancient bearing—
Strange and unfitting guests—

GULLCRAMMER (*interrupting him.*)

Ay, ay, the matter
Is, as you say, all moonshine in the water.

OSWALD.

How mean you, sir? (*threatening.*)

GULLCRAMMER.

To show that I can rhyme
With yonder bluegown. Give me breath and time,
I will maintain, in spite of his pretence,
Mine exposition had the better sense—
It spoke good victuals and increase of cheer;
And his, more guests to eat what we have here—
An increment right needless.

OSWALD.

Get thee gone;
To kennel, hound!

* [MS.—"A begging knave cries out, a Miracle!
And your good sire, doting on the importance
Of his high birth and house, must needs believe him."]

GULLCRAMMER.

The hound will have his bone.
[*Takes up the platter of meat, and a flask*

OSWALD.

Flora, show him his chamber—take him hence,
Or, by the name I bear, I'll see his brains!

GULLCRAMMER.

Ladies, good night!—I spare, you, sir, the pains.
[*Exit, lighted by* FLORA *with a lamp.*

OSWALD.

The owl has fled.—I'll not to bed to-night;
There is some change impending o'er this house,
For good or ill. I would some holy man
Were here, to counsel us what we should do!
Yon witless thin-faced gull is but a cassock
Stuff'd out with chaff and straw.

DURWARD (*assuming an air of dignity.*)

I have been wont,
In other days, to point to erring mortals
The rock which they should anchor on.
[*He holds up a Cross—the rest take a posture of devotion, and the Scene closes.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A ruinous Anteroom in the Castle—Enter KATLEEN, *fantastically dressed to play the character of Cockledemoy, with the visor in her hand.*

KATLEEN.

I've scarce had time to glance at my sweet person,
Yet this much could I see, with half a glance,
My elfish dress becomes me—I'll not mask me
Till I have seen Lance Blackthorn—Lance! I say—
[*Calls.*
Blackthorn, make haste!

Enter BLACKTHORN, *half dressed as Owlspiegle.*

BLACKTHORN.

Here am I—Blackthorn in the upper half,
Much at your service; but my nether parts
Are goblinized and Owlspiegled. I had much ado
To get these trankums on. I judge Lord Erick
Kept no good house, and starved his quondam barber.

KATLEEN.

Peace, ass, and hide you—Gullcrammer is coming;
He left the hall before, but then took fright,
And e'en sneak'd back. The Lady Flora lights him—
Trim occupation for her ladyship!
Had you seen Leonard, when she left the hall
On such fine errand!

BLACKTHORN.

This Gullcrammer shall have a bob extraordinary
For my good comrade's sake.—But tell me, Katleen,
What dress is this of yours?

KATLEEN.

A page's, fool!

BLACKTHORN.

I'm accounted no great scholar,
But 'tis a page that I would fain peruse
A little closer. [*Approaches her*

KATLEEN.

Put on your spectacles,
And try if you can read it at this distance,
For you shall come no nearer.

BLACKTHORN

But is there nothing, then, save rank imposture,
In all these tales of goblinry at Devorgoil?

KATLEEN.

My aunt's grave lord thinks otherwise, supposing
That his great name so interests the Heavens,
That miracles must needs bespeak its fall—
I would that I were in a lowly cottage
Beneath the greenwood, on its walls no armour
To court the levin-bolt——

BLACKTHORN.

And a kind husband, Katleen,
To ward such dangers as must needs come nigh.—
My father's cottage stands so low and lone,
That you would think it solitude itself;
The greenwood shields it from the northern blast,
And, in the woodbine round its latticed casement,
The linnet's sure to build the earliest nest
In all the forest.

KATLEEN.

Peace, you fool, they come.

FLORA *lights* GULLCRAMMER *across the Stage.*

KATLEEN (*when they have passed.*)

Away with you—
On with your cloak—be ready at the signal.

BLACKTHORN.

And shall we talk of that same cottage, Katleen,
At better leisure?—I have much to say
In favour of my cottage.

KATLEEN.

If you will be talking,
You know I can't prevent you.

BLACKTHORN.

That's enough.
(*Aside.*) I shall have leave, I see, to spell the page
A little closer, when the due time comes.

SCENE II.

Same changes to GULLCRAMMER'S *Sleeping Apartment.—He enters, ushered in by* FLORA, *who sets on the table a flask, with the lamp.*

FLORA.

A flask, in case your Reverence be athirsty;
A light, in case your Reverence be afear'd:—
And so sweet slumber to your Reverence.

GULLCRAMMER.

Kind Mrs. Flora, will you?—eh! eh! eh!

FLORA.

Will I what?

GULLCRAMMER.

Tarry a little?

FLORA (*smiling.*)

Kind Master Gullcrammer,
How can you ask me aught so unbecoming?

GULLCRAMMER.

Oh, fie, fie, fie!—Believe me, Mistress Flora,
Tis not for that—but being guided through
Such dreary galleries, stairs, and suites of rooms,
To this same cubicle, I'm somewhat loath
To bid adieu to pleasant company.

FLORA.

A flattering compliment!—In plain truth you are frightem'd.

GULLCRAMMER.

What! frightem'd?—I—I—am not timorous.

FLORA.

Perhaps you've heard this is our haunted chamber?
But then it is our best—Your Reverence knows,
That in all tales which turn upon a ghost,
Your traveller belated has the luck
To enjoy the haunted room—it is a rule;—
To some it were a hardship, but to you,
Who are a scholar, and not timorous——

GULLCRAMMER.

I did not say I was not timorous,
I said I was not temerarious.—
I'll to the hall again.

FLORA.

You'll do your pleasure.
But you have somehow moved my father's anger,
And you had better meet our playful Owlspiegle—
So is our goblin call'd—than face Lord Oswald.

GULLCRAMMER.

Owlspiegle?—
It is an uncouth and outlandish name,
And in mine ear sounds fiendish.

FLORA.

Hush, hush, hush!
Perhaps he hears us now—(*in an under tone*)—A merry spirit;
None of your elves that pinch folks black and blue
For lack of cleanliness.

GULLCRAMMER.

As for that, Mistress Flora,
My taffeta doublet hath been duly brush'd,
My shirt hebdomadal put on this morning.

FLORA.

Why, you need fear no goblins. But this Owlspiegle
Is of another class;—yet has his frolics;
Cuts hair, trims beards, and plays amid his antics
The office of a sinful mortal barber.
Such is at least the rumour.

GULLCRAMMER.

He will not cut my clothes, or scar my face,
Or draw my blood?

FLORA.

Enormities like these
Were never charged against him.

GULLCRAMMER.

And, Mistress Flora, would you smile on me,
If, prick'd by the fond hope of your approval,
I should endure this venture?

FLORA.

I do hope
I shall have cause to smile.

GULLCRAMMER.

Well! in that hope
I will embrace the achievement for thy sake.
[*She is going.*
Yet, stay, stay, stay!—on second thoughts I will not—
I've thought on it, and will the mortal cudgel
Rather endure than face the ghostly razor!
Your crab-tree's tough but blunt,—your razor's polish'd,
But, as the proverb goes, 'tis cruel sharp.
I'll to thy father, and unto his pleasure
Submit these destined shoulders.

FLORA.

But you shall not,
Believe me, sir, you shall not; he is desperate,
And better far be trimm'd by ghost or goblin,
Than by my sire in anger; there are stores
Of hidden treasure, too, and Heaven knows what,
Buried among these ruins—you shall stay.
(*Apart.*) And if indeed there be such sprite as Owlspiegle,
And, lacking him, that thy fear plague thee not
Worse than a goblin, I have miss'd my purpose,
Which else stands good in either case.—Good-night, sir. [*Exit, and double-locks the door.*

GULLCRAMMER.

Nay, hold ye, hold!—Nay, gentle Mistress Flora,
Wherefore this ceremony?—She has lock'd me in,
And left me to the goblin!—(*Listening.*)—So, so, so!
I hear her light foot trip to such a distance,
That I believe the castle's breadth divides me
From human company. I'm ill at ease—
But if this citadel (*Laying his hand on his stomach*) were better victuall'd,
It would be better mann'd. [*Sits down and drinks.*
She has a footstep light, and taper ankle. [*Chuckles.*
Aha! that ankle! yet, confound it too,
But for those charms Melchisedek had been
Snug in his bed at Mucklewhame—I say,
Confound her footstep, and her instep too,
To use a cobler's phrase.—There I was quaint.
Now, what to do in this vile circumstance,
To watch or go to bed, I can't determine;
Were I a-bed, the ghost might catch me napping,
And if I watch, my terrors will increase
As ghostly hours approach. I'll to my bed
E'en in my taffeta doublet, shrink my head
Beneath the clothes—leave the lamp burning there,
[*Sets it on the table.*
And trust to fate the issue.
[*He lays aside his cloak, and brushes it, as*

from habit, starting at every moment; ties a napkin over his head; then shrinks beneath the bed-clothes. He starts once or twice, and at length seems to go to sleep. A bell tolls ONE. *He leaps up in his bed.*

GULLCRAMMER.

I had just coax'd myself to sweet forgetfulness,
And that confounded bell—I hate all bells,
Except a dinner bell—and yet I lie, too,—
I love the bell that soon shall tell the parish
Of Gabblegoose, Melchisedek's incumbent—
And shall the future minister of Gabblegoose,
Whom his parishioners will soon require
To exorcise their ghosts, detect their witches,
Lie shivering in his bed for a pert goblin,
Whom, be he switch'd or cocktail'd, hern'd or poll'd,
A few tight Hebrew words will soon send packing?
Tush; I will rouse the parson up within me,
And bid defiance——(*A distant noise.*) In the name of Heaven,
What sounds are these!—O Lord! this comes of rashness!

[*Draws his head down under the bed-clothes.*

[*Duet without, between* OWLSPIEGLE *and* COCKLEDEMOY.

OWLSPIEGLE.

Cockledemoy!
My boy, my boy——

COCKLEDEMOY.

Here, father, here.

OWLSPIEGLE.

Now the pole-star's red and burning,
And the witch's spindle turning,
Appear, appear!

GULLCRAMMER (*who has again raised himself, and listened with great terror to the Duet.*)

I have heard of the devil's dam before,
But never of his child. Now, Heaven deliver me!
The Papists have the better of us there,—
They have their Latin prayers, cut and dried,
And pat for such occasion—I can think
On naught but the vernacular.

OWLSPIEGLE.

Cockledemoy!
My boy, my boy,
We'll sport us here——

COCKLEDEMOY.

Our gambols play,
Like elve and fay;

OWLSPIEGLE.

And dominaster,

BOTH.

Laugh, frolic, and frisk, till the morning appear.

COCKLEDEMOY.

Lift latch—open clasp—
Shoot bolt—and burst hasp!

[*The door opens with violence. Enter* BLACKTHORN *as* OWLSPIEGLE, *fantastically dressed as a Spanish Barber, tall, thin, emaciated, and ghostly;* KATLEEN *as* COCKLEDEMOY, *attends as his Page. All their manners, tones, and motions, are fantastic, as those of Goblins. They make two or three times the circuit of the Room, without seeming to see* GULLCRAMMER. *They then resume their Chant or Recitative.*

OWLSPIEGLE.

Cockledemoy!
My boy, my boy,
What wilt thou do that will give thee joy?
Wilt thou ride on the midnight owl?

COCKLEDEMOY.

No; for the weather is stormy and foul.

OWLSPIEGLE.

Cockledemoy!
My boy, my boy,
What wilt thou do that can give thee joy?
With a needle for a sword, and a thimble for a hat,
Wilt thou fight a traverse with the castle cat?

COCKLEDEMOY.

Oh, no! she has claws, and I like not that.

GULLCRAMMER.

I see the devil is a doating father,
And spoils his children—'tis the surest way
To make cursed imps of them. They see me not—
What will they think on next? It must be own'd,
They have a dainty choice of occupations.

OWLSPIEGLE.

Cockledemoy!
My boy, my boy,
What shall we do that can give thee joy?
Shall we go seek for a cuckoo's nest?

COCKLEDEMOY.

That's best, that's best!

BOTH

About, about,
Like an elvish scout,
The cuckoo's a gull, and we'll soon find him out.

[*They search the room with mops and mows. At length* COCKLEDEMOY *jumps on the bed.* GULLCRAMMER *raises himself half up, supporting himself by his hands.* COCKLEDEMOY *does the same and grins at him, then skips from the bed and runs to* OWLSPIEGLE.

COCKLEDEMOY.

I've found the nest,
And in it a guest,
With a sable cloak and a taffeta vest;
He must be wash'd, and trimm'd, and dress'd,
To please the eyes he loves the best.

OWLSPIEGLE.

That's best, that's best.

BOTH.

He must be shaved, and trimm'd, and dress'd,
To please the eyes he loves the best.

[*They arrange shaving things on the table, and sing as they prepare them.*

BOTH.

Know that all of the humbug, the bite, and the box,
Of the make-believe world, becomes forfeit to us.

OWLSPIEGLE (*sharpening his razor.*)

The sword this is made of was lost in a fray
By a fop, who first bullied and then ran away;
And the strap, from the hide of a lame racer, sold
By Lord Match, to his friend, for some hundreds in gold.

BOTH.

For all of the humbug, the bite, and the box,
Of the make-believe world, becomes forfeit to us.

COCKLEDEMOY (*placing the napkin.*)

And this cambric napkin, so white and so fair,
At a usurer's funeral I stole from the bier.

[*Drops something from a vial, as going to make suds.*

This dewdrop I caught from one eye of his mother,
Which wept while she ogled the parson with t'other.

BOTH.

For all of the humbug, the bite, and the box,
Of the make-believe world, becomes forfeit to us.

OWLSPIEGLE (*arranging the lather and the basin.*)

My soap-ball is of the milk alkali made,
Which the soft dedicator employs in his trade;
And it froths with the pith of a promise, that's sworn,
By a lover at night, and forgot in the morn.

BOTH.

For all of the humbug, the bite, and the box,
Of the make-believe world, becomes forfeit to us.
Halloo, halloo,
The black cock crew,
Twice shriek'd hath the owl, thrice crow'd hath the cock
Hare, ho! Master Gullcrammer, rise and be shaved!

Da Capo.

GULLCRAMMER (*who has been observing them.*)

I'll pluck a spirit up; they're merry goblins,
And will deal mildly. I will sooth their humour,
Besides, my beard lacks trimming.

[*He rises from his bed, and advances with great symptoms of trepidation, but affecting an air of composure. The Goblins receive him with fantastic ceremony.*

Gentlemen, 'tis your will I should be trimm'd—
E'en do your pleasure. (*They point to a seat—he sits.*)
Think, howsoe'er,
Of me as one who hates to see his blood;
Therefore I do beseech you, signior,
Be gentle in your craft. I know those barbers,
One would have harrows driven across his visnomy,
Rather than they should touch it with a razor.

OWLSPIEGLE *shaves* GULLCRAMMER, *while* COCKLEDEMOY *sings.*

Father never started hair,
Shaved too close, or left too bare—
Father's razor slips as glib
As from courtly tongue a fib.
Whiskers, mustache, he can trim in
Fashion meet to please the women;
Sharp's his blade, perfumed his lather,—
Happy those are trimm'd by father!

GULLCRAMMER.

That's a good boy. I love to hear a child
Stand for his father, if he were the devil.
[*He motions to rise.*
Craving your pardon, sir.—What! sit again?
My hair lacks not your scissors.
[OWLSPIEGLE *insists on his sitting.*
Nay if you're peremptory, I'll ne'er dispute it,
Nor eat the cow and choke upon the tail—
E'en trim me to your fashion.
[OWLSPIEGLE *cuts his hair, and shaves his head ridiculously.*

COCKLEDEMOY (*sings as before.*)

Hair-breadth 'scapes, and hair-breadth snares.
Hare-brain'd follies, ventures, cares,
Part when father clips your hairs.
If there is a hero frantic,
Or a lover too romantic;—
If threescore seeks second spouse,
Or fourteen lists lover's vows,
Bring them here—for a Scotch boddle,
Owlspiegle shall trim their noddle.

[*They take the napkin from about* GULLCRAMMER'S *neck. He makes bows of acknowledgment, which they return fantastically, and sing*—

Twice crow'd hath the black cock, thrice croak'd hath the raven,
And Master Melchisedek Gullcrammer's shaven!

GULLCRAMMER.

My friends, you are too musical for me;
But though I cannot cope with you in song,
I would, in humble prose, inquire of you,
If that you will permit me to acquit
Even with the barber's pence the barber's service?
[*They shake their heads.*
Or if there is aught else that I can do for you,
Sweet Master Owlspiegle, or your loving child,
The hopeful Cockle'moy?

COCKLEDEMOY.

Sir, you have been trimm'd of late,
Smooth's your chin, and bald your pate;
Lest cold rheums should work you harm,
Here's a cap to keep you warm.

GULLCRAMMER.

Welcome, as Fortunatus' wishing cap,
For 'twas a cap that I was wishing for.
(There I was quaint in spite of mortal terror.)
[*As he puts on the cap, a pair of ass's ears disengage themselves.*
Upon my faith, it is a dainty head-dress,
And might become an alderman!—Thanks, sweet Monsieur,
Thou'rt a considerate youth.
[*Both Goblins bow with ceremony to* GULLCRAMMER, *who returns their salutation.* OWLSPIEGLE *descends by the trap-door,* COCKLEDEMOY *springs out at window.*

SONG (*without.*)

OWLSPIEGLE.

Cockledemoy, my hope, my care,
Where art thou now, O tell me where?

COCKLEDEMOY.

Up in the sky,
On the bonny dragonfly,
Come, father, come you too—
She has four wings and strength enow,
And her long body has room for two.

GULLCRAMMER.

Cockledemoy now is a naughty brat—
Would have the poor old stiff-rumped devil, his father,
Peril his fiendish neck. All boys are thoughtless.

SONG.

OWLSPIEGLE.

Which way didst thou take?

COCKLEDEMOY.

I have fall'n in the lake—
Help, father, for Beelzebub's sake.

GULLCRAMMER.

The imp is drown'd,—a strange death for a devil,—
O, may all boys take warning, and be civil;
Respect their loving sires, endure a chiding,
Nor roam by night on dragonflies a-riding!

COCKLEDEMOY (*sings.*)

Now merrily, merrily, row I to shore,
My bark is a bean-shell, a straw for an oar.

OWLSPIEGLE (*sings.*)

My life, my joy,
My Cockledemoy!

GULLCRAMMER.

I can bear this no longer—thus children are spoil'd.
[*Strikes into the tune.*
Master Owlspiegle, boy!
He deserves to be whipp'd, little Cockledemoy!
[*Their voices are heard as if dying away.*

GULLCRAMMER.

They're gone!—Now, am I scared, or am I not?
I think the very desperate ecstasy
Of fear has given me courage.* This is strange now.
When they were here, I was not half so frighten'd
As now they're gone—they were a sort of company
What a strange thing is use—A horn, a claw,
The tip of a fiend's tail, was wont to scare me.
Now am I with the devil hand and glove;
His soap has lather'd, and his razor shaved me;
I've joined him in a catch, kept time and tune,
Could dine with him, nor ask for a long spoon;
And if I keep not better company,
What will become of me when I shall die? [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Gothic Hall, waste and ruinous. The moonlight is at times seen through the shafted windows.† *Enter* KATLEEN *and* BLACKTHORN—*They have thrown off the more ludicrous parts of their disguise.*

KATLEEN.

This way—this way; was ever fool so gull'd!

BLACKTHORN.

I play'd the barber better than I thought for.
Well, I've an occupation in reserve,
When the long bow and merry musket fail me.—
But, hark ye, pretty Katleen.

KATLEEN.

What should I hearken to?

BLACKTHORN.

Art thou not afraid,
In these wild halls while playing feigned goblins,
That we may meet with real ones?

KATLEEN.

Not a jot.
My spirit is too light, my heart too bold,
To fear a visit from the other world.

BLACKTHORN.

But is not this the place, the very hall,
In which men say that Oswald's grandfather,
The black Lord Erick, walks his penance round?
Credit me, Katleen, these half-moulder'd columns
Have in their ruin something very fiendish,
And, if you'll take an honest friend's advice,
The sooner that you change their shatter'd spleen door
For the snug cottage that I told you of,
Believe me, it will prove the blither dwelling.

KATLEEN.

If I e'er see that cottage, honest Blackthorn,

* ("Cowards, upon necessity, assume
A fearful bravery; thinking by this face
To fasten in men's minds that they have courage."
SHAKESPEARE.)

† I have a notion that this can be managed so as to represent imperfect, or flitting moonlight, upon the plan of the Bidophusikon.

Believe me, it shall be from other motive
Than fear of Erick's spectre.
[*A rustling sound is heard.*

BLACKTHORN.

I heard a rustling sound—
Upon my life, there's something in the hall,
Katleen, besides us two!

KATLEEN.

A yeoman thou,
A forester, and frighten'd! I am sorry
I gave the fool's-cap to poor Gullcrammer,
And let thy head go bare.
[*The same rustling sound is repeated.*

BLACKTHORN.

Why, are you mad, or hear you not the sound?

KATLEEN.

And if I do, I take small heed of it.
Will you allow a maiden to be bolder
Than you, with beard on chin and sword at girdle?

BLACKTHORN.

Nay, if I had my sword, I would not care;
Though I ne'er heard of master of defence,
So active at his weapon as to brave
The devil, or a ghost—See! see! see yonder!
[*A Figure is imperfectly seen between two of the pillars.*

KATLEEN.

There's something moves, that's certain, and the moonlight,
Chased by the flitting gale, is too imperfect
To show its form; but, in the name of God,
I'll venture on it boldly.

BLACKTHORN.

Wilt thou so?
Were I alone, now, I were strongly tempted
To trust my heels for safety; but with thee,
Be it fiend or fairy, I'll take risk to meet it.

KATLEEN.

It stands full in our path, and we must pass it,
Or tarry here all night.

BLACKTHORN.

In its vile company?
[*As they advance towards the Figure, it is more plainly distinguished, which might, I think, be contrived by raising successive screens of crape. The Figure is wrapped in a long robe, like the mantle of a Hermit, or Palmer.*

PALMER.

Ho! ye who thrid by night these wildering scenes,
In garb of those who long have slept in death,
Fear ye the company of those you imitate?

BLACKTHORN.

This is the devil, Katleen, let us fly! [*Runs off.*

KATLEEN.

I will not fly—why should I? My nerves shake
To look on this strange vision, but my heart
Partakes not the alarm.—If thou dost come in Heaven's name,
In Heaven's name art thou welcome!

PALMER.

I come, by Heaven permitted. Quit this castle:
There is a fate on't—if for good or evil,
Brief space shall soon determine. In that fate,
If good, by lineage thou canst nothing claim;
If evil, much mayst suffer.—Leave these precincts.

KATLEEN.

Whate'er thou art, be answer'd—Know, I will not
Desert the kinswoman who train'd my youth;
Know, that I will not quit my friend, my Flora!
Know, that I will not leave the aged man
Whose roof has shelter'd me. This is my resolve—
If evil come, I aid my friends to bear it;
If good, my part shall be to see them prosper,
A portion in their happiness from which
No fiend can bar me.

PALMER.

Maid, before thy courage,
Firm built on innocence, even beings of nature
More powerful far than thine, give place and way.
Take then this key, and wait the event with courage.
[*He drops the key.—He disappears gradually—the moonlight failing at the same time.*

KATLEEN (*after a pause.*)

Whate'er it was, 'tis gone! My head turns round—
The blood that lately fortified my heart
Now eddies in full torrent to my brain,
And makes wild work with reason. I will haste,
If that my steps can bear me so far safe,
To living company. What if I meet it
Again in the long aisle, or vaulted passage?
And if I do, the strong support that bore me
Through this appalling interview, again
Shall strengthen and uphold me.
[*As she steps forward she stumbles over the key.*
What's this? The key?—there may be mystery in ..
I'll to my kinswoman, when this dizzy fit
Will give me leave to choose my way aright.
[*She sits down exhausted.*

Re-enter BLACKTHORN, *with a drawn sword and torch.*

BLACKTHORN.

Katleen! What, Katleen!—What a wretch was I
To leave her!—Katleen,—I am weapon'd now,
And fear nor dog nor devil.—She replies not!
Beast that I was—nay, worse than beast; the stag,
As timorous as he is, fights for his hind.
What's to be done!—I'll search this cursed castle
From dungeon to the battlements; if I find her not,
I'll fling me from the highest pinnacle——

KATLEEN (*who has somewhat gathered her spirits in consequence of his entrance, comes behind and touches him; he starts.*)

Brave sir!
I'll spare you that rash leap—You're a bold woodsman!
Surely I hope that from this night henceforward
You'll never kill a hare, since you're akin to them!
O I could laugh—but that my head's so dizzy.

BLACKTHORN.

Lean on me, Katleen—By my honest word,
I thought you close behind—I was surprised,
Not a jot frighten'd.

KATLEEN.

Thou art a fool to ask me to thy cottage,
And then to show me at what slight expense
Of manhood I might master thee and it.

BLACKTHORN.

I'll take the risk of that—This goblin business
Came rather unexpected; the best horse
Will start at sudden sights. Try me again,
And if I prove not true to bonny Katleen,
Hang me in mine own bowstring. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Scene returns to the Apartment at the beginning of Act Second. OSWALD *and* DURWARD *are discovered with* ELEANOR, FLORA, *and* LEONARD. DURWARD *shuts a Prayer-book, which he seems to have been reading.*

DURWARD.

'Tis true—the difference betwixt the churches,
Which zealots love to dwell on, to the wise
Of either flock are of far less importance
Than those great truths to which all Christian men
Subscribe with equal reverence.

OSWALD.

We thank thee, father, for the holy office,
Still best performed when the pastor's tongue
Is echo to his breast; of jarring creeds
It ill beseems a layman's tongue to speak.—
Where have you stowed yon prater? [*To* FLORA.

FLORA.

Safe in the goblin-chamber.

ELEANOR.

The goblin-chamber!
Maiden, wert thou frantic?—if his Reverence

Have suffer'd harm by wanton Owlspiegle,
Be sure thou shalt abuy it.

FLORA.

Here he comes,
Canst answer for himself!

Enter GULLCRAMMER, *in the fashion in which* OWLSPIEGLE *had put him: having the fool's-cap on his head, and towel about his neck, &c. His manner through the scene is wild and extravagant, as if the fright had a little affected his brain.*

DURWARD.

A goodly spectacle!—Is there such a goblin?
(*To* OSWALD.) Or has sheer terror made him such a figure?

OSWALD.

There's a sort of wavering tradition
Of a malicious imp who teazed all strangers;
My father wont to call him Owlspiegle.

GULLCRAMMER.

Who talks of Owlspiegle?
He is an honest fellow for a devil,
So is his son, the hopeful Cockle'moy.

(*Sings.*)

"My hope, my joy,
My Cockledemoy!"

LEONARD.

The fool's bewitch'd—the goblin hath furnish'd him
A cap which well befits his reverend wisdom.

FLORA.

If I could think he had lost his slender wits,
I should be sorry for the trick they play'd him.

LEONARD.

O fear him not; it were a foul reflection
On any fiend of sense and reputation,
To filch such petty wares as his poor brains.

DURWARD.

What, saw'st thou, sir? What heard'st thou?

GULLCRAMMER.

What wast I saw and heard?
That which old graybeards,
Who conjure Hebrew into Anglo-Saxon,
To cheat starved barons with, can little guess at.

FLORA.

If he begin so roundly with my father,
His madness is not like to save his bones.

GULLCRAMMER.

Sirs, midnight came, and with it came the goblin.
I had studied me after some brief study;
But as the soldier, sleeping in the trench,
Keeps sword and musket by him, so I had
My little Hebrew manual prompt for service.

FLORA.

Swaggerer, saw'st-face; that much of your Hebrew
Even I can bear in memory.

GULLCRAMMER.

We counter'd,
The goblin and myself, even in mid-chamber,
And each stepp'd back a pace, as 'twere to study
The foe he did to deal with!—I bethought me,
Ghosts ne'er have the first word, and so I took
And fired a volley of round Greek at him.
He stood his ground, and answer'd in the Syriac;
I flanked my Greek with Hebrew, and compell'd him—

[*A noise heard.*

OSWALD.

Peace, idle prater!—Hark—what sounds are these?
Amid the growling of the storm without,
I hear strange notes of music, and the clash
Of coursers' trampling feet.

VOICES (*without.*)

We come, dark riders of the night,
And flit before the dawning light;
Hill and valley, far aloof,
Shake to hear our chargers' hoof;
But not a foot-stamp on the green
At morn shall show where we have been.

OSWALD.

These must be revellers belated—
Let them pass on; the ruin'd halls of Devorgoil
Open to no such guests.—
[*Flourish of trumpets at a distance, then nearer.*
They sound a summons;
What can they lack at this dead hour of night?
Look out, and see their number, and their bearing.

LEONARD (*goes up to the window.*)

'Tis strange—one single shadowy form alone
Is hovering on the drawbridge—far apart
Flit through the tempest banners, horse, and riders,
In darkness lost, or dimly seen by lightning.—
Hither the figure moves—the bolts revolve—
The gate unclosed to him.

ELEANOR.

Heaven protect us!

The PALMER *enters*—GULLCRAMMER *runs off.*

OSWALD.

Whence and what art thou?—for what end come hither?

PALMER.

I come from a far land, where the storm howls not,
And the sun sets not, to pronounce to thee,
Oswald of Devorgoil, thy house's fate.

DURWARD.

I charge thee in the name we late have knel'd to—

PALMER.

Abbot of Lanercost, I bid thee peace!
Uninterrupted let me do mine errand:
Baron of Devorgoil, son of the bold, the proud,
The warlike, and the mighty, wherefore wear'st thou
The habit of a peasant?—Tell me, wherefore
Are thy fair halls thus waste—thy chambers bare—
Where are the tapestries, where the conquer'd banners,
Trophies, and gilded arms, that deck'd the walls
Of once proud Devorgoil?

[*He advances, and places himself where the Armour hung, so as to be nearly in the centre of the Scene.*

DURWARD.

Whoe'er thou art—if thou dost know so much,
Needs must thou know—

OSWALD.

Peace! I will answer here; to me he spoke.—
Mysterious stranger, briefly I reply:
A peasant's dress befits a peasant's fortune;
And 'twere vain mockery to array these walls
In trophies, of whose memory naught remains,
Save that the cruelty outvied the valour
Of those who wore them.

PALMER.

Degenerate as thou art,
Know'st thou to whom thou sayest this?

[*He drops his mantle, and is discovered armed as nearly as may be to the suit which hung on the wall; all express terror.*

OSWALD.

It is himself—the spirit of mine Ancestor!

BRICE.

Tremble not, son, but hear me!

[*He strikes the wall, it opens, and discovers the Treasure-Chamber.*

There lies piled
The wealth I brought from wasted Cumberland,
Enough to reinstate thy ruin'd fortunes.—
Cast from thine high-born brows that peasant bonnet,
Throw from thy noble grasp the peasant's staff,
O'er all, withdraw thine hand from that mean mate,
Whom in an hour of reckless desperation
Thy fortunes cast thee on. This do

And be as great as ere was Devorgoil,
When Devorgoil was richest!*

DURWARD.

Lord Oswald, thou art tempted by a fiend,
Who doth assail thee on thy weakest side,—
Thy pride of lineage, and thy love of grandeur.
Stand fast—resist—contemn his fatal offers!

ELEANOR.

Urge him not, father; if the sacrifice
Of such a wasted wo-worn wretch as I am,
Can save him from the abyss of misery,
Upon whose verge he's tottering, let me wander
An unacknowledged outcast from his castle,
Even to the humble cottage I was born in.

OSWALD.

No, Ellen, no—it is not thus they part,
Whose hearts and souls, disasters borne in common
Have knit together, close as summer saplings
Are twined in union by the eddying tempest.—
Spirit of Erick, while thou bear'st his shape,
I'll answer with no ruder conjuration
Thy impious counsel, other than with these words,
Depart, and tempt me not!

ERICK.

Then fate will have her course—Fall, massive grate,
Yield them the tempting view of these rich treasures,
But bar them from possession!

[*A portcullis falls before the door of the Treasure Chamber.*

Mortals, hear!
No hand may ope that grate, except the Heir
Of plunder'd Aglionby, whose mighty wealth,
Ravish'd in evil hour, lies yonder piled—
And not his hand prevails without the key
Of Black Lord Erick—brief space is given
To save proud Devorgoil.—So wills high Heaven.

[*Thunder—he disappears.*

DURWARD.

Gaze not so wildly—you have stood the trial
That his commission bore—and Heaven designs,
If I may spell his will, to rescue Devorgoil
Even by the Heir of Aglionby—Behold him
In that young forester, unto whose hand
These bars shall yield the treasures of his house,
Destined to ransom yours.—Advance, young Leonard,
And prove the adventure.

LEONARD (*advances and attempts the grate.*)

It is fast
As is the tower, rock seated.

OSWALD.

We will fetch other means, and prove its strength,
Nor starve in poverty with wealth before us.

DURWARD.

Think what the vision spoke;
The key—the fated key——

Enter GULLCRAMMER.

GULLCRAMMER.

A key?—I say a quay is what we want,
Thus by the learned orthographized—Q, u, a, y.
The lake is overflowed! A quay, a boat,
Oars, punt, or sculler, is all one to me!—
We shall be drown'd, good people!!!

Enter KATLEEN *and* BLACKTHORN.

KATLEEN.

Deliver us!
Haste, save yourselves—the lake is rising fast.†

BLACKTHORN.

'T has risen my bow's height in the last five minutes,
And still is swelling strangely.

GULLCRAMMER (*who has stood astonished upon seeing them.*)

We shall be drown'd without your kind assistance.
Sweet Master Owlepiggle, your dragonfly—
Your straw, your bean-stalk, gentle Cockle'moy!

LEONARD (*looking from the shot-hole.*)

'Tis true, by all that's fearful! The proud lake
Peers, like ambitious tyrant, o'er his bounds,
And soon will whelm the castle—even the drawbridge
Is under water now.

KATLEEN.

Let us escape! Why stand you gazing there?

DURWARD.

Upon the opening of that fatal grate
Depends the fearful spell that now entraps us,
The key of Black Lord Erick—ere we find it,
The castle will be whelm'd beneath the waves,
And we shall perish in it!

KATLEEN (*giving the key.*)

Here, prove this;
A chance most strange and fearful gave it me.

OSWALD (*puts it into the lock, and attempts to turn it—a loud clap of thunder.*)

FLORA.

The lake still rises faster.—Leonard, Leonard,
Canst thou not save us!

[LEONARD *tries the lock—it opens with a violent noise, and the Portcullis rises. A loud strain of wild music.—There may be a Chorus here.*

[OSWALD *enters the apartment, and brings out a scroll.*

LEONARD.

The lake is ebbing with as wondrous haste
As late it rose—the drawbridge is left dry!

OSWALD.

This may explain the cause.—
(GULLCRAMMER *offers to take it.*) But soft you, sir,
We'll not disturb your learning for the matter;
You shall not go unguerdon'd. Wise or learn'd,
Yet since you've borne a part in this strange drama,
Modest or gentle, Heaven alone can make thee,
Being so much otherwise; but from this abundance
Thou shalt have that shall gild thine ignorance,
Exalt thy base descent, make thy presumption
Seem modest confidence, and find thee hundreds
Ready to swear that same fool's-cap of thine
Is reverend as a mitre.

GULLCRAMMER.

Thanks, mighty baron, now no more a base one!—
I will be quaint with him, for all his quips. [*Aside.*

OSWALD.

Nor shall kind Katleen lack
Her portion in our happiness.

KATLEEN.

Thanks, my good lord, but Katleen's fate is fix'd—
There is a certain valiant forester,
Too much afear'd of ghosts to sleep anights
In his lone cottage, without one to guard him.—

LEONARD.

If I forget my comrade's faithful friendship,
May I be lost to fortune, hope, and love!

DURWARD.

Peace, all! and hear the blessing which this scroll
Speaks unto faith, and constancy, and virtue.
No more this castle's troubled guest,
Dark Erick's spirit hath found rest.
The storms of angry Fate are past—
For Constancy defies their blast.
Of Devorgoil the daughter free
Shall wed the Heir of Aglionby;
Nor ever more dishonour soil
The rescued house of Devorgoil ‡

* [MS.—"And be as rich as ere was Devorgoil,
When Devorgoil was proudest."]

† If it could be managed to render the rising of the lake visible, it would answer well for a *coup-de-theatre*

‡ [MS.—"The storms of angry Fate are past—
Constancy abides their blast.
Of Devorgoil the daughter fair
Shall wed with Dacre's injured heir,
The silver moon of Devorgoil."]

AUCHINDRANE;

OR,

THE AYRSHIRE TRAGEDY.

Cur aliquid vidi? cur noxia lumina feci
Cur imprudenti cognita culpa mihi est?
OVIDII *Tristium*, *Liber Secundus.*

PREFACE TO AUCHINDRANE.

Treason is not, perhaps, upon record, a tale of horror which gives us a more perfect picture than is afforded by the present, of the violence of our ancestors, or the complicated crimes into which they were hurried, by what their wise, but ill-enforced laws, termed the heathenish and accursed practice of Deadly Feud. The author has tried to extract some dramatic scenes out of it; but he is conscious no exertions of his can increase the horror of that which is in itself so injurious. Yet if we look at modern events, we must not too hastily venture to conclude that our own times have so much the superiority over former days as we might at first be tempted to infer. One great object has indeed been obtained. The power of the laws extends over the country universally, and if criminals at present sometimes escape punishment, this can only be by eluding justice,—not, as of old, by defying it.

But the motives which influences modern ruffians to commit actions at which we pause with wonder and horror, arise, in a great measure, from the thirst of gain. For the hope of lucre, we have seen a wretch seduced to his fate, under the pretext that he was to share in amusement and conviviality; and, for gold, we have seen the meanest of wretches deprived of life, and their miserable remains cheated of the grave.

The lorder, if equally cruel, feelings of pride, ambition, and love of vengeance, were the idols of our forefathers, while the caitiffs of our day bend to Mammon, the meanest of the spirits who fell.* The criminals, therefore, of former times, drew their hellish inspiration from a better source than is known to modern villains. The fever of unsated ambition, the frenzy of ungratified revenge, the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*, stigmatized by our jurists and our legislators, held life but as passing breath; and such enormities as now sound like the acts of a madman, were then the familiar deeds of every offended noble. With these observations we proceed to our story.

John Muir, or Mure, of Auchindrane, the contriver and executor of the following cruelties, was a gentleman of an ancient family and good estate in the west of Scotland; bold, ambitious, treacherous to the last degree, and utterly unconscientious,—a Richard the Third in private life, inaccessible alike to pity and to remorse. His view was to raise the power, and extend the grandeur, of his own family. This gentleman had married the daughter of Sir Thomas Kennedy of Barganie, who was, excepting the Earl of Cassilis, the most important person in all Carrick, the district of Ayrshire which he inhabited, and where the name of Kennedy held so great a sway as to give rise to the popular rhyme,—

"'Twixt Wigton and the town of Air,
Portpatrick and the Cruives of Cree,
No man need think for to bide there,
Unless he court Saint Kennedie."

Now, Mure of Auchindrane, who had promised himself high advancement by means of his father-in-law Barganie, saw, with envy and resentment, that his influence remained second and inferior to the House of Cassilis, chief of all the Kennedys. The Earl was indeed a minor, but his authority was maintained, and his affairs well managed, by his uncle, Sir Thomas Kennedy of Cullayne, the brother to the deceased Earl, and tutor and guardian to the present. This worthy gentleman supported his nephew's dignity and the credit of the house so effectually, that Barganie's consequence was much thrown into the shade, and the ambitious Auchindrane, his son-in-law, saw no better remedy than to remove so formidable a rival as Cullayne by violent means.

For this purpose, in the year of God 1597, he came with a party of followers to the town of Maybole, (where Sir Thomas Kennedy of Cullayne then resided,) and lay in ambush in an orchard, through which he knew his destined victim was to pass, in returning homewards from a house where he was engaged to sup. Sir Thomas Kennedy came alone, and unattended, when he was suddenly fired upon by Auchindrane and his accomplices, who, having missed their aim, drew their swords, and rushed upon him to slay him. But the party thus assaulted at disadvantage, had the good fortune to hide himself for that time in a ruinous house, where he lay concealed till the inhabitants of the place came to his assistance.

Sir Thomas Kennedy prosecuted Mure for this assault, who, finding himself in danger from the law, made a sort of apology and agreement with the Lord of Cullayne, to whose daughter he united his eldest son, in testimony of the closest friendship in future. This agreement was sincere on the part of Kennedy, who, after it had been entered into, showed himself Auchindrane's friend and assistant on all occasions. But it was most false and treacherous on that of Mure, who continued to nourish the purpose of murdering his new friend and ally on the first opportunity.

Auchindrane's first attempt to effect this, was by means of the young Gilbert Kennedy of Barganie, (for old Barganie, Auchindrane's father-in-law, was dead,) whom he persuaded to brave the Earl of Cassilis, as one who usurped an undue influence over the rest of the name. Accordingly, this hot-headed youth, at the instigation of Auchindrane, rode past the gate of the Earl of Cassilis, without waiting on his chief, or sending him any message of civility. This led to mutual defiance, being regarded by the Earl according to the ideas of the time, as a personal insult. Both parties took the field with their followers, at the head of about two hundred and fifty men on each side. The action which ensued was shorter and less bloody than might have been expected. Young Barganie, with the rashness of headlong courage, and Auchindrane, fired by deadly enmity to the House of Cassilis, made a precipitate attack on the Earl, whose men were strongly posted and under cover. They were received by a heavy fire. Barganie was slain. Mure of Auchindrane, severely wounded in the thigh, became unable to sit his horse, and, the leaders thus slain or disabled, their party drew off without continuing the action. It must be particularly observed, that Sir Thomas Kennedy remained neuter in this quarrel, considering his connexion with Auchindrane as too intimate to be broken even by his desire to assist his nephew.

For this temperate and honourable conduct he met a vile reward; for Auchindrane, in resentment of the loss of his relative Barganie, and the downfall of his ambitious hopes, continued his practices against the life of Sir Thomas of Cullayne, though totally innocent of contributing to either. Chance favoured his wicked purpose.

The Knight of Cullayne, finding himself obliged to go to Edinburgh on a particular day, sent a message by a servant to Mure, in which he told him, in the most unsuspecting confidence, the purpose of his journey, and named the road which he proposed to take, inviting Mure to meet him at Duppill, to the west of the town of Ayr, a place appointed, for the purpose of giving him any commissions which he might have for Edinburgh, and assuring his treacherous ally he would attend to any business which he might have in the Scottish metropolis as anxiously as to his own. Sir Thomas Kennedy's message was carried to the town of Maybole, where his messenger, for some trivial reason, had the import committed to writing by a school-master in that town, and, despatched it to its destination by means of a poor student, named Dalrymple, instead of carrying it to the house of Auchindrane in person.

This suggested to Mure a diabolical plot. Having thus received tidings of Sir Thomas Kennedy's motions, he conceived the infernal purpose of having the confiding friend who sent the information, waylaid and murdered at the place appointed to meet with him, not only in friendship, but for the purpose of rendering him service. He dismissed the messenger Dalrymple, cautioning the lad to carry back the letter to Maybole, and to say that he had not found him, Auchindrane, in his house. Having taken this precaution, he proceeded to instigate the brother of the slain Gilbert of Barganie, Thomas Kennedy of Drum-urghie by name, and Walter Mure of Cloucaird, a kinsman of his own, to take this opportunity of revenging Barganie's death. The fiery young men were easily induced to undertake the crime. They waylaid the unsuspecting Sir Thomas of Cullayne at the place appointed to meet the traitor Auchindrane, and the murderers having in company five or six servants, well mounted and armed, assaulted and cruelly murdered him with many wounds. They then plundered the dead corpse of his purse, containing a thousand merks in gold, cut off the gold buttons which he wore on his coat, and despoiled the body of some valuable rings and jewels.†

* [———Satanas led them on:
Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From Heaven."—*Milton.*]

† ["No papers which have hitherto been discovered appear to afford so striking a picture of the savage state of barbarism into which that country must have sunk, as the following Bond by the Earl of Cassilis, to his brother and her-apparent, Hew, Master of Cassilis. The uncle of these young men, Sir Thomas Kennedy of Culzean, Tutor of Cassilis, as the reader will recollect, was murdered, May 11th, 1602, by Auchindrane's accomplices.

"The Master of Cassilis, for many years previous to that event, was in open hostility to his brother. During all that period, however, the Master maintained habits of the closest intimacy with Auchindrane and his dissolute associates, and actually joined him in various hostile enterprises against his brother the Earl. The occurrence of the Laird of Culzean's murder was embraced by their mutual friends, as a fitting opportunity to effect a permanent reconciliation between the brothers; 'bot' (as 'the Historie of the Kennedies,' p. 59, quaintly informs us) 'the cuntry thocht that he wald not be earnest in that cause, for the auld luff betuix him and Auchindrayne.' The unprincipled Earl, (whose *sobriquet*, and that of some of his ancestors, was *King of Carrick*, to denote the boundless sway which he exercised over his own vassals and the inhabitants of that district,) relying on his brother's necessities, held out the infamous bribe contained in the following Bond, to induce his brother, the Master of Cassilis, to murder his former friend, the old Laird of Auchindrane. Though there be honour among thieves, it would seem that there is none among assassins; for the younger brother insisted upon having the price of blood assured to him by a written document, drawn up in the form of a regular Bond!

"Judging by the Earl's former and subsequent history, he probably thought that, in *either* event, his purposes would be attained, by 'killing two birds with one stone.' On the other hand, however, it is but doing justice to the Master's acuteness, and the experience acquired under his quondam preceptor, Auchindrane, that we should likewise conjecture that, on his part, he would hold firm possession of the Bond, to be used as a checkmate against his brother, should he think fit afterwards to turn his heel upon him, or attempt to betray him into the hands of justice.

"The following is a correct copy of the Bond granted by the Earl:—'We, Johne, Erle of Cassillis, Lord Kennedy, etc., bindis and obliesis us, that howsoevie our broder, Hew Kennedy of Brounstoun, with his complices, takis the Laird of Auchindraneis lyf, that we sall mak guid and thankfull payment to him and theme, of the sowme of twelff hundreth merkis, yeirlie, togidder with

The revenge due for his uncle's murder was keenly pursued by the Earl of Cassilis. As the murderers fled from trial, they were declared outlaws; which doom, being pronounced by three blasts of a horn, was called "being put to the horn, and declared the king's rebel." Mure of Auchindrane was strongly suspected of having been the instigator of the crime. But he conceived there could be no evidence to prove his guilt if he could keep the boy Dalrymple out of the way, who delivered the letter which made him acquainted with Cullayne's journey, and the place at which he meant to halt. On the contrary, he saw, that if the lad could be produced at the trial, it would afford ground of fatal presumption, since it could be then proved that persons so nearly connected with him as Kennedy and Cloncaird had left his house, and committed the murder at the very spot which Cullayne had fixed for their meeting.

To avoid this imminent danger Mure brought Dalrymple to his house, and detained him there for several weeks. But the youth tiring of this confinement, Mure sent him to reside with a friend Montgomery of Skelmorly, who maintained him under a borrowed name, amid the desert regions of the then almost savage island of Arran. Being confident in the absence of this material witness, Auchindrane, instead of flying, like his agents Drumurghie and Cloncaird, presented himself boldly at the bar, demanded a fair trial, and offered his person in combat to the death against any of Lord Cassilis's friends who might impugn his innocence. This audacity was successful, and he was dismissed without trial.

Still, however, Mure did not consider himself safe, so long as Dalrymple was within the realm of Scotland; and the danger grew more pressing, when he learned that the lad had become impatient of the restraint which he sustained in the island of Arran, and returned to some of his friends in Ayrshire. Mure no sooner heard of this than he again obtained possession of the boy's person, and a second time concealed him at Auchindrane, until he found an opportunity to transport him to the Low Countries, where he contrived to have him enlisted in Buccleuch's regiment; trusting, doubtless, that some one of the numerous chances of war might destroy the poor young man whose life was so dangerous to him.

But after five or six years' uncertain safety, bought at the expense of so much violence and cunning, Auchindrane's fears were exasperated into frenzy, when he found this dangerous witness, having escaped from all the perils of climate and battle, had left or been discharged from the Legion of Borderers, and had again accomplished his return to Ayrshire. There is ground to suspect that Dalrymple knew the nature of the hold which he possessed over Auchindrane, and was desirous of extorting from his fears some better provision than he had found either in Arran or the Netherlands. But if so, it was a fatal experiment to tamper with the fears of such a man as Auchindrane, who determined to rid himself effectually of this unhappy young man.

Mure now lodged him in a house of his own, called Chapeldonan, tenanted by a vassal and connexion of his called James Bannatyne. This man he commissioned to meet him at ten o'clock at night on the sea-sands near Girvan, and bring with him the unfortunate Dalrymple, the object of his fear and dread. The victim seems to have come with Bannatyne without the least suspicion, though such might have been raised by the time and place appointed for the meeting. When Bannatyne and Dalrymple came to the appointed spot, Auchindrane met them, accompanied by his eldest son, James. Old Auchindrane, having taken Bannatyne aside, imparted his bloody purpose of ridding himself of Dalrymple for ever, by murdering him on the spot. His own life and honour were, he said, endangered by the manner in which this inconvenient witness repeatedly thrust himself back into Ayrshire, and nothing could secure his safety but taking the lad's life, in which action he requested James Bannatyne's assistance. Bannatyne felt some compunction, and remonstrated against the cruel expedient, saying, it would be better to transport Dalrymple to Ireland, and take precautions against his return. While old Auchindrane seemed disposed to listen to this proposal, his son concluded that the time was come for accomplishing the purpose of their meeting, and, without waiting the termination of his father's conference with Bannatyne, he rushed suddenly on Dalrymple, beat him to the ground, and, kneeling down on him, with his father's assistance accomplished the crime, by strangling the unhappy object of their fear and jealousy. Bannatyne, the witness, and partly the accomplice, of the murder, assisted them in their attempt to make a hole in the sand with a spade which they had brought on purpose, in order to conceal the dead body. But as the tide was coming in, the holes which they made filled with water before they could get the body buried, and the ground seemed, to their terrified consciences, to refuse to be accessory to concealing their crime. Despairing of hiding the corpse in the manner they proposed, the murderers carried it out into the sea as deep as they dared wade, and there abandoned it to the billows, trusting that a wind, which was blowing off the shore, would drive these remains of their crime out to sea, where they would never more be heard of. But the sea, as well as the land, seemed unwilling to conceal their cruelty. After floating for some hours, or days, the dead body was, by the wind and tide, again driven on shore, near the very spot where the murder had been committed.

This attracted general attention, and when the corpse was known to be that of the same William Dalrymple whom Auchindrane had so often spirited out of the country, or concealed here he was in it, a strong and general suspicion arose, that this young person had met with foul play from the bold bad man who had shown himself so much interested in his absence. It was always said, or supposed, that the dead body had bled at the approach of a grandchild of Mure of Auchindrane, a girl who, from curiosity, had come to look at a sight which others crowded to see. The bleeding of a murdered corpse at the touch of the murderer, was a thing at that time so much believed, that it was admitted as a proof of guilt; but I know no case, save that of Auchindrane, in which the phenomenon was supposed to be extended to the approach of the innocent kindred, nor do I think that the fact itself, though mentioned by ancient lawyers, was ever admitted to proof in the proceedings against Auchindrane.

It is certain, however, that Auchindrane found himself so much the object of suspicion from this new crime, that he resolved to fly from justice, and suffer himself to be declared a rebel and outlaw rather than face a trial. But his conduct in preparing to cover his flight with another motive than the real one, is a curious picture of the men and manners of the times. He knew well that if he were to shun his trial for the murder of Dalrymple, the whole country would consider him as a man guilty of a mean and disgraceful crime in putting to death an obscure lad, against whom he had no personal quarrel. He knew, besides, that his powerful friends, who would have interceded for him had his offence been merely burning a house, or killing a neighbour, would not plead for or stand by him in so painful a concern as the slaughter of this wretched wanderer.

Accordingly, Mure sought to provide himself with some ostensible cause for avoiding law, with which the feelings of his kindred and friends might sympathize; and none occurred to him so natural as an assault upon some friend and adherent of the Earl of Cassilis. Should he kill such a one, it would be indeed an unlawful action, but so far from being infamous, would be accounted the natural consequence of the avowed quarrel between the families. With this purpose, Mure, with the assistance of a relative, of whom he seems always to have had some ready to execute his worst purposes, beset Hugh Kennedy of Garrielorne, a follower of the Earl's, against whom they had especial ill-will, fired their pistols at him, and used other means to put him to death. But Garrielorne, a stout hearted man, and well armed, defended himself in a very different manner from the unfortunate Knight of Cullayne, and beat off the assailants, wounding young Auchindrane in the right hand, so that he well nigh lost the use of it.

But though Auchindrane's purpose did not entirely succeed, he availed himself of it to circulate a report, that if he could obtain a pardon for firing upon his feudal enemy with pistols, weapons declared unlawful by act of Parliament, he would willingly stand his trial for the death of Dalrymple, respecting which he protested his total innocence. The King, however, was decidedly of opinion that the Mures, both father and son, were alike guilty of both crimes, and used intercession with the Earl of Abercorn, as a person of power in those western counties, as well as in Ireland, to arrest and transmit them prisoners to Edinburgh. In consequence of the Earl's exertions, old Auchindrane was made prisoner, and lodged in the tolbooth of Edinburgh.

Young Auchindrane no sooner heard that his father was in custody, than he became as apprehensive of Bannatyne, the accomplice in Dalrymple's murder, telling tales, as ever his father had been of Dalrymple. He, therefore, hastened to him, and prevailed on him to pass over for a while to the neighbouring coast of Ireland, finding him money and means to accomplish the voyage, and engaging in the meantime to take care of his affairs in Scotland. Secure, as they thought, in this precaution, old Auchindrane persisted in his innocence, and his son found security to stand his trial. Both appeared with the same confidence at the day appointed, and braved the public justice, hoping to be put to a formal trial, in which Auchindrane reckoned upon an acquittal for want of the evidence which he had removed. The trial was, however, postponed, and Mure the older was dismissed, under high security to return when called for.

But King James, being convinced of the guilt of the accused, ordered young Auchindrane, instead of being sent to trial to be examined under the force of torture, in order to compel him to tell whatever he knew of the things charged against him. He was accordingly severely tortured; but the result only served to show that such examinations are as useless as they are cruel. A man of weak resolution, or of a nervous habit, would probably have assented to any confession, however false, rather than have endured the extremity of fear and pain to which Mure was subjected. But young Auchindrane, a strong and determined ruffian, endured the torture with the utmost firmness, and by the constant audacity with which, in spite of the intolerable pain, he continued to assert his innocence he spread so favourable an opinion of his case, that the detaining him in prison, instead of bringing him to open trial, was censured as severe and oppressive. James, however, remained firmly persuaded of his guilt, and by an exertion of authority quite inconsistent with our present laws, commanded young Auchindrane to be still detained in close custody till further light could be thrown on these dark proceedings. He was detained accordingly by the King's express personal command, and against the opinion even of his privy counsellors. This exertion of authority was much murmured against.

In the meanwhile old Auchindrane, being, as we have seen, at liberty on pledges, skulked about in the west, feeling how little security he had gained by Dalrymple's murder, and that he had placed himself by that crime in the power of Bannatyne, whose evidence concerning the death of Dalrymple could not be less fatal than what Dalrymple might have told concerning Auchindrane's accession to the conspiracy against Sir Thomas Kennedy of Cullayne. But though the event had shown the error of his wicked policy, Auchindrane could think of no better mode in this case than that which had failed in relation to Dalrymple. When any man's life became inconsistent with his own safety, no idea seems to have occurred to this inveterate ruffian, save to murder the person by whom he might himself be in any way endangered. He therefore attempted the life of James Bannatyne by more agents than one. Nay, he had nearly ripened a plan, by which

cause to ser horsis, ay and quhill* we reteraw† thame to houshald with our self; Beginning the first payment immediatlie efter thair committing of the said deid. Attour‡ howsoever we reteraw thame in houshald, we sall pay to the twa serving gentilmen the fois, yeirlie, as our awin houshald servandis. And haiving we oblis us, vpoun our honour. Subscryvit with our hand at Maybole, the first day of September, 1602.

'JOHNE ERLE OFF CASSILLIS.'"

Pitcairn's Criminal Trials of Scotland, vol. iii. p. 603.]

* Aye and until.

† Receive.

‡ Moreover.

one Pennycuke was to be employed to slay Bannatyne, while, after the deed was done, it was devised that Mure of Auchnull, a connexion of Bannatyne, should be instigated to slay Pennycuke; and thus close up this train of murders by one, which, flowing in the ordinary course of deadly feud, should have nothing in it so particular as to attract much attention.

But the justice of Heaven would bear this complicated train of iniquity no longer. Bannatyne, knowing with what sort of men he had to deal, kept on his guard, and, by his caution, disconcerted more than one attempt to take his life, while another miscarried by the remorse of Pennycuke, the agent whom Mure employed. At length Bannatyne, tiring of this state of insecurity, and in despair of escaping such repeated plots, and also feeling remorse for the crime to which he had been accessory, resolved rather to submit himself to the severity of the law, than remain the object of the principal criminal's practices. He surrendered himself to the Earl of Abercorn, and was transported to Edinburgh, where he confessed before the King and council all the particulars of the murder of Dalrymple, and the attempt to hide his body by committing it to the sea.

When Bannatyne was confronted with the two Mures before the Privy Council, they denied with vehemence every part of the evidence he had given, and affirmed that the witness had been bribed to destroy them by a false tale. Bannatyne's behaviour seemed sincere and simple, that of Auchindrane more resolute and crafty. The wretched accomplice fell upon his knees, invoking God to witness that all the land in Scotland could not have bribed him to bring a false accusation against a master whom he had served, loved, and followed in so many dangers, and calling upon Auchindrane to honour God by confessing the crime he had committed. Mure the elder, on the other hand, boldly replied, that he hoped God would not so far forsake him as to permit him to confess a crime of which he was innocent, and exhorted Bannatyne in his turn to confess the practices by which he had been induced to devise such falsehoods against him.

The two Mures, father and son, were therefore put upon their solemn trial, along with Bannatyne, in 1611, and, after a great deal of evidence had been brought in support of Bannatyne's confession, all three were found guilty.* The elder Auchindrane was convicted of counselling and directing the murder of Sir Thomas Kennedy of Cullayne, and also of the actual murder of the lad Dalrymple. Bannatyne and the younger Mure were found guilty of the latter crime, and all three were sentenced to be beheaded. Bannatyne, however, the accomplice, received the King's pardon, in consequence of his voluntary surrender and confession. The two Mures were both executed. The younger was affected by the remonstrances of the clergy who attended him, and he confessed the guilt of which he was accused. The father, also, was at length brought to avow the fact, but in other respects died as impenitent as he had lived;—and so ended this dark and extraordinary tragedy.

The Lord Advocate of the day, Sir Thomas Hamilton, afterwards successively Earl of Melrose and of Haddington, seems to have busied himself much in drawing up a statement of this foul transaction, for the purpose of vindicating to the people of Scotland the severe course of justice observed by King James VI. He assumes the task in a high tone of prerogative law, and, on the whole, seems at a loss whether to attribute to Providence, or to his most Sacred Majesty, the greatest share in bringing to light these mysterious villanies, but rather inclines to the latter opinion. There is, I believe, no printed copy of the intended tract, which seems never to have been published; but the curious will be enabled to judge of it, as it appears in the next *fasciculus* of Mr. Robert Pitcairn's very interesting publications from the Scottish Criminal Record.†

The family of Auchindrane did not become extinct on the death of the two homicides. The last descendant existed in the eighteenth century, a poor and distressed man. The following anecdote shows that he had a strong feeling of his situation.

There was in front of the old castle a huge ash-tree, called the Dule-tree (*mourning-tree*) of Auchindrane, probably because it was the place where the Baron executed the criminals who fell under his jurisdiction. It is described as having been the finest tree of the neighbourhood. This last representative of the family of Auchindrane had the misfortune to be arrested for payment of a small debt; and, unable to discharge it, was preparing to accompany the messenger (bailiff) to the jail of Ayr. The servant of the law had compassion for his prisoner, and offered to accept of this remarkable tree as of value adequate to the discharge of the debt. "What!" said the debtor: "Sell the Dule-tree of Auchindrane! I will sooner die in the worst dungeon of your prison." In this luckless character the line of Auchindrane ended. The family, blackened with the crimes of its predecessors, became extinct, and the estate passed into other hands.

* ["After the pronuncing and declairing of the quhilk determination and delyuerance of the saidis persones of Assyse, 'The Justice, in respect thairof, ordaynit the mooth of Alexander Kennydie, dempster of Court, decernit and adiudget the saidis Johnne Mure of Auchindrane elder, James Mure of Auchindrane younger, his eldest sone and appeirand air, and James Bannatyne, callit of Chapel-Donane, and ilk ane of thame, to be tane to the mercat croce of the burcht of Edinburgh, and thair, upone ane scaffold, their heidis to be strukin frome thair bodeyis: And all thair landis, heritages, takis, steidingis, rowmes, possessiones, teyndis, colmes, cattell, insicht plenising, guidis, geir, tytillis, profieltis, commoditeis, and richtis quhatsumeuir, directlie or indirectlie pertening to thame, or ony of thame, at the committing of the saidis tressonabill murthouris, or sensyne; or to the quilkis thay, or ony of thame, had richt, claim, or actioun, to be forfalt, escheit, and inbrocht to our soueraine lordis vse; as culpable and convict of the saidis tressonabill crymes.'

"Quhilk, was pronunced for Dome."

Pitcairn's Criminal Trials, vol. iii. p. 156.]

† [See an article in the Quarterly Review, February, 1831, on Mr. Pitcairn's valuable collection, where Sir Walter Scott particularly dwells on the original documents connected with the story of Auchindrane; and where Mr. Pitcairn's important services to the history of his profession, and of Scotland, are justly characterised.]

AUCHINDRANE,

OR,

THE AYRSHIRE TRAGEDY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JOHN MURE OF AUCHINDRANE, *an Ayrshire Baron. He has been a follower of the Regent, Earl of Morton, during the Civil Wars, and hides an oppressive, ferocious, and unscrupulous disposition, under some pretences to strictness of life and doctrine, which, however, never influence his conduct. He is in danger from the law, owing to his having been formerly active in the assassination of the Earl of Cassilis.*

PHILIP MURE, *his son, a wild, debauched Profligate, professing and practising a contempt for his Father's hypocrisy, while he is as fierce and licentious as Auchindrane himself.*

GIFFORD, *their Relation, a Courtier.*

QUENTIN BLANE, *a Youth, educated for a Clergyman, but sent by* AUCHINDRANE *to serve in a Band of Auxiliaries in the Wars of the Netherlands, and lately employed as Clerk or Comptroller to the Regiment—Disbanded, however, and on his return to his native Country. He is of a mild, gentle, and rather feeble character, liable to be influenced by any person of stronger mind who will take the trouble to direct him. He is somewhat of a nervous temperament, varying from sadness to gayety, according to the impulse of the moment; an amiable hypochondriac.*

HILDEBRAND, *a stout old Englishman, who by dint of courage, has raised himself to the rank of Sergeant-Major, (then of greater consequence than at present.) He, too, has been disbanded, but cannot bring himself to believe that he has lost his command over his Regiment.*

ABRAHAM,
WILLIAMS,
JENKIN,
And Others,
Private dismissed from the same Regiment in which QUENTIN *and* HILDEBRAND *had served. These are mutinous, and are much disposed to remember former quarrels with their late Officers.*

NIEL MACLELLAN, *Keeper of Auchindrane's Forest and Game.*

EARL OF DUNBAR, *commanding an Army as Lieutenant of James I., for execution of Justice on Offenders.*

Guards, Attendants, &c. &c.

MARIGO, *Wife of* NIEL MACLELLAN.

ISABEL, *their Daughter, a Girl of six years old.*

Other Children and Peasant Women.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A rocky Bay on the Coast of Carrick, in Ayrshire, not far from the Point of Turnberry. The Sea comes in upon a bold rocky Shore. The remains of a small half-ruined Tower are seen on the right hand, overhanging the Sea. There is a Vessel at a distance in the offing. A Boat at the bottom of the Stage lands eight or ten Persons, dressed like disbanded, and in one or two cases like disabled Soldiers. They come straggling forward carrying their knapsacks and bundles. HILDEBRAND, *the Sergeant, belonging to the Party, a stout elderly man, stands by the boat, as if superintending the disembarkation.* QUENTIN *remains apart.*

ABRAHAM.

Farewell, the flats of Holland, and right welcome
The cliffs of Scotland! Fare thee well, black beer
And Schiedam gin! and welcome twopenny,
Oatcakes, and usquebaugh!

WILLIAMS (*who wants an arm.*)

Farewell, the gallant field, and "Forward, pikemen!"
For the bridge-end, the suburb, and the lane;
And, "Bless your honour, noble gentleman,
Remember a poor soldier!"

ABRAHAM.

My tongue shall never need to smooth itself
To such poor sounds, while it can boldly say,
"Stand and deliver!"

WILLIAMS.

Hush, the sergeant hears you!

ABRAHAM.

And let him hear; he makes a bustle yonder,
And dreams of his authority, forgetting
We are disbanded men, o'er whom his halbert
Has not such influence as the beadle's baton.
We are no soldiers now, but every one
The lord of his own person.

WILLIAMS.

A wretched lordship—and our freedom such
As that of the old cart-horse, when the owner
Turns him upon the common. I for one
Will still continue to respect the sergeant,
And the comptroller too,—while the cash lasts.

ABRAHAM.

I scorn them both. I am too stout a Scotsman
To bear a Southron's rule an instant longer
Than discipline obliges; and for Quentin,
Quentin the quillman, Quentin the comptroller,
We have no regiment now; or, if we had,
Quentin's no longer clerk to it.

WILLIAMS.

For shame! for shame! What, shall old comrades jar thus,
And on the verge of parting, and for ever!—
Nay, keep thy temper, Abraham, though a bad one.—
Good Master Quentin, let thy song last night
Give us once more our welcome to old Scotland.

ABRAHAM.

Ay, they sing light whose task is telling money,
When dollars chink for chorus.

QUENTIN.

I've done with counting silver,* honest Abraham;

* [MS.—"'ve done with counting dollars," &c.]

As thou, I fear, with pouching thy small share on't.
But lend your voices, lads, and I will sing
As blithely yet as if a town were won;
As if upon a field of battle gain'd,
Our banners waved victorious.

[*He sings, and the rest bear chorus.*

SONG.

Hither we come,
Once slaves to the drum,
But no longer we list to its rattle;
Adieu to the wars,
With their slashes and scars,
The march, and the storm, and the battle.

There are some of us maim'd,
And some that are lame,
And some of old aches are complaining;
But we'll take up the tools,
Which we flung by like fools,
'Gainst Don Spaniard to go a-campaigning.

Dick Hathorn doth vow
To return to the plough,
Jack Steele to his anvil and hammer;
The weaver shall find room
At the wight-wapping loom,
And your clerk shall teach writing and grammar

ABRAHAM.

And this is all that thou canst do, gay Quentin?
To swagger o'er a herd of parish brats,
Cut cheese or dibble onions with thy poniard,
And turn the sheath into a ferula?

QUENTIN.

I am the prodigal in holy writ;
I cannot work,—to beg I am ashamed.
Besides, good mates, I care not who may know it,
I'm e'en as fairly tired of this same fighting,
As the poor cur that's worried in the shambles
By all the mastiff dogs of all the butchers;
Wherefore, farewell sword, poniard, petronel,
And welcome poverty and peaceful labour.

ABRAHAM.

Clerk Quentin, if of fighting thou art tired,
By my good word, thou'rt quickly satisfied,
For thou'st seen but little on't.

WILLIAMS.

Thou dost belie him—I have seen him fight
Bravely enough for one in his condition.

ABRAHAM.

What he? that counter-casting, smock-faced boy?
What was he but the colonel's scribbling drudge,
With men of straw to stuff the regiment roll;
With cipherings unjust to cheat his comrades,
And cloak false musters for our noble captain?
He bid farewell to sword and petronel!
He should have said, farewell my pen and standish.
These, with the rosin used to hide erasures,
Were the best friends he left in camp behind him.

QUENTIN.

The sword you scoff at is not far, but scorns
The threats of an unmanner'd mutineer.

SERGEANT (*interposes.*)

We'll have no brawling—Shall it e'er be said,
That being comrades six long years together,
While gulping down the frowsy fogs of Holland,
We tilted at each other's throats so soon
As the first draught of native air refresh'd them?
No! by Saint Dunstan, I forbid the combat.
You all, methinks, do know this trusty halberd;
For I opine, that every back amongst you
Hath felt the weight of the tough ashen staff,
Endlong or overthwart. Who is it wishes
A remembrancer now? [*Raises his halberd.*

ABRAHAM.

Comrades, have you ears
To hear the old man bully? Eyes to see
His staff rear'd o'er your heads, as o'er the hounds
The huntsman cracks his whip?

WILLIAMS.

Well said—stout Abraham has the right on't.—
I tell thee, sergeant, we do reverence thee,
And pardon the rash humours thou hast caught,
Like wiser men, from thy authority.
'Tis ended, howsoe'er, and we'll not suffer
A word of sergeantry, or halberd-staff,
Nor the most petty threat of discipline.
If thou wilt lay aside thy pride of office,
And drop thy wont of swaggering and commanding,
Thou art our comrade still for good or evil.
Else take thy course apart, or with the clerk there—
A sergeant thou, and he being all thy regiment.

SERGEANT.

Is't come to this, false knaves? And think you not,
That if you bear a name o'er other soldiers,
It was because you follow'd to the charge
One that had zeal and skill enough to lead you
Where fame was won by danger?

WILLIAMS.

We grant thy skill in leading, noble sergeant;
Witness some empty boots and sleeves amongst us,
Which else had still been tenanted with limbs
In the full quantity; and for the arguments
With which you used to back our resolution,
Our shoulders do record them. At a word,
Will you conform, or must we part our company?

SERGEANT.

Conform to you? Base dogs! I would not leave you
A bolt-flight farther to be made a general.
Mean mutineers! when you swill'd off the dregs
Of my poor sea-stores, it was, "Noble Sergeant—
Heaven bless old Hildebrand—we'll follow him,
At least, until we safely see him lodged
Within the merry bounds of his own England!"

WILLIAMS.

Ay, truly, sir; but, mark, the ale was mighty,
And the Geneva potent. Such stout liquor
Makes violent protestations. Skink it round,
If you have any left, to the same tune,
And we may find a chorus for it still.

ABRAHAM.

We lose our time.—Tell us at once, old man,
If thou wilt march with us, or stay with Quentin?

SERGEANT.

Out, mutineers! Dishonour dog your heels!

ABRAHAM.

Wilful will have his way. Adieu, stout Hildebrand

[*The Soldiers go off laughing, and taking leave with mockery, of the* SERGEANT *and* QUENTIN *who remain on the Stage.*

SERGEANT (*after a pause.*)

Fly you not with the rest?—fail you to follow
Yon goodly fellowship and fair example?
Come, take your wild-goose flight. I know you Scots
Like your own sea-fowl, seek your course together

QUENTIN.

Faith, a poor heron I, who wing my flight
In loneliness, or with a single partner;
And right it is that I should seek for solitude,
Bringing but evil luck on them I herd with.

SERGEANT.

Thou'rt thankless. Had we landed on the coast,
Where our course bore us, thou wert far from home
But the fierce wind that drove us round the island
Barring each port and inlet that we aim'd at,
Hath wafted thee to harbour; for I judge
This is thy native land we disembark on.

QUENTIN.

True, worthy friend. Each rock, each stream I look on,
Each bosky wood, and every frowning tower,
Awakens some young dream of infancy.
Yet such is my hard hap, I might more safely
Have look'd on Indian cliffs, or Afric's deserts,
Than on my native shores. I'm like a babe,
Doom'd to draw poison from my nurse's bosom.

SERGEANT.

Thou dreamest, young man. Unreal terrors haunt
As I have noted, giddy brains like thine—
Flighty, poetic, and imaginative—
To whom a minstrel whim gives idle rapture,
And, when it fades, fantastic misery.

QUENTIN.

But mine is not fantastic. I can tell thee,
Since I have known thee still my faithful friend
In part at least the dangerous plight I stand in.

SERGEANT.

And I will hear thee willingly, the rather
That I would let these vagabonds march on,
Nor join their troop again. Besides, good sooth,
I'm wearied with the toil of yesterday,
And revel of last night.—And I may aid thee;
Yes, I may aid thee, comrade, and perchance
Thou mayst advantage me.

QUENTIN.

May it prove well for both!—But note, my friend,
I can but intimate my mystic story.
Some of it lies so secret,—even the winds
That whistle round us must not know the whole—
An oath!—an oath!———

SERGEANT.

That must be kept, of course.
I ask but that which thou mayst freely tell.

QUENTIN.

I was an orphan boy, and first saw light
Not far from where we stand—my lineage low,
But honest in its poverty. A lord,
The master of the soil for many a mile,
Dreaded and powerful, took a kindly charge
For my advance in letters, and the qualities
Of the poor orphan lad drew some applause.
The knight was proud of me, and, in his halls,
I had such kind of welcome as the great
Give to the humble, whom they love to point to
As objects not unworthy their protection,
Whose progress is some honour to their patron—
A care was spoken of, which I might serve,
My manners, doctrine, and acquirements fitting.

SERGEANT.

Hitherto thy luck
Was of the best, good friend. Few lords had cared,
If thou couldst read thy grammar or thy psalter.
Thou hadst been valued couldst thou scour a harness,
And dress a steed distinctly.

QUENTIN.

My old master
Held different doctrine, at least it seem'd so—
But he was mix'd in many a deadly feud—
And here my tale grows mystic. I became,
Unwitting and unwilling, the depositary
Of a dread secret, and the knowledge on't
Has wreck'd my peace for ever. It became
My patron's will, that I, as one who knew
More than I should, must leave the realm of Scotland,
And live or die within a distant land.*

SERGEANT.

Ah! thou hast done a fault in some wild raid,
As you wild Scotsmen call them.

QUENTIN.

Comrade, nay;
Mine was a peaceful part, and happ'd by chance.
I must not tell you more. Enough, my presence
Brought danger to my benefactor's house.
Tower after tower conceal'd me, willing still
To hide my ill-omen'd face with owls and ravens,†
And let my patron's safety be the purchase
Of my severe and desolate captivity.
So thought I, when dark Arran, with its walls
Of native rock, enclosed me. There I lurk'd,
A peaceful stranger amid armed clans,
Without a friend to love or to defend me,
Where all beside were link'd by close alliances.
At length I made my option to take service
In that same legion of auxiliaries
In which we lately served the Belgian.
Our leader, stout Montgomery, hath been kind
Through full six years of warfare, and assign'd me
More peaceful tasks than the rough front of war,
For which my education little suited me.

SERGEANT.

Ay, therein was Montgomery kind indeed;
Nay, kinder than you think, my simple Quentin.
The letters which you brought to the Montgomery
Pointed to thrust thee on some desperate service,
Which should most likely end thee.

QUENTIN.

Bore I such letters?—Surely, comrade, no.
Full deeply was the writer bound to aid me.
Perchance he only meant to prove my mettle;
And it was but a trick of my bad fortune
That gave his letters ill interpretation.

SERGEANT.

Ay, but thy better angel wrought for good,
Whatever ill thy evil fate designed thee.
Montgomery pitied thee, and changed thy service
In the rough field for labour in the tent,
More fit for thy green years and peaceful habits.

QUENTIN.

Even there his well-meant kindness injured me.
My comrades hated, undervalued me,
And whatsoe'er of service I could do them,
They guerdon'd with ingratitude and envy—
Such my strange doom, that if I serve a man
At deepest risk, he is my foe for ever!

SERGEANT.

Hast thou worse fate than others if it were so?
Worse even than me, thy friend, thine officer,
Whom yon ungrateful slaves have pitch'd ashore
As wild waves heap the sea-weed on the beach,
And left him here, as if he had the pest
Of leprosy, and death were in his company?

QUENTIN.

They think at least you have the worst of plagues,
The worst of leprosies,—they think you poor.

SERGEANT.

They think like lying villains then. I'm rich,
And they too might have felt it. I've a thought—
But stay—what plans your wisdom for yourself?

QUENTIN.

My thoughts are wellnigh desperate. But I purpose
Return to my stern patron—there to tell him
That wars, and winds, and waves, have cross'd his pleasure,
And cast me on the shore from whence he banish'd me.
Then let him do his will, and destine for me
A dungeon or a grave.

SERGEANT.

Now, by the rood, thou art a simple fool!
I can do better for thee. Mark me, Quentin,
I took my license from the noble regiment,
Partly that I was worn with age and warfare,
Partly that an estate of yeomanry,
Of no great purchase, but enough to live on,
Has call'd me owner since a kinsman's death.
It lies in merry Yorkshire, where the wealth
Of fold and furrow, proper to Old England,
Stretches by streams which walk no sluggish pace,
But dance as light as yours. Now, good friend Quentin,
This copyhold can keep two quiet inmates,
And I am childless. Wilt thou be my son?

QUENTIN.

Nay, you can only jest, my worthy friend!
What claim have I to be a burden to you?

SERGEANT.

The claim of him that wants, and is in danger,
On him that has, and can afford protection:
Thou wouldst not fear a foeman in my cottage,
Where a stout mastiff slumber'd on the hearth,
And this good halberd hung above the chimney?
But come—I have it—thou shalt earn thy bread

* [MS.—*Quentin.* "My short tale
Grows mystic now. Among the deadly feuds
Which curse our country, something once it chanced
That I, unwilling and unwitting, witnessed;
And it became my benefactor's will,
That I should breathe the air of other climes."]

† [The MS. here adds:
"And then wild Arran with its darksome { cleft / walls
Of naked rock received me; till at last
I yielded to take service in the legion
Which lately has discharged us. Stout Montgomery,
Our colonel, hath been kind through five years' warfare."]

Duly, and honourably, and usefully.
Our village schoolmaster hath left the parish,
Forsook the ancient schoolhouse with its yew-trees,
That lurk'd beside a church two centuries older,—
So long devotion took the lead of knowledge;
And since his little flock are shepherdless,
'Tis thou shalt be promoted in his room;
And rather than thou wantest scholars, man,
Myself will enter pupil. Better late,
Our proverb says, than never to do well.
And look you, on the holydays I'd tell
To all the wondering boors and gaping children,
Strange tales of what the regiment did in Flanders,
And thou should'st say Amen, and be my warrant,
That I speak truth to them.

QUENTIN.

Would I might take thy offer! But, alas!
Thou art the hermit who compell'd a pilgrim,
In name of Heaven and heavenly charity,
To share his roof and meal, but found too late
That he had drawn a curse on him and his,
By sheltering a wretch foredoom'd of heaven!

SERGEANT.

Thou talk'st in riddles to me.

QUENTIN.

If I do,
'Tis that I am a riddle to myself.
Thou know'st I am by nature born a friend
To glee and merriment; can make wild verses;
The jest or laugh has never stopp'd with me,
When once 'twas set a rolling.

SERGEANT.

I have known thee
A blithe companion still, and wonder now
Thou shouldst become thus crest-fallen.

QUENTIN.

Does the lark sing her descant when the falcon
Scales the blue vault with bolder wing than hers,
And meditates a stoop? The mirth thou'st noted
Was all deception, fraud—Hated enough
For other causes, I did veil my feelings
Beneath the mask of mirth,—laugh'd, sung, and carell'd,
To gain some interest in my comrades' bosoms,
Although mine own was bursting.

SERGEANT.

Thou'rt a hypocrite
Of a new order.

QUENTIN.

But harmless as the innoxious snake,
Which bears the adder's form, lurks in his haunts,
Yet neither hath his fang-teeth nor his poison.
Look you, kind Hildebrand, I would seem merry,
Lest other men should, tiring of my sadness,
Expel me from them, as the hunted wether
Is driven from the flock.

SERGEANT.

Faith, thou hast borne it bravely out.
Had I been ask'd to name the merriest fellow
Of all our muster-roll—that man wert thou.

QUENTIN.

See'st thou, my friend, yon brook dance down the valley,
And sing blithe carols over broken rock
And tiny waterfall, kissing each shrub
And each gay flower it nurses in its passage,—
Where, think'st thou, is its source, the bonny brook?—
It flows from forth a cavern, black and gloomy,
Sullen and sunless, like this heart of mine,
Which others see in a false glare of gayety,
Which I have laid before you in its sadness.

SERGEANT.

If such wild fancies dog thee, wherefore leave
The trade where thou wert safe midst others' dangers,
And venture to thy native land, where fate
Lies on the watch for thee? Had old Montgomery
Been with the regiment, thou hadst had no cougé.

QUENTIN.

No, 'tis most likely—But I had a hope,
A poor vain hope, that I might live obscurely
In some far corner of my native Scotland,
Which, of all others, splinter'd into districts,
Differing in manners, families, even language,
Seem'd a safe refuge for the humble wretch,
Whose highest hope was to remain unheard of.
But fate has baffled me—the winds and waves,
With force resistless, have impell'd me hither—
Have driven me to the clime most dang'rous to me
And I obey the call, like the hurt deer,
Which seeks instinctively his native lair,
Though his heart tells him it is but to die there.

SERGEANT.

'Tis false, by Heaven, young man! This same despair,
Though showing resignation in its banner,
Is but a kind of covert cowardice.
Wise men have said, that though our stars incline,
They cannot force us—Wisdom is the pilot,
And if he cannot cross, he may evade them.
You lend an ear to idle auguries,
The fruits of our last revels—still most sad
Under the gloom that follows boisterous mirth,
As earth looks blackest after brilliant sunshine.

QUENTIN.

No, by my honest word. I join'd the revel,
And aided it with laugh, and song, and shout,
But my heart revell'd not; and, when the mirth
Was at the loudest, on yon galliot's prow
I stood unmark'd, and gazed upon the land,
My native land—each cape and cliff I knew.
"Behold me now," I said, "your destined victim!"
So greets the sentenced criminal the headsman,
Who slow approaches with his lifted axe.
"Hither I come," I said, "ye kindred hills,
Whose darksome outline in a distant land
Haunted my slumbers: here I stand, thou ocean,
Whose hoarse voice, murmuring in my dreams, required me;
See me now here, ye winds, whose plaintive wail,
On yonder distant shores, appear'd to call me—
Summon'd, behold me." And the winds and waves,
And the deep echoes of the distant mountain
Made answer—"Come, and die!"

SERGEANT.

Fantastic all! Poor boy, thou art distracted.
With the vain terrors of some feudal tyrant,
Whose frown hath been from infancy thy bugbear
Why seek his presence?

QUENTIN.

Wherefore does the moth
Fly to the scorching taper? Why the bird,
Dazzled by lights at midnight, seek the net?
Why does the prey, which feels the fascination
Of the snake's glaring eye, drop in his jaws?

SERGEANT.

Such wild examples but refute themselves.
Let bird, let moth, let the coil'd adder's prey,
Resist the fascination and be safe.
Thou goest not near this Baron—if thou goest,
I will go with thee. Known in many a field,
Which he in a whole life of petty feud
Has never dream'd of, I will teach the knight
To rule him in this matter—be thy warrant,
That far from him, and from his petty fordship,
You shall henceforth tread English land, and never
Thy presence shall alarm his conscience more.

QUENTIN.

'Twere desperate risk for both. I will far rather
Hastily guide thee through this dangerous province
And seek thy school, thy yew-trees, and thy church-yard;—
The last, perchance, will be the first I find.

SERGEANT.

I would rather face him,
Like a bold Englishman that knows his right,
And will stand by his friend. And yet 'tis folly—
Fancies like these are not to be resisted;

'Tis better to escape them. Many a presage,
Tho' nobly braved, becomes its own accomplishment.
Then let us go—but whither? My old head
Anbistic knows where it shall lie to-night,
As yonder mutineers that left their officer,
Shrinkless of his quarters as these billows,
That have the withered sea-weed on the beach,
And care not where they pile it.

QUENTIN.

Think not for that, good friend. We are in Scotland,
And if it is not varied from its wont,
Each cot, that sends a curl of smoke to heaven,
Will yield a stranger quarters for the night,
Simply because he needs them.

SERGEANT.

But are there none within an easy walk
Give lodgings here for hire? for I have left
Some of the Don's piastres, (though I kept
The secret from you gulls,) and I had rather
Pay the fair reckoning I can well afford,
And my host takes with pleasure, than I'd cumber
Some poor man's roof with me and all my wants,
And tax his charity beyond discretion.

QUENTIN.

Some six miles hence there is a town and hostelry—
But you are wayworn, and it is most likely
Our comrades must have fill'd it.

SERGEANT.

Out upon them!—
Were there a friendly mastiff who would lend me
Half of his supper, half of his poor kennel,
I would help Honesty to pick his bones,
And share his straw, far rather than I'd sup
On jolly fare with these base varlets!

QUENTIN.

We'll manage better; for our Scottish dogs,
Though stout and trusty, are but ill-instructed
In hospitable rights.—Here is a maiden,
A little maid, will tell us of the country,
And sorely it is changed since I have left it,
If we should fail to find a harbourage.

Enter ISABEL MACLELLAN, *a girl of about six years old, bearing a milk-pail on her head: she stops on seeing the* SERGEANT *and* QUENTIN.

QUENTIN.

There's something in her look that doth remind me—
But 'tis not wonder I find recollections
In all that here I look on.—Pretty maid—

SERGEANT.

You're slow, and hesitate. I will be spokesman.—
Good even, my pretty maiden—canst thou tell us,
Is there a Christian house would render strangers,
For love or guerdon, a night's meal and lodging?

ISABEL.

Full sweetly, sir; we dwell in yon old house
Upon the cliff—they call it Chapeldonan.
[*Points to the building.*
Our house is large enough, and if our supper
Chance to be scant, you shall have half of mine,
For, as I think, sir, you have been a soldier.
Up yonder lies our house—I'll trip before,
And tell my mother she has guests a-coming:
The path is something steep, but you shall see
I'll be there first—I must chain up the dogs, too;
Nimrod and Bloodyfass are cross to strangers,
But gentle when you know them.
[*Exit, and is seen partially ascending to the Castle.*

SERGEANT.

You have spoke.
Your country folk aright, both for the dogs
And for the people.—We had luck to light
On one too young for cunning and for selfishness.—
He's in a reverie—a deep one sure,
Since the gibe on his country wakes him not.—
Bestir thee, Quentin!

QUENTIN.

'Twas a wondrous likeness.

SERGEANT.

Likeness! of whom? I'll warrant thee of one
Whom thou hast loved and lost.—Such fantasies
Live long in brains like thine, which fashion visions
Of we and death when they are cross'd in love,
As most men are or have been.

QUENTIN.

Thy guess hath touch'd me, though it is but slightly
'Mongst other woes: I knew, in former days,
A maid that view'd me with some glance of favour;
But my fate carried me to other shores,
And she has since been wedded. I did think on't
But as a bubble burst, a rainbow vanish'd;
It adds no deeper shade to the dark gloom
Which chills the springs of hope and life within me.
Our guide hath got a trick of voice and feature
Like to the maid I spoke of—that is all.

SERGEANT.

She bounds before us like a gamesome doe,
Or rather, as the rock-bred eaglet soars
Up to her nest, as if she rose by will
Without an effort. Now a Netherlander,
One of our Frogland friends, viewing the scene,
Would take his oath that tower, and rock, and maiden,
Were forms too light and lofty to be real,
And only some delusion of the fancy,
Such as men dream at sunset. I myself
Have kept the level ground so many years,
I have wellnigh forgot the art to climb,
Unless assisted by thy younger arm.
[*They go off as if to ascend to the Tower, the* SERGEANT *leaning upon* QUENTIN.

SCENE II.

Scene changes to the Front of the Old Tower.

ISABEL *comes forward with her Mother,—*MARION, *speaking as they advance.*

MARION.

I blame thee not, my child, for bidding wanderers
Come share our food and shelter, if thy father
Were here to welcome them; but, Isabel,
He waits upon his lord at Auchindrane,
And comes not home to-night.

ISABEL.

What then, my mother?
The travellers do not ask to see my father—
Food, shelter, rest, is all the poor men want,
And we can give them these without my father.

MARION.

Thou canst not understand, nor I explain,
Why a lone female asks not visitants
What thus her husband's absent. (*Apart.*)—My poor child,
And if thou'rt wedded to a jealous husband,
Thou'lt know too soon the cause.

ISABEL (*partly overhearing what her mother says.*)

Ay, but I know already—Jealousy
Is, when my father chides, and you sit weeping.

MARION.

Out, little spy—thy father never chides:
Or, if he does, 'tis when his wife deserves it.—
But to our strangers; they are old men, Isabel,
That seek this shelter?—are they not?

ISABEL.

One is old—
Old as this tower of ours, and worn like that,
Bearing deep marks of battles long since fought.

MARION.

Some remnant of the wars—he's welcome, surely:
Bringing no quality along with him
Which can alarm suspicion.—Well, the other?

ISABEL.

A young man, gentle-voiced and gentle-eyed,
Who looks and speaks like one the world has frown'd on;

* [MS.—"Gallant and grim, may be but ill-instructed."]

But smiles when you smile, seeming that he feels
Joy in your joy, though he himself is sad.
Brown hair, and downcast looks.

MARION (*alarmed.*)

Tis but an idle thought—it cannot be! [*Listens.*
I hear his accents—It is all too true—
My terrors were prophetic!
I'll compose myself,
And then accost him firmly. Thus it must be.
[*She retires hastily into the Tower.*
[*The voices of the* SERGEANT *and* QUENTIN *are heard ascending behind the Scenes.*

QUENTIN.

One effort more—we stand upon the level.
I've seen thee work thee up glacis and cavalier
Steeper than this ascent, when cannon, culverine,
Musket, and hackbut, shower'd their shot upon thee,
And form'd with ceaseless blaze, a fiery garland
Round the defences of the post you storm'd.
[*They come on the Stage, and at the same time* MARION *re-enters from the Tower.*

SERGEANT.

Truly thou speak'st. I am the tardier,
That I, in climbing hither, miss the fire,
Which wont to tell me there was death in loitering.—
Here stands, methinks, our hostess.
[*He goes forward to address* MARION. QUENTIN, *struck on seeing her, keeps back.*

SERGEANT.

Kind dame, yon little lass has brought you strangers,
Willing to be a trouble, not a charge to you.
We are disbanded soldiers, but have means
Ample enough to pay our journey homeward.

MARION.

We keep no house of general entertainment,
But know our duty, sir, to locks like yours,
Whiten'd and thinn'd by many a long campaign.
Ill chances that my husband should be absent—
(*Apart.*)—Courage alone can make me struggle through it—
For in your comrade, though he hath forgot me,
I spy a friend whom I have known in school-days,
And whom I think MacLellan well remembers.
[*She goes up to* QUENTIN.
You see a woman's memory
Is faithfuller than yours; for Quentin Blane
Hath not a greeting left for Marion Harkness.

QUENTIN (*with effort.*)

I seek, indeed, my native land, good Marion,
But mark it like a stranger.—All is changed,
And thou thyself—

MARION.

You left a giddy maiden,
And find, on your return, a wife and mother.
Thine old acquaintance, Quentin, is my mate—
Stout Niel MacLellan, ranger to our lord,
The Knight of Auchindrane. He's absent now,
But will rejoice to see his former comrade,
If, as I trust, you tarry his return.
(*Apart.*) Heaven grant he understand my words by contraries!
He must remember Niel and he were rivals;
He must remember Niel and he were foes;
He must remember Niel is warm of temper,
And think, instead of welcome, I would blithely
Bid him, God speed you. But he is as simple
And void of guile as ever.

QUENTIN.

Marion, I gladly rest within your cottage,
And gladly wait return of Niel MacLellan,
To clasp his hand, and wish him happiness.
Some rising feelings might perhaps prevent this—
But 'tis a peevish part to grudge our friends
Their share of fortune because we have miss'd it;
I can wish others joy, and happiness,
Though I must ne'er partake them.

MARION.

But if it grieve you—

QUENTIN.

No, do not fear. The brightest gleams of hope
That shine on me are such as are reflected
From those which shine on others.
[*The* SERGEANT *and* QUENTIN *enter the Tower with the little Girl.*

MARION (*comes forward and speaks in agitation.*)

Even so! the simple youth has miss'd my meaning.
I shame to make it plainer, or to say,
In one brief word, Pass on—Heaven guide the bark,
For we are on the breakers! [*Exit into the Tower.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A withdrawing apartment in the Castle of Auchindrane. Servants place a Table with a flask of Wine and Drinking-cups.

Enter MURE *of* AUCHINDRANE, *with* ALBERT GIFFORD, *his Relation and Visiter. They place themselves by the Table after some complimentary ceremony. At some distance, is heard the noise of revelling.*

AUCHINDRANE.

We're better placed for confidential talk,
Than in the hall, fill'd with disbanded soldiers,
And fools and fiddlers gather'd on the highway,—
The worthy guests whom Philip crowds my hall with,
And with them spends his evening.

GIFFORD.

But think you not, my friend, that your son Philip
Should be participant of these our councils,
Being so deeply mingled in the danger—
Your house's only heir—your only son?

AUCHINDRANE.

Kind cousin Gifford, if thou lack'st good counsel
At race, at cockpit, or at gambling table,
Or any freak by which men cheat themselves
As well of life, as of the means to live,
Call for assistance upon Philip Mure;
But in all serious parley spare invoking him.

GIFFORD.

You speak too lightly of my cousin Philip;
All name him brave in arms.

AUCHINDRANE.

A second Bevis;
But I, my youth bred up in graver fashions,
Mourn o'er the mode of life in which he spends,
Or rather dissipates, his time and substance.
No vagabond escapes his search—The soldier
Spurn'd from the service, henceforth to be a ruffian
Upon his own account, is Philip's comrade;
The fiddler, whose crack'd crowd has still three strings on't;
The balladeer, whose voice has still two notes left;
Whate'er is roguish and whate'er is vile,
Are welcome to the board of Auchindrane,
And Philip will return them shout for shout,
And pledge for jovial pledge, and song for song,
Until the shamefaced sun peep at our windows,
And ask, "What have we here?"

GIFFORD.

You take such revel deeply—we are Scotsmen,
Far known for rustic hospitality,
That mind not birth or titles in our guests:
The harper has his seat beside our hearth,
The wanderer must find comfort at our board,
His name unask'd, his pedigree unknown;
So did our ancestors, and so must we.

AUCHINDRANE.

All this is freely granted, worthy kinsman;
And prithee do not think me churl enough
To count how many sit beneath my salt.
I've wealth enough to fill my father's hall
Each day at noon, and feed the guests who crowd it;
I am near mate with those whom men call Lord
Though a rude western knight. But mark me, cousin,

Although I find wayfaring vagabonds,
I make them not my comrades. Such as I,
Who have advanced the fortunes of my line,
And swell'd a baron's turret to a palace,
Have oft the curse awaiting on our thrift,
To see, while yet we live, the things which must be
At our decease—the downfall of our family,
The loss of land and lordship, name and knighthood,
The wreck of the fair fabric we have built,
By a degenerate heir. Philip has that
Of inborn meanness in him, that he loves not
The company of betters, nor of equals;
Never at ease, unless he bears the bell,
And crows the loudest in the company.
He's mesh'd, too, in the snares of every female
Who deigns to cast a passing glance on him—
Licentious, disrespectful, rash, and profligate.

GIFFORD.

Come, my good cos, think we too have been young,
And I will swear that in your father's life-time
You have yourself been trapp'd by toys like these.

AUCHINDRANE.

A fool I may have been—but not a madman;
I never play'd the rake among my followers,
Pursuing this man's sister, that man's wife;
And therefore never saw I man of mine,
When summon'd to obey my heat, grow restive,
Talk of his honour, of his peace destroy'd,
And, while obeying, mutter threats of vengeance.
But now the humour of an idle youth,
Disgusting trusted followers, sworn dependants,
Plays football with his honour and my safety.

GIFFORD.

I'm sorry to find discord in your house,
For I had hoped, while bringing you cold news,
To find you arm'd in union 'gainst the danger.

AUCHINDRANE.

What can man speak that I would shrink to hear,
And where the danger I would deign to shun?
[*He rises.*
What should appal a man inured to perils,
Like the bold climber on the crags of Ailsa?
Winds whistle past him, billows rage below,
The sea-fowl sweep around, with shriek and clang,
One single slip, one unadvised pace,
One qualm of giddiness—and peace be with him!
But he whose grasp is sure, whose step is firm,
Whose brain is constant—he makes one proud rock
The means to scale another, till he stand
Triumphant on the peak.

GIFFORD.

And so I trust
Thou wilt surmount the danger now approaching,
Which scarcely can I frame my tongue to tell you,
Though I rede here on purpose.

AUCHINDRANE.

Cousin, I think thy heart was never coward,
And strange it seems thy tongue should take such semblance.
I've heard of many a loud-mouth'd, noisy braggart,
Whose hand gave feeble sanction to his tongue;
But thou art one whose heart can think bold things,
Whose hand can act them—but who shrinks to speak them!

GIFFORD.

And if I speak them not, 'tis that I shame
To tell thee of the calumnies that load thee.
Things loudly spoken at the city Cross—
Things closely whisper'd in our Sovereign's ear—
Things which the plumed lord and flat-capp'd citizen
Do circulate amid their different ranks—
Things false, no doubt; but, falsehoods while I deem them,
Still honouring thee, I shun the odious topic.

AUCHINDRANE.

Shun it not, cousin, 'tis a friend's best office
To bring the news we hear unwillingly.
The sentinel, who tells the foe's approach,
And wakes the sleeping camp, does but his duty:
Be thou as bold in telling me of danger,
As I shall be in facing danger told of.

GIFFORD.

I need not bid thee recollect the death-feud
That raged so long betwixt thy house and Cassilis;
I need not bid thee recollect the league,
When royal James himself stood mediator
Between thee and Earl Gilbert.

AUCHINDRANE.

Call you these news?—You might as well have told me
That old King Coil is dead, and graved at Kylesfield.
I'll help thee out—King James commanded us
Henceforth to live in peace, made us clasp hands too.
O, sir, when such an union hath been made,
In heart and hand conjoining mortal foes,
Under a monarch's royal mediation,
The league is not forgotten. And with this
What is there to be told? The king commanded—
"Be friends." No doubt we were so—Who dares doubt it?

GIFFORD.

You speak but half the tale.

AUCHINDRANE.

By good Saint Trimon, but I'll tell the whole!
There is no terror in the tale for me—*
Go speak of ghosts to children!—This Earl Gilbert
(God sain him) loved Heaven's peace as well as I did,
And we were wondrous friends whene'er we met
At church or market, or in burrows town.
Midst this, our good Lord Gilbert, Earl of Cassilis,
Takes purpose he would journey forth to Edinburgh.
The King was doling gifts of abbey-lands,
Good things that thrifty house was wont to fish for.
Our mighty Earl forsakes his sea-washed castle,
Passes our borders some four miles from hence;
And, holding it unwholesome to be fasters
Long after sunrise, lo! the Earl and train
Dismount, to rest their nags and eat their breakfast.
The morning rose, the small birds caroll'd sweetly—
The corks were drawn, the pasty brooks incision—
His lordship jests, his train are choked with laughter;
When,—wondrous change of cheer, and most unlook'd for,
Strange epilogue to bottle and to baked meat!—
Flashed from the greenwood half a score of carabines;
And the good Earl of Cassilis, in his breakfast,
Had nooning, dinner, supper, all at once,
Even in the morning that he closed his journey;
And the grim sexton, for his chamberlain,
Made him the bed which rests the head for ever

GIFFORD.

Told with much spirit, cousin—some there are
Would add, and in a tone resembling triumph,
And would that with these long establish'd facts
My tale began and ended! I must tell you,
That evil-deeming censures of the event,
Both at the time and now, throw blame on thee—
Time, place, and circumstance, they say, proclaim thee,
Alike, the author of that morning's ambush.

AUCHINDRANE.

Ay, 'tis an old belief in Carrick here,
Where natives do not always die in bed,
That if a Kennedy shall not attain
Methuselah's last span, a Mure has slain him.
Such is the general creed of all their clan.
Thank Heaven, that they're bound to prove the charge
They are so prompt in making. They have clamour'd
Enough of this before, to show their malice.
But what said these coward pickthanks when I came
Before the King, before the Justicers,
Rebutting all their calumnies, and daring them
To show that I knew aught of Cassilis' journey—
Which way he meant to travel—where to halt—
Without which knowledge I possess'd no means
To dress an ambush for him? Did I not
Defy the assembled clan of Kennedys

* ["There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats."
SHAKESPEARE.

To show, by proof direct or inferential,
Wherefore they slander'd me with this foul charge?
My gauntlet rung before them in the court,
And I did dare the best of them to lift it,
And prove such charge a true one—Did I not?

GIFFORD.

I saw your gauntlet lie before the Kennedys,
Who look'd on it as men do on an adder,
Longing to crush, and yet afraid to grasp it.
Not an eye sparkled—not a foot advanced—
No arm was stretch'd to lift the fatal symbol.

AUCHINDRANE.

Then, wherefore do the buildings murmur now?
Wish they to see again, how one bold Mure
Can baffle and defy their assembled valour?

GIFFORD.

No; but they speak of evidence suppress'd.

AUCHINDRANE.

Suppress'd?—what evidence?—by whom suppress'd?
What Will-o'-Wisp—what idiot of a witness,
Is he to whom they trace an empty voice,
But cannot show his person?

GIFFORD.

They pretend,
With the King's leave, to bring it to a trial;
Averring that a lad, named Quentin Blane,
Brought thee a letter from the murder'd Earl,
With friendly greetings, telling of his journey,
The hour which he set forth, the place he halted at,
Affording thee the means to form the ambush,
Of which your hatred made the application.

AUCHINDRANE.

Imprudent Earl, indeed, if such his practice,
What dealing with a recent enemy!
And whas should he propose by such strange confidence
In one who sought it not?

GIFFORD.

His purposes were kindly, say the Kennedys—
Desiring you would meet him where he halted,
Offering to undertake whate'er commissions
You listed trust him with, for court or city:
And, thus apprized of Cassilis' purposed journey,
And of his halting place, you placed the ambush,
Prepared the homicides——

AUCHINDRANE.

They're free to say their pleasure. They are men
Of the new court—and I am but a fragment
Of stout old Morton's faction. It is reason
The trunchion I be rooted from the earth
That they may have full room to spread their branches.
No doubt, 'tis easy to find strolling vagrants
To prove whate'er they prompt. This Quentin Blane—
Did you not call him so?—why comes he now?
And wherefore not before? This must be answered
—(*abruptly*)—
Where is he now?

GIFFORD.

Abroad—they say—kidnapp'd,
By you kidnapp'd, that he might die in Flanders.
But orders have been sent for his discharge,
And his transmission hither.

AUCHINDRANE (*assuming an air of composure.*)

When they produce such witness, cousin Gifford,
We'll be prepared to meet it. In the meanwhile,
The King doth ill to throw his royal sceptre
In the accuser's scale, ere he can know
How justice shall incline it.

GIFFORD.

Our sage prince
Resents, it may be, less the death of Cassilis,
Than he is angry that the feud should burn,
After his royal voice had said, "Be quench'd:"
Thus urging prosecution less for slaughter,
Than that being done against the King's command,
Treason is mix'd with homicide.

AUCHINDRANE.

Ha! ha! most true, my cousin.
Why, well consider'd, 'tis a crime so great
To slay one's enemy the King forbidding it,
Like parricide, it should be held impeachable.
'Tis just as if a wretch retain'd the evil,
When the King's touch had bid the sores be healed,
And such a crime merits the stake at least.
What! can there be within a Scottish bosom
A feud so deadly, that it kept its ground
When the King said, Be friends! It is not credible.
Were I King James, I never would believe it:
I'd rather think the story all a dream,
And that there was no friendship, feud, nor journey,
No halt, no ambush, and no Earl of Cassilis,
Than dream anointed Majesty has wrong!—

GIFFORD.

Speak within door, coz.

AUCHINDRANE.

O, true—(*aside*)—I shall betray myself.
Even to this half-bred fool.—I must have room,
Room for an instant, or I suffocate.—
Cousin, I prithee call our Philip hither—
Forgive me; 'twere more meet I summon'd him
Myself; but then the sight of yonder revel
Would chafe my blood, and I have need of coolness.

GIFFORD.

I understand thee—I will bring him straight. [*Exit.*

AUCHINDRANE.

And if thou dost, he's lost his ancient trick
To fathom, as he wont, his five-pint flagons.—
This space is mine—O for the power to fill it,
Instead of senseless rage and empty curses,
With the dark spell which witches learn from fiends,
That smites the object of their hate afar,
Nor leaves a token of its mystic action,
Stealing the soul from out the unscathed body,
As lightning melts the blade, nor harms the scabbard!
—'Tis vain to wish for it—Each curse of mine
Falls to the ground as harmless as the arrows
Which children shoot at stars! The time for thought
If thought could aught avail me, melts away,
Like to a snowball in a schoolboy's hand,
That melts the faster the more close he grasps it!
If I had time, this Scottish Solomon,
Whom some call son of David the Musician,*
Might find it perilous work to march to Carrick.
There's many a feud still slumbering in its ashes,
Whose embers are yet red. Nobles we have,
Stout as old Graystel, and as hot as Bothwell;
Here too are castles look from crags as high
On seas as wide as Logan's. So the King—
Pshaw! He is here again—

Enter GIFFORD.

I heard you name
The King, my kinsman; know, he comes not hither?

AUCHINDRANE (*affecting indifference.*)

Nay, then we need not broach our barrels, cousin,
Nor purchase us new jerkins.—Comes not Philip?

GIFFORD.

Yes, sir. He tarries but to drink a service
To his good friends at parting.

AUCHINDRANE.

Friends for the beadle or the sheriff officer.
Well, let it pass. Who comes, and how attended
Since James designs not westward?

GIFFORD.

O you shall have, instead, his fiery functionary,
George Home that was, but now Dunbar's great
Earl;
He leads a royal host, and comes to show you
How he distributes justice on the Border,
Where judge and hangman oft reverse their office,
And the noose does its work before the sentence.
But I have said my tidings best and worst.
None but yourself can know what course the time
And peril may demand. To lift your banner,
If I might be a judge, were desperate game;
Ireland and Galloway offer you convenience.

* [The calumnious tale which ascribed the birth of James VI. to an intrigue of Queen Mary with Rizzio.]

For flight, if flight be thought the better remedy;
To face the court requires the consciousness
And confidence of innocence. You alone
Can judge if you possess these attributes.
[*A noise behind the scenes.*

AUCHINDRANE.

Philip, I think, has broken up his revels;
His ragged regiment are dispersing them.
Well liquor'd, doubtless. They're disbanded soldiers,
Or some such vagabonds.—Here comes the gallant.
[*Enter* PHILIP. *He has a buff-coat and head-piece, wears a sword and dagger, with pistols at his girdle. He appears to be affected by liquor, but to be by no means intoxicated.*

AUCHINDRANE.

You scarce have been made known to one another,
Although you sate together at the board.—
Son Philip, know and prize our cousin Gifford.

PHILIP (*tastes the wine on the table*)

If you had prized him, sir, you had been loath
To have welcomed him in bastard Alcoat:
I'll make amends, by pledging his good journey
In claret or Burgundy.—The stirrup-cup, ho!
And bring my cousin's horses to the court.

AUCHINDRANE (*draws him aside.*)

The stirrup-cup! He doth not ride to-night—
Shame on such churlish conduct to a kinsman!

PHILIP (*aside to his father.*)

I've news of pressing import.
Send the fool off.—Stay, I will start him for you.
(*To* GIFFORD.) Yes, my kind cousin, Burgundy is better;
On a night-ride, to those who thread our moors,
And we may deal it freely to our friends,
For we came freely by it. Yonder ocean
Rolls many a purple cask upon our shore,
Rough with embossed shells and shagged sea-weed,
When the good skipper and his careful crew
Have had their latest earthly draught of brine,
And gone to quench, or to endure their thirst,
Where nectar's plenty, or even water's scarce,
And filter'd to the parch'd crew by drops full.

AUCHINDRANE.

Thou'rt mad, son Philip!—Gifford's no intruder;
That we should rid him hence by such wild rants:
My kinsman has rode at his own danger,
To tell us that Dunbar is hasting to us,
With a strong force, and with the King's commission,
To enforce against our house a hateful charge,
With every measure of extremity.

PHILIP.

And is this all that our good cousin tells us?
I can say more, ch ambs to the ragged regiment,
With whose good company you have upbraided me,
On whose authority, I tell thee, cousin,
Dunbar is here already.

GIFFORD.

Already?

PHILIP.

Yes, gentle cos. And you, my sire, be hasty
In what you think to do.

AUCHINDRANE.

I think thou dareest not jest on such a subject.
Where hadst thou these fell tidings?

PHILIP.

Where you, too, might have heard them, noble father,
Save that your ears, nail'd to our kinsman's lips,
Would list no coarser accents. O, my soldiers,
My merry crew of vagabonds, forever!
Scum of the Netherlands, and wash'd ashore
Upon this coast like unregarded sea-weed,
Then had not been two hours on Scottish land,
When, lo! they met a military friend,
An ancient fourier, known to them of old,
Who, warm'd by certain stoups of searching wine,
Informed his old companions that Dunbar
Left Glasgow yesterday, comes here to-morrow;
Himself, he said, was sent a spy before,
To view what preparations we were making.

AUCHINDRANE (*to* GIFFORD.)

If this be sooth, good kinsman, thou must claim
To take a part with us for life and death,
Or speed from hence, and leave us to our fortune.

GIFFORD.

In such dilemma,
Believe me, friend, I'd choose upon the instant—
But I lack harness and a steed to charge on,
For mine is overtired, and, save my page,
There's not a man to back me. But I'll ride
To Kyle, and raise my vassals to your aid.

PHILIP.

'Twill be when the rats,
That on these tidings fly this house of ours,
Come back to pay their rents.—(*Apart.*)

AUCHINDRANE.

Courage, cousin—
Thou goest not hence ill mounted for thy need;
Full forty coursers feed in my wide stalls,
The best of them is yours to speed your journey.

PHILIP.

Stand not on ceremony, good our cousin,
When safety signs, to shorten courtesy.

GIFFORD (*to* AUCHINDRANE.)

Farewell, then, cousin, for my tarrying here
Were ruin to myself, small aid to you;
Yet leaving well your name and family,
I'd fain—

PHILIP.

Be gone?—that is our object, too—
Kinsman, adieu.
[*Exit* GIFFORD. PHILIP *calls after him.*
You yeomen of the stable,
Give Master Gifford there my fleetest steed,
Yon cut-tail'd roan that trembles at a spear.—
[*Trampling of the horse heard going off.*
Hark! he departs. How swift the dastard rides,
To shun the neighbourhood of jeopardy!
[*He lays aside the appearance of levity which he has hitherto worn, and says very seriously.*
And now my father—

AUCHINDRANE.

And now, my son—thou art on a perilous game
Into thine hands, rejecting elder counsel—
How dost thou mean to play it?

PHILIP.

Sir, good gamesters play not
Till they review the cards which fate has dealt them,
Computing thus the chances of the game;
And wofully they seem to weigh against us.

AUCHINDRANE.

Exile's a passing ill, and may be borne;
And when Dunbar and all his myrmidons
Are eastward turn'd, we'll seize our own again.

PHILIP.

Would that were all the risk we had to stand to!
But more and worse,—a doom of treason, forfeiture
Death to ourselves, dishonour to our house,
Is what the stern Justiciary menaces;
And, fatally for us, he hath the means
To make his threatenings good.

AUCHINDRANE.

It cannot be. I tell thee, there's no force
In Scottish law to raze a house like mine,
Coeval with the time the Lords of Galloway
Submitted them unto the Scottish sceptre,
Renouncing rights of Tanistry and Brehon.
Some dreams they have of evidence; some suspicion.
But old Montgomery knows my purpose well,
And long before their mandate reach the camp
To crave the presence of this mighty witness,
He will be fitted with an answer to it.

PHILIP.

Father, what we call great, is often ruin'd
By means so indiscreetly disproportion'd,
They make me think upon the gunner's linstock,
Which, yielding forth a light about the size
And semblance of the glow-worm, yet applied
To powder, blew a palace into atoms,

Sent a young King—a young Queen's mate at least—
Into the air, as high as e'er flew night-hawk,
And made such wild work in the realm of Scotland,
As they can tell who heard,—and you were one
Who saw, perhaps, the night-flight which began it.

AUCHINDRANE.

If thou hast naught to speak but drunken folly,
I cannot listen longer.

PHILIP.

I will speak brief and sudden.—There is one
Whose tongue to us has the same perilous force
Which Bothwell's powder had to Kirk of Field;
One whose least tones, and those but peasant accents,
Could rend the roof from off our father's castle,
Level its tallest turret with its base;
And he that doth possess this wondrous power
Sleeps this same night not five miles distant from us.

AUCHINDRANE, (*who had looked on* PHILIP *with much appearance of astonishment and doubt, exclaims,*)

Then thou art mad indeed!—Ha! ha! I'm glad on't.
I'd purchase an escape from what I dread,
Even by the frenzy of my only son!

PHILIP.

I thank you, but agree not to the bargain.
You rest on what yon civet cat has said:
Yon silken doublet, stuff'd with rotten straw,
Told you but half the truth, and knew no more.
But my good vagrants had a perfect tale:
They told me, little judging the importance,
That Quentin Blane had been discharged with them.
They told me, that a quarrel happ'd at landing,
And that the youngster and an ancient sergeant
Had left their company, and taken refuge
In Chapeldonan, where our ranger dwells;*
They saw him scale the cliff on which it stands,
Ere they were out of sight; the old man with him.
And therefore laugh no more at me as mad;
But laugh, if thou hast list for merriment,
To think he stands on the same land with us,
Whose absence thou wouldst deem were cheaply purchased
With thy soul's ransom and thy body's danger.

AUCHINDRANE.

'Tis then a fatal truth! Thou art no yelper,
To open rashly on so wild a scent;
Thou'rt the young bloodhound, which careers and springs,
Frolics and fawns, as if the friend of man,
But seizes on his victim like a tiger.

PHILIP.

No matter what I am—I'm as you bred me;
So let that pass till there be time to mend me,
And let us speak like men, and to the purpose.
This object of our fear and of our dread,
Since such our pride must own him, sleeps to-night
Within our power;—to-morrow in Dunbar's,
And we are then his victims.†

AUCHINDRANE.

He is in *our* to-night.‡

PHILIP.

He is. I'll answer that MacLellan's trusty.

AUCHINDRANE.

Yet he replied to you to-day full rudely.

PHILIP.

Yes! The poor knave has got a handsome wife,
And is gone mad with jealousy.

AUCHINDRANE.

Fool!—When we need the utmost faith, allegiance,
Obedience, and attachment in our vassals,
Thy wild intrigues pour gall into their hearts,
And turn their love to hatred!

PHILIP.

Most reverend sire, you talk of ancient morals,
Preach'd on by Knox, and practised by Glencairn.§
Respectable, indeed, but somewhat musty
In these our modern nostrils. In our days,
If a young baron chance to leave his vassal
The sole possessor of a handsome wife,
'Tis sign he loves his follower; and if not,
He loves his follower's wife, which often proves
The surer bond of patronage. Take either case:
Favour flows in of course, and vassals rise.

AUCHINDRANE.

Philip, this is infamous,
And, what is worse, impolitic. Take example:
Break not God's laws or man's, for each temptation
That youth and blood suggest. I am a man—
A weak and erring man;—full well thou know'st
That I may hardly term myself a pattern
Even to my son;—yet thus far will I say,
I never swerved from my integrity,
Save at the voice of strong necessity,
Or such o'erpowering view of high advantage
As wise men likes to necessity,
In strength and force compulsive. No one saw me
Exchange my reputation for my pleasure,
Or do the Devil's work without his wages.
I practised prudence, and paid tax to virtue,
By following her behests, save where strong reason
Compell'd a deviation. Then, if preachers
At times look'd sour, or elders shook their heads,
They could not term my walk irregular;
For I stood up still for the worthy cause,
A pillar, though a flaw'd one, of the altar,
Kept a strict walk, and led three hundred house.

PHILIP.

Ah, these three hundred horse in such rough times
Were better commendation to a party
Than all your efforts at hypocrisy,
Betray'd so oft by avarice and ambition,
And dragg'd to open shame. But, righteous father
When sire and son unite in mutual crime,
And join their efforts to the same enormity,
It is no time to measure other's faults,
Or fix the amount of each. Most moral father
Think if it be a moment now to weigh
The vices of the Heir of Auchindrane,
Or take precaution that the ancient house
Shall have another heir than the sly courtier
That's gaping for the forfeiture.

AUCHINDRANE.

We'll disappoint him, Philip,—
We'll disappoint him yet. It is a folly,
A wilful cheat, to cast our eyes behind,
When time, and the fast flitting opportunity,
Call loudly, nay, compel us to look forward:
Why are we not already at MacLellan's,
Since there the victim sleeps?

PHILIP.

Nay, soft, I pray thee
I had not made your piety my confessor,
Nor enter'd in debate on these sage councils,
Which you're more like to give than I to profit by
Could I have used the time more usefully;
But first an interval must pass between
The fate of Quentin and the little artifice
That shall detach him from his comrade,
The stout old soldier that I told you of.

AUCHINDRANE.

How work a point so difficult—so dangerous?

PHILIP.

'Tis cared for. Mark, my father, the convenience
Arising from mean company. My agents
Are at my hand, like a good workman's tools,

* [MS.—"In the old tower where Niel MacLellan dwells.
And therefore laugh no more," &c.]

† [MS.—"And we are then in his power."]

‡ [MS.—"He's in *our* power to-night."]

§ [Alexander, fifth Earl of Glencairn, for distinction called "The Good Earl," was among the first of the peers of Scotland who concurred in the Reformation, in aid of which he acted a conspicuous part, in the employment both of his sword and pen. In a remonstrance with the Queen Regent, he told her, that "if she violated the engagements which she had come under to her subjects, they would consider themselves as absolved from their allegiance to her." He was author of a satirical poem against the Roman Catholics, entitled "The Hermit of Allarest," (*Loretto.*)—See SIBBALD's *Chronicle of Scottish Poetry.*—He assisted the Reformers with his sword, when they took arms at Perth, in 1559; had a principal command in the army assembled against Queen *Mary*, in June, 1567; and demolished the altar, broke the images, tore down the pictures, &c., in the Chapel-royal of Holyroodhouse, after the Queen was confined to Lochleven. He died in 1574.]

And if I mean a mischief, ten to one
That they anticipate the deed and guilt,
Well knowing this, when first the vagrants' tattle
Gave me the hint that Quentin was so near us,
Instant I sent MacLellan, with strong charges
To stop him for the night, and bring me word,
Like an accomplish'd spy, how all things stood,
Lulling the enemy into security.

AUCHINDRANE.

There was a prudent general!

PHILIP.

MacLellan went, and came within the hour.
The jealous bee, which buzzes in his nightcap,
Had humm'd to him, this fellow, Quentin Blane,
Had been in schoolboy days an humble lover
Of his own pretty wife—

AUCHINDRANE.

Most fortunate!
The knave will be more prompt to serve our purpose.

PHILIP.

No doubt on't. Mid the tidings he brought back
Was one of some importance. The old man
Is flush of dollars; this I caused him tell
Among his comrades, who became as eager
To have him in their company as e'er
They had been wild to part with him. And in brief space,
A letter's framed by an old hand amongst them,
Familiar with such feats. It bore the name
And character of old Montgomery,
Whom he might well suppose at no great distance,
Commanding his old Sergeant Hildebrand,
By all the ties of late authority,
Conjuring him by ancient soldiership,
To hasten to his mansion instantly,
On business of high import, with a charge,
To come alone——

AUCHINDRANE.

Well, he sets out, I doubt it not,—what follows?

PHILIP.

I am not curious into others' practices,—
So far I'm an economist in guilt,
As you my sire advise. But on the road
To old Montgomery's he meets his comrades,
They nourish grudge against him and his dollars,
And things may hap, which counsel learn'd in law
Call Robbery and Murder. Should he live,
He has seen naught that we would hide from him.

AUCHINDRANE.

Who carries the forged letter to the veteran?

PHILIP.

Why, Niel MacLellan, who return'd again
To his own tower, as if to pass the night there.
They pass'd on him, or tried to pass, a story,
As if they wish'd the sergeant's company,
Without the young comptroller's—that is Quentin's,
And he became an agent of their plot,
That he might better carry on our own.

AUCHINDRANE.

There's life in it—yes, there is life in't;
And we will have a mounted party ready
To scour the moors in quest of the banditti
That kill'd the poor old man—they shall diesinstantly.
Dunbar shall see us use sharp justice here,
As well as he in Teviotdale. You are sure
You gave no hint nor impulse to their purpose?

PHILIP.

It needed not. The whole pack oped at once
Upon the scent of dollars.—But time comes
When I must seek the tower, and act with Niel
What farther's to be done.

AUCHINDRANE.

Alone with him thou goest not. He bears grudge—
Thou art my only son, and on a night
When such wild passions are so free abroad,
When such wild deeds are doing, 'tis but natural
I guaranty thy safety.—I'll ride with thee

PHILIP.

E'en as you will, my lord. But pardon me,—
If you will come, let us not have a word
Of conscience, and of pity, and forgiveness;
Fine words to-morrow, out of place to-night.
Take counsel, then, leave all this work to me;
Call up your household, make fit preparation,
In love and peace, to welcome this Earl Justiciar,
As one that's free of guilt. Go, deck the castle
As for an honour'd guest. Hallow the chapel
(If they have power to hallow it) with thy prayers.
Let me ride forth alone, and ere the sun
Comes o'er the eastern hill, thou shalt accost him
"Now do thy worst, thou oft-returning spy,
Here's naught thou canst discover."

AUCHINDRANE.

Yet goest thou not alone with that MacLellan!
He deems thou bearest will to injure him,
And seek'st occasion suiting to such will.
Philip, thou art irreverent, fierce, ill-nurtured,
Stain'd with low vices, which disgust a father;
Yet ridest thou not alone with yonder man,—
Come weal come wo, myself will go with thee.
[*Exit and calls to horse behind the Scene.*

PHILIP (*alone.*)

Now would I give my fleetest horse to know
What sudden thought roused this paternal care,
And if 'tis on his own account or mine:
'Tis true, he hath the deepest share in all
That's likely now to hap, or which has happen'd.
Yet strong through Nature's universal reign,
The link which binds the parent to the offspring:
The she-wolf knows it, and the tigress owns it.
So that dark man, who, shunning what is vicious,
Ne'er turn'd aside from an atrocity,
Hath still some care left for his hapless offspring.
Therefore 'tis meet, though wayward, light, and stubborn,
That I should do for him all that a son
Can do for sire—and his dark wisdom join'd
To influence my bold courses, 'twill be hard
To break our mutual purpose.—Horses! there!
[*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

It is moonlight. The scene is the Beach beneath the Tower which was exhibited in the first scene,—the Vessel is gone from her anchorage. AUCHINDRANE *and* PHILIP, *as if dismounted from their horses, come forward cautiously.*

PHILIP.

The nags are safely stow'd. Their noise might scare him;
Let them be safe, and ready when we need them,
The business is but short. We'll call MacLellan,
To wake him, and in quiet bring him forth,
If he be so disposed, for here are waters
Enough to drown, and sand enough to cover him.
But if he hesitate, or fear to moot us,
By heaven I'll deal on him in Chapeldonan
With my own hand!—

AUCHINDRANE.

Too furious boy!—alarm or noise undoes us,
Our practice must be silent as 'tis sudden.
Bethink thee that conviction of this slaughter
Confirms the very worst of accusations
Our foes can bring against us. Wherefore should we,
Who by our birth and fortune mate with nobles,
And are allied with them, take this lad's life,
His peasant life, unless to quash his evidence,
Taking such pains to rid him from the world,
Who would, if spared, have fix'd a crime upon us?

PHILIP.

Well, I do own me one of those wise folks,
Who think that when a deed of fate is plann'd,

The execution cannot be too rapid.
But do we still keep purpose? Is't determin'd
He sails for Ireland—and without a wherry?
Salt water is his passport—is it not so!

AUCHINDRANE.

I would it could be otherwise.
Might he not go there while in life and limb,
And breathe his span out in another air?
Many seek Ulster never to return—
Why might this wretched youth not harbour there?

PHILIP.

With all my heart. It is small honour to me
To be the agent in a work like this.—
Yet this poor caitiff, having thrust himself
Into the secrets of a noble house,
And twined himself so closely with our safety,
That we must perish, or that he must die,
I'll hesitate as little on the action,
As I would do to slay the animal
Whose flesh supplies my dinner. 'Tis as harmless,
That deer or steer, as is this Quentin Blane,
And not more necessary is its death
To our accommodation—so we slay it
Without a moment's pause or hesitation.

AUCHINDRANE.

'Tis not, my son, the feeling call'd remorse,
That now lies tugging at this heart of mine,
Engendering thoughts that stop the lifted hand.
Have I not heard John Knox pour forth his thunders
Against the oppressor and the man of blood,
In accents of a minister of vengeance?
Were not his fiery eyeballs turn'd on me,
As if he said expressly, "Thou'rt the man?"
Yet did my solid purpose, as I listen'd,
Remain unshaken as that massive rock.

PHILIP.

Well, then, I'll understand 'tis not remorse,—
As 'tis a foible little known to thee,—
That interrupts thy purpose. What, then, is it?
Is't scorn, or is't compassion? One thing's certain,
Either the feeling must have free indulgence,
Or fully be subjected to your reason—
There is no room for these same treacherous courses,
Which men call moderate measures.
We must confide in Quentin, or must slay him.

AUCHINDRANE.

In Ireland he might live afar from us.

PHILIP.

Among Queen Mary's faithful partisans,
Your ancient enemies, the haughty Hamiltons,
The stern MacDonnells, and resentful Graemes—
With these around him, and with Cassilis' death
Exasperating them against you, think, my father,
What chance of Quentin's silence?

AUCHINDRANE.

Too true—too true. He is a silly youth, too,
Who had not wit to shift for his own living—
A bashful lover, whom his rivals laugh'd at—
Of pliant temper, which companions play'd on—
A moonlight waker, and a noontide dreamer—
A torturer of phrases into sonnets,
Whom all might lead that chose to praise his rhymes.

PHILIP.

I marvel that your memory has room
To hold so much on such a worthless subject.

AUCHINDRANE.

Base in himself, and yet so strangely link'd
With me and with my fortunes, that I've studied
To read him through and through, as I would read
Some paltry rhyme of vulgar prophecy,
Said to contain the fortunes of my house;
And, let me speak him truly—He is grateful,
Kind tractable, obedient—a child
Might lead him by a thread—He shall not die!

PHILIP.

Indeed!—then have we had our midnight ride
To wondrous little purpose.

AUCHINDRANE.

By the blue heaven,
Thou shalt not murder him, cold selfish sensualist!
Yon pure vault speaks it—yonder summer moon,
With its ten million sparklers, cries, Forbear!
The deep earth sighs it forth—Thou shalt not murder!—
Thou shalt not mar the image of thy Maker!—
Thou shalt not from thy brother take the life,
The precious gift which God alone can give!—

PHILIP.

Here is a worthy guerdon now, for stuffing
His memory with old saws and holy sayings!
They come upon him in the very crisis,
And when his resolution should be firmest,
They shake it like a palsy—Let it be,
He'll end at last by yielding to temptation,
Consenting to the thing which must be done,
With more remorse the more he hesitates.—
[*To his Father, who has stood fixed after his last speech.*
Well, sir, 'tis fitting you resolve at last
How the young clerk shall be disposed upon;
Unless you would ride home to Auchindrane,
And bid them rear the Maiden in the court-yard,
That when Dunbar comes, he have naught to do
But bid us kiss the cushion and the headsman.

AUCHINDRANE.

It is too true—There is no safety for us,
Consistent with the unhappy wretch's life!
In Ireland he is sure to find my enemies.
Arran I've proved—the Netherlands I've tried,
But wilds and wars return him on my hands.

PHILIP.

Yet fear not, father, we'll make surer work;
The land has caves, the sea has whirlpools,
Where that which they suck in returns no more.

AUCHINDRANE.

I will know naught of it, hard-hearted boy!

PHILIP.

Hard-hearted! Why—my heart is soft as yours;
But then they must not feel remorse at once,
We can't afford such wasteful tenderness:
I can mouth forth remorse as well as you.
Be executioner, and I'll be chaplain,
And say as mild and moving things as you can
But one of us must keep his steely temper.

AUCHINDRANE.

Do thou the deed—I cannot look on it.

PHILIP.

So be it—walk with me—MacLellan brings him
The boat lies moor'd within that reach of rock,
And 'twill require our greatest strength combined
To launch it from the beach. Meantime, MacLellan
Brings our man hither.—See the twinkling light
That glances in the tower.

AUCHINDRANE.

Let us withdraw—for should he spy us suddenly,
He may suspect us, and alarm the family.

PHILIP.

Fear not, MacLellan has his trust and confidence,
Bought with a few sweet words and welcomes home.

AUCHINDRANE.

But think you that the Ranger may be trusted?

PHILIP.

I'll answer for him.—Let's go float the shallop.
[*They go off, and as they leave the Stage,* MacLellan *is seen descending from the Tower with* Quentin. *The former bears a dark lantern. They come upon the Stage.*

MACLELLAN (*showing the light.*)

So—bravely done—that's the last ledge of rocks,
And we are on the sands.—I have broke your slumbers
Somewhat untimely.

QUENTIN.

Do not think so, friend.
These six years past I have been used to six
When the reveille rung; and that, believe me,
Chooses the hours for rousing me at random,
And, having given its summons, yields no license

To indulge a second slumber. Nay, more, I'll tell thee,
That, like a pleased child, I was e'en too happy
For sound repose.

MACLELLAN.

The greater fool were you.
Men should enjoy the moments given to slumber;
For who can tell how soon may be the waking,
Or where we shall have leave to sleep again?

QUENTIN.

The God of Slumber comes not at command.
Last night the blood danced merry through my veins:
Instead of finding this our land of Carrick
The dreary waste my fears had apprehended,
I saw thy wife, MacLellan, and thy daughter,
And had a brother's welcome;—saw thee, too,
Renew'd my early friendship with you both,
And felt once more that I had friends and country.
So keen the joy that tingled through my system,
Join'd with the searching powers of yonder wine,
That I am glad to leave my feverish lair,
Although my hostess smooth'd my couch herself,
To cool my brow upon this moonlight beach,
Gaze on the moonlight dancing on the waves.
Such scenes are wont to sooth me into melancholy;
But such the hurry of my spirits now,
That every thing I look on makes me laugh.

MACLELLAN.

I've seen but few so gamesome, Master Quentin,
Being roused from sleep so suddenly as you were.

QUENTIN.

Why, there's the jest on't. Your old castle's haunted.
In vain the host—in vain the lovely hostess,
In kind addition to all means of rest,
Add their best wishes for our sound repose,
When some hobgoblin brings a pressing message:
Montgomery presently must see his sergeant,
And up gets Hildebrand, and off he trudges.
I can't but laugh to think upon the grin
With which he doff'd the kerchief he had twisted
Around his brows, and put his morion on—
Ha! ha! ha! ha!

MACLELLAN.

I'm glad to see you merry, Quentin.

QUENTIN.

Why, faith, my spirits are but transitory,
And you may live with me a month or more,
And never see me smile. Then some such trifle
As yonder little maid of yours would laugh at
Will serve me for a theme of merriment—
Even now, I scarce can keep my gravity;
We were so snugly settled in our quarters,
With full intent to let the sun be high
Ere we should leave our beds—and first the one
And then the other's summon'd briefly forth,
To the old tune, "Black Bandsmen, up and march!"

MACLELLAN.

Well! you shall sleep anon—rely upon it—
And make up time misspent. Meantime, methinks,
You are so merry on your broken slumbers,
You ask not why I call'd you.

QUENTIN.

I can guess,
You lack my aid to search the weir for seals,
You lack my company to stalk a deer.
Think you I have forgot your sylvan tasks,
Which oft you have permitted me to share,
Th' days that we were rivals?

MACLELLAN.

You have memory
Of that too?—

QUENTIN.

Like the memory of a dream,
Delusion far too exquisite to last.

MACLELLAN.

You guess not then for what I call you forth.
It was to meet a friend—

QUENTIN.

What friend? Thyself excepted,
The good old man who's gone to see Montgomery
And one to whom I once gave dearer title,
I know not in wide Scotland man or woman
Whom I could name a friend.

MACLELLAN.

Thou art mistaken.
There is a Baron, and a powerful one——

QUENTIN.

There flies my fit of mirth. You have a grave
And alter'd man before you.

MACLELLAN.

Compose yourself, there is no cause for fear,—
He will and must speak with you.

QUENTIN.

Spare me the meeting, Niel, I cannot see him.
Say, I'm just landed on my native earth;
Say, that I will not cumber it a day;
Say, that my wretched thread of poor existence
Shall be drawn out in solitude and exile,
Where never memory of so mean a thing
Again shall cross his path—but do not ask me
To see or speak again with that dark man!

MACLELLAN.

Your fears are now as foolish as your mirth—
What should the powerful Knight of Auchindrane
In common have with such a man as thou?

QUENTIN.

No matter what—Enough, I will not see him.

MACLELLAN.

He is thy master, and he claims obedience.

QUENTIN.

My master? Ay, my task-master—Ever since
I could write man, his hand hath been upon me;
No step I've made but cumber'd with his chain,
And I am weary on't—I will not see him.

MACLELLAN.

You must and shall—there is no remedy.

QUENTIN.

Take heed that you compel me not to find one.
I've seen the wars since we had strife together.
To put my late experience to the test
Were something dangerous—Ha, I am betray'd!

[*While the latter part of this dialogue is passing,* AUCHINDRANE *and* PHILIP *enter on the Stage from behind, and suddenly present themselves.*

AUCHINDRANE.

What says the runagate?

QUENTIN (*laying aside all appearance of resistance.*)

Nothing, you are my fate;
And in a shape more fearfully resistless,
My evil angel could not stand before me.

AUCHINDRANE.

And so you scruple, slave, at my command,
To meet me, when I deign to ask thy presence?

QUENTIN.

No, sir; I had forgot—I am your bond-slave;
But sure a passing thought of independence,
For which I've seen whole nations doing battle,
Was not, in one who has so long enjoy'd it,
A crime beyond forgiveness

AUCHINDRANE.

We shall see:
Thou wert my vassal, born upon my land,
Bred by my bounty—It concerned me highly,
Thou know'st it did—and yet against my charge
Again I find thy worthlessness in Scotland.

QUENTIN.

Alas! the wealthy and the powerful know not
How very dear to those who have least share it,
Is that sweet word of country! The poor exile
Feels, in each action of the varied day,
His doom of banishment. The very air
Cools not his brow as in his native land;
The scene is strange, the food is loathly to him.

The language, nay, the music jars his ear.*
Why should I, guiltless of the slightest crime,
Suffer a punishment which, sparing life,
Deprives that life of all which men hold dear?

AUCHINDRANE.

Hear ye the serf I bred, begin to reckon
Upon his rights and pleasure! Who am I—
Thou abject, who am I, whose will thou thwartest?

PHILIP.

Well spoke, my pious sire. There goes remorse!
Let once thy precious pride take fire, and then,
MacLellan, you and I may have small trouble.

QUENTIN.

Your words are deadly, and your power resistless:
I'm in your hands—but, surely, less than life
May give you the security you seek,
Without commission of a mortal crime.

AUCHINDRANE.

Who is't would deign to think upon thy life?
I but require of thee to speed to Ireland,
Where thou mayst sojourn for some little space,
Having due means of living dealt to thee,
And, when it suits the changes of the times,
Permission to return.

QUENTIN.

Noble my lord,
I am too weak to combat with your pleasure;
Yet, O, for mercy's sake, and for the sake
Of that dear land which is our common mother,
Let me not part in darkness from my country!
Pass but an hour or two, and every cape,
Headland, and bay, shall gleam with new-born light,
And I'll take boat as gayly as the bird
That soars to meet the morning.
Grant me but this—to show no darker thoughts
Are on your heart than those your speech expresses!

PHILIP.

A modest favour, friend, is this you ask!
Are we to pace the beach like watermen,
Waiting your worship's pleasure to take boat?
No, by my faith! you go upon the instant.
The boat lies ready, and the ship receives you
Near to the point of Turnberry.—Come, we wait you;
Bestir you!

QUENTIN.

I obey.—Then farewell, Scotland,
And Heaven forgive my sins, and grant that mercy,
Which mortal man deserves not!

AUCHINDRANE (*speaks aside to his Son.*)

What signal
Shall let me know 'tis done?

PHILIP.

When the light is quench'd,
Your fears for Quentin Blane are at an end.—
(*To* QUENTIN.) Come, comrade, come, we must begin our voyage.

QUENTIN.

But when, O when to end it!

[*He goes off reluctantly with* PHILIP *and* MACLELLAN. AUCHINDRANE *stands looking after them. The Moon becomes overclouded, and the Stage dark.* AUCHINDRANE, *who has gazed fixedly and eagerly after those who have left the Stage, becomes animated, and speaks.*

AUCHINDRANE.

It is no fallacy!—The night is dark.
The moon has sunk before the deepening clouds;
I cannot on the murky beach distinguish
The shallop from the rocks which lie beside it;
I cannot see tall Philip's floating plume,
Nor trace the sullen brow of Niel MacLellan;
Yet still that cantiff's visage is before me,
With chattering teeth, mazed look, and bristling hair,
As he stood here this moment!—Have I changed
My human eyes for those of some night prowler,
The wolf's, the tiger-cat's, or the hoarse bird's
That spies its prey at midnight? I can see him—
Yes, I can see him, seeing no one else,—
And well it is I do so. In his absence,
Strange thoughts of pity mingled with my purpose,
And moved remorse within me—But they vanish'd
Whene'er he stood a living man before me;
Then my antipathy awaked within me,
Seeing its object close within my reach,
Till I could scarce forbear him.†—How they linger!
The boat's not yet to sea!—I ask myself,
What has the poor wretch done to wake my hatred—
Docile, obedient, and in sufferance patient?—
As well demand what evil has the hare
Done to the hound that courses her in sport.
Instinct infallible supplies the reason—
And that must plead my cause.—The vision's gone!
Their boat now walks the waves; a single gleam,
Now seen, now lost, is all that marks her course;
That soon shall vanish too—then all is over!—
Would it were o'er, for in this moment lies
The agony of ages!‡—Now, 'tis gone—
And all is acted!—no—she breasts again
The opposing wave, and bears the tiny sparkle
Upon her crest—(*A faint cry heard as from seaward.*)
Ha! there was fatal evidence,
All's over now, indeed!—The light is quench'd—
And Quentin, source of all my fear, exists not.—
The morning tide shall sweep his corpse to sea,
And hide all memory of this stern night's work.

[*He walks in a slow and deeply meditative manner towards the side of the Stage, and suddenly meets* MARION, *the wife of* MACLELLAN, *who has descended from the Castle.*

Now, how to meet Dunbar—Heaven guard my senses!—
Stand! who goes there?—Do spirits walk the earth
Ere yet they've left the body!

MARION

Is it you,
My lord, on this wild beach at such an hour?

AUCHINDRANE.

It is MacLellan's wife, in search of him,
Or of her lover—of the murderer,
Or of the murder'd man.—Go to, Dame Marion,
Men have their hunting-gear to give an eye to,
Their snares and trackings for their game. But women
Should shun the night air. A young wife also,
Still more a handsome one, should keep her pillow
Till the sun gives example for her wakening.
Come, dame, go back—back to your bed again.

MARION.

Hear me, my lord! there have been sights and sounds
That terrified my child and me—Groans, screams,
As if of dying seamen, came from ocean—
A corpse-light danced upon the crested waves
For several minutes' space, then sunk at once.
When we retired to rest we had two guests,
Besides my husband Niel—I'll tell your lordship
Who the men were——

AUCHINDRANE.

Pshaw, woman, can you think
That I have any interest in your gossips?
Please your own husband, and that you may please him,
Get thee to bed, and shut up doors, good dame.
Were I MacLellan, I should scarce be satisfied
To find thee wandering here in mist and moonlight
When silence should be in thy habitation,
And sleep upon thy pillow.

MARION.

Good my lord,
This is a holyday.—By an ancient custom
Our children seek the shore at break of day,
And gather shells, and dance, and play, and sport them

* MS.—"The strains of foreign music jar his ear."]

† MS.—"——, my antipathy,
Strong source of inward hate, arose within me,
Seeing its object was within my reach,
And scarcely could forbear."]

‡ MS.—"——" In that moment, o'er his soul
Winters of memory seem'd to roll."
BYRON—*The Giaour.*]

In honour of the Ocean! Old men say
The custom is derived from heathen times. Our Isabel
Is mistress of the feast, and you may think
She is awake already, and impatient
To be the first shall stand upon the beach,
And bid the sun good-morrow.

AUCHINDRANE.

Ay, indeed?
Linger such dregs of heathendom among you?
And hath Knox preach'd, and Wishart died, in vain?
Take notice, I forbid these sinful practices,
And will not have my followers mingle in them.

MARION.

If such your honour's pleasure, I must go
And lock the door on Isabel; she is wilful,
And voice of mine will have small force to keep her
From the amusement she so long has dream'd of.
But I must tell your honour, the old people,
That were survivors of the former race,
Prophesied evil if this day should pass
Without due homage to the mighty Ocean.

AUCHINDRANE.

Folly and Papistry—Perhaps the ocean
Hath had his morning sacrifice already;
Or can you think the dreadful element,
Whose frown is death, whose roar the dirge of navies,
Will miss the idle pageant you prepare for?
I've business for you, too—the dawn advances—
I'd have thee lock thy little child in safety,
And get to Auchindrane before the sun rise;
Tell them to get a royal banquet ready,
As if a king were coming there to feast him.

MARION.

I will obey your pleasure. But my husband——

AUCHINDRANE.

I wait him on the beach, and bring him in
To share the banquet.

MARION.

But he has a friend,
Whom it would ill become him to intrude
Upon your hospitality.

AUCHINDRANE.

Fear not; his friend shall be made welcome too,
Should he return with Niel.

MARION.

He must—he will return—he has no option.

AUCHINDRANE.

[*Apart.*] Thus rashly do we deem of others' destiny—
He has indeed no option—but he comes not.
Begone on thy commission—I go this way
To meet thy husband.

[MARION *goes to her Tower, and after entering it is seen to come out, lock the door, and leave the Stage, as if to execute* AUCHINDRANE'S *commission. He apparently going off in a different direction, has watched her from the side of the Stage, and on her departure speaks.*

AUCHINDRANE.

Fare thee well, fond woman,
Most dangerous of spies—thou prying, prating,
Spying, and telling woman! I've cut short
Thy dangerous testimony—hated word!
What other evidence have we cut short,
And by what fated means, this dreary morning!—
Bright lances here and helmets?—I must shift
To join the others. [*Exit.*

Enter from the other side the SERGEANT, *accompanied with an Officer and two Pikemen.*

SERGEANT.

Twas in good time you came; a minute later
The knaves had ta'en my dollars and my life.

OFFICER.

You fought most stoutly. Two of them were down,
Ere we came to your aid.

SERGEANT.

Gramercy, halberd!
And well it happens, since your leader seeks
This Quentin Blane, that you have fall'n on me;
None else can surely tell you where he hides,
Being in some fear, and bent to quit this province.

OFFICER.

'Twill do our Earl good service. He has sent
Despatches into Holland for this Quentin.

SERGEANT.

I left him two hours since in yonder tower,
Under the guard of one who smoothly spoke,
Although he look'd but roughly—I will chide him
For bidding me go forth with yonder traitor.

OFFICER.

Assure yourself 'twas a concerted stratagem.
Montgomery's been at Holyrood for months,
And can have sent no letter—'twas a plan
On you and on your dollars, and a base one,
To which this Ranger was most likely privy;
Such men as he hang on our fiercer barons,
The ready agents of their lawless will;
Boys of the belt, who aid their master's pleasures,
And in his moods ne'er scruple his injunctions.
But haste, for now we must unkennel Quentin;
I've strictest charge concerning him.

SERGEANT.

Go up, then, to the tower.
You've younger limbs than mine—there shall you find him
Lounging and snoring, like a lazy cur
Before a stable door: it is his practice.

[*The* OFFICER *goes up to the Tower, and after knocking without receiving an answer, turns the key which* MARION *had left in the lock and enters;* ISABEL, *dressed as if for her dance, runs out, and descends to the Stage; the* OFFICER *follows.*

OFFICER.

There's no one in the house, this little maid
Excepted——

ISABEL.

And for me, I'm there no longer,
And will not be again for three hours good:
I'm gone to join my playmates on the sands.

OFFICER (*detaining her.*)

You shall, when you have told to me distinctly
Where are the guests who slept up there last night.

ISABEL.

Why, there is the old man, he stands beside you,
The merry old man, with the glistening hair;
He left the tower at midnight, for my father
Brought him a letter.

SERGEANT.

In ill hour I left you,
I wish to Heaven that I had stay'd with you:
There is a nameless horror that comes o'er me.—
Speak, pretty maiden, tell us what chanced next,
And thou shalt have thy freedom.

ISABEL.

After you went last night, my father
Grew moody, and refused to doff his clothes,
Or go to bed, as sometimes he will do
When there is aught to chafe him. Until past mid night,
He wander'd to and fro, then call'd the stranger,
The gay young man, that sung such merry songs,
Yet ever look'd most sadly whilst he sung them,
And forth they went together.

OFFICER.

And you've seen
Or heard naught of them since?

ISABEL.

Seen surely nothing, and I cannot think
That they have lot or share in what I heard
I heard my mother praying, for the corpse-lights
Were dancing on the waves; and at one o'clock,
Just as the Abbey steeple toll'd the knell,

There was a heavy plunge upon the waters,
And some one cried aloud for mercy!—mercy!
It was the water-spirit, sure, which promised
Mercy to boat and fisherman, if we
Perform'd to-day's rites daily. Let me go—
I am to lead the ring.

OFFICER (*to* SERGEANT.)

Detain her not. She cannot tell us more;
To give her liberty is the sure way
To lure her parents homeward.—Strahan, take two men,
And should the father or the mother come,
Arrest them both, or either. Auchindrane
May come upon the beach; arrest him also,
But do not state a cause. I'll back again,
And take directions from my Lord Dunbar.
Keep you upon the beach, and have an eye
To all that passes there. [*Exeunt, separately.*

SCENE II.

Scene changes to a remote and rocky part of the Sea-beach. Enter AUCHINDRANE *meeting* PHILIP.

AUCHINDRANE.

The devil's brought his legions to this beach,
That wont to be so lonely; morions, lances,
Show in the morning beam as thick as glowworms
At summer midnight.

PHILIP.

I'm right glad to see them,
Be they whoe'er they may, so they are mortal:
For I've contended with a lifeless foe,
And I have lost the battle. I would give
A thousand crowns to hear a mortal steel
Ring on a mortal harness.

AUCHINDRANE.

How now!—Art mad, or hast thou done the turn—
The turn we came for, and must live or die by?

PHILIP.

'Tis done, if man can do it; but I doubt
If this unhappy wretch have Heaven's permission
To die by mortal hands.

AUCHINDRANE.

Where is he?—where's MacLellan?

PHILIP.

In the deep—
Both in the deep, and what's immortal of them
Gone to the judgment-seat, where we must meet them.

AUCHINDRANE.

MacLellan dead, and Quentin too?—So be it
To all that menace ill to Auchindrane,
Or have the power to injure him!—Thy words
Are full of comfort, but thine eye and look
Have in this pallid gloom a ghastliness,
Which contradicts the tidings of thy tongue.*

PHILIP.

Hear me old man—There *is* a heaven above us,
As you have heard old Knox and Wishart preach,
Though little to your boot. The dreaded witness
Is slain, and silent. But his misused body
Comes right ashore, as if to cry for vengeance;
It rides the waters like a living thing,†
Erect, as if he trode the waves which bear him.

AUCHINDRANE.

Thou speakest frenzy, when sense is most required.

PHILIP.

Hear me yet more!—I say I did the deed
With all the coolness of a practised hunter
When dealing with a stag. I struck him overboard,
And with MacLellan's aid I held his head
Under the waters, while the Ranger tied
The weights we had provided to his feet.
We cast him loose when life and body parted,
And bid him speed for Ireland. But even then,
As in defiance of the words we spoke,
The body rose upright behind our stern
One half in ocean, and one half in air,
And tided after as in chase of us.‡

AUCHINDRANE.

It was enchantment!—Did you strike at it?

PHILIP.

Once and again. But blows avail'd no more
Than on a wreath of smoke, where they may break
The column for a moment, which unites
And is entire again. Thus the dead body
Sunk down before my oar, but rose unharm'd
And dogg'd us closer still, as in defiance.

AUCHINDRANE.

'Twas Hell's own work!——

PHILIP.

MacLellan then grew restive
And desperate in his fear, blasphemed aloud,
Cursing us both as authors of his ruin.
Myself was wellnigh frantic while pursued
By this dead shape, upon whose ghastly features
The changeful moonbeam spread a grisly light;
And, baited thus, I took the nearest ways
To ensure his silence, and to quell his noise;
I used my dagger, and I flung him overboard,
And half expected his dead carcass also
Would join the chase—but he sunk down at once.

AUCHINDRANE.

He had enough of mortal sin about him,
To sink an argosy.

PHILIP.

But now resolve you what defence to make,
If Quentin's body shall be recognised;
For 'tis ashore already; and he bears
Marks of my handiwork; so does MacLellan.

AUCHINDRANE.

The concourse thickens still—Away, away!
We must avoid the multitude. [*They rush out.*

SCENE III.

Scene changes to another part of the Beach. Children are seen dancing, and Villagers looking on. ISABEL *seems to take the management of the Dance.*

VILLAGE WOMAN.

How well she queens it, the brave little maiden!

VILLAGER.

Ay, they all queen it from their very cradle,
These willing slaves of haughty Auchindrane.
But now I hear the old man's reign is ended;—
'Tis well—he has been tyrant long enough.

* [——"This man's brow, like to a title leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume;
Thou trembleest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand."
2d *King Henry IV.*]

† [——"Walks the waters like a thing of life."
BYRON—*The Corsair.*]

‡ [This passage was probably suggested by a striking one in Southey's Life of Nelson, touching the corpse of the Neapolitan Prince Caraccioli, executed on board the Foudroyant, then the great British Admiral's flag-ship, in the bay of Naples in 1799. The circumstances of Caraccioli's trial and death form, it is all most needless to observe, the most unpleasant chapter in Lord Nelson's history:—
"The body," says Southey, "was carried out to a considerable distance and sunk in the bay, with three double-headed shot, weighing two hundred and fifty pounds, tied to its legs. But within two or three weeks afterwards, when the King of Naples was on board the Foudroyant, a Neapolitan fisherman came to the ship and solemnly declared, that Caraccioli had risen from the bottom of the sea, and was coming as fast as he could to Naples, swimming half out of the water. Such an amount was listened to like a tale of idle credulity. The day being fair, Nelson, to please the King, stood out to sea; but the ship had not proceeded far before a body was distinctly seen, upright in the water, and approaching them. It was recognised to be, indeed, the corpse of Caraccioli, which had risen and floated, while the great weights attached to the legs kept the body in a position like that of a living man. A fact so extraordinary astonished the King, and perhaps excited some feelings of superstitious fear, akin to regret. He gave permission for the body to be taken on shore, and receive Christian burial."—*Life of Nelson*, chap. vi.]

§ [MS.—"And, baited by my slave, I used my dagger."]

SECOND VILLAGER.

Finlay, speak low, you interrupt the sports.

THIRD VILLAGER.

Look out to sea—There's something coming yonder,
Bound for the beach, will scare us from our mirth.

FOURTH VILLAGER.

Pshaw, it is but a sea-gull on the wing,
Between the wave and sky.

THIRD VILLAGER.

Thou art a fool,
Standing on solid land—'tis a dead body.

SECOND VILLAGER.

And if it be, he bears him like a live one,
Not prone and weltering like a drown'd corpse,
But bolt erect, as if he trode the waters,
And used them as his path.

FOURTH VILLAGER.

It is a merman,
And nothing of this earth, alive or dead.

[*By degrees all the Dancers break off from their sport, and stand gazing to seaward, while an object, imperfectly seen, drifts towards the Beach, and at length arrives among the rocks which border the tide.*

THIRD VILLAGER.

Perhaps it is some wretch who needs assistance;
Jasper, make in and see.

SECOND VILLAGER.

Not I, my friend;
E'en take the risk yourself, you'd put on others.

[HILDEBRAND *has entered, and heard the two last words.*

SERGEANT.

What, are you men?
Fear ye to look on what you must be one day?
I, who have seen a thousand dead and dying
Within a flight-shot square, will teach you how in war
We look upon the corpse when life has left it.

[*He goes to the back scene, and seems attempting to turn the body, which has come ashore with its face downwards.*

Will none of you come aid to turn the body?

ISABEL.

You're cowards all.—I'll help thee, good old man.

[*She goes to aid the* SERGEANT *with the body, and presently gives a cry, and faints.* HILDEBRAND *comes forward. All crowd round him; he speaks with an expression of horror.*

SERGEANT.

'Tis Quentin Blane! Poor youth, his gloomy bodings
Have been the prologue to an act of darkness;
His feet are manacled, his bosom stabb'd,
And he is foully murder'd. The proud Knight
And his dark Ranger must have done this deed,
For which no common ruffian could have motive.

A PEASANT.

Caution were best, old man—Thou art a stranger,
The Knight is great and powerful.

SERGEANT.

Let it be so.
Call'd on by Heaven to stand forth an avenger,
I will not blench for fear of mortal man.
Have I not seen that when that innocent
Had placed her hands upon the murder'd body,
His gaping wounds,* that erst were soak'd with brine,
Burst forth with blood as ruddy as the cloud
Which now the sun doth rise on?

PEASANT.

What of that?

SERGEANT.

Nothing that can affect the innocent child,
But murder's guilt attaching to her father,
Since the blood musters in the victim's veins
At the approach of what holds lease from him
Of all that parents can transmit to children.
And here comes one to whom I'll vouch the circumstance.

The EARL OF DUNBAR *enters with Soldiers and others, having* AUCHINDRANE *and* PHILIP *prisoners.*

DUNBAR.

Fetter the young ruffian and his trait'rous father!

[*They are made secure.*

AUCHINDRANE.

'Twas a lord spoke it—I have known a knight,
Sir George of Home, who had not dared to say so.

DUNBAR.

'Tis Heaven, not I, decides upon your guilt.
A harmless youth is traced within your power,
Sleeps in your Ranger's house—his friend at midnight
Is spirited away. Then lights are seen,
And groans are heard, and corpses come ashore
Mangled with daggers, while (*to* PHILIP) your dagger wears
The sanguine livery of recent slaughter:
Here, too, the body of a murder'd victim,
(Whom none but you had interest to remove,)
Bleeds on a child's approach, because the daughter
Of one the abettor of the wicked deed.
All this, and other proofs corroborative,
Call on us briefly to pronounce the doom
We have in charge to utter.

AUCHINDRANE.

If my house perish, Heaven's will be done!
I wish not to survive it; but, o thou,
Would one could pay the ransom for us both!

PHILIP.

Father, 'tis fitter that we both should die,
Leaving no heir behind.—The piety
Of a bless'd saint, the morals of an anchorite,
Could not atone thy dark hypocrisy,
Or the wild profligacy I have practised.
Ruin'd our house, and shatter'd be our towers,
And with them end the curse our sins have merited!†

[*Exeunt.*

* MS.—"His unblooded wounds," &c.]

† ["The poet, in his play of Auchindrane, displayed real tragic power, and soothed all those who cried out before for a more direct story, and less of the retrospective. Several of the scenes are conceived and executed with all the powers of the best parts of 'Waverley.' The verse, too, is more rough, natural, and nervous, than that of 'Halidon Hill;' but, noble as the effort was, it was eclipsed so much by his splendid romances, that the public still complained that he had not done his best, and that his genius was not dramatic."—ALLAN CUNNINGHAM—*Athenæum*, 14th Dec., 1833.]

THE END.

THE HOUSE OF ASPEN.

A TRAGEDY.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE HOUSE OF ASPEN.

THIS attempt at dramatic composition was executed nearly thirty years since, when the magnificent works of Goethe and Schiller were for the first time made known to the British public, and received, as many now alive must remember, with universal enthusiasm. What we admire we usually attempt to imitate; and the author, not trusting to his own efforts, borrowed the substance of the story and a part of the diction from a dramatic romance called "Der Heilige Vehme" (the Secret Tribunal), which fills the sixth volume of the "Sagen den Vorzeit" (Tales of Antiquity), by Beit Weber. The drama must be termed rather a rifacimento of the original than a translation, since the whole is compressed, and the incidents and dialogue occasionally much varied. The imitator is ignorant of the real name of his ingenious contemporary, and has been informed that of Beit Weber is fictitious.

The late Mr. John Kemble at one time had some desire to bring out the play at Drury-Lane, then adorned by himself and his matchless sister, who were to have supported the characters of the unhappy son and mother: but great objections appeared to this proposal. There was danger that the main spring of the story,—the binding engagements formed by members of the secret tribunal,—might not be sufficiently felt by an English audience, to whom the nature of that singularly mysterious institution was unknown from early association. There was also, according to Mr. Kemble's experienced opinion, too much blood, too much of the catastrophe of Tom Thumb, when all die on the stage. It was besides esteemed perilous to place the fifth act and the parade and show of the secret conclave, at the mercy of underlings and scene-shifters, who, by a ridiculous motion, gesture, or accent, might turn what should be grave into farce.

The author, or rather the translator, willingly acquiesced in this reasoning, and never afterwards made any attempt to gain the honour of the buskin. The German taste also, caricatured by a number of imitators who, incapable of copying the sublimity of the great masters of the school, supplied its place by extravagance and bombast, fell into disrepute, and received a *coup de grace* from the joint efforts of the late lamented Mr. Canning and Mr. Frere. The effect of their singularly happy piece of ridicule called "The Rovers," a mock play which appeared in the Anti-Jacobin, was, that the German school, with its beauties and its defects, passed completely out of fashion, and the following scenes were consigned to neglect and obscurity. Very lately, however, the writer chanced to look them over with feelings very different from those of the adventurous period of his literary life during which they had been written, and yet with such as perhaps a reformed libertine might regard the illegitimate production of an early amour. There is something to be ashamed of, certainly; but, after all, paternal vanity whispers that the child has a resemblance to the father.

To this it need only be added, that there are in existence so many manuscript copies of the following play, that if it should not find its way to the public sooner, it is certain to do so when the author can no more have any opportunity of correcting the press, and consequently at greater disadvantage than at present. Being of too small a size or consequence for a separate publication, the piece is sent as a contribution to the Keepsake, where its demerits may be hidden amid the beauties of more valuable articles.

ABBOTSFORD, 1st *April*, 1829.

THE HOUSE OF ASPEN

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Rudiger, Baron of Aspen, an old German warrior.
George of Aspen, } *sons to Rudiger.*
Henry of Aspen, }
Roderic, *Count of Maltingen, chief of a department of the Invisible Tribunal, and the hereditary enemy of the family of Aspen.*
Werham, *Baron of Wolfstein, ally of Count Roderic.*
Bertram of Ebersdorf, *brother to the former husband of the Baroness of Aspen, disguised as a minstrel.*
Duke of Bavaria.
Wickerd, } *followers of the House of Aspen.*
Reynold, }
Conrad, *Page of Honour to Henry of Aspen.*
Martin, *Squire to George of Aspen.*
Hugo, *Squire to Count Roderic.*
Peter, *an ancient domestic of Rudiger.*
Father Ludovic, *Chaplain to Rudiger.*

WOMEN.

Isabella, *formerly married to Arnolf of Ebersdorf, now wife of Rudiger.*
Gertrude, *Isabella's niece, betrothed to Henry.*
Soldiers, Judges of the Invisible Tribunal, &c. &c.

Scene.—The Castle of Ebersdorf in Bavaria, the ruins of Griefenhaus, and the adjacent country

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ACT I.

SCENE I.

An ancient Gothic chamber in the castle of Ebersdorf. Spears, crossbows, and arms, with the horns of buffaloes and of deer, are hung round the wall. An antique buffet, with beakers, and stone bottles.

Rudiger, *Baron of Aspen, and his lady,* Isabella, *are discovered sitting at a large oaken table.*

Rud. A plague upon that roan horse! Had he not stumbled with me at the ford after our last skirmish, I had been now with my sons. And yonden the boys are, hardly three miles off, battling with Count Roderic, and their father must lie here like a worm-eaten manuscript in a convent library! Out upon it! Out upon it! Is it not hard that a warrior, who has travelled so many leagues to display the cross on the walls of Zion, should be now unable to lift a spear before his own castle gate!

Isa. Dear husband, your anxiety retards your recovery.

Rud. May be so; but not less than your silence and melancholy! Here have I sate this month, and more, since that cursed fall! Neither hunting, nor feasting, nor lance-breaking for me! And my sons—George enters cold and reserved, as if he had the weight of the empire on his shoulders, utters by syllables a cold "How is it with you?" and shuts himself up for days in his solitary chamber—Henry, my cheerful Henry—

Isa. Surely, he at least—

Rud. Even he forsakes me, and skips up the tower staircase like lightning to join your fair ward, Gertrude, on the battlements. I cannot blame him; for, by my knightly faith, were I in his place, I think even these bruised bones would hardly keep me from her side. Still, however, here I must sit alone.

Isa. Not alone, dear husband. Heaven knows what I would do to soften your confinement.

Rud. Tell me not of that, lady. When I first knew thee, Isabella, the fair maid of Arnheim was the joy of her companions, and breathed life wherever she came. Thy father married thee to Arnolf of Ebersdorf—not much with thy will, 'tis true—(*she hides her face.*) Nay—forgive me, Isabella—but that is over—he died, and the ties between us, which thy marriage had broken, were renewed—but the sunshine of my Isabella's light heart returned no more.

Isa. (*weeping.*) Beloved Rudiger, you search my very soul! Why will you recall past times—days of spring that can never return? Do I not love thee more than ever wife loved husband?

Rud. (*stretches out his arms—she embraces him.*) And therefore art thou ever my beloved Isabella. But still, is it not true? Has not thy cheerfulness vanished since thou hast become Lady of Aspen? Dost thou repent of thy love to Rudiger?

Isa. Alas! no! never! never!

Rud. Then why dost thou herd with monks and priests, and leave thy old knight alone, when, for the first time in his stormy life, he has rested for weeks within the walls of his castle? Hast thou committed a crime from which Rudiger's love cannot absolve thee?

Isa. O many! many!

Rud. Then be this kiss thy penance. And tell me, Isabella, hast thou not founded a convent, and endowed it with the best of thy late husband's lands? Ay, and with a vineyard which I could have prized as well as the sleek monks. Dost thou not daily distribute alms to twenty pilgrims? Dost thou not cause ten masses to be sung each night for the repose of thy late husband's soul?

Isa. It will not know repose.

Rud. Well, well—God's peace be with Arnolf of Ebersdorf; the mention of him makes thee ever sad, though so many years have passed since his death.

Isa. But at present, dear husband, have I not the most just cause for anxiety? Are not Henry and George, our beloved sons, at this very moment perhaps engaged in doubtful contest with our hereditary foe, Count Roderic of Maltingen?

Rud. Now, there lies the difference: you sorrow that they are in danger, I that I cannot share it with them.—Hark! I hear horses' feet on the draw bridge. Go to the window, Isabella.

Isa. (*at the window.*) It is Wickerd, your squire.

Rud. Then shall we have tidings of George and Henry. (*Enter* Wickerd.) How now, Wickerd? Have you come to blows yet?

Wic. Not yet, noble sir.

Rud. Not yet?—shame on the boys' dallying—what wait they for?

Wic. The foe is strongly posted, sir knight, upon the Wolfshill, near the ruins of Griefenhaus; therefore your noble son, George of Aspen, greets you well, and requests twenty more men-at-arms, and, after they have joined him, he hopes, with the aid of St. Theodore, to send you news of victory.

Rud. (*attempts to rise hastily.*) Saddle my black barb; I will head them myself. (*Sits down.*) A murrain on that stumbling roan! I had forgot my dislocated bones. Call Reynold, Wickerd, and bid him take all whom he can spare from defence of the castle—(WICKERD *is going*)—and ho! Wickerd, carry with you my black barb, and bid George charge upon him. (*Exit* WICKERD.) Now see, Isabella, if I disregard the boy's safety; I send him the best horse ever knight bestrode. When we lay before Ascalon, indeed, I had a bright bay Persian—Thou dost not heed me.

Isa. Forgive me, dear husband; are not our sons in danger? Will not our sins be visited upon them? Is not their present situation——

Rud. Situation? I know it well: as fair a field for open fight as I ever hunted over: see here—(*makes lines on the table*)—here is the ancient castle of Griefenhaus in ruins, here the Wolfshill; and here the marsh on the right.

Isa. The marsh of Griefenhaus!

Rud. Yes; by that the boys must pass.

Isa. Pass there! (*Apart.*) Avenging Heaven! thy hand is upon us! [*Exit hastily.*

Rud. Whither now? Whither now? She is gone. Thus it goes. Peter! Peter! (*Enter* PETER.) Help me to the gallery, that I may see them on horseback. [*Exit, leaning on* PETER.

SCENE II.

The inner court of the castle of Eberedorf; a quadrangle, surrounded with Gothic buildings; troopers, followers of RUDIGER, *pass and repass in haste, as if preparing for an excursion.*

WICKERD *comes forward.*

Wic. What, ho! Reynold! Reynold!—By our Lady, the spirit of the Seven Sleepers is upon him—So ho! not mounted yet? Reynold!

Enter REYNOLD.

Rey. Here! here! A devil choke thy bawling! think'st thou old Reynold is not as ready for a skirmish as thou?

Wic. Nay, nay: I did but jest; but, by my sooth, it were a shame should our youngsters have yoked with Count Roderic before we graybeards come.

Rey. Heaven forefend! Our troopers are but saddling their horses; five minutes more, and we are in our stirrups, and then let Count Roderic sit fast.

Wic. A plague on him! he has ever lain hard on the skirts of our noble master.

Rey. Especially since he was refused the hand of our lady's niece, the pretty Lady Gertrude.

Wic. Ay, marry! would nothing less serve the fox of Maltingen than the lovely lamb of our young Baron Henry! By my sooth, Reynold, when I look upon these two lovers, they make me full twenty years younger; and when I meet the man that would divide them—I say nothing—but let him look to it.

Rey. And how fare our young lords?

Wic. Each well in his humour.—Baron George stern and cold, according to his wont, and his brother as cheerful as ever.

Rey. Well!—Baron Henry for me.

Wic. Yet George saved thy life.

Rey. True—with as much indifference as if he had been snatching a chestnut out of the fire. Now Baron Henry wept for my danger and my wounds. Therefore George shall ever command my life, but Henry my love.

Wic. Nay, Baron George shows his gloomy spirit even by the choice of a favourite.

Rey. Ay—Martin, formerly the squire of Arnolf of Eberedorf, his mother's first husband.—I marvel he could not have fitted himself with an attendant from among the faithful followers of his worthy father, whom Arnolf and his adherents used to hate as the Devil hates holy water. But Martin is a good soldier, and has stood toughly by George in many a hard brunt.

Wic. The knave is sturdy enough, but so sulky withal—I have seen, brother Reynold, that when Martin showed his moody visage at the banquet, our noble mistress has dropped the wine she was raising to her lips, and exchanged her smiles for a ghastly frown, as if sorrow went by sympathy, as kissing goes by favour.

Rey. His appearance reminds her of her first husband, and thou hast well seen *that* makes her ever sad.

Wic. Dost thou marvel at that? She was married to Arnolf by a species of force, and they say that before his death he compelled her to swear never to espouse Rudiger. The priests will not absolve her for the breach of that vow, and therefore she is troubled in mind. For, d'ye mark me, Reynold——

[*Bugle sounds.*

Rey. A truce to your preaching! To horse! and a blessing on our arms!

Wic. St. George grant it! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The gallery of the castle, terminating in a large balcony commanding a distant prospect.—Voices, bugle-horns, kettle-drums, trampling of horses, &c. are heard without.

RUDIGER, *leaning on* PETER, *looks from the balcony.* GERTRUDE *and* ISABELLA *are near him.*

Rud. There they go at length—look, Isabella! look, my pretty Gertrude—these are the iron-handed warriors who shall tell Roderic what it will cost him to force thee from my protection—(*Flourish without,* RUDIGER *stretches his arms from the balcony.*) Go, my children, and God's blessing with you. Look at my black barb, Gertrude. That horse shall let daylight in through a phalanx, were it twenty pikes deep. Shame on it that I cannot mount him! Seest thou how fierce old Reynold looks?

Ger. I can hardly know my friends in their armour. [*The bugles and kettle-drums are heard as at a greater distance.*

Rud. Now I could tell every one of their names, even at this distance; ay, and were they covered, as I have seen them, with dust and blood. He on the dapple-gray is Wickerd—a hardy fellow, but somewhat given to prating. That is young Conrad who gallops so fast, page to thy Henry, my girl.

[*Bugles, &c. at a greater distance still.*

Ger. Heaven guard them. Alas! the voice of war that calls the blood into your cheeks chills and freezes mine.

Rud. Say not so. It is glorious, my girl! glorious! See how their armour glistens as they wind round yon hill! how their spears glimmer amid the long train of dust. Hark! you can still hear the faint notes of their trumpets—(*Bugles very faint.*)—And Rudiger, old Rudiger with the iron arm, as the crusaders used to call me, must remain behind with the priests and the women. Well! well!—(*Sings.*)

"It was a knight to battle rode,
And as his war-horse he bestrode,"—

Fill me a bowl of wine, Gertrude; and do thou, Peter, call the minstrel who came hither last night.—(*Sings.*)

"Off rode the horseman, dash, ra, ra!
And stroked his whiskers, tra, la, la."—

(PETER *goes out.*—RUDIGER *sits down, and* GERTRUDE *helps him with wine.*) Thanks, my love. It tastes ever best from thy hand. Isabella, here is glory and victory to our boys—(*Drinks.*)—Will thou not pledge me?

Isa. To their safety, and God grant it!—(*Drinks.*)

Enter BERTRAM *as a minstrel, with a Boy bearing his harp.*—*Also* PETER.

Rud. Thy name, minstrel?

Ber. Minhold, so please you.

Rud. Art thou a German?

Ber. Yes, noble sir; and of this province.

Rud. Sing me a song of battle.

[BERTRAM *sings to the harp.*

Rud. Thanks, minstrel: well sung and lustily. What sayst thou, Isabella?

Isa. I marked him not.

Rud. Nay in sooth you are too anxious. Cheer up. And thou, too, my lovely Gertrude: in a few

hours thy Henry shall return, and twine his laurels into a garland for thy hair. He fights for thee, and he must conquer.

Ger. Alas! must blood be spilled for a silly maiden?

Rud. Surely: for what should knights break lances but for honour and ladies' love—ha, minstrel?

Ber. So please you—also to punish crimes.

Rud. Out upon it! wouldst have us executioners, minstrel? Such work would disgrace our blades. We leave malefactors to the Secret Tribunal.

Isa. Merciful God! Thou hast spoken a word, Rudiger, of dreadful import.

Ger. They say that, unknown and invisible themselves, these awful judges are ever present with the guilty; that the past and the present misdeeds, the secrets of the confessional, nay, the very thoughts of the heart, are before them: that their doom is as sure as that of fate, the means and executioners unknown.

Rud. They say true—the secrets of that association, and the names of those who compose it, are as inscrutable as the grave: we only know that it has taken deep root, and spread its branches wide. I sit down each day in my hall, nor know I how many of these secret judges may surround me, all bound by the most solemn vow to avenge guilt. Once, and but once, a knight, at the earnest request and inquiries of the emperor, hinted that he belonged to the society: the next morning he was found slain in a forest: the poniard was left in the wound, and bore this label—"Thus do the invisible judges punish treachery."

Ger. Gracious! aunt, you grow pale.

Isa. A slight indisposition only.

Rud. And what of it all? We know our hearts are open to our Creator: shall we fear any earthly inspection? Come to the battlements; there we shall soonest descry the return of our warriors.

[*Exit* Rudiger, *with* Gertrude *and* Peter.

Isa. Minstrel, send the chaplain hither. (*Exit* Bertram.) Gracious Heaven! the guileless innocence of my niece, the manly honesty of my upright-hearted Rudiger, become daily tortures to me. While he was engaged in active and stormy exploits, fear for his safety, joy when he returned to his castle, enabled me to disguise my inward anguish from others. But from myself—Judges of blood, that lie concealed in noontide as in midnight, who boast to avenge the hidden guilt, and to penetrate the recesses of the human breast, how blind is your penetration, how vain your dagger and your cord, compared to the conscience of the sinner!

Enter Father Ludovic.

Lud. Peace be with you, lady!

Isa. It is not with me: it is thy office to bring it.

Lud. And the cause is the absence of the young knights?

Isa. Their absence and their danger.

Lud. Daughter, thy hand has been stretched out in bounty to the sick and to the needy. Thou hast not denied a shelter to the weary, nor a tear to the afflicted. Trust in their prayers, and in those of the holy convent thou hast founded; peradventure they will bring back thy children to thy bosom.

Isa. Thy brethren cannot pray for me or mine. Their vow binds them to pray night and day for another—to supplicate, without ceasing, the Eternal Mercy for the soul of one who—Oh, only Heaven knows how much he needs their prayer!

Lud. Unbounded is the mercy of Heaven. The soul of thy former husband——

Isa. I charge thee, priest, mention not the word. (*Apart.*) Wretch that I am, the meanest menial in my train has power to goad me to madness!

Lud. Hearken to me, daughter; thy crime against Arnolf of Ebersdorf cannot bear in the eye of Heaven so deep a dye of guilt.

Isa. Repeat that once more; say once again that it cannot—cannot bear so deep a dye. Prove to me that ages of the bitterest penance, that tears of the dearest blood, can erase such guilt. Prove but *that* to me, and I will build thee an abbey which shall put to shame the fairest fane in Christendom.

Lud. Nay, nay, daughter, your conscience is over tender. Supposing that, under dread of the stern Arnolf, you swore never to marry your present husband, still the exacting such an oath was unlawful, and the breach of it venial.

Isa. (*Resuming her composure.*) Be it so, good father: I yield to thy better reasons. And now tell me, has thy pious care achieved the task I intrusted to thee?

Lud. Of superintending the erection of thy new hospital for pilgrims? I have, noble lady: and last night the minstrel now in the castle lodged there.

Isa. Wherefore came he then to the castle?

Lud. Reynold brought the commands of the baron.

Isa. Whence comes he, and what is his tale? When he sung before Rudiger, I thought that long before I had heard such tones—seen such a face.

Lud. It is possible you may have seen him, lady, for he boasts to have been known to Arnolf of Ebersdorf, and to have lived formerly in this castle. He inquires much after *Martin*, Arnolf's squire.

Isa. Go, Ludovic—go quick, good father, seek him out, give him this purse, and bid him leave the castle, and speed him on his way.

Lud. May I ask why, noble lady?

Isa. Thou art inquisitive, priest: I honour the servants of God, but I foster not the prying spirit of a monk. Begone!

Lud. But the baron, lady, will expect a reason why I dismiss his guest?

Isa. True, true, (*recollecting herself;*) pardon my warmth, good father, I was thinking of the cuckoo that grows too big for the nest of the sparrow, and strangles its foster-mother. Do no such birds roost in convent walls?

Lud. Lady, I understand you not.

Isa. Well then, say to the baron, that I have dismissed long ago all the attendants of the man of whom thou hast spoken, and that I wish to have none of them beneath my roof.

Lud. (*inquisitively.*) Except Martin?

Isa. (*sharply.*) Except Martin! who saved the life of my son George? Do as I command thee. [*Exit.*

Manet Ludovic.

Lud. Ever the same—stern and peremptory to others, as rigorous to herself; haughty even to me, to whom, in another mood, she has knelt for absolution, and whose knees she has bathed in tears. I cannot fathom her. The unnatural zeal with which she performs her dreadful penances cannot be religion, for shrewdly I guess she believes not in their blessed efficacy. Well for her that she is the foundress of our convent, otherwise we might not have erred in denouncing her as a heretic! [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A woodland prospect.—Through a long avenue, half grown up by brambles, are discerned in the back-ground the ruins of the ancient castle of Griefenhaus.—The distant noise of battle is heard during this scene.

Enter George of Aspen, *armed with a battle-axe in his hand, as from horseback. He supports* Martin, *and brings him forward.*

Geo. Lay thee down here, old friend. The enemy's horsemen will hardly take their way among these brambles, through which I have dragged thee.

Mar. Oh, do not leave me! leave me not an instant! My moments are now but few, and I would profit by them.

Geo. Martin, you forget yourself and me—I must back to the field.

Mar. (*attempts to rise.*) Then drag me back thither also; I cannot die but in your presence—I dare not be alone. Stay, to give peace to my parting soul.

Geo. I am no priest, Martin. (*Going.*)

Mar. (*raising himself with great pain.*) Baron George of Aspen, I saved thy life in battle: for that good deed, hear me but one moment.

Geo. I hear thee, my poor friend. (*Returning.*)

Mar. But come close—very close. See'st thou, sir knight—this wound I bore for thee—and this—and this—dost thou not remember?

Geo. I do.

Mar. I have served thee since thou wast a child; served thee faithfully—was never from thy side.

Geo. Thou hast.

Mar. And now I die in thy service.

Geo. Thou mayst recover.

Mar. I cannot. By my long service—by my scars—by this mortal gash, and by the death that I am to die—oh do not hate me for what I am now to unfold!

Geo. Be assured I can never hate thee.

Mar. Ah! thou little knowest——Swear to me thou wilt speak a word of comfort to my parting soul.

Geo. (*takes his hand.*) I swear I will. (*Alarm and shouting.*) But be brief—thou knowest my haste.

Mar. Hear me, then. I was the squire, the beloved and favourite attendant, of Arnolf of Ebersdorf. Arnolf was savage as the mountain bear. He loved the Lady Isabel, but she requited not his passion. She loved thy father; but her sire, old Arnheim, was the friend of Arnolf, and she was forced to marry him. By midnight, in the chapel at Ebersdorf, the ill-omened rites were performed; her resistance, her screams, were in vain. These arms detained her at the altar till the nuptial benediction was pronounced. Canst thou forgive me?

Geo. I do forgive thee. Thy obedience to thy savage master has been obliterated by a long train of services to his widow.

Mar. Services! ay, bloody services! for they commenced—do not quit my hand—they commenced with the murder of my master! (GEORGE *quits his hand, and stands aghast in speechless horror.*) Trample on me! pursue me with your dagger! I aided your mother to poison her first husband! I thank Heaven, it is said.

Geo. My mother? Sacred Heaven! Martin, thou ravest—the fever of thy wound has distracted thee.

Mar. No! I am not mad! Would to God I were! Try me! Yonder is the Wolfshill—yonder the old castle of Griefenhaus—and yonder is the hemlock marsh (*in a whisper*) where I gathered the deadly plant that drugged Arnolf's cup of death. (GEORGE *traverses the stage in the utmost agitation, and sometimes stands over* MARTIN *with his hands clasped together.*) Oh, had you seen him when the potion took effect! Had you heard his ravings, and seen the contortions of his ghastly visage!—He died furious and impenitent, as he lived; and went—where I am shortly to go. You do not speak?

Geo. (*with exertion.*) Miserable wretch! how can I?

Mar. Can you not forgive me?

Geo. May God pardon thee—I cannot!

Mar. I saved thy life——

Geo. For that, take my curse! (*He snatches up his battle-axe, and rushes out to the side from which the noise is heard.*)

Mar. Hear me! yet more—more horror! (*Attempts to rise, and falls heavily. A loud alarum.*)

Enter WICKED *hastily*

Wic. In the name of God, Martin, lend me thy brand!

Mar. Take it.

Wic. Where is it?

Mar. (*looks wildly at him.*) In the chapel at Ebersdorf, or buried in the hemlock marsh.

Wic. The old grumbler is crazy with his wounds. Martin, if thou hast a spark of reason in thee, give me thy sword. The day goes sore against us.

Mar. There it lies. Bury it in the heart of thy master George; thou wilt do him a good office—the office of a faithful servant.

Enter CONRAD.

Con. Away, Wickerd! to horse, and pursue! Baron George has turned the day; he fights more like a fiend than a man: he has unhorsed Roderic and slain six of his troopers—they are in headlong flight—the hemlock marsh is red with their gore! (MARTIN *gives a deep groan, and faints.*) Away! Away! (*They hurry off, as to the pursuit.*)

Enter RODERIC OF MALTINGEN, *without his helmet, his arms disordered and broken, holding the truncheon of a spear in his hand; with him,* BARON WOLFSTEIN.

Rod. A curse on fortune, and a double curse upon George of Aspen! Never, never, will I forgive him my disgrace—overthrown like a rotten trunk before a whirlwind!

Wolf. Be comforted, Count Roderic; it is well we have escaped being prisoners. See how the troopers of Aspen pour along the plain, like the billows of the Rhine! It is good we are shrouded by the thicket.

Rod. Why took he not my life, when he robbed me of my honour and of my love? Why did his spear not pierce my heart, when mine shivered on his arms like a frail bulrush? (*Throws down the broken spear.*) Bear witness, Heaven and earth, I outlive this disgrace only to avenge!

Wolf. Be comforted; the knights of Aspen have not gained a bloodless victory. And see, there has one of George's followers—(*seeing* MARTIN.)

Rod. His squire Martin; if he be not dead, we will secure him: he is the depository of the secrets of his master. Arouse thee, trusty follower of the house of Aspen!

Mar. (*reviving.*) Leave me not! leave me not, Baron George! my eyes are darkened with agony! I have not yet told all.

Wolf. The old man takes you for his master.

Rod. What wouldst thou tell?

Mar. Oh, I would tell all the temptations by which I was urged to the murder of Ebersdorf!

Rod. Murder!—this is worth marking. Proceed.

Mar. I loved a maiden, daughter of Arnolf's steward; my master seduced her—she became an outcast, and died in misery—I vowed vengeance—and I did avenge her.

Rod. Hadst thou accomplices?

Mar. None but thy mother.

Rod. The Lady Isabella!

Mar. Ay: she hated her husband: he knew her love to Rudiger, and when she heard that thy father was returned from Palestine, her life was endangered by the transports of his jealousy—thus prepared for evil, the fiend tempted us, and we fell.

Rod. (*breaks into a transport.*) Fortune! thou hast repaid me all! Love and vengeance are my own!—Wolfstein, recall our followers! quick sound thy bugle—(WOLFSTEIN *sounds.*)

Mar. (*stares wildly round.*) That was the voice of Aspen—Count Roderic of Maltingen—Heaven! what have I said!

Rod. What thou canst not recall.

Mar. Then is my fate decreed! 'Tis as it should be! in this very place was the poison gathered—this retribution!

Enter three or four soldiers of RODERIC.

Rod. Secure this wounded trooper; bind his wounds, and guard him well: carry him to the ruins of Griefenhaus, and conceal him till the troopers of Aspen have retired from the pursuit;—look to him, as you love your lives.

Mar. (*led off by soldiers.*) Ministers of vengeance! my hour is come! (*Exeunt.*)

Rod. Hope, joy, and triumph, once again are ye mine! Welcome to my heart, long-absent visitants! One lucky chance has thrown dominion into the scale of the house of Maltingen, and Aspen kicks the beam.

Wolf. I foresee, indeed, dishonour to the family of Aspen, should this wounded squire make good his tale

Rod. And how thinkest thou this disgrace will fall on them?

Wolf. Surely, by the public punishment of Lady Isabella.

Rod. And is that all?

Wolf. What more?

Rod. Shortsighted that thou art, is not George of Aspen, as well as thou, a member of the holy and invisible circle, over which I preside?

Wolf. Speak lower, for God's sake! these are things not to be mentioned before the sun.

Rod. True: but stands he not bound by the most solemn oath religion can devise, to discover to the tribunal whatever concealed iniquity shall come to his knowledge, be the perpetrator whom he may—ay, were that perpetrator his own father—or mother; and can you doubt that he has heard Martin's confession?

Wolf. True: but, blessed Virgin! do you think he will accuse his own mother before the invisible judges?

Rod. If not, he becomes forsworn, and, by our law, must die. Either way my vengeance is complete—perjured or parricide, I care not: but, as the one or the other shall I crush the haughty George of Aspen.

Wolf. Thy vengeance strikes deep.

Rod. Deep as the wounds I have borne from this proud family. Rudiger slew my father in battle—George has twice baffled and dishonoured my arms, and Henry has stolen the heart of my beloved! but no longer can Gertrude now remain under the care of the murderous dam of this brood of wolves; far less can she wed the smooth-cheeked boy, when this scene of villany shall be disclosed. [*Bugle.*

Wolf. Hark! they sound a retreat: let us go deeper into the wood.

Rod. The victors approach! I shall dash their triumph!—Issue the private summons for convoking the members this very evening; I will direct the other measures.

Wolf. What place?

Rod. The old chapel in the ruins of Griefenhaus, [illegible]. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter GEORGE OF ASPEN, *as from the pursuit.*

Geo. (*comes slowly forward.*) How many wretches have sunk under my arm this day, to whom life was sweet, though the wretched bondsmen of Count Roderic! And I—I who sought death beneath every lifted battle-axe, and offered my breast to every arrow—I am cursed with victory and safety. Here I left the wretch——Martin!—Martin!—what, ho! Martin!——Mother of God! he is gone! Should he repeat the dreadful tale to any other——Martin!—He answers not. Perhaps he has crept into the thicket, and died there—were it so, the horrible secret is only mine.

Enter HENRY OF ASPEN, *with* WICKERD, REYNOLD, *and followers.*

Hen. Joy to thee, brother! though, by St. Francis, I would not gain another field at the price of seeing thee fight with such reckless desperation. Thy safety is little less than miraculous.

Rey. By'r Lady, when Baron George struck, I think he must have forgot that his foes were God's creatures. Such furious doings I never saw, and I have been a trooper these for[illegible] wo years come St. Barnaby——

Geo. Peace! Saw any of [illegible] Martin?

Wic. Noble sir, I left him here not long since.

Geo. Alive, or dead?

Wic. Alive, noble sir, but sorely wounded. I think he must be prisoner, for he could not have budged else from hence.

Geo. Heedless slave! Why didst thou leave him?

Hen. Dear brother, Wickerd acted for the best: he came to our assistance and the aid of his companions.

Geo. I tell thee, Henry, Martin's safety was of more importance than the lives of any ten that stand here.

Wic. (*muttering.*) Here's much to do about an old crazy trencher-shifter.

Geo. What mutterest thou?

Wic. Only, sir knight, that Martin seemed out of his senses when I left him, and has perhaps wandered into the marsh, and perished there.

Geo. How—out of his senses? Did he speak to thee?—(*apprehensively.*)

Wic. Yes, noble sir.

Geo. Dear Henry, step for an instant to yon tree—thou wilt see from thence if the foe rally upon the Wolfshill. (HENRY *retires.*) And do you stand back (*to the soldiers.*) [*He brings* WICKERD *forward.*

Geo. (*with marked apprehension.*) What did Martin say to thee, Wickerd?—tell me, on thy allegiance.

Wic. Mere ravings, sir knight—offered me his sword to kill you.

Geo. Said he aught of killing any one else?

Wic. No: the pain of his wound seemed to have brought on a fever.

Geo. (*clasps his hands together.*) I breathe again—I spy comfort. Why could I not see as well as this fellow, that the wounded wretch may have been distracted? Let me at least think so till proof shall show the truth (*aside.*) Wickerd, think not on what I said—the heat of the battle had chafed my blood. Thou hast wished for the Nether farm at Ebersdorf—it shall be thine.

Wic. Thanks, my noble lord.

Re-enter HENRY.

Hen. No—they do not rally—they have had enough of it—but Wickerd and Conrad shall remain, with twenty troopers and a score of crossbowmen, and scour the woods towards Griefenhaus, to prevent the fugitives from making head. We will, with the rest, to Ebersdorf. What say you, brother?

Geo. Well ordered. Wickerd, look thou search everywhere for Martin: bring him to me dead or alive; leave not a nook of the wood unsought.

Wic. I warrant you, noble sir, I shall find him, could he clew himself up like a dormouse.

Hen. I think he must be prisoner.

Geo. Heaven forefend! Take a trumpet, Eustace (*to an attendant;*) ride to the castle of Maltingen, and demand a parley. If Martin is prisoner, offer any ransom: offer ten—twenty—all our prisoners in exchange.

Eus. It shall be done, sir knight.

Hen. Ere we go, sound trumpets—strike up the song of victory.

SONG.

Joy to the victors! the sons of old Aspen!
Joy to the race of the battle and spear!
Glory's proud garland triumphantly grasping;
Generous in peace, and victorious in war.
Honour acquiring,
Valour inspiring,
Bursting, resistless, through foemen they go:
War-axes wielding,
Broken ranks yielding,
Till from the battle proud Roderic retiring,
Yields in wild rout the fair palm to his foe.

Joy to each warrior, true followers of Aspen!
Joy to the heroes that gain'd the bold day!
Health to our wounded, in agony gasping;
Peace to our brethren that fell in the fray!
Boldly this morning
Roderic's power scorning,
Well for their chieftain their blades did they wield:
Joy blest them dying,
As Maltingen flying,
Low laid his banners, our conquest adorning,
Their death-clouded eyeballs deserted us the field!

Now to our home, the proud mansion of Aspen,
Bend we, gay victors, triumphant away;
There each fair damsel, her gallant youth clasping,
Shall wipe from his forehead the stains of the fray.
Listening the prancing
Of horses advancing;
E'en now on the turrets our maidens appear.
Love our hearts warming,
Songs the night charming,
Round goes the grape in the goblet gay sparkling,
Love, wine, and song, our blithe evening shall cheer!

Hen. Now spread our banners, and to Ebersdorf in triumph. We carry relief to the anxious, joy to the heart of the aged, brother George. (*Going off.*)

Geo. Or treble misery and death.

[*Apart, and following slowly.*

The music sounds, and the followers of Aspen begin to file across the stage. The curtain falls.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Castle of Ebersdorf.

RUDIGER, ISABELLA, *and* GERTRUDE.

Rud. I prithee, dear wife, be merry. It must be over by this time, and happily, otherwise the bad news had reached us.

Isa. Should we not, then, have heard the tidings of the good?

Rud. Oh! these fly slower by half. Besides, I warrant all of them engaged in the pursuit. Oh! not a page would leave the skirts of the fugitives till they were fairly beaten into their holds; but had the boys lost the day, the stragglers had made for the castle. Go to the window, Gertrude: seest thou any thing?

Ger. I think I see a horseman.

Isa. A single rider? then I fear me much.

Ger. It is only Father Ludovic.

Rud. A plague on thee! didst thou take a fat friar on a mule for a trooper of the house of Aspen?

Ger. But yonder is a great cloud of dust.

Rud. (*eagerly.*) Indeed!

Ger. It is only the wine sledges going to my aunt's convent.

Rud. The devil confound the wine sledges, and the mules, and the monks! Come from the window, and torment me no longer, thou seer of strange sights.

Ger. Dear uncle, what can I do to amuse you? Shall I tell you what I dreamed this morning?

Rud. Nonsense: but say on; any thing is better than silence.

Ger. I thought I was in the chapel, and they were burying my aunt Isabella alive. And who, do you think, aunt, were the gravediggers who shovelled in the earth upon you? Even Baron George and old Martin.

Isa. (*appears shocked.*) Heaven! what an idea!

Ger. Do but think of my terror—and Minhold the minstrel played all the while to drown your screams.

Rud. And old Father Ludovic danced a saraband, with the steeple of the new convent upon his thick skull by way of mitre. A truce to this nonsense. Give us a song, my love, and leave thy dreams and visions.

Ger. What shall I sing to you?

Rud. Sing to me of war.

Ger. I cannot sing of battle: but I will sing you the Lament of Eleanor of Toro, when her lover was slain in the wars.

Isa. Oh, no laments, Gertrude.

Rud. Then sing a song of mirth.

Isa. Dear husband, is this a time for mirth?

Rud. Is it neither a time to sing of mirth nor of sorrow? Isabella would rather hear Father Ludovic chant the "De profundis."

Ger. Dear uncle, be not angry. At present, I can only sing the lay of poor Eleanor. It comes to my heart at this moment as if the sorrowful mourner had been my own sister.

SONG.*

Sweet above the sun on the fair lake of Toro,
Wank wept the whispers that waved the dark wood.
As a fair maiden, bewilder'd in sorrow,
Sigh'd to the breezes and wept to the flood.—
"Father, from the mansion of bliss lowly bending,
Virgin, that hear'st the poor suppliant's cry,
Grant my petition, in anguish ascending,
My Frederick restore, or let Eleanor die."

Distant and faint were the sounds of the battle;
With the breezes they rise, with the breezes they fail,
Till the shout, and the groan, and the conflict's dread rattle,
And the chase a wild clamour came loading the gale.
Breathless she gazed through the woodland so dreary,
Slowly approaching, a warrior was seen;
Life's ebbing tide mark'd his footsteps so weary,
Cloft was his helmet, and wo was his mien.

"Save thee, fair maid, for our armies are flying;
Save thee, fair maid, for thy guardian is low;
Cold on yon heath thy bold Frederick is lying,
Fast through the woodland approaches the foe."—

[*The voice of* GERTRUDE *sinks by degrees, till she bursts into tears.*

Rud. How now, Gertrude?

Ger. Alas! may not the fate of poor Eleanor at this moment be mine?

Rud. Never, my girl, never—(*Military music is heard*)—Hark! hark! to the sounds that tell thee so.

[*All rise and run to the window.*

Rud. Joy! joy! they come, and come victorious. (*The chorus of the war-song is heard without.*) Welcome! welcome! once more have my old eyes seen the banners of the house of Maltingen trampled in the dust.—Isabella, broach our oldest casks: wine is sweet after war.

Enter HENRY, *followed by* REYNOLD *and troopers.*

Rud. Joy to thee, my boy: let me press thee to this old heart.

Isa. Bless thee, my son—(*embraces him*)—Oh, how many hours of bitterness are compensated by this embrace! Bless thee, my Henry! where hast thou left thy brother?

Hen. Hard at hand: by this he is crossing the drawbridge. Hast thou no greetings for me, Gertrude? (*Goes to her.*)

Ger. I joy not in battles.

Rud. But she had tears for thy danger.

Hen. Thanks, my gentle Gertrude. See, I have brought back thy scarf from no inglorious field.

Ger. It is bloody!—(*shocked.*)

Rud. Dost start at that, my girl? Were it his own blood as it is that of his foes, thou shouldst glory in it.—Go, Reynold, make good cheer with thy fellows. [*Exit* REYNOLD *and soldiers.*

Enter GEORGE *pensively.*

Geo. (*goes straight to* RUDIGER.) Father, thy blessing.

Rud. Thou hast it, boy.

Isa. (*rushes to embrace him—he avoids her.*) How? art thou wounded?

Geo. No.

Rud. Thou lookest deadly pale.

Geo. It is nothing.

Isa. Heaven's blessing on my gallant George.

Geo. (*aside.*) Dares she bestow a blessing?—Oh Martin's tale was frenzy!

Isa. Smile upon us for once, my son; darken not thy brow on this day of gladness—few are our moments of joy—should not my sons share in them?

Geo. (*aside.*) She has moments of joy—it was frenzy then.

Isa. Gertrude, my love, assist me to disarm the knight—(*She loosens and takes off his casque.*)

Ger. There is one, two, three hacks, and none has pierced the steel.

Rud. Let me see. Let me see. A trusty casque!

Ger. Else hadst thou gone.

Isa. I will reward the armourer with its weight in gold.

Geo. (*aside.*) She must be innocent.

Ger. And Henry's shield is hacked, too. Let me show it to you, uncle.—(*She carries* HENRY'S *to* RUDIGER.)

Rud. Do, my love—and come hither, Henry, thou shalt tell me how the day went.

[HENRY *and* GERTRUDE *converse apart with* RUDIGER. GEORGE *comes forward.* ISABELLA *comes to him.*

Isa. Surely, George, some evil has befallen thee. Grave thou art ever, but so dreadfully gloomy—

Geo. *Evil*, indeed.—(*Aside.*) Now for the trial.

Isa. Has your loss been great?

Geo. No!—Yes!—(*Apart.*) I cannot do it.

Isa. Perhaps some friend lost?

Geo. It must be.—*Martin is dead.*—(*He regards her with apprehension, but steadily as he pronounces these words.*)

Isa. (*starts, then shows a ghastly expression of joy.*) Dead!

* [Compare with "The Maid of Toro," *ante*, p. 326.]

Geo. (*almost overcome by his feelings.*) Guilty! Guilty!—(*apart.*)

Isa. (*without observing his emotion.*) Didst thou say dead?

Geo. Did I—no—I only said mortally wounded.

Isa. Wounded? only wounded? Where is he? Let me fly to him.—(*Going.*)

Geo. (*sternly.*) Hold, lady!—Speak not so loud! —Thou canst not see him!—He is a prisoner.

Isa. A prisoner, and wounded? Fly to his deliverance!—Offer wealth, lands, castles,—all our possessions, for his ransom. Never shall I know peace till these walls, or till the grave, secures him.

Geo. (*apart.*) Guilty! Guilty!

Enter PETER.

Peter. Hugo, squire to the Count of Maltingen, has arrived with a message.

Rud. I will receive him in the hall.

[*Exit, leaning on* GERTRUDE *and* HENRY.

Isa. Go, George,—see after Martin.

Geo. (*firmly.*) No—I have a task to perform; and though the earth should open and devour me alive —I will accomplish it. But first—but first—Nature, take thy tribute.—(*He falls on his mother's neck, and weeps bitterly.*)

Isa. George! my son! for Heaven's sake what dreadful frenzy!

Geo. (*walks two turns across the stage and composes himself.*) Listen, mother—I knew a knight in Hungary, gallant in battle, hospitable and generous in peace. The king gave him his friendship, and the administration of a province; that province was infested by thieves and murderers. You mark me!—

Isa. Most heedfully.

Geo. The knight was sworn—bound by an oath the most dreadful that can be taken by man—to deal among offenders, evenhanded, stern, and impartial justice. Was it not a dreadful vow?

Isa. (*with an affectation of composure.*) Solemn, doubtless, as the oath of every magistrate.

Geo. And inviolable?

Isa. Surely—inviolable.

Geo. Well! it happened, that when he rode out against the banditti, he made a prisoner. And who, think you that prisoner was?

Isa. I know not (*with increasing terror.*)

Geo. (*trembling, but proceeding rapidly.*) His own twin brother, who sucked the same breasts with him, and lay in the bosom of the same mother; his brother whom he loved as his own soul—what should that knight have done unto his brother?

Isa. (*almost speechless.*) Alas! what did he do?

Geo. He did (*turning his head from her, and with clasped hands*) what I can never do:—he did his duty.

Isa. My son! my son!—Mercy! Mercy! (*clings to him.*)

Geo. It is then true?

Isa. What?

Geo. What Martin said? (ISABELLA *hides her face.*) It is true.

Isa. (*looks up with an air of dignity.*) Hear, Framer of the laws of nature! the mother is judged by the child—(*Turns towards him.*) Yes, it is true —true that, fearful of my own life, I secured it by the murder of my tyrant. Mistaken coward! I little knew on what terrors I ran, to avoid one moment's agony.—Thou hast the secret!

Geo. Knowest thou to whom thou hast told it?

Isa. To my son.

Geo. No! no! to an executioner.

Isa. Be it so,—go, proclaim my crime, and forget not my punishment. Forget not that the murderess of her husband has dragged out years of hidden remorse, to be brought at last to the scaffold by her own cherished son—thou art silent.

Geo. The language of Nature is no more! How shall I learn another?

Isa. Look upon me, George. Should the executioner be abashed before the criminal—look upon me, my son. From my soul do I forgive thee.

Geo. Forgive me what?

Isa. What thou dost meditate—be vengeance heavy, but let it be secret—add not the death of a father to that of the sinner! Oh! Rudiger! Rudiger! innocent cause of all my guilt and all my wo, how wilt thou tear thy silver locks when thou shalt hear her guilt whom thou hast so often clasped to thy bosom—hear her infamy proclaimed by the son of thy fondest hopes.—(*weeps.*)

Geo. (*struggling for breath.*) Nature will have utterance: mother, dearest mother, I will save you or perish! (*throws himself into her arms.*) Thus fall my vows.

Isa. Man thyself! I ask not safety from thee. Never shall it be said, that Isabella of Aspen turned her son from the path of duty, though his footsteps must pass over her mangled corpse. Man thyself.

Geo. No! No! The ties of nature were knit by God himself. Cursed be the stoic pride that would rend them asunder, and call it virtue!

Isa. My son! My son!—How shall I behold thee hereafter?

[*Three knocks are heard upon the door of the apartment.*

Geo. Hark! One—two—three. Roderic, thou art speedy! (*Apart.*)

Isa. (*opens the door.*) A parchment stuck to the door with a poniard! (*Opens it.*) Heaven and earth! —a summons from the invisible judges!—(*Drops the parchment.*)

Geo. (*reads with emotion.*) "Isabella of Aspen, accused of murder by poison, we conjure thee by the cord and by the steel, to appear this night before the avengers of blood, who judge in secret and avenge in secret, like the Deity. As thou art innocent or guilty, so be thy deliverance."—Martin, Martin, thou hast played false!

Isa. Alas! whither shall I fly?

Geo. Thou canst not fly; instant death would follow the attempt; a hundred thousand arms would be raised against thy life; every morsel thou didst taste, every drop which thou didst drink, the very breeze of heaven that fanned thee, would come loaded with destruction. One chance of safety is open: obey the summons.

Isa. And perish.—Yet why should I still fear death? Be it so.

Geo. No—I have sworn to save you. I will not do the work by halves. Does any one save Martin know of the dreadful deed?

Isa. None.

Geo. Then go—assert your innocence, and leave the rest to me.

Isa. Wretch that I am! How can I support the task you would impose?

Geo. Think on my father. Live for him: he will need all the comfort thou canst bestow. Let the thought that his destruction is involved in thine, carry thee through the dreadful trial.

Isa. Be it so.—For Rudiger I have lived: for him I will continue to bear the burden of existence: but the instant that my guilt comes to his knowledge shall be the last of my life. Ere I would bear from him one glance of hatred or of scorn, this dagger should drink my blood. (*Puts the poniard into her bosom.*)

Geo. Fear not. He can never know. No evidence shall appear against you.

Isa. How shall I obey the summons, and where find the terrible judgment seat?

Geo. Leave that to the judges. Resolve but to obey, and a conductor will be found. Go to the chapel; there pray for your sins and for mine. (*He leads her out, and returns.*)—Sins, indeed! I break a dreadful vow, but I save the life of a parent; and the penance I will do for my perjury shall appal even the judges of blood.

Enter REYNOLD.

Rey. Sir knight, the messenger of Count Roderic desires to speak with you.

Geo. Admit him.

Enter HUGO.

Hugo. Count Roderic of Maltingen greets you. He says he will this night hear the bat flutter and

the owlet scream; and he bids me ask if thou also wilt listen to the music.

Geo. I understand him. I will be there.

Hugo. And the count says to you, that he will not ransom your wounded squire, though you would downweigh his best horse with gold. But you may send him a confessor, for the count says he will need one.

Geo. Is he so near death?

Hugo. Not as it seems to me. He is weak through loss of blood; but since his wound was dressed he can both stand and walk. Our count has a notable balsam, which has recruited him much.

Geo. Enough—I will send a priest.—(*Exit* Hugo.) I fathom his plot. He would add another witness to the tale of Martin's guilt. But no priest shall approach him. Reynold, thinkest thou not we could send one of the troopers, disguised as a monk, to aid Martin in making his escape?

Rey. Noble sir, the followers of your house are so well known to those of Maltingen, that I fear it is impossible.

Geo. Knowest thou of no stranger who might be employed? His reward shall exceed even his hopes.

Rey. So please you—I think the minstrel could well execute such a commission: he is shrewd and cunning, and can write and read like a priest.

Geo. Call him.—(*Exit* Reynold.) If this fails, I must employ open force. Were Martin removed, nostringue can assert the bloody truth.

Enter Minstrel.

Geo. Come hither, Minhold. Hast thou courage to undertake a dangerous enterprise?

Ber. My life, sir knight, has been one scene of danger and of dread. I have forgotten how to fear.

Geo. Thy speech is above thy seeming.—Who art thou?

Ber. An unfortunate knight, obliged to shroud myself under this disguise.

Geo. What is the cause of thy misfortunes?

Ber. I slew, at a tournament, a prince, and was laid under the ban of the empire.

Geo. I have interest with the emperor. Swear to perform what task I shall impose on thee, and I will procure the recall of the ban.

Ber. I swear.

Geo. Then take the disguise of a monk, and go with the followers of Count Roderic, as if to confess my wounded squire Martin. Give him thy dress, and remain in prison in his stead. Thy captivity shall be short, and I pledge my knightly word I will labour to execute my promise, when thou shalt have leisure to unfold thy history.

Ber. I will do as you direct. Is the life of your squire in danger?

Geo. It is, unless thou canst accomplish his release.

Ber. I will essay it. [*Exit.*

Geo. Such are the mean expedients to which George of Aspen must now resort. No longer can I debate with Roderic in the field. The depraved—the perjured knight must contend with him only in the arts of dissimulation and treachery. Oh, mother! mother! the most bitter consequence of thy crime has been the birth of thy first-born! But I must warn my brother of the impending storm. Poor Henry, how little can thy gay temper anticipate evil! What, ho there! (*Enter an Attendant.*) Where is Baron Henry?

Att. Noble sir, he rode forth, after a slight refreshment, to visit the party in the field.

Geo. Saddle my steed! I will follow him.

Att. So please you, your noble father has twice demanded your presence at the banquet.

Geo. It matters not—say that I have ridden forth to the Wolfshill. Where is thy lady?

Att. In the chapel, sir knight.

Geo. 'Tis well—saddle my bay horse—(*apart*) for the last time. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The wood of Griefenhaus, with the ruins of the castle. A nearer view of the castle than in Act Second, but still at some distance.

Enter Roderic, Wolfstein, *and Soldiers, as from a reconnoitring party.*

Wolf. They mean to improve their success, and will push their advantage far. We must retreat betimes, Count Roderic.

Rod. We are safe here for the present. They make no immediate motion of advance. I fancy neither George nor Henry are with their party in the wood.

Enter Hugo.

Hugo. Noble sir, how shall I tell what has happened?

Rod. What?

Hugo. Martin has escaped.

Rod. Villain! thy life shall pay it! (*Strikes at* Hugo—*is held by* Wolfstein.)

Wolf. Hold, hold, Count Roderic! Hugo may be blameless.

Rod. Reckless slave! how came he to escape?

Hugo. Under the disguise of a monk's habit, whom by your orders we brought to confess him.

Rod. Has he been long gone?

Hugo. An hour and more, since he passed our sentinels, disguised as the chaplain of Aspen; but he walked so slowly and feebly, I think he cannot yet have reached the posts of the enemy.

Rod. Where is the treacherous priest?

Hugo. He waits his doom not far from hence. [*Exit* Hugo.

Rod. Drag him hither. The miscreant that snatched the morsel of vengeance from the lion of Maltingen, shall expire under torture.

Re-enter Hugo, *with* Bertram *and Attendants.*

Rod. Villain! what tempted thee, under the garb of a minister of religion, to steal a criminal from the hand of justice?

Ber. I am no villain, Count Roderic; and I only aided the escape of one wounded wretch whom thou didst mean to kill basely.

Rod. Liar and slave! thou hast assisted a murderer, upon whom justice had sacred claims.

Ber. I warn thee again, count, that I am neither liar nor slave. Shortly I hope to tell thee I am once more thy equal.

Rod. Thou! Thou!——

Ber. Yes! the name of Bertram of Eberadorf was once not unknown to thee.

Rod. (*astonished.*) Thou Bertram! the brother of Arnolf of Eberadorf, first husband of the Baroness Isabella of Aspen?

Ber. The same.

Rod. Who, in a quarrel at a tournament, many years since, slew a blood-relation of the emperor, and was laid under the ban?

Ber. The same.

Rod. And who has now, in the disguise of a priest, aided the escape of Martin, squire to George of Aspen?

Ber. The same—the same.

Rod. Then, by the holy cross of Cologne, thou hast set at liberty the murderer of thy brother Arnolf!

Ber. How! What! I understand thee not!

Rod. Miserable plotter!—Martin, by his own confession, as Wolfstein heard, avowed having aided Isabella in the murder of her husband. I had laid such a plan of vengeance as should have made all Germany shudder. And thou hast counteracted it—thou, the brother of the murdered Arnolf!

Ber. Can this be so, Wolfstein?

Wolf. I heard Martin confess the murder.

Ber. Then am I indeed unfortunate!

Rod. What, in the name of evil, brought thee here?

Ber. I am the last of my race. When I was outlawed, as thou knowest, the lands of Eberadorf, my rightful inheritance, were declared forfeited, and the

Emperor bestowed them upon Rudiger when he married Isabella. I attempted to defend my domain, but Rudiger—Hell thank him for it—enforced the ban against me at the head of his vassals, and I was constrained to fly. Since then I have warred against the Saracens in Spain and Palestine.

Rod. But why didst thou return to a land where death attends thy being discovered?

Ber. Impatience urged me to see once more the land of my nativity, and the towers of Ebersdorf. I came there yesterday, under the name of the minstrel Minhold.

Rod. And what prevailed on thee to undertake to deliver Martin?

Ber. George, though I told not my name, engaged to procure the recall of the ban; besides, he told me Martin's life was in danger, and I accounted the old villain to be the last remaining follower of our house. But, as God shall judge me, the tale of horror thou hast mentioned I could not have even suspected. Report ran, that my brother died of the plague.

Wolf. Raised for the purpose, doubtless, of preventing attendance upon his sick-bed, and an inspection of his body.

Ber. My vengeance shall be dreadful as its cause! The usurpers of my inheritance, the robbers of my honour, the murderers of my brother, shall be cut off, root and branch!

Rod. Thou art, then, welcome here; especially if thou art still a true brother to our invisible order.

Ber. I am.

Rod. There is a meeting this night on the business of thy brother's death. Some are now come. I must depart to them in pursuit of Martin.

Enter Hugo.

Hugo. The foes advance, sir knight.

Rod. Back! back to the ruins! Come with us, Bertram; on the road thou shalt hear the dreadful history. [*Exeunt.*

From the opposite side enter George, Henry Wickerd, Conrad, *and Soldiers.*

Geo. No news of Martin yet?

Hen. None, sir knight.

Geo. Nor of the minstrel?

Hen. None.

Geo. Then he has betrayed me, or is prisoner—misery either way. Begone, and search the wood, wretches. [*Exeunt* Wickerd *and followers.*

Hen. Still this dreadful gloom on thy brow, brother?

Geo. Ay! what else?

Hen. Once thou thoughtest me worthy of thy friendship.

Geo. Henry, thou art young—

Hen. Shall I therefore betray thy confidence?

Geo. No! but thou art gentle and well-natured. Thy mind cannot even support the burden which mine must bear, far less wilt thou approve the means I shall use to throw it off.

Hen. Try me.

Geo. I may not.

Hen. Then thou dost no longer love me.

Geo. I love thee, and because I love thee, I will not involve thee in my distress.

Hen. I will bear it with thee.

Geo. Shouldst thou share it, it would be doubled to me!

Hen. Fear not, I will find a remedy.

Geo. It would cost thee peace of mind, here, and hereafter.

Hen. I take the risk.

Geo. It may not be, Henry. Thou wouldst become the confidant of crimes past—the accomplice of others to come.

Hen. Shall I guess?

Geo. I charge thee, no!

Hen. I must. Thou art one of the secret judges.

Geo. Unhappy boy! what hast thou said?

Hen. Is it not so?

Geo. Dost thou know what the discovery has cost thee.

Hen. I care not.

Geo. He who discovers any part of our mystery, must himself become one of our number.

Hen. How so?

Geo. If he does not consent, his secrecy will be speedily ensured by his death. To that we are sworn—take thy choice!

Hen. Well, are you not banded in secret to punish those offenders whom the sword of justice cannot reach, or who are shielded from its stroke by the buckler of power?

Geo. Such is indeed the purpose of our fraternity; but the end is pursued through paths dark, intricate, and slippery with blood. Who is he that shall tread them with safety? Accursed be the hour in which I entered the labyrinth, and doubly accursed that in which thou too must lose the cheerful sunshine of a soul without a mystery!

Hen. Yet for thy sake will I be a member.

Geo. Henry, thou didst rise this morning a free man. No one could say to thee, "Why dost thou so?" Thou layest thee down to-night the poorest slave that ever tugged at an oar—the slave of men whose actions will appear to thee savage and incomprehensible, and whom thou must aid against the world, upon peril of thy throat.

Hen. Be it so. I will share your lot.

Geo. Alas, Henry! Heaven forbid! But since thou hast by a hasty word fettered thyself, I will avail myself of thy bondage. Mount the fleetest steed, and hie thee this very night to the Duke of Bavaria. He is chief and paramount of our sheriffs. Show him this signet and this letter; tell him what matters will be this night discussed concerning the house of Aspen. Bid him speed hither to the assembly, for he well knows the president is our deadly foe. He will admit thee a member of our holy body.

Hen. Who is the foe whom you dread?

Geo. Young man, the first duty thou must learn is implicit and blind obedience.

Hen. Well! I shall speed thee and see thee again.

Geo. Return, indeed, thou wilt; but for the rest—well! that matters not.

Hen. I go! (*to* Wickerd) Wilt thou will set a watch here?

Geo. I will. (Henry *going.*) Return, my dear Henry; let me embrace thee; shouldst thou not see me again.

Hen. Heaven! what mean you?

Geo. Nothing. The life of mortals is precarious; and should we not meet again, take my blessing and this embrace—(*embraces him warmly.*) And now haste to the duke. (*Exit* Henry.) Poor youth, thou little knowest what thou hast undertaken. But if Martin has escaped, and if the duke arrives, they will not dare to proceed without proof.

Re-enter Wickerd *and followers.*

Wic. We have made a follower of Mainingen prisoner, Baron George, who reports that Martin has escaped.

Geo. Joy! joy! such joy as I can now feel! Set him free for the good news—and, Wickerd, keep a good watch in this spot all night. Send out scouts to find Martin, lest he should not be able to reach Ebersdorf.

Wic. I shall, noble sir.

[*The kettle-drums and trumpets flourish the for setting the watch: the scene closes.*

SCENE II.

The chapel at Ebersdorf, an ancient Gothic building.

Isabella *is discovered rising from before the altar, on which burn two tapers.*

Isa. I cannot pray. Terror and guilt have stifled devotion. The heart must be at ease—the hands must be pure when they are lifted to Heaven. Midnight is the hour of summons: it is now near. How can I pray, when I go resolved to deny a crime which every drop of my blood could not wash away! And my son! Oh! he will fall the victim of my crime! Arnolf! Arnolf! thou art dreadfully avenged! (*Tap at the door.*) The footsteps of my dreadful guide. (*Tap again.*) My courage is no

mistress. (*Enter* GERTRUDE *by the door.*) Gertrude! is it only thou? (*embraces her.*)

Ger. Dear aunt, leave this awful place; it chills my very blood. My uncle sent me to call you to the hall.

Isa. Who is in the hall?

Ger. Only Reynold and the family, with whom my uncle is making merry.

Isa. Sawest thou no strange faces?

Ger. No; none but friends.

Isa. Art thou sure of that? Is George there?

Ger. No, nor Henry; both have ridden out. I think they might have staid one day at least. But come, aunt, I hate this place; it reminds me of my dream. See, yonder was the spot where methought they were burying you alive, below yon monument (*pointing.*)

Isa. (*starting.*) The monument of my first husband. Leave me, leave me, Gertrude. I follow in a moment. (*Exit* GERTRUDE.) Ay, there he lies! forgetful alike of his crimes and injuries! Insensible, as if this chapel had never rung with my shrieks, or the castle resounded to his parting groans! When shall I sleep so soundly? (*As she gazes on the monument, a figure muffled in black appears from behind it.*) Merciful God! is it a vision, such as has haunted my couch? (*It approaches: she goes on with mingled terror and resolution.*) Ghastly phantom, art thou the restless spirit of one who died in sloth, or art thou the mysterious being that must guide me to the presence of the avengers of blood? (*Figure bends its head and beckons.*)—To-morrow! To-morrow! I cannot follow thee now! (*Figure shows a dagger from beneath its cloak.*) Compulsion! I understand thee: I will follow. (*She follows the figure a little way; he turns, and wraps a black veil round her head, and takes her hand: then both advance behind the monument.*)

SCENE III.

The Wood of Grifenhaus.—A watch-fire, round which sit WICKERD, CONRAD, *and others, in their watch-cloaks.*

Wic. The night is bitter cold.

Con. Ay, but thou hast lined thy doublet well with old Rhenish.

Wic. True; and I'll give ye warrant for it. (*Sings.*)

(SOMEWHAT WARM-LIKE.)

What makes the troopers' frozen courage master?
The grapes of juice divine.
Upon the Rhine, upon the Rhine they cluster;
Oh, blessed be the Rhine!

Let fringe and fur, and many a rabbit skin, sirs,
Bedeck your Saracens!
He'll freeze without what warms our hearts within, sirs,
When the night-frost crusts the fen.

But on the Rhine, but on the Rhine they cluster,
The grapes of juice divine,
That make our troopers' frozen courage master:
Oh, blessed be the Rhine!

Con. Well sung, Wickerd; thou wert ever a jovial soul.

Enter a trooper or two more.

Wic. Hast thou made the rounds, Frank?

Frank. Yes, up to the hemlock marsh. It is a stormy night; the moon shone on the Wolfshill, and on the dead bodies with which to-day's work has covered it. We heard the spirit of the house of Maldingen wailing over the slaughter of its adherents: I durst go no farther.

Wic. Hen-hearted rascal! The spirit of some old raven, who was picking their bones.

Con. Nay, Wickerd; the churchmen say there are such things.

Frank. Ay; and Father Ludovic told us last sermon, how the devil twisted the neck of ten farmers at Kletterbach, who refused to pay Peter's pence.

Wic. Yes, some church devil, no doubt.

Frank. Nay, old Reynold says, that in passing, by midnight, near the old chapel at our castle, he saw it all lighted up, and heard a chorus of voices sing the funeral service.

Another Soldier. Father Ludovic heard the same.

Wic. Hear me, ye hare-livered boys! Can you look death in the face in battle, and dread such nursery bugbears? Old Reynold saw his vision in the strength of the grape. As for the chaplain, far be it from me to name the spirit which visits him; but I know what I know, when I found him confessing Bertram's pretty Agnes in the chestnut grove.

Con. But, Wickerd, though I have often heard of strange tales which I could not credit, yet there is one in our family so well attested, that I almost believe it. Shall I tell it you?

All Soldiers. Do! do tell it, gentle Conrad.

Wic. And I will take t'other sup of Rhenish to fence against the horrors of the tale.

Con. It is about my own uncle and godfather, Albert of Horsheim.

Wic. I have seen him—he was a gallant warrior.

Con. Well! He was long absent in the Bohemian wars. In an expedition he was benighted, and came to a lone house on the edge of a forest: no and his followers knocked repeatedly for entrance in vain. They forced the door, but found no inhabitants.

Frank. And they made good their quarters?

Con. They did: and Albert retired to rest in an upper chamber. Opposite to the bed on which he threw himself was a large mirror. At midnight he was awaked by deep groans: he cast his eyes upon the mirror, and saw——

Frank. Sacred Heaven! Heard you nothing?

Wic. Ay, the wind among the withered leaves. Go on, Conrad. Your uncle was a wise man.

Con. That's more than gray hairs can make other folks.

Wic. Ha! stripling, art thou so malapert? Though thou art Lord Henry's page, I shall teach thee to obey commands this party.

All Soldiers. Peace, peace, good Wickerd. Let Conrad proceed.

Con. Where was I?

Frank. About the mirror.

Con. True. My uncle beheld in the mirror the reflection of a human face, distorted and covered with blood. A voice pronounced articulately, "It is yet time." As the words were spoken, he thought discerned in the ghastly visage the features of his own father.

Soldier. Hush! By St. Francis I heard a groan. (*They start up, all but* WICKERD.)

Wic. The croaking of a frog, who has caught cold in this bitter night, and sings rather more hoarsely than usual.

Frank. Wickerd, thou art surely no Christian. (*They sit down, and close round the fire.*)

Con. Well—my uncle called up his attendants, and they searched every nook of the chamber, but found nothing. So they covered the mirror with a cloth, and Albert was left alone: but hardly had he closed his eyes when the same voice proclaimed, "It is now too late;" the covering was drawn aside, and he saw the figure——

Frank. Merciful Virgin! It comes. (*All rise.*)

Wic. Where? what?

Con. See yon figure coming from the thicket!

Enter MARTIN *in the monk's dress, much disordered: his face is very pale, and his steps slow.*

Wic. (*levelling his spike.*) Man or devil, whichever thou wilt, thou shalt feel cold iron, if thou budgest a foot nearer. (MARTIN *stops.*) Who art thou? What dost thou seek?

Mar. To warm myself at your fire. It is deadly cold.

Wic. See there, ye cravens, your apparition is a poor benighted monk: sit down, father. (*They place* MARTIN *by the fire.*) By heaven, it is Martin—our Martin! Martin, how fares it with thee. We have sought thee this whole night.

Mar. So have many others (*vacantly.*)

Con. Yes, thy master.

Mar. Did you see him too?

Con. Whom? Baron George?

Mar. No! my first master, Arnolf of Eberedorf.

Wic. He raves.

Mar. He passed me but now in the wood, mounted upon his old black steed; its nostrils breathed smoke and flame; neither tree nor rock stopped him. He said, "Martin, thou wilt return this night to my service!"

Wic. Wrap thy cloak around him, Francis; he is distracted with cold and pain. Dost thou not recollect me, old friend?

Mar. Yes, you are the butler at Eberadorf; you have the charge of the large gilded cup, embossed with the figures of the twelve apostles. It was the favourite goblet of my old master.

Con. By our Lady, Martin, thou must be distracted indeed, to think our master would intrust Wickerd with the care of the cellar.

Mar. I know a face so like the apostate Judas on that cup. I have seen the likeness when I gazed on mirror.

Wic. Try to go to sleep, dear Martin; it will relieve thy brain. (*Footsteps are heard in the wood.*) To your arms. (*They take their arms.*)

Enter two Members of the Invisible Tribunal, muffled in their cloaks.

Con. Stand! Who are ye?

1 *Mem.* Travellers benighted in the wood.

Wic. Are ye friends to Aspen or Maltingen?

1 *Mem.* We enter not into their quarrel: we are friends to the right.

Wic. Then are ye friends to us, and welcome to pass the night by our fire.

2 *Mem.* Thanks. (*They approach the fire, and regard* MARTIN *very earnestly.*)

Con. Hear ye any news abroad?

2 *Mem.* None; but that oppression and villany are rife and rank as ever.

Wic. The old complaint.

1 *Mem.* No! never did former age equal this in wickedness; and yet, as if the daily commission of enormities were not enough to blot the sun, every hour discovers crimes which have lain concealed for years.

Con. Pity the Holy Tribunal should slumber in its office.

2 *Mem.* Young man, it slumbers not. When criminals are ripe for its vengeance, it falls like the bolt of Heaven.

Mar. (*attempting to rise.*) Let me be gone.

Con. (*detaining him.*) Whither now, Martin?

Mar. To mass.

1 *Mem.* Even now, we heard a tale of a villain, who, ungrateful as the frozen adder, stung the bosom that had warmed him into life.

Mar. Conrad, bear me off; I would be away from these men.

Con. Be at ease, and strive to sleep.

Mar. Too well I know—I shall never sleep again.

2 *Mem.* The wretch of whom we speak became, from revenge and lust of gain, the murderer of the master whose bread he did eat.

Wic. Out upon the monster!

1 *Mem.* For nearly thirty years was he permitted to cumber the ground. The miscreant thought his crime was concealed; but the earth which groaned under his footsteps—the winds which passed over his unhallowed head—the stream which he polluted by his lips—the fire at which he warmed his blood-stained hands—every element bore witness to his guilt.

Mar. Conrad, good youth—lead me from hence, and I will show thee where, thirty years since, I deposited a mighty bribe. [*Rises.*

Con. Be patient, good Martin.

Wic. And where was the miscreant seized?

[*The two Members suddenly lay hands on* MARTIN, *and draw their daggers; the Soldiers spring to their arms.*

1 *Mem.* On this very spot.

Wic. Traitors, unloose your hold!

1 *Mem.* In the name of the Invisible Judges, I charge ye, impede us not in our duty.

[*All sink their weapons, and stand motionless.*

Mar. Help! help!

1 *Mem.* Help him with your prayers.

[*He is dragged off. The scene shuts.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

The subterranean chapel of the castle of Griefenhaus. It seems deserted, and in decay. There are four entrances, each defended by an iron portal. At each door stands a warder clothed in black, and masked, armed with a naked sword. During the whole scene they remain motionless on their posts. In the centre of the chapel is the ruinous altar, half sunk in the ground, on which lie a large book, a dagger, and a coil of ropes, besides two lighted tapers. Antique stone benches of different heights around the chapel. In the back scene is seen a dilapidated entrance into the sacristy, which is quite dark.

Various Members of the Invisible Tribunal enter by the four different doors of the chapel. Each whispers something as he passes the Warder, which is answered by an inclination of the head. The costume of the Members is a long black robe, capable of muffling the face: some wear it in this manner; others have their faces uncovered, unless on the entrance of a stranger: they place themselves in profound silence upon the stone benches.

Enter COUNT RODERIO, *dressed in a scarlet cloak of the same form with those of the other Members. He takes his place on the most elevated bench.*

Rod. Warders, secure the doors! (*The doors are barred with great care.*) Herald, do thy duty!

[*Members all rise.—Herald stands by the altar.*

Her. Members of the Invisible Tribunal, who judge in secret, and avenge in secret, like the Deity, are your hearts free from malice, and your hands from blood-guiltiness?

[*All the Members incline their heads.*

Rod. God pardon our sins of ignorance, and preserve us from those of presumption.

[*Again the Members solemnly incline their heads.*

Her. To the east, and to the west, and to the north, and to the south, I raise my voice; wherever there is treason, wherever there is blood-guiltiness, wherever there is sacrilege, sorcery, robbery, or perjury, there let this curse alight, and pierce the marrow and the bone. Raise, then, your voices, and say with me, wo! wo, unto offenders!

All. Wo! wo! [*Members sit down.*

Her. He who knoweth of an unpunished crime, let him stand forth as bound by his oath when his hand was laid upon the dagger and upon the cord, and call to the assembly for vengeance!

Member (*rises, his face covered.*) Vengeance! vengeance! vengeance!

Rod. Upon whom dost thou invoke vengeance?

Accuser. Upon a brother of this order, who is forsworn and perjured to its laws.

Rod. Relate his crime.

Accuser. This perjured brother was sworn, upon the steel and upon the cord, to denounce malefactors to the judgment seat, from the four quarters of heaven, though it were the spouse of his heart, or the son whom he loved as the apple of his eye: yet did he conceal the guilt of one who was dear unto him; he folded up the crime from the knowledge of the tribunal; he removed the evidence of guilt, and withdrew the criminal from justice. What does his perjury deserve?

Rod. Accuser, come before the altar; lay thy hand upon the dagger and the cord, and swear to the truth of thy accusation.

Accuser. (*his hand on the altar.*) I swear!

Rod. Wilt thou take upon thyself the penalty of perjury, should it be found false?

Accuser. I will.

Rod. Brethren, what is your sentence?

[*The Members confer a moment in whispers—a silence.*

Eldest Mem. Our voice is, that the perjured brother merits death.

Rod. Accuser, thou hast heard the voice of the assembly; name the criminal.

Accuser. George, Baron of Aspen.

[*A murmur in the Assembly*

A Member. (*suddenly rising.*) I am ready according to our holy laws, to swear, by the steel and the cord, that George of Aspen merits not this accusation, and that it is a foul calumny.

Accuser. Rash man! gagest thou an oath so lightly?

Member. I gage it not lightly. I proffer it in the cause of innocence and virtue.

Accuser. What if George of Aspen should not himself deny the charge?

Member. Then I would never trust man again.

Accuser. Hear him, then, bear witness against himself (*throws back his mantle.*)

Rod. Baron George of Aspen!

Geo. The same—prepared to do penance for the crime of which he stands self-accused.

Rod. Still, canst thou disclose the name of the criminal whom thou hast rescued from justice? on that condition alone, thy brethren may save thy life.

Geo. Thinkest thou I would betray for the safety of my life, a secret I have preserved at the breach of my word?—No! I have weighed the value of my obligation—I will not discharge it—but most willingly will I pay the penalty!

Rod. Retire, George of Aspen, till the assembly pronounce judgment.

Geo. Welcome be your sentence—I am weary of your yoke of iron. A light beams on my soul. Wo to those who seek justice in the dark haunts of mystery and of cruelty! She dwells in the broad blaze of the sun, and Mercy is ever by her side. Wo to those who would advance the general weal by trampling upon the social affections! they aspire to be more than men—they shall become worse than tigers. I go: better for me your altars should be stained with my blood, than my soul blackened with your crimes.

[*Exit* GEORGE, *by the ruinous door in the back scene, into the sacristy.*

Rod. Brethren, sworn upon the steel, and upon the cord, to judge and to avenge in secret, without favour and without pity, what is your judgment upon George of Aspen, self-accused of perjury, and resistance to the laws of our fraternity.

[*Long and earnest murmurs in the assembly.*

Rod. Speak your doom.

Eldest Mem. George of Aspen has declared himself perjured;—the penalty of perjury is death!

Rod. Father of the secret judges—Eldest among those who avenge in secret—take to thee the steel and the cord;—let the guilty no longer cumber the land.

Eldest Mem. I am fourscore and eight years old. My eyes are dim, and my hand is feeble: soon shall I be called before the throne of my Creator;—How shall I stand there, stained with the blood of such a man?

Rod. How wilt thou stand before that throne, loaded with the guilt of a broken oath? The blood of the criminal be upon us and ours!

Eldest Mem. So be it, in the name of God!

[*He takes the dagger from the altar, goes slowly towards the back scene, and reluctantly enters the sacristy.*

Eldest Judge (*from behind the scene.*) Dost thou forgive me?

Geo. (*behind.*) I do! (*He is heard to fall heavily.*)

Re-enter the old judge from the sacristy. He lays on the altar the bloody dagger.

Rod. Hast thou done thy duty?

Eldest Mem. I have. (*He faints.*)

Rod. He swoons. Remove him.

[*He is assisted off the stage. During this four members enter the sacristy, and bring out a bier covered with a pall, which they place on the steps of the altar. A deep silence.*

Rod. Judges of evil, dooming in secret, and avenging in secret, like the Deity; God keep your thoughts from evil, and your hands from guilt.

Ber. I raise my voice in this assembly, and cry, Vengeance! vengeance! vengeance!

Rod. Enough has this night been done—(*he rises and brings* BERTRAM *forward.*) Think what thou dost—George has fallen—it were murder to slay both mother and son.

Ber. George of Aspen was thy victim—a sacrifice to thy hatred and envy. I claim mine, sacred to justice and to my murdered brother. Resume thy place!—thou canst not stop the rock thou hast put in motion.

Rod. (*resumes his seat.*) Upon whom callest thou for vengeance?

Ber. Upon Isabella of Aspen.

Rod. She has been summoned.

Herald. Isabella of Aspen, accused of murder by poison, I charge thee to appear, and stand upon thy defence.

[*Three knocks are heard at one of the doors—it is opened by the sparder.*

Enter ISABELLA, *the veil still wrapped around her head, led by her conductor. All the members rise to their faces.*

Rod. Uncover her eyes.

[*The veil is removed.* ISABELLA *looks wildly round.*

Rod. Knowest thou, lady, where thou art?

Isa. I guess.

Rod. Say thy guess.

Isa. Before the Avengers of blood.

Rod. Knowest thou why thou art called to their presence?

Isa. No.

Rod. Speak, accuser.

Ber. I impeach thee, Isabella of Aspen, before this awful assembly, of having murdered, secretly, and by poison, Arnolf of Ebersdorf, thy first husband.

Rod. Canst thou swear to the accusation?

Ber. (*his hand on his altar.*) I lay my hand on the steel and the cord, and swear.

Rod. Isabella of Aspen, thou hast heard the accusation. What canst thou answer?

Isa. That the oath of an accuser is no proof of guilt!

Rod. Hast thou more to say?

Isa. I have.

Rod. Speak on.

Isa. Judges invoke to the sun, and seen only by the stars of midnight! I stand before you, accused of an enormous, daring, and premeditated crime. I was married to Arnolf when I was only eighteen years old. Arnolf was wary and jealous; ever suspecting me without a cause, unless it was because he had injured me. How then should I plan and perpetrate such a deed? The lamb turns not against the wolf, though a prisoner in his den.

Rod. Have you finished?

Isa. A moment. Years after years have elapsed without a whisper of this foul suspicion. Arnolf left a brother; though common fame had been silent, natural affection would have been heard against me—why spoke he not my accusation? Or has my conduct justified this horrible charge? No! awful judges, I may answer, I have founded cloisters, I have endowed hospitals. The goods that Heaven bestowed on me I have not held back from the needy. I appeal to you, judges of evil, can these proofs of innocence be down-weighed by the assertion of an unknown and disguised, perchance a malignant accuser?

Ber. No longer will I wear this disguise (*throws back his mantle.*) Dost thou know me now?

Isa. Yes; I know thee for a wandering mendicant, relieved by the charity of my husband.

Ber. No, traitress! know me for Bertram of Ebersdorf, brother to him thou didst murder. Call her accomplice, Martin. Ha! turn'st thou pale?

Isa. May I have some water?—(*Apart.*) Sacred Heaven! his vindictive look is so like—

[*Water is brought.*

A Member. Martin died in the hands of our brethren.

Rod. Dost thou know the accuser, lady?

Isa. (*reassuming fortitude.*) Let not the sinking of nature under this dreadful trial be imputed to the consciousness of guilt. I do know the accuser: know him to be outlawed for homicide, and under

the pen of the empire: his testimony cannot be received.

Eldest Judge. She says truly.

Ber. (*to* Roderic.) Then I call upon thee, and William of Wolfstein, to bear witness to what you know.

Rod. Wolfstein is not in the assembly, and my place prevents me from being a witness.

Ber. Then I will call another: meanwhile let the accused be removed.

Rod. Retire, lady. [Isabella *is led to the sacristy.*

Isa. (*in going off.*) The ground is slippery—Heavens! it is floated with blood! [*Exit into the sacristy.*

Rod. (*apart to* Bertram.) Whom dost thou mean to call? [Bertram *whispers.*

Rod. This goes beyond me. (*After a moment's thought.*) But be it so. Maltingen shall behold Aspen humbled in the dust. (*Aloud.*) Brethren, the accuser calls for a witness who remains without: admit him. [*All muffle their faces.*

Enter Rudiger, *his eyes bound or covered, leaning upon two members; they place a stool for him, and unbind his eyes.*

Rod. Knowest thou where thou art, and before whom?

Rud. I know not, and I care not. Two strangers summoned me from my castle to assist, they said, at a great act of justice. I ascended the litter they brought, and I am here.

Rod. It regards the punishment of perjury and the discovery of murder. Art thou willing to assist us?

Rud. Most willing, as is my duty.

Rod. What if the crime regard thy friend?

Rud. I will hold him no longer so.

Rod. What if thine own blood?

Rud. I would let it out with my poniard.

Rod. Then canst thou not blame us for this deed of justice. Remove the pall. (*The pall is lifted, beneath which is discovered the body of* George, *pale and bloody.* Rudiger *staggers towards it.*)

Rud. My George! my George! Not slain manly in battle, but murdered by legal assassins. Much, much may I mourn thee, my beloved boy; but not now—not now: never will I shed a tear for thy death till I have cleared thy fame.—Hear me, ye midnight murderers, he was innocent (*raising his voice*)—upright as the truth itself. Let the man who dares gainsay me lift that gage. If the Almighty does not strengthen these frail limbs, to make good a father's quarrel, I have a son left who will vindicate the honour of Aspen, or lay his bloody body beside his brother's.

Rod. Rash and insensate! Hear first the cause—Hear the dishonour of thy house.

Isa. (*from the sacristy.*) Never shall he hear it till the author is no more! (Rudiger *attempts to rush towards the sacristy, but is prevented.* Isabella *enters wounded, and throws herself on* George's *body.*)

Isa. Murdered for me—for me! my dear, dear son!

Rud. (*still held.*) Cowardly villains, let me loose! Maltingen, this is thy doing! Thy face thou wouldst disguise, thy deeds thou canst not! I defy thee to instant and mortal combat!

Isa. (*looking up.*) No! no! endanger not thy life! Myself! myself! I could not bear thou shouldst know——Oh! (*Dies.*)

Rud. Oh! let me go—let me but try to stop her blood, and I will forgive all.

Rod. Drag him off and detain him. The voice of lamentation must not disturb the stern deliberation of justice.

Rud. Bloodhound of Maltingen! Well beseems thee thy base revenge! The marks of my son's lance are still on thy craven crest! Vengeance on the band of ye! [Rudiger *is dragged off to the sacristy.*

Rod. Brethren, we stand discovered! What is to be done to him who shall descry our mystery?

Eldest Judge. He must become a brother of our order or die!

Rod. This man will never join us! He cannot put his hand into ours, which are stained with the blood of his wife and son: he must therefore die! (*Murmurs in the assembly.*) Brethren! I wonder not at your reluctance: but the man is powerful, has friends and allies to buckler his cause. It is over with us, and with our order, unless the laws are obeyed. (*Fainter murmurs.*) Besides, have we not sworn a deadly oath to execute these statutes? (*A dead silence.*) Take to thee the steel and the cord (*to the eldest judge.*)

Eldest Judge. He has done no evil—he was the companion of my battle—I will not!

Rod. (*to another.*) Do thou—and succeed to the rank of him who has disobeyed. Remember your oath! (*Member takes the dagger, and goes irresolutely forward; looks into the sacristy, and comes back.*)

Member. He has fainted—fainted in anguish for his wife and his son: the bloody ground is strewed with his white hairs, torn by those hands that have fought for Christendom. I will not be your butcher—(*Throws down the dagger.*)

Ber. Irresolute and perjured! the robber of my inheritance, the author of my exile, shall die!

Rod. Thanks, Bertram. Execute the doom—secure the safety of the holy tribunal.

[Bertram *seizes the dagger, and is about to rush into the sacristy, when three loud knocks are heard at the door.*

All. Hold! Hold!

[*The Duke of* Bavaria, *attended by many members of the Invisible Tribunal, enters, dressed in a scarlet mantle trimmed with ermine, and wearing a ducal crown.—He carries a rod in his hand.—All rise.—A murmur among the members, who whisper to each other "The Duke," "The Chief," &c.*

Rod. The Duke of Bavaria! I am lost.

Duke. (*sees the bodies.*) I am too late—the victims have fallen.

Hen. (*who enters with the Duke.*) Gracious Heaven! O George!

Rud. (*from the sacristy.*) Henry—it is thy voice—save me! [Henry *rushes into the sacristy.*

Duke. Roderic of Maltingen, descend from the seat which thou hast dishonoured—(Roderic *leaves his place, which the Duke occupies.*)—Thou standest accused of having perverted the laws of our order; for that, being a mortal enemy to the House of Aspen, thou hast abused thy sacred authority to pander to thy private revenge; and to this Wolfstein has been witness.

Rod. Chief among our circles, I have but acted according to our laws.

Duke. Thou hast indeed observed the letter of our statutes, and wo am I that they do warrant this night's bloody work! I cannot do unto thee as I would, but what I can I will. Thou hast not indeed transgressed our law, but thou hast wrested and abused it: kneel down, therefore, and place thy hands betwixt mine. (Roderic *kneels as directed.*) I degrade thee from thy sacred office (*spreads his hands, as pushing* Roderic *from him.*) If after two days thou darest to pollute Bavarian ground by thy footsteps, be it at the peril of the steel and the cord. (Roderic *rises.*) I dissolve this meeting (*all rise.*) Judges and condemners of others, God teach you knowledge of yourselves! (*All bend their heads—Duke breaks his rod, and comes forward.*)

Rod. Lord Duke, thou hast charged me with treachery—thou art my liege lord—but who else dares maintain the accusation, lies in his throat.

Hen. (*rushing from the sacristy.*) Villain! I accept thy challenge!

Rod. Vain boy! my lance shall chastise thee in the lists—there lies my gage.

Duke. Henry, on thy allegiance, touch it not. (*To* Roderic.) Lists shalt thou never more enter; lance shalt thou never more wield (*draws his sword.*) With this sword wast thou dubbed a knight; with this sword I dishonour thee—I thy prince—(*strikes him slightly with the flat of the sword*)—I take from thee the degree of knight, the dignity of chivalry

Thou art no longer a free German noble: thou art honourless and rightless; the funeral obsequies shall be performed for thee as for one dead to knightly honour and to fair fame; thy spurs shall be hacked from thy heels; thy arms baffled and reversed by the common executioner. Go, fraudful and dishonoured, hide thy shame in a foreign land!

(Rodmiro *shows a dumb expression of rage.*) Lay hands on Bertram of Ebersdorf: as I live, he shall pay the forfeiture of his outlawry. Henry, aid us to remove thy father from this charnel-house. Never shall he know the dreadful secret. Be it mine to sooth his sorrows, and to restore the honour of the House of Aspen.

(*Curtain slowly falls.*)

GOETZ OF BERLICHINGEN,

A TRAGEDY.*

* Goetz of Berlichingen, with the Iron Hand, a Tragedy, from the German of Goethe. By Walter Scott, Esq. Advocate, Edinburgh. London: Printed for J. Bell, No. 148 Oxford Street, opposite New Bond Street. 1799.

PREFACE TO GOETZ OF BERLICHINGEN.

GOETZ OF BERLICHINGEN, the hero of the following drama, flourished in the 15th century, during the reign of Maximilian the First, Emperor of Germany. Previous to this period every German Noble holding a fief immediately from the Emperor, exercised on his estate a species of sovereignty subordinate to the Imperial authority alone. Thus, from the princes and prelates possessed of extensive territories, down to the free knights and barons, whose domains consisted of a castle and a few acres of mountain and forest ground, each was a petty monarch upon his own property, independent of all control but the remote supremacy of the Emperor.

Among the extensive rights conferred by such a constitution, that of waging war against each other by their own private authority, was most precious to a race of proud and military barons. These private wars were called *feuds*, and the privilege of carrying them on was named *Faustrecht* (club-law.) As the empire advanced in civilization, the evils attending feuds became dreadfully conspicuous: each petty knight was by law entitled to make war upon his neighbours without any further ceremony than three days previous defiance by a written form called *fehdbrief*. Even the Golden Bull, which remedied so many evils in the Germanic body, left this dangerous privilege in full vigour. In time the residence of every free baron became a fortress, from which, as his passions or avarice dictated, sallied a band of marauders, to back his quarrel, or to collect an extorted revenue from the merchants who presumed to pass through his domain. At length whole bands of these freebooting nobles used to league together for the purpose of mutual defence against their more powerful neighbours, as likewise for that of predatory incursions against the princes, free towns, and ecclesiastic states of the empire, whose wealth tempted the needy barons to exercise against them their privilege of waging private war. These confederacies were distinguished by various titles expressive of their object: we find among them the Brotherhood of the Mace, the Knights of the Bloody Sleeve, &c. &c. If one of the brotherhood was attacked, the rest marched without delay to his assistance; and thus, though individually weak, the petty feudatories maintained their ground against the more powerful members of the empire. Their independence and privileges were recognised and secured to them by many edicts; and though hated and occasionally oppressed by the princes and ecclesiastic authorities, to whom in return they were a scourge and a pest, they continued to maintain tenaciously the good old privilege (as they termed it) of *Faustrecht*, which they had inherited from their fathers. Amid the obvious mischiefs attending such a state of society, it must be allowed that it was frequently the means of calling into exercise the highest heroic virtues. Men daily exposed to danger, and living by the constant exertion of their courage, acquired the virtues as well as the vices of a savage state; and among many instances of cruelty and rapine, occur not a few of the most exalted valour and generosity. If the fortress of a German knight was the dread of the wealthy merchant and abbot, it was often the ready and hospitable refuge of the weary pilgrim and oppressed peasant. Although the owner subsisted by the plunder of the rich, yet he was frequently beneficent to the poor, and beloved by his own family dependents and allies. The spirit of chivalry doubtless contributed much to soften the character of these marauding nobles. A respect for themselves taught them generosity towards their prisoners, and certain acknowledged rules prevented many of the atrocities which it might have been expected would have marked these feuds. No German noble, for example, if made captive, was confined in fetters or in a dungeon, but remained a prisoner at large upon his parole, (which was called *knightly ward*,) either in the castle of his conqueror, or in some other place assigned to him. The same species of honourable captivity was often indulged by the Emperor to offenders of a noble rank, of which some instances will be found in the following pages.

Such was the state of the German nobles, when, on the 7th of August, 1495, was published the memorable edict of Maximilian for the establishment of the public peace of the empire. By this ordinance the right of private war was totally abrogated, under the penalty of the ban of the empire, to be enforced by the Imperial Chamber then instituted. This was at once a sentence of anathema secular and spiritual, containing the dooms of outlawry and excommunication.—This ordinance was highly acceptable to the princes, bishops, and free towns, who had little to gain and much to lose in these perpetual feuds; and they combined to enforce it with no small severity against the petty feudatories:—these, on the other hand, sensible that the very root of their importance consisted in their privilege of declaring private war, without which they foresaw they would not long be able to maintain their independence, struggled hard against the execution of this edict; by which their confederacies were declared unlawful, and all means taken from them of resisting their richer neighbours.

Upon the jarring interests of the princes and clergy on the one hand, and of the free knights and petty Imperial feudatories on the other, arise the incidents of the following drama. The hero, Goetz of Berlichingen, was in reality a zealous champion for the privileges of the free knights, and was repeatedly undrawler the ban of the empire for the feuds in which he was engaged, from which he was only released in consequence of high reputation for gallantry and generosity. His life was published at Nuremberg, 1731; and some account of his exploits, with a declaration of feud (Fehdbrief) issued by him against that city, will be found in Meusel's Enquiry into History, vol. iv.

While the princes and free knights were thus banded against each other, the peasants and bondsmen remained in the most abject state of ignorance and oppression. This occasioned at different times the most desperate insurrections, resembling in their nature, and in the atrocities committed by the furious insurgents, the rebellions of Tyler and Cade in England, or that of the *Jacquerie* in France. Such an event occurs in the following Tragedy. There is also a scene founded upon the noted institution called the Secret or Invisible Tribunal. With this extraordinary judicatory, the members and executioners of which were unknown, and met in secret to doom to death those criminals whom other courts of justice could not reach, the English reader has been made acquainted by several translations from the German, particularly the excellent romances called Herman of Unna, and Alf von Duilman.

The following drama was written by the elegant Author of the Sorrows of Werter, in imitation, it is said, of the manner of Shakspeare. This resemblance is not to be looked for in the style or expression, but in the outline of the characters, and mode of conducting the incidents of the piece. In Germany it is the object of enthusiastic admiration; partly owing, doubtless, to the force of national partiality towards a performance in which the ancient manners of the country are faithfully and forcibly painted. Losing, however, this advantage, and under all the defects of a translation, the Translator ventures to hope that in the following pages there will still be found something to excite interest. Some liberties have been taken with the original, in omitting two occasional disquisitions upon the Civil [illegible] practised in Germany. Literal accuracy has been [illegible] translation, than an attempt to convey the spirit and [illegible] fect of the piece. Upon the whole, it is hoped the [illegible] be found faithful; of which the Translator is less [illegible] owing to the friendship of a Gentleman of high literary [illegible] who has obligingly taken the trouble of superintending [illegible] lication.

Edinburgh, 3d February, 1799.

GOETZ OF BERLICHINGEN,

WITH THE IRON HAND.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MAXIMILIAN, *Emperor of Germany.*
GOETZ VON BERLICHINGEN, *a Free Knight of the Empire.*
ELIZABETH, *his Wife.*
MARIA, *his Sister.*
CHARLES, *his Son—a Boy.*
GEORGE, *his Page.*
Bishop of Bamberg.
ADELBERT VON WEISLINGEN, *a Free German Knight of the Empire.*
ADELA VON WALLDORF, *Widow of the Count of Walldorf.*
LERSTRAUT, *a Courtier of the Bishop's.*
Abbot of Fulda, residing at the Bishop's court.
OLEARIUS, *a Doctor of Laws.*
Brother MARTIN, *a Monk.*
HANS VON SELBISS, } *Free Knights, in alliance with Goetz.*
FRANCIS VON SECKINGEN, }
LERSE, *a Cavalier.*
FRANCIS, *Squire to Weislingen.*
Female Attendant on Adela.
President, Accuser, and Avenger of the Secret Tribunal.
Imperial Commissioners.

MEZLER, }
SIEVERS, }
LINK, } *Leaders of the Insurgent Peasantry.*
KOHL, }
WILD, }
Two Merchants of Nuremberg.
Magistrates of Heilbron.
MAXIMILIAN STORZ, *a Vassal of the Palsgrave.*
An Unknown.
Bride's Father, }
Bride, } *Peasants.*
Bridegroom, }
Gipsy Captain.
Gipsy Mother and Women.
STICKS *and* WOLF, *Gipsies.*
Imperial Captain.
Imperial Officers.
Innkeeper.
Sentinel.
Serjeant-at-arms.
Imperial Soldiers—Troopers belonging to Goetz, to Selbiss, to Seckingen, and to Weislingen—Peasants—Gipsies—Judges of the Secret Tribunal—Jailers—Courtiers, &c. &c. &c.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

An Inn at Schwarzenberg in Franconia.

Mezler and Sievers, two Swabian Peasants, are seated at a table—At the fire, at some distance from them, two Cavaliers from Bamberg—The Innkeeper.

Siev. Hansel! Another cup of brandy—and Christian measure.

Innk. Thou art a Never-enough.

Mez. (*aparte to Sievers.*) Repeat again that about Berlichingen—These Bambergers seem to take offence; they look sulky.

Siev. Bambergers!—What are they about here?

Mez. Weislingen has been two days up yonder at the castle with the Earl—they came with him from I know not where; they are his attendants—He is about to return back to Bamberg.

Siev. Who is that Weislingen?

Mez. The Bishop of Bamberg's right hand! a powerful lord, who lies lurking for the means of playing Goetz some trick.

Siev. He had better take care of himself.

Mez. Prithee tell that story once more. (*Aloud.*) How long is it since Goetz had a new dispute with the Bishop? I thought all had been reconciled and smoothed up between them.

Siev. Ay! Reconciliation with Priests!—When the Bishop saw he could do no good, and always got the worse at hard blows, he complained to the Circle, and took care to make a good accommodation; while honest Berlichingen was condemned unheard, as he always is, even when he has the right.

Mez. God bless him! a worthy nobleman.

Siev. Only think! Was it not shameful? They have now imprisoned a page of his, even without the least crime—but they will be soon mauled for that.

Mez. How stupidly the last enterprise misgave! The Priest would have been in a furious chafe.

Siev. I do not believe it was owing to negligence—Look you, all had been discovered by Goetz' spies; we had the very best intelligence when the Bishop would come from the baths, with how many attendants, and which way; and, had it not been betrayed by some false brother, Goetz would have blessed his beth fat him.

1 *Bam.* What are you prating there about our Bishop? I think you seek a scuffle.

Siev. Mind your own matters; you have nothing to do with our table.

2 *Bam.* Who taught you to speak disrespectfully of our Bishop?

Siev. Am I to answer *your* questions?—Only mind the glutton—(*The 1 Bamberger strikes him a box on the ear.*)

Mez. Fell the hound dead.

2 *Bam.* Here! if you dare—

(*They fall upon each other; a scuffle.*)

Innk. (*separating them.*) Will you remain quiet! Zounds! Get out of the house if you have any thing to do together: in this place I will have order and decency. (*He gets the Bamberg Cavaliers out at the door.*)—And what did you want, ye asses?

Mez. No bad names, Hansel! your glasses may suffer. Come, comrade, we'll go and have the game out.

Enter two Cavaliers.

1 *Cav.* What's the matter?

Siev. Ah! Good day, Peter!—Good day, Beta!—From whence?

2 *Cav.* (*making signs.*) You understand, not to mention whom we serve.

Siev. Is your master Goetz far from this at present?

1 *Cav.* Hold your peace!—Have you had a quarrel?

Siev. You must have met the fellows without—they are Bambergers.

1 *Cav.* What brings them here?

Siev. They attend Weislingen, who is above with the Earl at the Castle.

1 *Cav.* Weislingen?

2 *Cav.* (*aside to his companion.*) Peter, we have found the game.—How long has he been here?

Mez. Two days—but he goes off to-day, as I heard one of the rascals say.

1 *Cav.* (*aside.*) Did I not tell thee he was here?—We have now no time to spare—Come—

Siev. Help us first to drub the Bambergers.

2 *Cav.* There are already two of you—We must away—Adieu! [*Exeunt both Cavaliers.*

Siev. Flinching dogs, these troopers! They won't fight a stroke without pay.

Mez. I could swear they have something on hand.—Whom do they serve?

Siev. I should hardly tell——They serve Goetz.

Mez. So!—Well, now will we out upon these dogs—While I have a quarterstaff, I care not for their spits.

Siev. If we durst but once drub their masters so, who drag the skin over our ears! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Scene changes to the front of a Cottage in a thick Forest.

GOETZ DE BERLICHINGEN *discovered walking among the trees before the door.*

Goetz. Where linger my servants?—I must walk up and down, or sleep will overcome me—Five days and nights already upon the watch—But freedom gives relish to this mode of life; and when I have thee, Weislingen, I may have some rest.—(*Fills a glass of wine and drinks; looks at the flask.*)—Again empty.——George!—While this and my courage last, I can laugh at their principalities and powers!—They send round their favourite Weislingen to their uncles and cousins to calumniate my character—Very well—I am awake.—Thou didst escape me, Bishop; but thy dear Weislingen may pay the score.—George!—Does the boy not hear?—George! George!

Enter GEORGE, *endeavouring to put off the corslet of a full-grown man.*

Goetz. What kept thee? Wert thou asleep?—What masquerade is this, in the devil's name?—Come hither; thou dost not look amiss. Don't be ashamed, boy; thou art gallant. Ah! if thou couldst but fill it!—Is it Hans's cuirass?

Geo. He wished to sleep a little, and unclasped it.

Goetz. He is more delicate than his master.

Geo. Do not be angry! I took it gently away and put it on, and took my father's old sword from the wall, and sallied out to the meadow—

Goetz. And laid about you?—Fine work among the brambles and thorns!—Is Hans asleep?

Geo. He started up and cried to me when you called—I was trying to unclasp it when I heard you twice or thrice.

Goetz. Go take back his cuirass to him, and tell him to be ready with the horses.

Geo. I have fed them and rubbed them well down: they may come out when you will.

Goetz. Bring me a stoup of wine. Give Hans a glass, and tell him to be merry—there is good cause; I expect the return of my scouts every moment.

Geo. Ah! mighty sir!

Goetz. What's the matter with thee?

Geo. May I not go along?

Goetz. Another time, George! When we are intercepting merchants and plundering wagons—

Geo. Another time!—You have said that so often.—O this time, this time! I will only skulk behind; just peep at a side—I will gather up all the shot arrows for you.

Goetz. The next time, George!—You must first have a proper dress; a hauberk, and a lance.

Geo. Take me with you!—Had I been with you last time, you would not have lost your crossbow.

Goetz. Do you know that?

Geo. You threw it at your antagonist's head; one of his squires picked it up, and ran off with it.—Don't I know it?

Goetz. Did my people tell you so?

Geo. O yes; and for doing so, I play them all sorts of tunes on the fife while they dress the horses, and teach them such charming songs—

Goetz. Thou art a brave boy.

Geo. Take me with you to prove myself so.

Goetz. The next time, on my word!—Thou must not go to battle unarmed as thou art—Besides, the approaching hour requires men. I tell thee, my boy, it will be a dear time—Princes shall beg their treasure from a man they hate. Go, George, give Hans his armour again, and bring me wine.—(*Exit* GEORGE.)—Where can my people stay?—It is incomprehensible!——A monk!—What brings him here? (*Enter Brother* MARTIN.) Worthy father, good evening! Whither so late? Though a man of sacred peace, thou shamest many knights.

Mar. Thanks, noble sir!—I stand before you an unworthy brother of the order of St. Augustin; my christened name Martin, from the holy saint.

Goetz. You are tired, brother Martin, and without doubt thirsty. (*Enter* GEORGE *with wine.*) Here, in good time, comes wine!

Mar. For me a draught of water. I dare drink no wine.

Goetz. Is it against your vow?

Mar. Noble sir, to drink wine is not against my vow; but because wine when drunken is against my vow, therefore I drink it not.

Goetz. How do you mean?

Mar. When thou hast eaten and drunken, thou art as it were new born—stronger, bolder, apter for action. After wine thou art double what thou shouldst be!—twice as ingenious, twice as enterprising, and twice as active.

Goetz. True—I feel it so.

Mar. Therefore shouldst thou drink it—but we—

[GEORGE *brings water.* GOETZ *speaks to him apart.*

Goetz. Go to the road from Darbach; lie down with thy ear to the earth, and listen for the tread of horses. Return immediately. [*Groom goes out.*

Mar. But we, on the other hand, when we have eaten and drunken, are the reverse of what we should be. Our sleepy digestion decreases our mental powers; in a weak body such sloth excites desires, which increase with the cause which produced them.

Goetz. One glass, brother Martin, will not set you asleep. You have come far to-day—(*Helps him to wine.*)—Here's to all warriors!

Mar. In God's name!—I cannot defend idle people—yet all monks are not idle; they do what they can: I am just come from St. Bede, where I slept last night. The Prior carried me into their garden, where they had raised beans, excellent sallad, cabbages to a wish, and such cauliflowers and artichokes as you will hardly find in Europe.

Goetz. That is no part of your business? [*Goes out and looks anxiously after the boy. Returns.*

Mar. Would God had made me a gardener, or some other labourer, I might then have been happy! My Abbot loves me; the convent is involved in business; he knows I cannot rest idle, and so he sends me to manage what is to be done: I go to the Bishop of Constance.

Goetz. Another glass—A happy expedition!

Mar. The like——

Goetz. Why do you look at me so fixedly, brother?

Mar. I was admiring your armour.

Goetz. Would you have liked a suit? It is heavy and toilsome to bear.

Mar. What is not toilsome in this world?—But what so much so as to renounce our very nature! Poverty, chastity, obedience—three vows, each of which, singly is dreadful to humanity—united, insupportable; and to spend a lifetime under this burden, or to pant comfortless under the depressing load of an offended conscience—Ah! Sir Knight, what are the toils of your life compared to the sorrows of a state, which, from a misinterpreted notion of the Deity, condemns as crimes even those actions and desires through which we exist.

Goetz. Were your vow less sacred, I would give you a suit of armour and a steed, and we should go together.

Mar. Would to heaven my shoulders had strength to bear harness, and my arm to unhorse an enemy!—Poor weak hand, accustomed to swing censers, to bear crosses and banners of peace, how couldst thou manage the lance and falchion? My voice, tuned only to Aves and Halleluiahs, would be a herald of my weakness to a superior enemy; otherwise should no vows keep me from entering an order founded by the Creator himself.

Goetz. To our happy return! [*Drinks.*

Mar. I pledge you upon your account only! Return to my prison must be to me ever unhappy. When you, Sir Knight, return to your walls with the consciousness of your strength and gallantry, which no fatigue can diminish; when you, for the first time, after a long absence, stretch yourself unarmed upon your bed, secure from the attack of enemies, and give yourself up to a sleep, sweeter than the draught after thirst—then can I speak of happiness.

Goetz. And accordingly it comes but seldom!

Mar. But when it does come, it is a foretaste of paradise. When you return back laden with hostile spoils, and tell, "Such a one I struck from his horse ere he could discharge his piece—such another I overthrew, horse and man;" then you ride your Castle around, and——

Goetz. What mean you?

Mar. And your wife—(*Fills a glass.*)—To the health of your lady! You have one?

Goetz. A virtuous, noble wife!

Mar. Well for him who can say so; his life is doubled. The blessing was denied for me, yet was it the finishing crown of creation. [*He wipes his eyes.*

Goetz. (*aside.*) I grieve for him. The sense of his situation chills his heart.

Enter GEORGE, *breathless.*

Geo. My Lord, my Lord, horses at the gallop!—two of them——They for certain—

Goetz. Bring out my steed; let Hans mount. Farewell, dear brother!—Be cheerful and duteous; God will give space for exertion.

Mar. Let me request your name.

Goetz. Pardon me—Farewell!

[*Gives his left hand.*

Mar. Why the left?—Am I unworthy of the knightly right hand?

Goetz. Were you the Emperor, you must be satisfied with this. My right hand, though not useless in combat, is unresponsive to the grasp of affection. It is one with its mail'd gauntlet—You see, it is *iron!*

Mar. Then art thou Goetz of Berlichingen. I thank thee, Heaven, who hast shown me the man whom princes hate, but to whom the oppressed throng! Let me kiss this hand, let me kiss it.

Goetz. You must not!

Mar. Let me, let me—Thou hand, more worth than the relic through which the most sacred blood has flowed! dead though they seemest, thou livest a witness of the noblest confidence in God.

[GOETZ *adjusts his helmet, and takes his lance.*

Mar. There was a monk among us about a year, who visited you when your hand was shot off before Landshut. How he used to tell us what you suffered, and your grief at being disabled for your profession of arms; till you heard of one who had also lost a hand, and yet served long a gallant knight. I shall never forget it.

Enter PETER *and the other Cavalier. They speak apart with* GOETZ.

Mar. (*going on.*) I shall never forget his words in the most noble, the most unreserved confidence in God: "If I had twelve hands, what would they avail me without his grace? then may I with only one and heaven to friend"——

Goetz. In the wood of Haslach too? (*Returns to Martin.*) Farewell, worthy brother?

Mar. Forget me not, as I shall never forget thee!

[*Exeunt* GOETZ *and his Troopers.*

Mar. The sight of him touched my heart—He spoke not, and my spirit sunk under his—Yet it is a pleasure to have seen a great man.

Geo. Worthy sir, you will sleep here?

Mar. Can I have a bed?

Geo. No, sir! I know a bed only by hearsay; in our lodgings there is but straw.

Mar. It will serve. What is thy name?

Geo. George, sir.

Mar. George!—Thou hast a gallant patron-saint.

Geo. They say he was a knight; that would I like to be!

Mar. Stop! (*Takes a picture from his breviary, and gives it to the Page.*) There thou hast him—follow his example; be brave, and fear God.

[*Exit into the cottage.*

Geo. Ah! what a charming gray steed!—If I had but one like that—and the gilded armour—There is an ugly dragon—At present I shoot nothing but sparrows. O St. George! make me but tall and strong; give me a lance, armour, and a horse, and then let the dragon come against me when it will.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment in Jaxthausen, the Castle of Goetz of Berlichingen.

ELIZABETH, MARIA, *and* CHARLES, *discovered.*

Char. Pray now, dear aunt, tell me again that story of the good child; it is so pretty—

Maria. Do you tell it to me, little rogue! that I may see if you pay attention.

Char. Wait then till I think——"There was once upon"—Yes—"There was once upon a time a child, and his mother was sick; so the child went"—

Maria. No, no!—"Then said his mother"—

Char. "I am sick"—

Maria. "And cannot go out;"—

Char. "And gave him money, and said, Go and buy yourself a breakfast."

Maria. "The child went.—There met him an old man that was"—Now Charles!

Char. —"that was—old"—

Maria. Indeed!—"that was not able to walk, and said, Dear child"—

Char. —"give me something; I have eat not a morsel yesterday or to-day. Then the child gave him the money"—

Maria. —"that should have bought his breakfast."

Char. "Then said the old man"—

Maria. "Then the old man took the child by the hand"—

Char. —"by the hand, and said—and became a fine beautiful saint—and said"—

Maria. "Dear child! the sacred Virgin rewards thee for thy benevolence through me: whatever sick person thou touchest"—

Char. —"with the hand"——It was the right hand, I think.

Maria. Yes.

Char. —"he will immediately become well."

Maria. "Then the child went home, and could not speak for joy"—

Char. —"and fell upon his mother's neck and wept."

Maria. "Then the mother cried, What's the matter with me? and became"—

Char. —"became—became"—

Maria. You do not mind—"and became well. And the child cured kings and emperors, and became so rich that he built a great abbey."

Eliz. I cannot understand why my husband stays. He has been away five days and nights, and he expected to have done his business much sooner.

Maria. I am very uneasy about it. Were I married to a man who ever incurred such danger, I should die the first day.

Eliz. Therefore I thank God, who has made me of harder stuff!

Char. But must my father always ride out, when it is so dangerous?

Maria. Such is his good pleasure.

Eliz. Indeed he must, dear Charles!

Char. Why?

Eliz. Do you not remember the last time he rode out, where he brought you these fine things?

Char. Will he bring me any thing now?

Eliz. I believe so. Listen: There was a poor man at Stutgard who shot excellently with the bow, and gained a prize from the magistrates—

Char. How much?

Eliz. A hundred dollars;—and afterwards they would not pay him.

Maria. That was base, Charles.

Char. Shabby people!

Eliz. The poor man came to your father, and besought him to help him to his money; then your father rode out and intercepted two convoys of merchandise, and plagued them till they paid the money.—Would not you have ridden out too?

Char. No—For one must go through thick woods, where there are gipsies and witches—

Eliz. You little rogue!—Afraid of witches!

Maria. You are right, Charles!—Live at home in your castle, like a quiet Christian knight—One may do a great deal of good out of one's own fortune. These redressers of wrongs do more harm than good by their interference.

Eliz. Sister, you know not what you are saying—God grant our boy may turn brave as he grows up, and pull down that Weislingen, who has dealt so faithlessly with my husband!

Maria. We cannot agree in this, Eliza—My brother is highly incensed, and thou art so also; but I am cooler in the business, and can be less inveterate.

Eliz. Weislingen cannot be defended.

Maria. What I have heard of him has pleased me—Even thy husband speaks him good and affectionate—How happy was their youth when they were both pages of honour to the Margrave!

Eliz. That may be:—But only tell me, how can the man be good who lays ambushes for his best and truest friend? who has sold his service to the enemies of my husband? and, by invidious misrepresentations, alienates from us our noble Emperor, naturally so gracious?

[*A horn winded.*

Char. Papa! Papa!

[*The Warder sounds his horn. Henry opens the gate.*

Eliz. There he comes with booty!

Enter Peter.

Peter. We have hunted—we have caught the game!—God save you, noble ladies!

Eliz. Have you Weislingen?

Peter. Himself, and three followers.

Eliz. How came you to stay so long?

Peter. We watched for him between Nuremberg and Bamberg, but he did not come, though we knew he had set out. At length we found him; he had struck off sideways, and was living quietly with the Earl at Schwarzenberg.

Eliz. Then will my husband have *him* next for an enemy.

Peter. I told this immediately to my master—Up and away we rode for the forest of Haslach. And it was curious, while we were riding thither that night, that a shepherd was watching, and five wolves fell upon the flock, and were taken. Then my master laughed, and said, Good luck to us all, dear companion, both to you and us!—And the good omen overjoyed us.—Just then Weislingen came riding along with four attendants—

Maria. My heart shudders in my bosom.

Peter. My comrade and I threw ourselves suddenly on him, and clung to him as if we were one body, while my master and others fell upon the servants. They were all taken, except one who escaped.

Eliz. I am curious to see him—Will they come soon?

Peter. Immediately—They are riding over the hill.

Maria. He will be cast down and dejected.

Peter. He looks gloomy enough.

Maria. The sight of his distress will grieve me!

Eliz. O! I must get food ready—You must be all hungry.

Peter. Right hungry, truly.

Eliz. Take the cellar keys, and draw the best wine—You have deserved the best.

Char. I'll go with aunt.

Maria. Come then, you rogue!

[*Exeunt* Charles *and* Maria.

Peter. He'll never be his father—At his years he was in the stable—

Enter Goetz, Weislingen, Hans, *and other Cavaliers, as from horseback.*

Goetz. (*laying his helmet and sword on a table.*) Unclasp my armour, and give me my doublet—Ease will refresh me.—Brother Martin said well—You have put us out of wind, Weislingen!

[Weislingen *answers nothing, but paces up and down.*

Goetz. Be of good heart!—Come, unarm yourself!—Where are your clothes?—Not lost, I hope, in the scuffle?—(*To the attendants.*) Go, ask his servants; open the trunks, and see that nothing is missing.—Or I can lend you some of mine.

Weis. Let me remain as I am—It is all one.

Goetz. I can give you a handsome clean doublet, but it is only of linen—It has grown too little for me—I had it on at the marriage of the Lord Palsgrave, when your Bishop was so incensed at me.—About a fortnight before I had sunk two of his vessels upon the Maine—I was going up stairs to the venison in the inn at Heidelberg, with Francis of Seckingen. Before you get quite up, there is a landing place with iron-rails—there stood the Bishop, and gave Frank his hand as he passed, and the like to me that was close behind him. I laughed in my sleeve, and went to the Landgrave of Hanau, who was always my noble friend, and told him, "The Bishop has given me his hand, but I wot well he did not know me." The Bishop heard me, for I was speaking loud—He came to us angrily, and said, "True, I gave thee my hand, because I knew thee not indeed."—To which I answered, "I marked that, my Lord; and so take your shake of the hand back again!"—The manikin's neck grew red as a crab for spite, and he went up the room and complained to the Palsgrave Lewis and the Princess of Nassau.—But we have had much to do together since that.

Weis. I wish you would leave me to myself!

Goetz. Why so?—I entreat you to be at rest. You are in my power, and I will not misuse it.

Weis. That I am little anxious about—Your duty as a knight prescribes your conduct.

Goetz. And you know how sacred it is to me.

Weis. I am taken—What follows is indifferent.

Goetz. You should not say so.—Had you been taken by a prince, and shut up fettered in a dungeon, your gaoler directed to drive sleep from your eyes—

Enter Servants with clothes. Weislingen unarms and shifts himself. Enter Charles.

Char. Good morrow, papa!

Goetz. (*kisses him.*) Good morrow, boy!—How have you been behaving?

Char. Very well.—Aunt says I am a good boy.

Goetz. That's right.

Char. Have you brought me any thing?

Goetz. Nothing this time.

Char. I have learned a great deal—

Goetz. Aye!

Char. Shall I tell you about the good boy?

Goetz. After dinner.

Char. And I know something else.

Goetz. What may that be?

Char. "Jaxthausen is a village and castle upon the Jaxt, which has appertained in property and heritage for two hundred years to the Lords of Berlichingen"—

Goetz. Do you know the Lord of Berlichingen?—(*Charles stares at him.*) With all his extensive learning he does not know his own father.—Whom does Jaxthausen belong to?

Char. "Jaxthausen is a village and castle upon the Jaxt"—

Goetz. I did not ask about that—I knew every path, pass, and ford about the place, before ever I knew the name of the village, castle, or river.——Is your mother in the kitchen?

Char. Yes, papa!—They are dressing a lamb, with nice white turnips.

Goetz. Do you know that too, Jack Turnspit?

Char. And my aunt is roasting an apple for me to eat after dinner—

Goetz. Can't you eat it raw?

Char. It tastes better roasted.

Goetz. You must have a tid-bit, must you?—Weislingen, I will be with you immediately—I go to see my wife.—Come, Charles!

Char. Who is that man?

Goetz. Bid him welcome.—Tell him to be cheerful.

Char. There's my hand, man!—Be cheerful—for the dinner will be ready soon.

Weis. (*takes up the child and kisses him.*) Happy boy! that knowest no worse evil than the delay of dinner. May you live to have much joy in your son, Berlichingen!

Goetz. Where there is most light, the shades are deepest.—Yet I thank God for him.—We'll see what they are about. [*Exit with Charles and Servants.*

Weis. O that I could but wake and find this all a dream!—In the power of Berlichingen!—of him from whom I had so far detached myself—whose remembrance I shunned like fire—whom I hoped to overpower!—and he still the old true-hearted Goetz!—O Adelbert! couldst thou recall the days when we played as children, and drove the mimic chase round this hall; then thou lovedst him, prizedst him as thy soul! Who can be near him and hate him? Alas! I am not here such as I was—Happy days, ye are gone—There in his chair by the chimney sat old Berlichingen, while we played around him, and loved each other like cherubs!——How anxious will be the Bishop and all my friends!—Well; I wot the whole country will sympathize with my misfortune. But what does it avail? Can that reflection give me the peace after which I struggle?

Re-enter Goetz *with wine and beakers.*

Goetz. We'll take a glass till dinner is ready. Come, sit down—think yourself at home! Consider you are once more the guest of Goetz. It is long since we have sat side by side, and emptied a flagon together—(*Fills.*) Come: a light heart!

Weis. Those times are over.

Goetz. God forbid! We shall hardly find more pleasant days than those which we spent together at the Margrave's court—when we were inseparable night and day. I think with pleasure on the days of my youth.—Do you remember the battle I had with the Polander, and how I broke his frizzled pate for him?

Weis. It was at table; and he struck at you with a knife.

Goetz. However, I came off conqueror—And you had a quarrel upon the account with his comrade. We always stuck together like brave boys—(*Fills and hands to* Weislingen.) I shall never forget how the Margrave used to call us Castor and Pollux: it does me good to think of it.

Weis. The Bishop of Wurtzburg called us so first.

Goetz. That Bishop was a learned clerk, and withal so gentle—I shall remember as long as I live how he used to caress us, praise our union, and describe the good fortune of the man who has an adopted brother in a friend.

Weis. No more of that!

Goetz. Does it displease you? I know nothing more delightful after a fatigue than to talk over old stories. Indeed, when I recall to mind how we were almost the same being, body and soul, and how I thought we were to continue so all our lives—Was not that my sole comfort when this hand was shot away at Landshut, and when you nursed and tended me like a brother? I hoped Adelbert would in future be my right hand.—And now—

Weis. Alas!

Goetz. Hadst thou followed me when I wished thee to go to Brabant with me, all would have remained well. But then that unhappy turn for Court-dangling seized thee, and thy coquetting and flirting with idle women.—I always told thee, when thou wouldst mix with these lounging, begging Court-sycophants, and entertain them with gossiping about unluckly matches and seduced girls, and such trash as they are interested about—I always told thee, Adelbert, thou wilt become a rogue.

Weis. Why all this?

Goetz. Would to God I could forget it, or that it were otherwise!—Art thou not as free and as nobly born as any in Germany, independent, holding under the Emperor alone—and dost thou not crouch amongst vassals?—What is the Bishop to thee? Allow he is thy neighbour, and can do thee a shrewd turn, hast thou not an arm and friends to requite him in kind? Art thou ignorant of the noble situation of a free knight, who rests only upon God, the Emperor, and himself, that thou canst bear thus to crawl at the footstool of a selfish malicious Priest

Weis. Let me speak!

Goetz. What canst thou say?

Weis. You look upon the Princes as the wolf upon the shepherd. And yet, canst thou blame them for uniting in the defence of their territories and property? Are they a moment secure from the unruly chivalry of your free knights, who plunder their vassals upon the very high-road, and sack their castles and towns? While upon the frontiers the public enemy threaten to overrun the lands of our dear Emperor, and, while he needs their assistance, they can scarce maintain their own security—is it not our good genius which at this moment suggests a mean of bringing peace to Germany, of securing the administration of justice, and giving to great and small the blessings of quiet? For this purpose is our confederacy; and dost thou blame us for securing the protection of the powerful Princes our neighbours, instead of relying on that of the Emperor, who is so far removed from us, and is hardly able to protect himself?

Goetz. Yes, yes, I understand you. Weislingen, were the Princes as you paint them, we should be all agreed—all at peace and quiet! Yes, every bird of prey naturally likes to eat its plunder undisturbed. The general weal!—They will hardly acquire untimely gray hairs in studying for that!—And wish the Emperor they play a fine game—Every day comes some new adviser and gives his opinion. The Emperor means well, and would gladly put things to rights—but because a great man can soon give an order, and by a single word put a thousand hands into motion, he therefore thinks his orders will be as speedily accomplished. Then come ordinances upon ordinances contradictory of each other, while the Princes all the while obey those only which serve their own interest, and help them to press under their footstool their less powerful neighbours—and all the while they talk of the quiet and peace of the Empire!—I will be sworn, many a one thanks God in his heart that the Turk keeps the Emperor from looking into these affairs!

Weis. You view things your own way.

Goetz. So does every one. The question is, which is the right light in which they should be regarded?—And your plans are of the darkest.

Weis. You may say what you will; I am your prisoner.

Goetz. When your conscience is free, so are you

—But we talked of the general tranquillity—I stood as a boy of sixteen with the Margrave at an Imperial Diet. What harangues the Princes made! and worst of all, your spiritual allies—The Bishop rung into the Emperor's ears his regard for justice, till one wondered again—And now he has imprisoned a page of mine, at the very time when our quarrels were all accommodated, and I thought of nothing less. Is not all betwixt us settled? What is his business with the boy?

Weis. It was done without his knowledge.

Goetz. Then why does he not release him?

Weis. He has not borne himself as he should do.

Goetz. Not as he should do? By my honour, he has done as he should do, as surely as he was imprisoned both with your knowledge and the Bishop's! Do you think I am come into the world this very day, that I cannot see the tendency of all this?

Weis. Your suspicions do us injustice.

Goetz. Weislingen, shall I tell you the truth? Inconsiderable as I am, I am a thorn in your eyes, and Selbiss and Seckingen are no less so, while we retain our firm resolution to die sooner than to thank any one but God for the air we breathe, or pledge our faith and homage to any one but the Emperor. Hence they goad me from every quarter, blacken my character with the Emperor, and among my friends and neighbours, and spy about for advantage against me. They would fain take me out of the way; that was the reason for imprisoning the page, whom I had despatched for intelligence; and you now say he did not bear himself as he should do, because he would not betray my secrets—And thou, Weislingen, art their tool!

Weis. Berlichingen!

Goetz. No more about it—I am an enemy to long explanations; they deceive either the maker or the hearer, and for the most part both.

Enter CHARLES.

Char. Dinner, father!

Goetz. Good news!—Come, I hope the company of my women folks will revive you—You always liked the girls—Ay, ay, they can tell many pretty stories of you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Scene changes to the Bishop of Bamberg's Palace. The Bishop, the Abbot of Fuldah, OLEARIUS, LIEBTRAUT, *and Courtiers, at table—The dessert and wine before them.*

Bishop. Are there many of the German nobility at your academy of Bologna?

Olear. Both of nobles and burghers; and, without exaggeration, they acquire the most brilliant reputation. It is a proverb in the University: "As studious as a German noble."

Abbot. Ay!

Lieb. As studious as a German noble!—What may one not live to hear?—That have I never heard before.

Olear. Yes, they are the admiration of the whole university. Some of the oldest and most learned will be created even Doctors. The Emperor will doubtless be happy to intrust to them the highest offices.

Abbot. Do you know, for instance, a young man—a Hessian—

Olear. There are many Hessians with us.

Abbot. His name was——Does nobody remember it? His mother was, of the What-d'ye-call-them's?—Oh!—his father has but one eye—and is a marshal—

Lieb. Von Wildenholz!

Olear. I know him well. He is highly esteemed for his force in disputation.

Abbot. He has that from his mother.

Lieb. But I never heard that his father esteemed her the more for it.

Bishop. How call you the Emperor that wrote your *Corpus Juris*?

Olear. Justinian.

Bishop. A worthy prince:—To his health!

Olear. To his memory! (*They drink.*)

Abbot. That must be a charming book.

Olear. It may be called the book of books, comprehending every rule.

Abbot. Every rule!—Then the ten commandments must be in it.

Olear. By implication; not explicitly.

Abbot. I meant so; plainly set down, without any explication.

Bishop. But the best is, you tell us that a State can be maintained in the surest peace and obedience by receiving that statute-book.

Olear. Doubtless.

Bishop. All doctors of laws! (*They drink.*)

Olear. Would men spoke thus in my country!

Abbot. Whence came you, most learned sir?

Olear. From Frankfort, at your Eminence's service!

Bishop. Are you not on good terms with your countrymen?—How comes that?

Olear. It is odd enough—but when I went last there to collect my father's effects, the populace pelted me with stones when they heard I was a civilian.

Abbot. God keep us!

Olear. It is because their tribunal, which they hold in great respect, is occupied by vulgar people, ignorant of the Roman law. They decide according to certain edicts of their own, and some old customs recognised in the city and neighbourhood.

Abbot. That's very right.

Olear. Yes; but then the life of man is short, and in one generation causes of every description cannot be decided; therefore it is better to preserve a collection of rules to be observed through all ages—and such is our Corpus Juris, which ensures us against the mutability of judges.

Abbot. That's a great deal better.

Olear. But the people are ignorant of that; and curious as they are after novalties, hate any innovation in their laws, be it ever so much for the better. They hate a jurist as if he were a cut-purse or a subverter of the state, and become furious if one attempts to settle among them.

Lieb. You come from Frankfort?—I know the place well—we tasted of your good cheer there at the Emperor's coronation—but I know no one in that town of your name.

Olear. My father's name was Dilman—But after the example of many Curlians, for the decoration of the title page of my legal treatises, I have Latinized the name to Olearius.

Lieb. You did well to disguise it:—a prophet is not honoured in his own country—nor in the language thereof.

Olear. That was not the cause.

Lieb. Every thing has two reasons.

Abbot. A prophet is not honoured in his own country.

Lieb. But do you know why, most reverend sir?

Abbot. Because he was born and bred up there.

Lieb. Well, that may be one reason—Another is, that upon a nearer acquaintance with these gentlemen, the rays of glory and honour that appear at a distance to invest them totally disappear. They are just like old worsted stockings in a frosty night—Draw near, and the splendour is gone!

Olear. It seems you are placed here to tell pleasant truths.

Lieb. When I can discover them, my mouth seldom fails to utter them.

Olear. Yet you hardly seem to distinguish manner and place.

Lieb. There is no matter where you place a cupping glass, provided it draws blood.

Olear. Buffoons are privileged, and we know them by their scurvy jests—But in future let me advise you to bear the badge of your order—a cap and bells!

Lieb. A cap!—True—should I take a fancy to have one, will you direct me to the place where you bought yours?

Bishop. Some other subject—Not so warm, gentlemen! At table all should be fair and quiet—Choose another subject, Liebtraut.

Lieb. Near Frankfort is an ample building called the correction-house——

Olear. What of the Turkish expedition, please your Excellence?

Bishop. The Emperor has it much at heart to restore peace to the empire, stop feuds, and secure the rigid administration of justice; then, according to report, he goes in person against the Turk.—At present, domestic dissensions find him enough to do; and the empire, spite of four years of external peace, is one scene of murder. Franconia, Swabia, the Upper Rhine, and the surrounding countries, are laid waste by presumptuous and restless knights—And here, Seckingen, Selbiss with one leg, and Goetz with the iron hand, sport with the Imperial mandates.

Abbot. If his Majesty does not exert himself, these fellows will carry us off in their portmanteaus.

Lieb. He would be a sturdy fellow indeed who should carry off the wine-butt of Fuldah in a portmanteau!

Bishop. Besides, the last has been for many years my mortal foe, and molests me hourly—But it will not last long, I hope. The Emperor holds his court at Augsburg—we have taken our measures.—Doctor, do you know Adelbert of Weislingen?

Olear. No, please your Eminence.

Bishop. If you stay till his arrival, you will have the pleasure of seeing a most noble, most accomplished, and most gallant knight.

Olear. He must be excellent indeed who deserves such praises from such a mouth.

Lieb. And he was bred at no university.

Bishop. We know that—(*The attendants throng to the window.*) What's the matter?

Attend. Just now, Farber, Weislingen's servant, rode in at the Castle gate.

Bishop. See what he brings. He will announce his master. [*Exit* Liebtraut. *They stand up and drink round.*

Liebtraut *re-enters.*

Bishop. What news?

Lieb. I wish it had been told by another—Weislingen is a prisoner!

Bishop. How?

Lieb. Berlichingen seized him and three attendants near Haslach—One is escaped to tell you.

Abbot. A Job's messenger!

Olear. I grieve from my heart.

Bishop. I will see the servant—Bring him up—I will speak with him myself. Conduct him into my cabinet. [*Exit Bishop.*

Abbot. (*sitting down.*) Another draught, however. [*The Servants fill round.*

Olear. Does your Reverence not think of a turn in the garden? "Post cœnam stabis, seu passus mille meabis?"

Lieb. In truth, sitting is unhealthy for you, who are threatened with an apoplexy.—(*The Abbot rises.*) Can I but once get these grave ones out of doors, I shall exercise their tempers a little! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Same changes to Jaxthausen.

Maria, Weislingen.

Maria. You love me, you say—Alas! I am perhaps but too much inclined to believe it.

Weis. Why not believe what I feel so well, that I am entirely thine!—(*Embraces her.*)

Maria. Softly!—I gave you one kiss for earnest, but you must encroach no further.

Weis. You are too strict, Maria!—Innocent love is pleasing in the sight of Heaven.

Maria. It may be so—But I must not build upon what you say; for I have been taught, that caresses are as strong as fetters, and that damsels when they love are weaker than Sampson when he lost his locks.

Weis. Who taught you so?

Maria. The abbess of my convent. Till my seventeenth year I was with her—and only with you for the first time have I ceased to regret her company. She had loved, and could tell.....She had a most affectionate heart—Oh! she was an excellent woman!

Weis. Then you resemble her—(*Takes her hand.*) What would become of me were I to lose you?

Maria. That, I hope, is not likely to happen—But you must away.

Weis. I know it, dearest! and I will—Well do I feel what a treasure I have purchased by this sacrifice!—Now, blessed be your brother, and the day on which he undertook to seize me!

Maria. His heart overflowed with hope for you and himself. Farewell! he said, I go to recover my friend.

Weis. That has he done. Would that I had studied the arrangement and security of my property, instead of neglecting it, and dallying at that worthless Court!—then couldst thou have been instantly mine.

Maria. Delay enhances pleasure.

Weis. Say not so, Maria, lest I dread thy thy feelings are less keen than mine.—True, I deserved punishment, deserved to lose every glimpse of this heavenly prospect—But, now! (to be wholly thine, to live only in thee and in thy circle of friends far removed from the world, to live for the enjoyment of all the raptures which two hearts can taste—What is the favour of princes, what applause of the universe, to such simple yet unmingled felicity?—Many have been my hopes and wishes, henceforth I am equally above both.

Enter Goetz.

Goetz. Your page is returned already.—He can scarcely bring out a word for hunger and fatigue—My wife has ordered the poor knave to be taken care of. This much I have picked out—the Bishop will not give up my boy—an Imperial commission is to be granted, under which all matters are to be adjusted. But be it as he will, Adelbert, you are free;—Pledge me but your hand, that you will neither give open nor underhand assistance to my avowed enemies.

Weis. Here I grasp thy hand. From this moment be our union and friendship as firm and unalterable as a primary law of nature!—Let me take this hand also—(*Takes Maria's hand*)—and with it the possession of this lovely lady.

Goetz. Dare I promise for you?

Maria. (*timidly.*) If—if it is your wish——

Goetz. By good luck, our wishes will not differ on this point.——Thou need'st not blush—the glance of thy eye betrays thee. Well, then, Weislingen, join hands, and I say *Amen!*—My friend and brother!—I thank thee, sister; thou spin'st more than flax, for thou hast drawn a thread which can fetter this wandering bird of Paradise. Yet thou look'st not quite open, Adelbert—What ails thee? I am fully happy! What I but hoped in a dream, I now see with my eyes, and feel as if I still dreamed. Now my vision is out—I thought to-night, that, in token of reconciliation, I gave thee this iron hand; and that you held it so fast that it broke away from my arm;—I started, and awoke. Had I but dreamed a little longer, I should have seen how thou didst make me a new living hand.—You must away this instant, to put in order thy castle and property. That damned Court has detained you long from both.—I must call my wife—Elizabeth!

Maria. How transported is my brother!

Weis. Yet I am still more so.

Goetz (*to Maria.*) You will have pleasant quarters.

Maria. They say Franconia is a fine country.

Weis. And I may venture to say that my castle lies in the most delicious part of it.

Goetz. That thou mayst, and I will swear to it—Look you, here flows the Mayne, around a hill clothed with corn fields and vineyards, its top crowned with a Gothic castle—then the river makes a sharp turn, and glides round behind the very rock on which it stands. The windows of the great hall

look perpendicularly down upon the river—a prospect which would detain one for hours.

Enter Elizabeth.

Eliz. What wouldst thou?

Goetz. You too must give your hand, and say, God bless you!—They are a pair.

Eliz. So soon?

Goetz. But not unexpected.

Eliz. May ye ever love each other with the same affection as now—and as your love, so be your happiness!

Weis. Amen! On that condition I ensure it.

Goetz. The bridegroom, my dear, must perforce away for a while; for this great event makes it needful for him to settle some concerns at home. He must bid adieu to the Bishop's Court, in order that that connexion may be broken off by degrees—Then he must rescue his property from the hands of some selfish stewards—and——But come, sister—come, Elizabeth; his squire has perhaps some private message to him.

Weis. None but what you may hear.

Goetz. Needless:—Franconians and Swabians! now that you are one of us, we may bid their Mightinesses, the princes, defiance to their beard.

[*Exeunt* Goetz, Elizabeth, Maria.

Weis. (*alone.*) God in Heaven!—and canst thou have reserved such happiness for one so unworthy?—It is too much for my heart. How meanly I depended upon wretched fools, whom I thought I was governing by superiority of intrigue, subservient to the glance of homage-demanding princes!—Goetz, my faithful Goetz, thou hast restored me to myself—and my beloved Maria has completed my reformation. I feel free, as if brought from a dungeon into the open air.—Bamberg will I never more see—will snap all the shameful bands that have connected it and me. My heart rejoices, never more to undergo the degradation of struggling for boons that may be refused—He alone is great and happy who fills his own station of independence, and has neither to command nor to obey.

Enter Francis.

Fran. God greet you, noble sir! I bring you so many salutations, that I know not with which to begin—Bamberg, and ten miles around, bid God greet you.

Weis. Welcome, Francis! Bring'st thou aught else?

Fran. You are in such consideration at Court that it cannot be expressed.

Weis. That will not last long.

Fran. As long as you live—and after your death it will shine more lasting than the marble inscription upon your monument.—How they took your misfortune to heart!

Weis. And what said the Bishop?

Fran. His ardent curiosity poured out question upon question, without giving me time to answer. He knew your accident already; for Farber, who galloped from Hasfach, had brought him the tidings—But he would hear every particular—He asked so anxiously whether you were not wounded—I told him you were safe, from the hair of your scalp to the nail of your toe.

Weis. And what said he to the treaty?

Fran. He would have given up the page and a ransom to boot for your liberty. But he heard you were to be dismissed upon your parole, otherwise he had granted to Berlichingen all he could ask. He charged me with a thousand messages to you—more than I can ever utter. O how he harangued! and concluded, "I cannot live without Weislingen!"

Weis. He must learn.

Fran. What mean ye?—He bids you hasten to him—All the Court expects you.

Weis. Let them expect on—The Court will I never, never again see.

Fran. Not see the Court!—My gracious Lord, how comes that? Did you know what I know—could you but dream what I have seen—

Weis. What may it be?

Fran. The bare recital would put me mad.—Bamberg is no longer Bamberg—An angel of Heaven, in semblance of woman, has taken her abode in it, and it is become Paradise.

Weis. No more than that?

Fran. May I become a shaven friar, if the bare glimpse of her does not drive you frantic.

Weis. Who is it, then?

Fran. Adela von Walldorf.

Weis. She!—I have heard much of her beauty.

Fran. Heard!—As well might you say I have seen music. So far is the tongue from being able to rehearse the slightest article of her beauty, that the very eye which beholds her cannot drink it all in.

Weis. You are mad.

Fran. That may well be. The last time I was in her company, I had no more sense than if I had been drunk; or, I may rather say, I felt at that moment like a glorified saint enjoying the angelic vision!—All my senses exalted, and more lively than ever—yet not one at their owner's command.

Weis. Enthusiast!

Fran. As I took leave of the Bishop, she sat by him—they played at chess—He was very gracious—gave me his hand to kiss, and said much, of which I understood never a syllable. As I looked on his fair antagonist, her eye was fixed upon the board, as if meditating a grand stroke—Traces of attentive intelligence around the mouth and cheek—I could have wished to be the ivory king—The mixture of dignity and feeling on the brow—and the dazzling lustre of her neck and breast, overshaded by her raven ringlets—

Weis. Thou art become a poet upon the subject.

Fran. I felt at the moment the inspiration of a bard—my whole faculties were concentrated in one object. As the Bishop ended, and I made my obeisance, she looked up and said, "Carry your master the best wishes of an unknown. He must not despise them, though he is already so rich in old friends."—I would have answered somewhat, but the passage betwixt my heart and my tongue was choked. I would have given my whole revenue for permission to touch but one of her fingers! As I stood thus, the Bishop threw down a pawn, and in stooping to lift it, I kissed the hem of her garment. Transport thrill'd through my limbs, and I scarce know how I left the room.

Weis. Is her husband at Court?

Fran. She has been a widow these four months, and is at the Court of Bamberg to divert her melancholy. You will see her—and to see her is to stand in the sun of spring!

Weis. She would make little impression on me.

Fran. I hear you are as good as married.

Weis. Would I were really so! My gentle Maria will be the happiness of my life. The sweetness of her soul beams through her mild blue eyes; and, like an angel composed of innocence and love, she guides me to the paths of peace and felicity!——Pack up—and then to my castle—Never will I behold Bamberg, should St. Bede come to guide me in person.

[*Exit* Weislingen.

Fran. (*alone.*) God forbid!—But let me hope the best. Maria is beautiful and amiable, and I can excuse a prisoner and an invalid for loving her. In her eye is compassion and a melancholy sympathy—But in thine, Adela, is life—fire—spirit.——Would to—I am a fool—Such has one glance made me. My master must hence—*I* too must hence, and either recover my senses, or gaze them quite away.

[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Bamberg.—A Hall in the Bishop's Palace.

The Bishop, Adela, Liebtraut, *Ladies and Courtiers, discovered.*

Bishop. He will not return, they say.

Adela. I beseech you, put him out of your head.

Bishop. What can it mean?

Lieb. Poh! The message has been repeated to him like a paternoster. He has taken a fit of obstinacy; but I think I could soon cure him.

Bishop. Do so—Ride to him instantly.

Lieb. My commission—

Bishop. Shall be instantly made out. Spare nothing to bring him back.

Lieb. May I venture to use your name, gracious lady?

Adela. Ay, with all manner of propriety.

Lieb. Know you that's a wide commission?

Adela. Know you not my rank and sex sufficiently to understand in what tone I am to be spoken of to an unknown nobleman?

Lieb. In the tone of a speaking trumpet, think I.

Adela. You will always be a madcap.

Bishop. Well, well, take the best horse in my stable—choose your own servants, and bring him hither.

Lieb. If I do not, say that an old woman who deals in curing warts and freckles knows more of sympathy than I.

Bishop. Yet, what will it avail? Goetz has wholly gained him—He will be no sooner here than he will wish to return.

Lieb. He will wish it, doubtless; but can he do it? The squeeze of the hand from a prince, and the smiles of a beauty—from these could no Weislingen ever escape.—I have the honour to take my leave.

Bishop. A good journey!

Adela. Adieu! [*Exit Liebtraut.*

Bishop. When he is once here, I must trust to you.

Adela. Would you make me your lime-twig?

Bishop. By no means.

Adela. Your decoy-duck, then?

Bishop. No—that part plays Liebtraut. I beseech you do not refuse to do what no other can.

Adela. I will not. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Scene changes to Jaxthausen—A Hall in Goetz's Castle.

Enter GOETZ *and* HANS VON SELBITZ.

Sel. Every one will applaud you for denouncing feud against the Nurembergers.

Goetz. It would have been a thorn in my very heart had I remained long their debtor. It is clear that they betrayed my page to the Bishop—They shall have cause to remember me.

Sel. They have an old grudge at you.

Goetz. And I at them. I am glad they have begun the fray.

Sel. These free towns ever hold part with the priests.

Goetz. Ay, truly do they!

Sel. But we will make hell hot for them!

Goetz. I wish the Burgomaster, with his gold chain, would come to take a peep at us—He would stare his wits away!

Sel. I hear Weislingen is one of us—Does he really join in our league?

Goetz. Not immediately—There are some reasons which prevent his instantly giving us assistance: but it is quite enough that he is not against us. The priest without him is what the mass would be without the priest.

Sel. When do we set forward?

Goetz. To-morrow or next day. There are merchants coming from Bamberg and Nuremberg to the fair at Frankfort—We may strike a good blow.

Sel. So be it, in God's name.

SCENE III.

Scene returns to the Bishop's Palace at Bamberg.

ADELA *and her Waiting-Maid.*

Adela. He is here, sayest thou? I can scarce believe it.

Maid. Had I not seen him myself, I should have doubted it.

Adela. Then Liebtraut may coin the Bishop into gold for such a masterpiece of skill.

Maid. I saw him as he was about to enter the Palace—he rode a gray—The horse started when he came on the bridge, and would not move forward—The populace thronged up the street to see him—They rejoiced at the delay of the unruly horse—He was greeted on all sides, and he thanked them gracefully all around. He sate the curvetting steed with an easy indifference, and betwixt threats and soothing, brought him to the gate, followed by Liebtraut and a few servants.

Adela. How did he please thee?

Maid. Never man so much—He is as like that portrait of the Emperor, as if he were his son.—(*Pointing to a picture.*)—The nose somewhat less—but just such kindly light-brown eyes, and such fine light hair, curled like a boy's—A half melancholy impression on his face—I know not how—but he pleased me so well—

Adela. I am curious to see him.

Maid. There were a Lord for you!

Adela. You little fool!

Maid. Fools and children speak truth, quoth the proverb.

Enter LIEBTRAUT.

Lieb. Now, madam, what do I deserve?

Adela. Horns from your wife!—for, from the description I hear, you have endangered the honour of many a family.

Lieb. Not so, gracious lady—you yourself will ensure their tranquillity!

Adela. How did you contrive to bring him?

Lieb. You know well enough how they catch woodcocks—and why should I detail my little stratagems to you?—First, I pretended not to have heard a word of his design of retirement, and put him upon telling me the whole story at length—Then I saw the matter quite in a different light—Could not find—could not see, and so forth—Then I spoke of Bamberg, and carelessly recalled to his memory old connexions; knitted together many a broken association of ideas. He knew not what to say—felt a new attraction to Bamberg, but durst not give way to it. When I found him begin to waver, and saw him too much occupied with his own feelings to suspect my sincerity, I threw the halter over his head, and by the triple bond of beauty, court favour, and flattery, dragged him in triumph hither.

Adela. What said you of me?

Lieb. The mere truth—Said you were apprehensive about your property, and had hope in his interest with the Emperor for its security.

Adela. 'Tis well.

Lieb. The Bishop will introduce him to you.

Adela. I expect them—(*Exit Liebtraut.*) And with such feelings have I seldom expected a visit.

SCENE IV.

Scene changes to Spessart, the Castle of Selbitz.

Enter SELBITZ, GOETZ, *and* GEORGE *in the armour and dress of a Cavalier.*

Goetz. So, thou didst not find him, George?

Geo. He had ridden to Bamberg the day before with Liebtraut and two servants.

Goetz. I cannot see the reason of that.

Sel. I see it well—Your reconciliation was too speedy to be lasting—Liebtraut is a cunning fellow, and has inveigled him over.

Goetz. Think'st thou he would become a turncoat?

Sel. The first step is taken.

Goetz. I will never believe it. Who knows what he may have to do at Court—his affairs are unarranged. Let us hope the best.

Sel. Would to God he may deserve your good opinion, and *do* the best!

Goetz. A thought strikes me!—George shall to Bamberg, disguised in the spoils of the Bamberg trooper, and force the fellow to give him the password—He may then ride to the town, and see how matters stand.

Geo. I have long wished to see Bamberg.

Goetz. It is thy first expedition. Take care, my boy; I should be sorry if ill-luck attended it.

Geo. Never fear—I shall not go wrong, were fifty of them to gabble about me. [*Exit George.*

SCENE V.

Scene returns to the Bishop's Palace—His Cabinet.

The Bishop *and* Weislingen.

Bishop. Then thou wilt stay no longer?

Weis. You would not wish me to break my oath?

Bishop. I could wish indeed thou hadst not sworn to them. But what evil spirit possesses thee? Can I not procure thee a release from that oath? Is my credit so trifling at the Imperial and Roman Courts?

Weis. The thing is done!—excuse it as you can.

Bishop. I cannot comprehend where there was the least necessity for taking such a step—Were there not a thousand other ways of procuring thy freedom?—Had we not his page? And would I not have given gold enough to boot? Our operations against him and his confederates had gone so far—But, alas! I do not reflect that I talk to his friend, who has joined him against me, and can easily counterwork the mines he himself has dug.

Weis. Gracious my Lord . . . .

Bishop. And yet, when I again look on thy face, again hear thy voice—it is impossible—impossible!

Weis. Farewell, good my Lord!

Bishop. I give thee my blessing—Formerly when we parted, I was wont to say, "Till we meet again!"—Now—would to God we part for ever!

Weis. It cannot be otherwise.

Bishop. Perhaps I may next see thee as an enemy before my walls, carrying havoc through the fertile plains of which till now thou hast been the protector!

Weis. Never, my gracious Lord!

Bishop. You cannot say so. My temporal neighbours have long had a grudge at me—but while thou wert mine—Go then, Weislingen!—I have no more to say—Thou hast undone much—Go—

Weis. I know not what to answer. [*Exit Bishop.*

Enter Francis.

Fran. The Lady Adela expects you. She is not well—but she will not let you go without bidding her farewell.

Weis. Come.

Fran. Do we go then for certain?

Weis. This very night.

Fran. I feel as if I were to leave the world—

Weis. And I—yet I—yet I know not wherefore.

SCENE VI.

Scene changes to Adela's Apartment.

Adela *and Waiting-Maid.*

Maid. You are pale, gracious Lady!

Adela. I love him not, yet I would wish him to stay—Seest thou, I may wish his company, yet dislike him for my husband.

Maid. Does your Ladyship think he will go?

Adela. He has bid the Bishop farewell.

Maid. He has yet a severe struggle to make.

Adela. What meanest thou?

Maid. Gracious Lady, the barb'd hook is in his heart—ere he tear it away, he must bleed.

Enter Weislingen.

Weis. You are not well, gracious Lady!

Adela. That is indifferent to you—you leave us, leave us for ever: why do you ask whether we live or die?

Weis. You do not know me.

Adela. I judge you by your actions.

Weis. Appearances are deceitful.

Adela. Then are you a cameleon.

Weis. Could you see my heart—

Adela. I should see fine things there.

Weis. Surely, your own image—

Adela. Thrust into some corner, like an old family-picture! I beseech you, Weislingen, consider with whom you speak—Fair words are a foul insult when they are belied by actions—A discovered masquerader plays but a pitiful part. Your deeds tell us how to think of you.

Weis. Be it as you will—I am so agonized at reflecting on what I am, that I little reck what the world thinks me.

Adela. You came to take farewell.

Weis. Permit me to kiss your hand, and I will say adieu!—You clear up—I did not think—But I am troublesome—

Adela. I only wished to assist your resolution.—Then you will away?

Weis. O say rather, I *must*. Am I not compelled by my knightly word—my solemn engagement?

Adela. Go! go! Talk of that to some forsaken damsel whose Corydon has proved forsworn.—Knightly word!—Nonsense!

Weis. You do not think so?

Adela. On my honour, you deceive yourself. What have you promised? and to whom? You have pledged your alliance to a traitor to the Emperor, at the very moment when he incurred the ban of the Empire for kidnapping you upon the Imperial high-road. Such an agreement is no more binding than an extorted unjust oath. Every child knows what faith is to be kept with robbers—And there is more behind—By this oath you are to become an enemy to the peace of the Empire—a disturber of domestic happiness and tranquillity—a rebel to the Emperor—the associate of robbers and marauders—of Goetz of Berlichingen, Frank of Seckingen, and Hans of Selbitz; men with hearts hard as the steel of their blades—With these freebooters canst thou have right in common?—thou, Weislingen, with thy gentle temper!

Weis. Did you but know them—

Adela. I would Justice knew that Goetz. He has a high domineering soul—and wo to thee, therefore, Weislingen!—Go, and try to be his companion—Go, and receive his commands!—Thou art mild, gentle—

Weis. And he too—

Adela. But you are yielding, and he stubborn. Soon will he drive thee from thy own opinion. Thou wilt become the slave of a marauding baron; thou that mayst command princes!—'Twere a pity to dissuade you from so glorious a situation.

Weis. Did you but know how kindly he received me—

Adela. Gentle soul!—Think you so much of that? It was his duty as a knight. And what would he have gained by acting otherwise—or what wouldst thou have lost?—You would have been but the more welcome here. An overbearing man like—

Weis. You speak of your enemy.

Adela. I speak for your freedom; yet I knew not why I should take interest in it—Farewell!

Weis. Permit me but a moment—(*Takes her hand. A pause.*)

Adela. Have you aught to say?

Weis. I must hence.

Adela. Then go—

Weis. Gracious lady, I cannot.

Adela. You must.

Weis. Must this be the last—

Adela. I am ill—very unable to—

Weis. Look not on me thus!

Adela. Thou art our enemy—Should we smile at thee!

Weis. Adela!

Enter Francis.

Fran. Noble sir, the Bishop inquires for you.

Adela. Go! go!

Fran. He begs you to come instantly.

Adela. Be gone! be gone!

Weis. I do not say adieu: I shall see you again.

[*Exeunt* Weislingen *and* Francis.

Adela. Me again? We must provide for that. Margaret, when he comes, refuse him admittance. Say I am ill—have a headach—sleep—any thing. This detains him, or nothing. [*Exeunt.*

A pause. Re-enter Weislingen *and* Francis.

Weis. She will not see me!

Fran. Night draws on; shall we saddle?

Weis. She will not see me!

Fran. Are you pleased to want the horses?

Weis. It is too late; we stay here.

Fran. God be praised! [*Exit.*

Weis. (*alone.*) Thou dost stay!—be on thy guard

—one that is infinite. My home started at the entrance of the Palace gate—it was my good angel stood before him—he knew the dangers I was hurrying to meet. Yet it would be unjust to leave in confusion the affairs intrusted to me by the Bishop, at least without arranging them, so that they may be understood by my successor. That I can do without breach of faith to Berlichingen and his league—and that done, they shall not detain me—Yet it would have been better that I had never come. But I will away to-morrow or next day—'Tis decided. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Scene changes to a cottage—The Bridal of a Peasant.

The Bride's Father, Bride, Bridegroom, and other Country-folks, GOETZ *of* BERLICHINGEN, *and* HANS *of* SELBISS, *all discovered at table.—Troopers, Cavaliers, and Peasants attend.*

Goetz. It was a good fancy to make up your law-suit by a merry bridal.

Bride's Fa. Better than ever I could have dreamed of, noble sir—to spend my days peaceably and quietly with my neighbour, and my daughter to look after me.

Bridegr. And I to get the bone of contention and a pretty wife into the bargain! Ay, the prettiest in the whole village. Would to God we had consulted your Honour sooner!

Goetz. How long have you been at law?

Bride's Fa. About eight years—For these periwig'd gentry never give a decision, unless you can tear it out of their very heart. The Devil fly away with the Assessor Sapupi for a damn'd swarthy villain!

Bridegr. Yes, he's a pretty fellow; I was before him twice.

Bride's Fa. I thrice—and it cost me many a fair guilder.

Goetz. Come, good luck to the Bride! [*Drinks.*

Bride's Fa. Amen!—Ay, the Assessor alone pick'd from me eighteen gold guilders. God curse him!

Bridegr. Who?

Bride's Fa. Why, who else but Sapupi?

Goetz. The judge!—That is infamous.

Bride's Fa. He asked twenty: and there had I to pay them in this fine country-house. I thought my heart would have broken with anxiety. For, look you, my Lord, I am well enough off with my house and little farm, but how could I raise the ready cash? He did not even leave me a single gold groschen to carry me on my journey—At last I took courage, and told him my case: when he saw I was desperate, he thrust me from him, and pushed me out of doors.

Bridegr. Impossible!—Sapupi?

Bride's Fa. Ay, just he; what do you start at?

Bridegr. The devil! He took fifteen guilders from me too!

Bride's Fa. Curse him!

Sel. They call us robbers, Goetz!

Bride's Fa. Bribed on both sides!—That delayed the judgment!—Oh! the scoundrel!

Goetz. This must not be unavenged.

Bride's Fa. What can we do?

Goetz. Why—go to Spara, where there is an Imperial visitation: make your complaint; they must listen to it, and help you to your own again.

Bridegr. Does your Honour think we shall succeed?

Goetz. I could promise you more surely if I had him by the ears.

Sel. The sum is worth the journey.

Goetz. Ay; many is the day I have ridden out for the fourth part of it.

Bride's Fa. (*to Bridegroom.*) What think'st thou?

Bridegr. We'll try, go as it may.

Enter a Cavalier.

Cav. The Nurembergers are set out.

Goetz. Whereabout are they by this time?

Cav. If we ride sharply we shall just catch them in the wood betwixt Burheim and Muhlbach.

Sel. Excellent!

Goetz. Well, my children, God bless you, and help every man to his own.

Bride's Fa. Thanks, gallant sir! Will you not pass the night here?

Goetz. It may not be. Adieu!

[*Exeunt* GOETZ, SELBISS, *and Soldiers*

SCENE VIII.

Scene returns to a Hall in the Bishop's Palace at Bamberg.

ADELA *and* WEISLINGEN *discovered.*

Adela. Time begins to hang inexpressibly heavy here. I dare not speak seriously, and I am ashamed to trifle with you—Ennui is worse a hundred times than a slow fever.

Weis. Tired of me already!

Adela. Not so much of you as of your irresolution. I would you were where you wished to go, and that we had not detained you!

Weis. Such is your sex:—First they cherish with maternal care our infant hopes—then, like the stupid ostrich, leave them to destruction.

Adela. You rail at women as the losing gambler stars and curses the harmless cards, which have been the instruments of his loss: but let me tell you something about *men*—What are you that talk of fickleness? You that are seldom even what you would wish to be, never what you should be. Holy-day princes!—the envy of those who see but your outside. O what would a tailor's wife give for a necklace of the pearls on the skirt of you frock!

Weis. You are severe.

Adela. It is but the antistrophe to your satire. Ere I knew you, Weislingen, I felt something like the poor tailor's wife—Hundred-tongued rumour, to speak without a figure, had exerted so many mouths in your praise, that I was tempted to think—O that I could but see this quintessence of manhood, this phœnix Weislingen!—I had my wish—

Weis. And found the phœnix a common bird.

Adela. No, Weislingen, I took an interest in you—

Weis. So it appears.

Adela. So it *was*—for you really surpassed your reputation. The multitude prize only the show of worth; but I do not examine so superficially as the multitude those whom I esteem—After some time's acquaintance, something, I knew not what, was missing about you; at length my eyes were opened—I saw the energetic being never dead to the thoughts of fame—that being who was wont to pile princely project on project, till, like the mountains of the giants, they reached the clouds, I saw him at once become as querulous as a sick poet, as melancholy as a forsaken damsel, and as moody as an old bachelor. At length I supposed something of importance lay at your heart, and excused you as well as I could; but now, that from day to day it becomes worse, we must really break off our treaty; I hope you will find a companion for life better able to bear with you.

Weis. Dismiss me, then.

Adela. Not till all chance of your recovery is lost—Solitude is fatal in your distemper—Alas! poor soul! you need as much petting as one that has lost his first true love—and yet I won't give you up. Give me your hand, and pardon what my affection has dictated.

Weis. Couldst thou but love me, couldst thou but return the fervour of my passion with the least glow of sympathy—Adela, thy reproaches are very unjust. Couldst thou but guess the hundredth part of my sufferings, you would not treat me with mockery, indifference, and contempt—thou wouldst not torture me in every way so cruelly——You smile—To be satisfied with myself after the step I have taken must be the work of more than one day—To plot against him who is yet warm in my affection—

Adela. Strange being!—To love him against whom you plot, is to send provisions to an enemy.

Weis. I well know there needs no dallying. He now knows that I am again Weislingen; and he is not a man to brook what I have done. Besides,

Adela, we are not so sluggish as you think. Our forces are hardy and watchful, our schemes are going forward, and the diet of Augsburg will, I hope, bring them to a favourable issue.

Adela. You go there?

Weis. If I could carry a glimpse of hope with me! [*Kisses her hand.*

Adela. Ah! infidel!—Always signs and wonders required. Go, Weislingen, and accomplish the great work! The interest of the Bishop, yours, mine, are all so wrapped together, that were it but policy—

Weis. You jest.

Adela. I do not jest. The haughty Duke has seized my property; yours will not long escape Goetz; and if we do not unite together, and sway the Emperor to our side, we are lost.

Weis. I fear nothing. The greater part of the Princes are on our side—The Emperor needs assistance against the Turks, and is therefore willing to favour us. What rapture for me to rescue your fortune from rapacious invaders—to crush the mutinous chivalry of Swabia—to restore peace to the bishopric, and then!—

Adela. One day brings on another, and Fate is mistress of the future.

Weis. But we must lend our good-will.

Adela. We do so.

Weis. But seriously.

Adela. Well then seriously—Do but go—

Weis. Enchantress! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Scene changes to Speasart.

Enter Goetz, Selbiss, *and* Grozen.

Sel. You see it is as I prophesied.

Goetz. No, no, no.

Geo. I tell you truth, believe me. I did as you directed, and with the dress and password escorted some peasants of the Lower Rhine to Bamberg, who paid my expenses for my convoy as a trooper of the Bishop.

Sel. In that disguise? It might have cost thee dear.

Geo. So I thought afterwards. But a trooper who thinks too much before-hand will never make a bold stroke. I came to Bamberg, and in the very inn I heard them tell how the Bishop and Weislingen were friends again, and how Weislingen was to marry the widow of Walldorf.

Goetz. Hearsay!

Geo. I saw her as she rose from the table. She is lovely, by my faith, lovely! He was with her. We all bowed—she thanked us all—He nodded, and seemed so pleased—They passed forwards, and every body cried, What a handsome pair!

Goetz. That may be.

Geo. Listen further:—The next day he went to mass—I threw myself in his way; he was attended by only one squire; I stood at the steps, and whispered to him as he passed, "Two words from your friend Berlichingen." He started—I marked the consciousness of guilt in his face. He had scarcely the heart to look upon me—me, a poor horseboy!

Sel. His conscience is more degrading than thy situation.

Geo. "Art thou of Bamberg?" said he.—"I bring a message from the knight of Berlichingen," said I, "and am to inquire"——"Come to my apartment to-morrow early," quoth he, "and we will speak further."

Goetz. And you went?

Geo. Yes, truly, I went, and waited in his antechamber long—long; and his silken-jacketed pages flouted me on all hands. Flout on, thought I, if I had you—At length I was introduced. He seemed displeased—But what cared I?—I discharged my errand. When he had heard me out, he put on just such an angry blustering look as a coward that wants to look brave. He wondered most dreadfully that you should send a message to him by a horseboy. That piqued me. "There are but two sorts of people," said I, "the gallant and the base and I serve Goetz of Berlichingen." Then he began, took every thing wrong; said, that you had hurried on motions, that he owed you no allegiance, and would have nothing to do with you.

Goetz. Hadst thou that from his own mouth?

Geo. That, and yet more—He threatened me—

Goetz. It is enough. He is lost for ever. Confidence and credulity have again blinded me. Poor Mary! how shall I tell this to thee?

Sel. I would rather have lost my other leg than have been such a turncoat.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The Imperial Garden at Augsburg.

Enter two Merchants of Nuremberg.

1 *Mer.* We'll stand here till the Emperor shall pass—He is just coming up the long avenue.

2 *Mer.* Who is with him?

1 *Mer.* Adelbert von Weislingen.

2 *Mer.* The friend of the Bishop—That's lucky!

1 *Mer.* We'll prostrate ourselves, and I'll speak.

2 *Mer.* See! they come.

Enter the Emperor and Weislingen.

1 *Mer.* He looks displeased.

Emp. I want courage, Weislingen. When I review my past life, well may I be dismayed at the recollection of so many half—ay, and wholly ruined undertakings—and all because the pettiest fundatary of the empire prefers his own whims to its welfare.

[*The Merchants throw themselves at his feet.*

1 *Mer.* Most mighty! most gracious!

Emp. Who are ye? what seek ye?

1 *Mer.* Poor merchants, from your imperial city of Nuremberg:—Goetz von Berlichingen and Hans von Selbiss fell upon thirteen of us as we journeyed from the fair at Frankfort, under an escort from Bamberg—they overpowered and plundered us! We request your imperial assistance and redress, else must we beg our bread.

Emp. Sacred heaven! what is this?—The one has but one hand, the other but one leg—with two hands and two legs what would they have done!

1 *Mer.* We most humbly beseech your Majesty to look with compassion upon our unfortunate situation.

Emp. Thus it goes:—If a merchant loses a bag of pepper, all Germany must be in arms; but when business occurs in which the Imperial Majesty is interested, should it concern dukedoms, principalities, or kingdoms, not a man must be disturbed.

Weis. You come at an unsuitable time. Go, and stay here for a few days.

Merchants. We recommend ourselves to your protection. [*Exeunt Merchants.*

Emp. Still new disturbances—They spring like the hydra's heads!

Weis. Which can only be checked by fire and sword.

Emp. Do you think so?

Weis. Nothing can be more certain, since your Majesty and the Princes of the Empire have accommodated your other disputes. It is not the body of the state that complains of this malady—Franconia and Swabia only glow with the embers of civil discord; and even there are many of the nobles and free barons that wish for quiet. Had we but once crushed Seckingen, Selbiss—and—and—and Berlichingen, the others would fall asunder; for it is their spirit which enlivens the rest.

Emp. Fain would I excuse these knights—they are noble and hardy. Should I be engaged in war, they would follow me to the field.

Weis. It is to be wished they might know their duty—Though even in that case it would be dangerous to encourage their mutinous bravery by posts of trust: For it is the Imperial mercy and mildness that they so dreadfully abuse, upon which the hope and confidence of their league rests; and it cannot be quelled till we withdraw the encouragement of their presumption, and destroy their power before the eyes of the whole world.

Emp. You advise force, then?

Weis. I see no other means of quelling the spirit of insurrection which has spread itself abroad. And do we not hear the bitterest complaints from the nobles, that their vassals and bondsmen attach themselves to the side of these restless beings?—a practice which destroys all feudal subordination, and must produce the most fearful consequences.

Emp. I shall despatch a strong force against Berlichingen and Selbiss; but I will not have them personally injured. Could they be seized prisoners, they should swear to renounce their feuds, and to remain in their own castles and territories upon their knightly parole. At the next session of the Diet we will propose this plan.

Weis. A general exclamation of assent and joy will spare your Majesty the trouble of particular detail. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Scene changes to Jaxthausen.

Enter GOETZ *and* FRANCIS VON SECKINGEN.

Seck. Yes, my friend, I come to request the heart and hand of your fair sister.

Goetz. I would you had come sooner—Weislingen during his imprisonment obtained her affections, and I gave my consent. I let the bird loose—and he now despises the benevolent hand that fed him in his cage—He has flown to seek his mate, God knows where!

Seck. Is this so?

Goetz. As I tell you.

Seck. He has broken a double band. 'Tis well for you that you were not still more nearly connected with the traitor.

Goetz. Yonder sits the poor maiden, wasting her life in lamentation and prayer.

Seck. I will comfort her.

Goetz. What! would you think of marrying a forsaken—

Seck. It is to the honours of both, that you have been betrayed by him. Should the poor girl be caged in a cloister, because the first man she knew proved a worthless renegade? Not so—I keep my purpose—She shall be empress of my castles and heart!

Goetz. I tell you he was not indifferent to her.

Seck. Do you think I cannot efface the recollection of such a wretch? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Scene changes to the Camp of the Party sent to execute the Imperial Mandate.

Imperial Captain and Officers discovered.

Capt. We must be cautious, and spare our people as much as possible. Besides, it is our strict orders to overpower and seize him alive. It will be difficult to obey—for who will match him hand to hand?

1 *Off.* 'Tis true. And he will bear himself like a wild boar. Besides, in his whole life he has never injured any of us, so each will willingly leave to the others the honour of risking their legs and arms in behalf of the Emperor.

2 *Off.* 'Twere shame to us should we not fight him. Had I him once by the ears, he should not easily shake himself clear.

1 *Off.* If his jaws had hold of you, they might chance to spoil your straight back. My gentle, young Sir Knight, such people don't fight like a coy wench!

2 *Off.* We shall see.

Capt. By this time he must have had our summons—We must not dally. I mean to despatch a troop to seek him out.

2 *Off.* Let me lead it.

Capt. You are unacquainted with the country.

2 *Off.* I have a servant who was born and bred here.

Capt. I am glad to hear it—Forward! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Scene changes to Jaxthausen.

SECKINGEN *alone.*

Seck. It goes to my wish! She looked at me from head to foot, comparing me no doubt to her gallant.—Thank God, I can stand the scrutiny!—She answered little and confusedly, then with more composure—O, it will do some day! A proposal of marriage does not come amiss after such a cruel disappointment.

Enter GOETZ.

Seck. How goes it, brother?

Goetz. Ill:—Laid under the ban.

Seck. How?

Goetz. There is the summons!—The Emperor has despatched a party to give my body to the beasts of the earth and the fowls of heaven.

Seck. They shall first furnish them with a dinner themselves—I am here in the very nick.

Goetz. No, Seckingen, you must leave me. Your great undertakings will be ruined should you become the enemy of the Emperor at so unseasonable a time. Besides, you can be of more use to me by remaining neuter. The worst that can happen is my being made prisoner; and then your timely good word with the Emperor, who esteems you, may rescue me out of the distress into which your unseasonable assistance will unremediably plunge us both. To what purpose should you do otherwise? The cry is against me; and could they say we were united, it would be only so much the louder. The Emperor pours forth this tide against me; and I should be utterly ruined, were it as easy to inspire courage into soldiers as to collect them into a body.

Seck. But I can privately send you a score of troopers.

Goetz. Good!—I have already sent George to Selbiss, and to my people in the neighbourhood. My dear brother, when my forces are collected, they will be such a little troop as few princes can bring together.

Seck. It will be small against the multitude.

Goetz. One wolf is too many for a whole flock of sheep.

Seck. But if they have a good shepherd?

Goetz. Never fear!—They are mere hirelings; and even the best knight can do little if he has not his motions at his own command. It happened, once to me, that, to oblige the Palsgrave, I went to serve against Conrad Schotten; then they presented me with a paper of instructions from the Chancery, and said, Thus must you conduct yourself. I threw down the paper before the magistrates, and told them I would have nothing to do with it; that something might happen unprovided for in my instructions, and that I must order my motions from the information of my own eyes.

Seck. Good luck, brother! I will hence, and send thee what men I can collect in haste.

Goetz. Come first to the women—I'll have you together: I would thou hadst her promise before thou goest!—Then send me the troopers, and come here in private to carry away my Maria; for my castle, I fear me, will be shortly no abode for women.

Seck. We will hope the best. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Scene changes to Bamberg.—Adela's Chamber.

ADELA *and* FRANCIS.

Adela. So, the ban is to be enforced against both?

Fran. Yes—and my master has the happiness to march against your enemy the Duke. Gladly would I have gone too, had I not had the still greater pleasure of being despatched to you. But I will away instantly, and soon return with pleasant news—my master so commanded me.

Adela. How is it with him?

Fran. He is cheerful—and commanded me to kiss your hand.

Adela. There!—Thy lips glow.

Fran. (*aside, pressing his breast.*) Here glows somewhat yet more fiery.—Gracious lady, your servants are the most fortunate of beings!

Adela. Who goes against Berlichingen?

Fran. The Baron von Sirau. Farewell!—Best, most gracious lady, I must away—Forget me not!

Adela. Thou must first take some rest and refreshment.

Fran. I need none—I have seen you!—I am neither weary nor hungry.

Adela. I know thy fidelity.

Fran. Ah, gracious lady!

Adela. You can never hold out; you *must* repose and refresh yourself.

Fran. Such care for a poor youth! [*Exit.*

Adela. The tears stood in his eyes. He interests me from the heart. Never did man love so warmly and so true. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Scene returns to Jaxthausen.

GOETZ *and* GEORGE.

Geo. He would speak with you in person. I know him not—a tall, well-made man, with dark keen eyes.

Goetz. Bring him in. [*Exit* GEORGE.

Enter LERSE.

Goetz. God greet you!—What bring you?

Lerse. Myself:—it is not much, but that is all I have to offer.

Goetz. You are welcome, doubly welcome!—A gallant man, and at a time when, far from expecting new friends, I trembled for the wavering fidelity of the old—Your name?

Lerse. Francis Lerse.

Goetz. I thank you, Francis, for having made me acquainted with a brave man!

Lerse. I made you acquainted with him once before, when you did not thank me for my pains.

Goetz. I remember nothing of it.

Lerse. I am sorry for that. Do you recollect when, to please the Palsgrave, you rode against Conrad Schotten, and went through Hasefurt on an Allhallow's-eve?

Goetz. I remember it well.

Lerse. And twenty-five troopers encountered you in a village by the way?

Goetz. Exactly. I took them only for twelve—and divided my party, which amounted but to sixteen, leaving part in the town, and riding forwards with the others, in hopes they would pass me, and be thus placed betwixt two fires.

Lerse. But we saw you, and guessed your intention. We drew up on the height above the village, in hopes you would attack us: when we observed you keep the road and go past, then we rode down on you.

Goetz. And then I first saw that I had put my hand into the wolf's mouth: Five-and-twenty against eight is no jesting business. Everard Truchsess killed one of my followers. Had they all behaved like him and one other trooper, it had been over with me and my little band.

Lerse. And that trooper—

Goetz. —Was as gallant a fellow as I ever saw. He attacked me fiercely; and when I thought I had given him enough, and was engaged elsewhere, he was upon me again, and laid on like a fury; he cut quite through my cuirass, and gave me a flesh wound.

Lerse. Have you forgiven him?

Goetz. I had but too much reason to be pleased with him.

Lerse. I hope then you have cause to be contented with me, since my pattern exhibition was on your own person.

Goetz. Art thou he?—O welcome! welcome!—Canst thou say, Maximilian, thou hast such a heart amongst all thy servants!

Lerse. I wonder you did not sooner inquire after me.

Goetz. How could I think that the man would engage in my service who attacked me so desperately?

Lerse. Even so, my Lord—From my youth upwards I have served as a cavalier, and have had to do with many a knight. I was overjoyed to learn we were to attack you; for I had heard of your fame, and I wished to know you. You saw I gave way, and you saw it was not from cowardice, for I returned to the charge—In short, I did learn to know you, and from that hour I resolved to serve you.

Goetz. How long wilt thou engage with me?

Lerse. For a year—without pay.

Goetz. No—thou shalt have as the others, and as the foremost among them.

Enter GEORGE.

Geo. Hans of Selbiss greets you:—To-morrow he is here with fifty men.

Goetz. 'Tis well.

Geo. It is coming to sharpe—There is a troop of Imperialists come forwards, without doubt, to reconnoitre.

Goetz. How many?

Geo. About fifty or so.

Goetz. No more!—Come, Lerse, we'll have a crash with them, that when Selbiss comes he may find some work done to his hand.

Lerse. 'Twill be a royal foretaste.

Goetz. To horse! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Scene, a Wood; on one side a Morass.

Two Imperial Troopers meeting.

1 *Imp.* What makest thou here?

2 *Imp.* I have leave of absence for a little—Ever since our quarters were beat up last night, I have had such violent fits of illness that I cannot sit my horse for a minute.

1 *Imp.* Is the party far advanced?

2 *Imp.* A good way from the wood.

1 *Imp.* Then why do you linger here?

2 *Imp.* I prithee betray me not, I will to the next village, and get something comfortable; it may help my complaint.—But whence comest thou?

1 *Imp.* I am bringing our officer some wine and meat from the nearest village.

2 *Imp.* So, so! he makes much of himself before our very faces, and we must starve—a fine example!

1 *Imp.* Come back with me, rascal.

2 *Imp.* Call me fool then!—There are plenty of our troop that would gladly fast three days to be as far from it as I am.

[*Trampling of horses heard.*

1 *Imp.* Hear'st thou?—Horses!

2 *Imp.* Alas!—Alas!

1 *Imp.* I'll get up into this tree.

2 *Imp.* And I into the marsh.

[*They hide themselves.*

Enter on horseback, GOETZ, LERSE, GEORGE, *and Cavaliers, all completely armed.*

Goetz. Away into the wood, by the ditch on the left—then we have them in the rear.

[*They gallop out.*

1 *Imp.* (*descending.*) This is a bad business—Michael!—He answers not—Michael! they are gone! (*Goes towards the marsh.*) Alas he is stuck!—Michael!—He hears me not: he is suffocated—Poor coward, art thou done for? (*Loud shouts and trampling of horses.*) We are slain—Enemies! Enemies on all hands!

Re-enter GOETZ *and* GEORGE *on horse-back.*

Goetz. Halt, fellow, or thou diest!

Imp. Spare my life!

Goetz. Thy sword!—George, carry him to the other prisoners, whom Lerse is guarding behind the wood—I must pursue their fugitive leader. [*Exit.*

Imp. Pray, sir, what has become of the knight, our officer?

Geo. My master threw him head over heels from his horse, his feather-bush was the first thing reached the mire. His troopers got him up, and ran as if the devil drove—March, fellow! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Camp of Imperialists.

Captain and First Officer.

1 *Off.* They fly from afar towards the camp.

Cap. He will be hard at their haunches—Draw out fifty as far as the mill; if he follows the pursuit too far, you may perhaps entrap him.

[*Exit Officer.*

[*The Second Officer is borne in.*

Cap. How, now, my young sir, how like you the wolf's jaws?

2 *Off.* O curse your jokes! The stoutest lance went to shivers like glass—He is the devil!—He ran upon me as if he had been that moment unchained: by Heaven, you would have thought him a thunderbolt.

Cap. Thank God that you have come off at all!

2 *Off.* There is little to be thankful for; two of my ribs are broken—Where's the surgeon?

[*He is carried off.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Scene changes to Jaxthausen.

Enter Goetz *and* Selbiss.

Goetz. And what say you to this business of the man, Selbiss?

Sel. 'Tis a stroke of Weislingen.

Goetz. Thinkest thou?

Sel. I do not think it—I know it.

Goetz. How?

Sel. He was at the Diet, I tell thee, and with the Emperor.

Goetz. Well, shall we give them another touch to-night?

Sel. I hope so.

Goetz. We'll away then to course these hares.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

The Imperial Camp.

Captain, Officers, and Followers.

Capt. This, sirs, is doing nothing. He beats one squadron after another; and whoever escapes death or captivity, would rather fly to Turkey than return to the camp.—We must attack him once for all in a body, and seriously.—I will go myself, and he shall find with whom he has to do.

Off. I am glad of it—But he is so well acquainted with the country, and knows every pass and ravine so thoroughly, that he will be as difficult to find as a mouse in a corn magazine.

Capt. I warrant you we'll manage to find him—but for Jaxthausen; at all events, he must appear to defend his castle.

Off. Shall we all march?

Capt. Yes, truly—Don't you know that a hundred are melted away already?

Off. Then let us away with speed, before the whole snowball dissolves; for this is warm work, and we stand here like butter in the sun.

[*Exeunt—A march sounded.*

SCENE XI.

A hill and wood.

Goetz, Selbiss, *and Troopers.*

Goetz. They come in full force—Seckingen's troopers joined us in good time.

Sel. We had better divide our force—I will take the left hand by the hill.

Goetz. And do thou, Lerse, carry fifty men straight through the wood on the right—Let them keep the high road—I will draw up opposite to them.—George, thou stayest by me—When you see them attack me, then do you fall upon their flanks: we'll beat the knaves into mummy—they little think we can hold them at the sword's point.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII.

Scene changes to a neighbouring part of the wood—A high-road—On one side an eminence with a ruined watch-tower; on the other the forest.

Enter on march, the Captain of the Imperialists, with Officers, and his Squadron——Drums and Standards.

Capt. He halts upon the high-road! That's too impudent. He shall repent it—What! not to fear the torrent that bursts loose upon him!

Off. You will not run upon iron pikes? He looks, as if he means to plant the first that comes upon him in the mire with his head downmost—Here, let us wait him.

Capt. Not so.

Off. I entreat you—

Capt. Sound, trumpeter—and let us blow him to hell!

[*A charge sounded—Exeunt in full career.*

Selbiss, *with his Troopers, comes from behind the hill, galloping.*

Sel. Follow me!—Shout—shout!

[*They gallop across the Stage, et exeunt.*

Loud alarm, Lerse *and his party sally from the wood.*

Lerse. Fly to the help of Goetz! He is surrounded.—Gallant Selbiss, thou hast cut thy way—we will sow the high-road with these thistle heads.

[*Gallop off. A loud alarm, with shouts, and firing for some minutes.*

Selbiss *is borne in wounded, by two Troopers.*

Sel. Leave me here, and hasten to Goetz.

1 *Troop.* Let us stay—you need our aid.

Sel. Get one of you on the watch tower, and tell me how it goes.

1 *Troop.* How shall I get up?

2 *Troop.* Get upon my shoulder; you can then reach the ruined part.

[*First Trooper gets up into the Tower.*

1 *Troop.* Alas! alas!

Sel. What seest thou?

1 *Troop.* Your cavaliers fly to the hill.

Sel. Hellish cowards!—I would that they stood, and I had a ball through my head!—Ride one of you full speed—Curse and thunder them back to the field—Seest thou Goetz? [*Exit Second Trooper.*

Troop. I see the three black feathers in the midst of the tumult.

Sel. Swim, brave swimmer—I lie here.

Troop. A white plume—Whose is that?

Sel. The captain.

Troop. Goetz gallops upon him—Crash! Down he goes.

Sel. The captain?

Troop. Yes.

Sel. Brave! brave!

Troop. Alas! alas!—I see Goetz no more

Sel. Then die, Selbiss!

Troop. A dreadful tumult where he stood—George's blue plume vanishes too.

Sel. Climb higher—seest thou Lerse?

Troop. No!—Every thing is in confusion!

Sel. No further—come down—How do Seckingen's men bear themselves?

Troop. So so—One of them flies to the wood—another—another—a whole troop.—Goetz is lost!

Sel. Come down—tell me no more.

Troop. I cannot—Bravo! bravo! I see Goetz—I see George—I see Lerse!

Sel. On horseback?

Troop. Ay, ay, high on horseback—Victory! Victory!—They fly!

Sel. The Imperialists?

Troop. Standard and all, Goetz behind them—He seizes the standard—he has it!—A handful of men with him—My comrade reaches him—they come this way.

Enter Goetz, George, Lerse, *and Cavaliers on horseback.*

Sel. Joy to thee, Goetz!—Victory! Victory!

Goetz. (*dismounting.*) Dearly, dearly bought? Thou art sorely wounded, Selbiss!

Sel. But thou dost live, and hast conquered!—I have done little; and the dogs my troopers—How hast thou come off?

Goetz. For the present, well. And here I thank George, and thee, Lerse, for my life. I unhorsed the captain—They stabb'd my steed, and broke in upon me. George hewed his way to me, and sprang off. I threw myself like lightning on his horse, and he appeared suddenly like a thunderbolt upon another.—How camest thou by thy steed?

Geo. A fellow struck at you from behind;—as he raised his cuirass in the exertion, I stabbed him with

my dagger. Down he came! and so I rid you of a back-biter, and helped myself to a horse.

Goetz. Then we stuck together, till Francis here came to our help; and then we cut our way out.

Lerse. The hounds whom I led made a good show at first; but when we came to close, they fled like Imperialists.

Goetz. Friend and foe fled, except this little party of my own domestics who protected our rear. I had enough to do with the fellows in front; but the fall of their captain dismayed them—they wavered, and they fled. I have their banner, and a few prisoners.

Sel. The captain has escaped you?

Goetz. They rescued him during the scuffle. Come, boys—come, Selbiss—make a bier of lances and boughs—Thou canst not to horse—come to my castle. They are scattered, but we are very few; and I know not what troops they may have in reserve. I will be your host and physician.—Wine tastes so well after action!

[*Exeunt, carrying Selbiss.*

SCENE XIII.

The Camp.

The Captain and Imperialists.

Capt. I could crush you all with one hand. What! to give way! He had not a handful of people remaining. To give way before one man! No one would believe it but for a joke's sake. Ride round the country, you, and you, and you:—bring up the reserved troops, and collect our scattered soldiers, or cut them down wherever you find them. We must grind these notches out of our blades, or make pruning-hooks of them. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIV.

Jaxthausen.

GOETZ, LERSE, *and* GEORGE.

Goetz. Poor Selbiss is gone! We must not lose a moment. My good fellows, I dare allow you no rest. Gallop round and collect our cavaliers. Most of them dwell near Weilern, and there they will most likely be found. Should we dally a moment, they will be before the castle. (*Exeunt* LERSE *and* GEORGE.) I must send out scouts. It begins to be warm—Yet had I but a few stout fellows—but not of such fellows are the many composed. [*Exit.*

Enter SECKINGEN *and* MARIA.

Maria. I beseech thee, Seckingen, leave not my brother! His own horsemen, Selbiss's, yours, all are scattered; he is alone.—Selbiss is brought here dead, or mortally wounded. I fear the worst.

Sec. Be composed—I will not leave him.

Enter GOETZ.

Goetz. Come to the chapel—the chaplain waits—In five minutes you shall be made one.

Sec. Let me remain here.

Goetz. To the chapel!

Sec. Goetz!

Goetz. Will you not to the chapel?

Sec. Willingly, and then—

Goetz. Then you go your way.

Sec. Goetz!

Goetz. To the chapel!—Come, come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XV.

Camp.

Captain and Officers.

Capt. How many in all?

Off. A hundred and fifty odd—

Capt. Out of five hundred.—Set on the march towards Jaxthausen, before he again collects his forces and attacks us on the way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XVI.

Jaxthausen.

GOETZ, ELIZABETH, MARIA, *and* SECKINGEN.

Goetz. God bless you, give you happy days, and support the children with which he shall bless you!

Eliz. And may they be virtuous as yourselves—then let that come which will.

Sec. I thank you!—And you, my Maria! as I led you to the altar, you shall lead me to happiness.

Maria. Our pilgrimage will be in company towards that distant and high-praised land.

Goetz. Good luck to your journey!

Maria. That was not what I meant—We do not leave you.

Goetz. You must, sister.

Maria. You were not wont to be so harsh.

Goetz. You are more affectionate than prudent.

Enter GEORGE.

Geo. I can gather no troopers: One was persuaded, but he changed his mind, and would not come.

Goetz. 'Tis well, George. Fortune begins to look cold upon me. Seckingen, I entreat you to depart this very evening. Persuade Mary—you are her husband—let her feel it.—When women regulate our motions, they are more dangerous than enemies in the field.

Enter a Cavalier.

Cav. The Imperial squadron is on full and rapid march hither.

Goetz. I have diminished them by skirmishes. How many are they?

Cav. About two hundred—They cannot be far from hence.

Goetz. Have they passed the river yet?

Cav. No, my Lord!

Goetz. Had I but fifty men, they should come no further.—Hast thou not seen Lerse?

Cav. No, my Lord!

Goetz. Tell all to hold themselves ready.—Weep on, my gentle Mary—Many a moment of pleasure shall be thy reward—It is better thou shouldst weep on thy wedding day, than that too great joy should be the forerunner of future misery.—Farewell, Mary!—Farewell, brother!

Maria. I cannot away from you, sister—Dear brother, let us stay. Dost thou hold my husband so cheap as to refuse his help in thy extremity?

Goetz. Yes—it is gone far with me. Perhaps my fall is near—You are but beginning life, and should separate your lot from mine. I have ordered your horses to be saddled—you must away instantly!

Maria. O brother! brother!

Eliz. (*to Seckingen.*) Assist him to persuade her—Speak to her.

Sec. What can I say?—Dear Maria, we must go!

Maria. Thou too?—My heart will break!

Goetz. Then stay—In a few minutes my castle will be besieged.

Maria. (*weeping bitterly.*) Alas! alas!

Goetz. We will defend ourselves as we can.

Maria. Mother of God, have compassion upon us!

Goetz. And at last we must die or surrender—Thy tears will then have involved thy noble husband in the same miserable lot with me.

Maria. Thou torturest me!

Goetz. Remain, remain!—Seckingen, thou wilt fall into the grave with me, out of which I had hoped thou shouldst help me.

Maria. We will away—Sister—sister!

Goetz. Place her in safety, and then remember me.

Sec. Never shall I repose a night till I know thou art out of danger.

Goetz. Sister! dear sister! [*Kisses her.*

Sec. Away! away!

Goetz. Yet one moment!—I shall see you again—Be comforted, I shall see you again.—(*Exeunt* SECKINGEN *and* MARIA.) I drive her away—yet when she goes, what would I give to detain her!—Eliza, thou stayest by me—

Eliz. Till death! [*Exit.*

Goetz. Whom God loves, he gives such a wife!

Enter GEORGE.

Geo. They are near!—I saw them from the tower. The sun is rising, and I perceived their lances glitter. I minded them no more than a cat would do a whole army of mice. 'Tis true we play the rats at present.

Goetz. Go to the battlements—Look to the gates. See they are provided with stones and beams. We'll find exercise for their patience, and their fury may

discharge itself at the expense of their own nails—(*A trumpet from without*—GOETZ *goes to the window.*) Aha! there comes a red gowned rascal to ask me whether I will be a scoundrel! What says he?—(*The voice of the Herald is heard indistinctly, as from a distance.* GOETZ *speaks at intervals.*) A rope for thy throat!—(*Voice again.*) "Offended Majesty!"—Some parson has drawn up the proclamation—(*Voice concludes, and* GOETZ *answers from the window.*) Surrender myself—surrender myself at all discretion!—With whom speak ye? Am I a robber? Tell your captain, that for his Imperial Majesty I entertain, as ever, all due respect; but for himself, he may—

[*Shuts the window with violence.—A sharp discharge of musketry, answered by firing from the castle.*

SCENE XVII.

The Kitchen.

ELIZABETH *preparing food—to her* GOETZ.

Goetz. You have hard work, my poor wife!

Eliz. Would it could but last!—but you can hardly hold out long.

Goetz. We have not had time to provide ourselves—

Eliz. And so many people to feed!—The wine is well-nigh finished.

Goetz. If we hold out a certain time, they must give us articles. We keep them at a fine distance—They may shoot the whole day, and wound our walls, and break our windows.—That Lerse is a gallant fellow—He slips about with his gun: if a rogue comes too nigh—Ba!—there he lies!

[*Firing.*

Enter Cavalier.

Cav. We want live coals, gracious lady!

Goetz. For what?

Cav. Our bullets are spent; we must cast new.

Goetz. How lasts the powder?

Cav. There is yet no want; we spare our fire.

[*Firing at intervals. Exeunt* GOETZ *and* ELIZABETH.

Enter LERSE *with a bullet-mould.*

Lerse. Go, seek for lead about the house—meanwhile I will make a shift with this—(*Goes to the window, and takes out the lead frames.*) Every thing is fair. So it is in this world—no one knows what a thing may come to: the glazier that made these frames little knew that the work of his hands was to give some fellow his last headach; and the father that got me little thought that the fowls of heaven and the beasts of the field were to pick my bones.

Enter GEORGE *with a leaden spout.*

Geo. Here's lead for thee!—When we have used the half of it, there will none return to tell his Majesty "we have not sped."

Lerse (*cutting it down.*) A famous prize.

Geo. The rain must seek some other way—But never mind that—a gallant trooper and a smart shower will always find their road.

[*They cast balls.*

Lerse. Hold the crucible—(*Goes to the window.*) Yonder comes a fellow creeping forward with his popgun; he thinks our fire is spent—He shall have the bullet warm from the pan.

[*He loads his carabine.*

Geo. (*sets down the mould.*) Let me see—

Lerse (*fires from the window.*) Yonder lies the game.

Geo. One of them fired at me as I got out on the roof to get the spout—He killed a pigeon that sat near me; it fell into the spout—I thanked him for my dinner, and stepped in with the double booty.

[*They cast balls.*

Lerse. Now let us load, and go through the castle to earn our dinner.

Enter GOETZ.

Goetz. Stay, Lerse, I must speak with thee.—I will not keep thee, George, from the sport.

[*Exit* GEORGE.

Goetz. They demand a parley.

Lerse. I will out and hear what they have to say.

Goetz. They will require me to enter myself into ward in some town on my knightly parole.

Lerse. That's a trifle—What if they would allow us free liberty of departure? for we can expect no relief from Seckingen. We will bury all valuables, where they shall never find them—leave them the bare walls, and come out with flying colours.

Goetz. They will not permit us.

Lerse. It is but asking—We will demand a safe conduct, and I will sally out. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XVIII.

A Hall.

GOETZ, ELIZABETH, GEORGE, *and Troopers at Table.*

Goetz. Danger draws us together, my friends! Be cheery—don't forget the bottle! The flask is empty—Come, another, my dear wife!—(ELIZABETH *shakes her head.*)—Is there no more?

Eliz. (*low.*) Only one, which I set apart for you.

Goetz. Not so, my love!—Bring it out; they need strengthening more than I.

Eliz. Hand it from the cabinet.

Goetz. It is the last, and I feel as if we need not spare it. It is long since I have been so much disposed for joy.—(*They fill.*) To the health of the Emperor.

All. Long live the Emperor!

Goetz. Be it our last word when we die! I love him, for our fate is similar; and I am happier than he.—He must direct his Imperial squadrons against mice, while the rats gnaw his parchment edicts. I know he often wishes himself rather dead than to be the soul of such a crippled body as the empire.—(*They fill.*) It will go but once more round—And when our blood runs low, like this flask—when we pour out its last ebbing drop (*empties the wine drop-ways into his goblet,*) what then shall be our word?

Geo. Freedom!

Goetz. Freedom!

All. Freedom!

Goetz. And if that survives us, we shall die happy: our spirits shall see our sons, and the emperor of our sons, happy!—Did the servants of princes show the same filial attachment to their masters as you to me—Did their masters serve the Emperor as I would serve him—

Geo. It is widely different.

Goetz. Not so much so as would appear. Have I not known worthy men among the princes? and can the breed be extinct?—Men happy in their own minds and in their undertakings, that could bear a petty brother in their neighbourhood without feeling either dread or envy; whose hearts were opened when they saw their table surrounded by their free equals, and who did not think free knights unfit company till they had degraded themselves by court homage.

Geo. Have you known such princes?

Goetz. Well!—I recollect, when the landgrave of Hanau made a grand hunting-party, the princes and free feudatories enjoyed themselves under the open heaven, and the vassals were as happy as they; it was no selfish masquerade, instituted for his own private pleasure or vanity—To see the great round-headed peasant lads and the pretty brown girls, the sturdy hinds and the respectable ancients, all as happy as if they rejoiced in the pleasures of their master, which he shared with them under God's free sky!

Geo. He must have been such a master as you.

Goetz. And shall we not hope that many such will rule together some future day—to whom reverence to the Emperor, peace and friendship with neighbours, and the love of vassals, shall be the best and dearest family treasure handed down from father to son? Every one will then keep and improve his own, instead of reckoning nothing gained that is not ravaged from their neighbours.

Geo. And shall we then have no skirmishing?

Goetz. Would to God there was no restless spirit

in all Germany, and still we should have enough to do! We might then chase the wolves from the cliffs, and bring our peaceable laborious neighbour a dish of game from the wood, and eat it together. Were that too little, we would join our brethren, and, like cherubims with flaming swords, defend the frontiers against those wolves the Turks, against those foxes the French, and guard for our beloved Emperor both extremities of his empire. There would be a life, George!—to risk one's head for the safety of all Germany—(GEORGE *springs up.*)—Whither away?

Geo. Alas! I forgot we were besieged—besieged by that very Emperor; and before we can expose our lives in his defence, we must risk them for our liberty.

Goetz. Be of good cheer.

Enter LERSE.

Ler. Freedom! freedom! You are cowardly poltroons—hesitating, irresolute asses—You are to depart with men, weapons, horses, and armour—Provisions you are to leave behind.

Goetz. They will hardly find enough to tire their jaws.

Ler. (*aside to* GOETZ.) Have you hid the plate and money?

Goetz. No!—Wife, go with Lerse, and hear what he has to say to thee.

SCENE XIX.

Scene changes to the Court of the Castle.

GEORGE, *in the stable, curries his horse, and sings*—

It was a little naughty page,
Ha! ha!
Would catch a bird was clos'd in cage.
Sa! sa
Ha! ha
Sa! sa!
He sets'd the cage, the latch did draw,
Ha! ha!
And in he thrust his knavish paw.
Sa! sa!
Ha! ha!
Sa! sa!
The bird dash'd out, and gain'd the thorn,
Ha! ha!
And laugh'd the silly fool to scorn!
Sa! sa!
Ha! ha!
Sa! sa!

Enter GOETZ.

Goetz. How goes it?

Geo. (*brings out his horse.*) All saddled!

Goetz. Thou takest it cheerily.

Geo. As the bird that got out of the cage.

Enter all the Besieged.

Goetz. Have you all your carabines?——Not yet! Go, take the best from the armory—'Tis all one—we'll ride out.

Geo. And laugh the silly fools to scorn.
Ha! ha!
Sa! sa!
Ha! ha!

SCENE XX.

Scene changes to the armory.

Two Cavaliers choosing guns.

1 *Cav.* I take this.

2 *Cav.* I this—But yonder's a better.

1 *Cav.* Never mind—Make ready.

[*Tumult and firing without.*

2 *Cav.* Hark!

1 *Cav.* (*springs to the window.*) Sacred heaven, they murder our master!—He is unhorsed!—George is down!

2 *Cav.* How shall we get off?—By the garden-wall, and so the country. [*Exit.*

1 *Cav.* Lerse keeps his ground—I will to him—If they die, I will not survive them.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

An Inn in the City of Heilbron.

GOETZ *solus.*

Goetz. I am like the evil spirit conjured into a circle—I fret and labour, but all in vain—The false envious slaves!—(*Enter* ELIZABETH.)—What news, Eliza, of my dear, my trusty followers?

Eliz. Nothing certain; some are slain, some are prisoners; no one could or would tell me more particulars.

Goetz. Is that the reward of faith, of filial obedience?—For thy sake—Goetz!—O thou hast lived too long!

Eliz. Murmur not against our heavenly Father, my dear husband! They have their reward—It was born with them, a noble and generous heart—Even in the dungeon they are free.—Think now of appearing before the Imperial Commissioners—Their awful presence, the splendour of their dress, and the golden chains which mark their dignity—

Goetz. —Become them like a necklace on a sow!—Would I could see George and Lerse in their dungeon!

Eliz. It were a sight to make an angel weep.

Goetz. I would not weep—I would grind my teeth, and gnaw my lip in fury.——What! the apples of my eye in fetters!—And have not the dear boys loved me? Never will I rest till I see them.——What! to break their word pledged in the name of the Emperor!

Eliz. Forget that—You must appear before the Commissioners—You are in an evil mood to meet them, and I fear the worst.

Goetz. When will they admit me?

Eliz. They will send a serjeant-at-arms.

Goetz. What—The ass of justice that carries the sacks to the mill, and the dung to the field?—What now?

Enter Serjeant-at-arms.

Serg. The Lords Commissioners are at the Council-house, and require your presence.

Goetz. I come.

Serg. I am to escort you.

Goetz. Too much honour.

Eliz. Be but cool.

Goetz. Fear me not. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Council-house at Heilbron.

The Imperial Commissioners seated in judgment.—The Captain and the Magistrates of the city attending.

Mag. We have, according to your order, collected the stoutest and most hardy of our burghers to wait in the neighbourhood.

Com. We will communicate to his Imperial Majesty the zeal with which you have obeyed our illustrious commander—Are they artisans?

Mag. Smiths, coopers, and carpenters, men with hands hardened by labour—and resolute here— [*Points to his breast.*

Com. 'Tis well!

Enter Serjeant.

Serg. Goetz Von Berlichingen waits at the door.

Com. Admit him.

Enter GOETZ.

Goetz. God greet you, my Lords!—What would ye with me?

Com. First, that you consider where you are, and with whom.

Goetz. By my faith, I know it well, my Lords!

Com. You do but your duty in owning it.

Goetz. From the bottom of my heart!

Com. Be seated. [*Points to a stool.*

Goetz. What, there?—Down below?—I can stand—That stool smells of the criminals—as indeed does its whole apparatus.

Com. Stand, then.

Goetz. To business, if you please.

Com. We'll go on in order.

Goetz. I am happy to hear it—Would every one did as much!

Com. You know how you fell into our hands, and are a prisoner at discretion.

Goetz. What will you give me if I know no such thing?

Com. Could I give you good manners, I would do you a good office.

Goetz. A good office!—Can *you* render any?—Good offices are more difficult than the deeds of destruction.

Sec. Shall I enter all this on record?

Com. Only what is to the point.

Goetz. Do as you please, for my part.

Com. You know how you fell into the power of the Emperor, whose paternal goodness overpowered his justice, and, instead of a dungeon, ordered you to wait your future doom, upon your knightly parole, in his beloved city of Heilbron.

Goetz. Well—I am here, and wait it.

Com. And we are here to intimate to you his Imperial Majesty's grace and clemency. He is pleased to forgive your rebellion, to release you from the ban, and all well deserved punishment; provided you do, with suppliant humility, receive his bounty, and subscribe the articles which shall be read unto you.

Goetz. I am his Majesty's true servant, as ever. One word ere you go farther—My people—where are they?—what is to become of them?

Com. That concerns you not.

Goetz. So may the Emperor turn his face from you in your need!—They were my companions, and they are so—What have you done with them?

Com. We owe you no account of that.

Goetz. Ah! I had forgot—Never was promise kept by you to the oppressed. But, hush!

Com. Our business is to lay the articles before you.—Throw yourself at the Emperor's feet, and by humble supplication you may find the true way to save the life and freedom of your associates.

Goetz. Your paper!

Com. Secretary, read it.

Sec. (*reads.*) "I Goetz of Berlichingen make public acknowledgment, by these presents, that I having lately risen in rebellion against the Emperor and Empire"——

Goetz. 'Tis false!—I never offended either.

Com. Compose yourself, and hear further.

Goetz. I will not compose myself, and I will hear no further. Let any one arise and bear witness—Have I ever taken a step against the Emperor, or against the House of Austria?—Have I not in all my feuds conducted myself as one who felt what all Germany owes to its head—and what the free knights and feudatories owe to their liege lord the Emperor?—I should be a liar and a slave could I be persuaded to subscribe that paper.

Com. Yet we have strict orders to persuade you by fair means, or else to throw you into jail.

Goetz. Into jail?—Me?

Com. Where you may expect your fate from the hands of Justice, since you will not take it from those of Mercy.

Goetz. To jail! You abuse the Imperial power.—To jail! That was never his command.—What, ye traitors, to dig a pit for me, and hang out your oath, your knightly honour, as the lure! To promise me permission to ward myself on parole, and then to break your treaty!

Com. We owe no faith to robbers.

Goetz. Wert thou not the representative of my prince, whom I respect even in the vilest counterfeit, thou shouldst swallow that word, or choke upon it. I was taken in honourable though private war. Thou mightest thank God that gave thee glory, hadst thou ever done as gallant deeds as the least with which I am charged.—(*The Commissioner makes a sign to the Magistrates of Heilbron, who goes out.*) Because I would not join the iniquitous confederacy of the great, because I would not grasp at the souls and livings of the helpless—'Tis in this lies my crime!—I defended my own life and the freedom of my children—See ye any rebellion in that? The Emperor and Empire were blinded to our hard case by your flatteries. I have, God be praised! one hand, and I have done my best to use 't well.

Enter a party of Artisans, armed with halberds and swords.

Goetz. What means this?

Com. Ye will not hearken——Apprehend him!

Goetz. Is that the purpose?—Let not the man whose ear does not itch come too near me; one salutation from my trusty iron fist shall cure him of headache, toothache, and every ache under the wide heaven!

[*They make at him—He strikes one down, and snatches a sword from another—They stand aloof.*

Com. Surrender!

Goetz (*with the sword drawn.*) What! Wot ye not that depends but upon myself to make way through all these hares and gain the open field? But I will teach you how a man should keep his word—Promise to allow me free ward, and I give up my sword, and am again your prisoner.

Com. How! Would you treat with your Emperor sword in hand?

Goetz. God forbid!—only with you and your worthy companions!—You may go home, good people: here deliberation is of no avail, and from me there is nothing to gain save bruises.

Com. Seize him, I say!—What! does your allegiance to the Emperor supply you with no courage?

Goetz. No more than the Emperor supplies them with plaster for the wounds which their courage would earn for them.

A Police-Officer enters hastily.

Off. The warder has just discovered from the castle-tower a troop of more than two hundred horsemen hastening towards the town. They have already gained the hill, and seem to threaten an attack.

Com. Alas! alas! What can this mean?

A Soldier enters.

Sol. Francis of Seckingen waits at the drawbridge, and informs you that he has heard how perfidiously you have dealt with his brother-in-law, and how fruitless has been every appeal to the justice of the Council of Heilbron. He is now come to insist upon that justice; and if refused it, he will fire the four corners of your town within an hour, and abandon it to be plundered by his vassals.

Goetz. My gallant brother!

Com. Withdraw, Goetz!—(*He steps aside.*)—What is to be done?

Mag. Have compassion upon us and our town!—Seckingen is inexorable in his wrath—he will keep his vow.

Com. Shall we forget what is due to ourselves and the Emperor?

Cap. Well said, if we had but men to support our dignity; but as we are, a show of resistance would only make matters worse.—We must gain time.

Mag. We had better apply to Goetz to speak a good word for us—I feel as the flames were rising already.

Com. Let Goetz approach.

Goetz. What would ye?

Com. Thou wilt do well to dissuade thy brother-in-law from his rebellious interference. Instead of rescuing thee, he will only plunge thee deeper in destruction, and become the companion of thy fall!

Goetz (*spies* Elizabeth *at the door, and speaks to her aside.*) Go—tell him instantly to break in and force his way hither, only to spare the town. As for the rascals here, if they oppose him, let him use force; there would be no great matter had he a fair pretext for knocking them all upon the head.

[*Trampling and galloping heard. All the Magistrates show signs of consternation.*

SCENE III.

Scene changes to the front of the Council-house, beset by Seckingen's Cavaliers.—A Pause.

Enter Seckingen *and* Goetz *from the Council-house.*

Goetz. This was help from heaven!—How camest thou so much to our wish, and beyond our hope brother?

Sec. Without witchcraft. I had despatched two or three messengers to learn how it fared with thee, and heard from them of this villany—I set out in

stantly, and now you have the power in your hand.

Goetz. I ask for nothing but knightly ward upon my parole.

Sec. You are too moderate. Avail yourself of fortune, which for once has placed worth above malice! They were doing injustice; we'll greet them with no kisses for their pains. They have misused the royal authority, and, if I know the Emperor, he will make thee ample reparation.—You ask too little.

Goetz. I have ever been content with little.

Sec. And hence hast thou ever been cut short even of that little. My proposal is, that they shall release your servants, and permit you all to return to your castle upon your parole—not to leave it till the Emperor's pleasure be known—You will be safer there than here.

Goetz. They will say my property is escheated to the Emperor.

Sec. So say we—but still thou mayst dwell there, and keep it for his service till he restores it to thee again. Let them wind like eels in the mud, they shall not escape us!—They will talk of the Imperial dignity—of their orders—We'll take that risk upon ourselves:—I know the Emperor, and have some influence with him—He has ever wished to have thee in his service—Thou wilt not be long in thy castle ere thou art summoned to serve him.

Goetz. God grant it, ere I forget the use of arms!

Sec. Valour can never be forgot, as it can never be learnt. Fear nothing! When once thou are settled, I will seek the Imperial Court, where my enterprises begin to ripen—Good fortune seems to smile on them—I want only to sound the Emperor's mind. The towns of Triers and Pfalz as soon expect that the sky should fall, as that I should come down upon their heads—But I will come like a storm of hail on the unsuspecting traveller: and if I am successful, thou shalt soon be brother to a prince. I had hoped for thy hand in this undertaking.

Goetz (*looks at his hand.*) O! that explains to me the dream I had the morning that I promised Maria to Weislingen.—I thought he professed eternal fidelity, and held my iron hand so fast that it loosened from the arm.—Alas! I am at this moment more helpless, and fenceless, than when it was shot from me.—Weislingen! Weislingen!

Sec. Forget the traitor!—We will darken his prospects and cross his plans, till shame and remorse shall gnaw him to death.—I see, I see the downfall of my enemies, of thine—Goetz—only half a-year.

Goetz. Thy soul soars high!—I know not how, but for some time no fair prospects have smiled upon mine—I have been in distress—I have been a prisoner ere now, but never before did I experience such a depression.

Sec. Fortune gives spirits—Come, let us to the periwigs—They have had our conditions long enough—we must call for their resolution. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Scene changes to the Palace of Adela—Augsburg.

ADELA *and* WEISLINGEN *discovered.*

Adela. This is detestable.

Weis. I have gnashed my very teeth—So fair a prospect—so well followed out—and at last to leave him in possession of his castle as before!—That damn'd Seckingen!

Adela. The Commissioners should not have consented.

Weis. They were in the net—What else could they do? Seckingen, the haughty and furious chief, thundered fire and sword at their ear.—I hate him—His power waxes like a mountain torrent—let it but gain two brooks, and others come pouring to its aid.

Adela. Have they no emperor?

Weis. My dear wife—Old and feeble: he is only the shadow of what he should be—When he heard what was done, and I proposed to lead the readiest forces in his service against them: "Let them be!" said he; "I can spare my old Goetz his little fortress, and if he confines himself to it, of what can you complain?"—We spoke of the welfare of the state: "O," said he, "that I had rejected every advice which pushed me to sacrifice the peace of an individual to my own ambition!"

Adela. He has lost the very spirit of a prince!

Weis. We broke loose against Seckingen—"He is my faithful servant," said he; "for if he has not acted by my express order, he has performed what I would have wished better than my plenipotentiaries, and I can ratify what he had done as well after as before."

Adela. 'Tis enough to make one tear one's very flesh!

Weis. Yet I have not entirely renounced hope. Goetz has given his parole to remain quiet in his castle—'Tis an impossibility for him to keep his promise, and we shall soon have some new subject of complaint.

Adela. 'Tis the more likely, as we may hope that the old Emperor will soon leave the world, and Charles, his gallant successor, promises to bear a princely mind.

Weis. Charles!—He is neither chosen nor crowned king of the Romans.

Adela. Who does not expect and hope that event?

Weis. You speak so warmly that one might think you saw him with partial eyes.

Adela. You injure me, Weislingen. For what do you take me?

Weis. I do not mean to offend—but I cannot be silent upon the subject—Charles's very unusual attentions to thee distress me.

Adela. And do I receive them as it—

Weis. Thou art a woman—and no woman hates a flatterer.

Adela. This from you?

Weis. It cuts me to the heart the dreadful thought, Adela!

Adela. Can I not cure thee of this folly?

Weis. When thou wilt—Thou canst leave the Court.

Adela. By what way or pretence? Thou art here—Must I leave thee and all my friends, to shut myself up with owls in your desolate castle? No, Weislingen, that will never do; set thy heart at ease, thou knowest I love thee.

Weis. That is the sheet anchor while the cable holds! [*Exit.*

Adela. Takest thou it so? It is in vain. The undertakings of my bosom are too great to brook thy interruption. Charles—the great, the gallant Charles—the future emperor—shall he be the only man not flattered to obey my power? Think not, Weislingen, to prevent it—Soon shalt thou to earth, if my way lies over thee!

Enter FRANCIS. *He gives a letter.*

Adela. Hadst thou it from Charles's own hand?

Fran. Yes.

Adela. What ails thee?—Thou look'st mournful!

Fran. It is your pleasure that I should pine away and waste the fairest years of hope in agonizing despair.

Adela. (*aside.*) I pity him—Be of good courage, youth! I feel thy love and truth, and will not be ungrateful.

Fran. (*sorrowfully.*) Ere you can resolve to succour me, I shall be gone from you—Heaven! And there boils not a drop of blood in my veins but what is your own—I have not even a feeling but to love and to serve you!

Adela. My dear Francis!

Fran. You flatter me—(*Bursts into tears.*) Does this attachment deserve only to be sacrificed to another—only to see all your thoughts fixed upon Charles?

Adela. You know not what you wish, and yet less what you speak.

Fran. (*stamping betwixt remorse and rage.*) No more will I be your slave, your go-between!

Adela. Francis, you forgot yourself.

Fran. To sacrifice at once myself and my beloved master—

Adela. Go from my sight!

Fran. Gracious lady!

Adela. Go, betray to thy beloved master the ob-

cret of my soul!—Fool that I was! I thought thee what thou art not.

Fran. Dear lady! you know not how I love thee.

Adela. And thou, whom I thought my friend—so near my heart—go, betray me.

Fran. Rather would I tear the heart from my body!—Forgive me, gentle lady! my heart is too full, my senses forsake me.

Adela. Thou dear, hot-headed boy!

[*She takes him by both hands, and draws him towards her. He throws himself weeping upon her neck.*

Adela. Leave me!

Fran. (*his voice choked by tears.*) God! God!

Adela. Leave me!—Walls are traitors—leave me!—(*Breaks from him.*) Be but steady in faith and love, the fairest reward is thy own. [*Exit.*

Fran. The fairest reward! Let me but live till that moment—I could murder my father, were he an obstacle to its arrival! [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Scene changes to Jaxthausen.

Goetz seated at a table with writing materials. ELIZABETH *sits beside him with her work.*

Goetz. This idle life does not suit me. My imprisonment becomes daily more painful; I would I could sleep, or amuse myself with trifling.

Eliz. Continue writing the memoirs thou hast commenced of thy own deeds. Give thy friends evidence under thy hand to put thy enemies to shame; make thy noble neighbours acquainted with thy real character.

Goetz. Alas! writing is but busy idleness; it comes slowly on with me. While I write what I have done, I lament the misspent time in which I might do more.

Eliz. (*takes the writing.*) Thou art now at thy first imprisonment, at Heilbron.

Goetz. That was always an unlucky place to me.

Eliz. (*reads.*) "One of the confederates told me, that I had acted foolishly in espousing the cause of my very worst foes; but that I might be of good cheer, for I should be honourably dealt by."—And what didst thou answer? Write on.

Goetz. I said, Have I so often risked my life for the goods and gold of others, and should I not do so for the sake of my knightly word?

Eliz. Thus does fame speak of thee.

Goetz. They shall not rob me of this honour. They have taken from me all—property—liberty—

Eliz. I happened once to stand in an inn near the Lords of Millenberg and Singlingen, who knew me not—Then I experienced rapture as at the birth of my first-born; they extolled thee to each other, and said, He is the mirror of knighthood, noble and merciful in prosperity, dauntless and true in misfortune.

Goetz. Let them show me where I have preferred my interest to my honour. God knows, my ambition has ever been to labour for my neighbour as for myself, and to acquire the fame of a gallant and irreproachable knight, rather than princedoms or power; and, God be praised! I have gained the meed of my labour.

Enter GEORGE *and* LERSE, *with game.*

Goetz. Good luck to my gallant huntsmen!

Geo. Such are we become from gallant cavaliers—Boots can be cut down into buskins.

Lerse. The chase is always something—'Tis an image of war.

Geo. Yes—if we were not always crossed by these Imperial gamekeepers. Don't you recollect, my Lord, how you prophesied we should become huntsmen when the world mended? We are become so, without any great chance of the other event.

Goetz. What goes on without?—We are cooped up here in a circle.

Geo. These are mark-worthy times!—For eight days a horrible comet has been seen—all Germany fears that it denotes the death of the Emperor who is very ill.

Goetz. Ill?—Our weal then is at an end.

Lerse. And in the neighbourhood here are shocking commotions; the peasants have made a formidable insurrection.

Goetz. Where?

Lerse. In the heart of Swabia; they plunder, burn, and slay. I fear me they will sack the whole country.

Geo. It is a horrible warfare!—They have already arisen in a hundred places, and daily increase in number. A hurricane too has lately torn up whole forests; and in the place where the insurrection began, have been seen in the sky two fiery swords crossing each other.

Goetz. God preserve my poor friends and neighbours!

Geo. Alas! that we dare not ride out! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Scene, a Village plundered by the Insurgent Peasantry. Shrieks and tumult. Women, old Men, and Children, fly across the Stage.

Old Man. Away! away! fly from the murdering dogs.

Woman. Sacred Heaven! How blood-red is the heaven! how blood-red the rising sun!

Another. 'Tis fire!

A Third. My husband! my husband!

Old Man. Away! away!—To the wood! [*Exeunt.*

Enter LINK *and Insurgents.*

Link. Whoever opposes you, down with him! Let none of the booty be left—Plunder clean and quick—We must soon set fire—

Enter MEZLER *coming down the hill.*

Mez. How goes it, Link?

Link. Look round; you are in at the death—From whence?

Mez. From Weinsberg.—There was a feast!

Link. How?

Mez. We stabbed them all, in such heaps it was a joy to see it!

Link. All whom?

Mez. Ditrich von Weiler led up the dance—There was sport for thee! We were all in a raging heap round the church steeple. He looked out and wished to treat with us—Ha!—a ball through his head—Up we rushed like a tempest, and the fellow soon made his exit by the window.

Link. Huzza!

Mez. (*to the Peasants.*) Ye dogs, must I find you legs? How they gape and loiter, the asses!

Link. Burn away!—Kill and roast them in the flames! Out with your knives!

Mez. Then we brought out Helfenstein, Eltershofen, thirteen of the nobility—in all eight!—What a shouting and jubilee among our boys as they broke loose upon the long row of miserable rich sinners. Heaven and earth! how they struggled and stared on each other!—We surrounded them, and killed every soul with pikes.

Link. Why was not I there?

Mez. Never did I see such fun!

Link. On! on!——Bring all out!

Peasant. All's clear!

Link. Then fire the place at the four corners.

Mez. 'Twill make a fine bonfire!—Hadst thou seen how the fellows writhed in a heap, and croaked like frogs! It warmed my heart like a cup of brandy. There was one Rexinger there, a fellow that, when he went to hunt with his white plume and his flaxen locks, used to drive us before him like dogs, and with dogs. I had not seen him all the while, when suddenly his droll visage look'd me full in the face—Push! went the spear between his ribs—and there he lay stretched all-fours above his companions. The fellows tumbled over each other, like the hares that were driven together at their grand hunting parties.

Link. It smokes already! [*The village burns.*

Mez. All's in flames!—Come, let us with the booty to the main body; it halts betwixt this and Heilbron. They wish to choose a captain whom

every one will respect, for we are but equals;—they feel it, and turn restive.

Link. Whom do they think of?

Mez. Maximilian Stumf, or Goetz of Berlichingen.

Link. That's well. 'Twould give the thing credit should Goetz accept it. He has been ever held a worthy independent knight. Away! away! Draw together!—We march towards Heilbron.

Mez. The fire will light us on our way. Hast thou seen the great comet?

Link. Yes—It is a dreadful ghastly sign!—As we marched by night we saw it well: it went towards *Eins.*

Mez. —And was visible for an hour and a quarter, like an arm brandishing a sword, and bloody red!

Link. Didst thou mark the three stars at the sword's hilt and point?

Mez. —And the broad black clouds illuminated by a thousand thousand streamers like lances and little swords?

Link. I saw it well—and beneath a pale white, crossed with fiery ruddy flames, and among them grisly figures with shaggy hair and beards.

Mez. Did you see them, too?—And how they all swam about as if in a sea of blood, and struggled all in confusion, enough to drive one mad.

Link. Away! away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Scene changes to an open country. In the distance two Villages and an Abbey are burning.

The Insurgents KOHL, WILD, *and* MAXIMILIAN STUMF.

Stumf. You cannot wish me for your leader; it were bad for you and for me: I am a vassal of the Palsgrave, and how shall I arm against my liege lord? Besides, you would suspect I acted not from the heart.

Kohl. We knew well thou wouldst have some evasion.

Enter GEORGE, LERSE, *and* GOETZ.

Goetz. What would ye with me?

Kohl. You must be our captain.

Goetz. I am under ban; I cannot quit my territory.

Wild. That's no excuse.

Goetz. And were I free, and you dealing with the lords and nobles as you did at Weinsberg, and ravaging and plundering the whole lands, and should request me to be an abettor of your shameless raving doings—rather than be your captain, you should slay me like a mad dog!

Kohl. That should not be done, were it to do again.

Stumf. That's the very misfortune, that they have no leader whom they honour, and who may bridle their fury! I beseech thee, Goetz, take that office upon thee! I will be thy witness and thy surety against the ban. The princes will be grateful; all Germany will thank thee—Thou mayst persuade them to peace; the country and its inhabitants will be saved.

Goetz. Why dost thou not take it thyself?

Stumf. They have excused me.

Kohl. We have no time for dallying and useless speeches—Short and good!—Goetz, be our chief, or look to thy castle and thy head!—Take two hours to consider of it.

Goetz. To what purpose? I am resolved now as I shall be then.—Why are ye risen up in arms? If to recover your rights and freedom, why do you lay waste the land?—Will you abstain from such evil doings, and deal as men who know what they want?—then will I be your chief for eight days, and help you in your lawful and orderly demands.

Wild. What was done was done in the first heat, and we only needed thy prudence to have prevented it.

Kohl. Thou must be ours at least for a quarter of a year.

Stumf. Say four weeks—that will satisfy both.

Goetz. Well then, as far as regards me . . . .

Kohl. —And we agree!

Goetz. But you must promise to send the treaty you have made with me in writing to all your troops, and to punish infringers.

Wild. Well—it shall be done.

Goetz. Then I bind myself to you for four weeks.

Stumf. Good!—in what thou doest, take care of our noble lord the Palsgrave.

Kohl (*aside.*) Watch that none speak to him without our knowledge.

Goetz. Lerse, go to my wife—Stay with her—you shall soon have news of me.

[*Exeunt* GOETZ, GEORGE, LERSE, *and some peasants.*

Enter MEELER, LINK, *and their followers.*

Mez. What hear we of a treaty? To what purpose the treaty?

Link. It is shameful to make any such bargain.

Kohl. We know as well what to do as you; and will do or let alone as we please.

Wild. This raging, and burning, and murdering, must have an end one day sooner or later; and by renouncing it just now, we gain a brave leader.

Mez. How!—An end?—Thou traitor! why are we here but to avenge ourselves on our enemies, and enrich ourselves at their expense? Some slave of the nobles has been tampering with thee.

Kohl. Come, Wild, he is mad.

[*Exeunt* WILD *and* KOHL.

Mez. Ay, go your way—few bands will stick by you. The villains!—Link, we'll set on our friends here to burn Miltenberg instantly; and when they make a bustle about the treaty, we'll cut their heads off that made it.

Link. We have the great body of peasants still on our side. [*Exeunt with Insurgents.*

SCENE III.

A Hill, and prospect of the country. In the flat scene a Mill. A body of Horsemen ready to mount.

WEISLINGEN *comes out of the Mill, followed by* FRANCIS *and a Courier.*

Weis. My horse!—Have you told it to the other nobles?

Cour. At least seven standards will meet you in the wood behind Miltenberg. The peasants bend their course that way. Couriers are despatched in every direction to summon all your confederates. Our plan cannot fail, for they say there is division among them.

Weis. The better.—Francis!

Fran. Gracious sir.

Weis. Discharge thy errand punctually—I bind it upon thy soul. Give her the letter—She must from the court to my castle—instantly.—Thou must see her departure, and send me notice of it.

Fran. Your commands shall be obeyed.

Weis. Tell her she *shall* go.—(*To the Courier.*) Carry us the nearest and best road.

Cour. We must go round; all the rivers are up with the late dreadful rains. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Jaxthausen.

ELIZABETH *and* LERSE.

Lerse. Gracious lady, be comforted!

Eliz. Alas! Lerse, the tears stood in his eyes as he took leave of me.—It is dreadful, dreadful!

Lerse. He will soon return.

Eliz. It is not that.—When he went to wage honourable war, never did his danger sit so heavy at my heart—I then rejoiced at his return, which now I fear.

Lerse. So noble a man—

Eliz. Call him not so—There lies the new misery. The miscreants!—they threatened to murder his family and burn the castle. Should he return, gloomy, gloomy is the prospect. His enemies will raise scandalous falsehoods in accusation against him, which he never can disprove.

Lerse. He will, and can.

Eliz. He has broken his ban:—Canst thou say No?

Lerse. No!—he was constrained; and where is there reason to condemn him?

Eliz. Malice seeks not reason, but pretexts. He

has joined himself to rebels, malefactors, and murderers:—has become their chief. Say No to that.

Lerse. Cease to torture yourself and me. They have solemnly sworn to abjure all such doings as at Weinsberg.—Did not I myself hear them say, in half remorse, that had not that been done already, it should never have been done? Must not the princes and nobles return him their best thanks for having undertaken the dangerous office of leading these unruly people, in order to restrain their rage, and to save their lives and lands?

Elis. Thou art an affectionate advocate. Should they take him prisoner, deal with him as a rebel, and bring his grey hairs——Lerse, I could run mad!

Lerse. Stand aloof to refresh her body, dear Father of mankind, if thou denieest comfort to her soul!

Elis. George promised to bring news—but he will not dare attempt it.—They are worse than prisoners.—Well! I know they are watched like enemies.—The gallant boy! he would not quit his master.

Lerse. The very heart within me bled as I left him.—Had you not needed my help, all the dangers of grisly death should not have separated us.

Elis. I know not where Seckingen is.—Could I but send a message to Maria!

Lerse. Do you write!—I will provide for that.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V

A Village.

Enter Goetz *and* George.

Goetz. To horse, George!—Quick!—I see Miltenberg burn—It is thus they keep the treaty?—Ride to them—Tell them my purpose.—The murderous incendiaries—I renounce them—Let them make a very ruffian their captain, not me.—Quick, George! (*Exit* George.)—Would I were a thousand miles from hence, though I were at the bottom of the deepest dungeon in Turkey!—Could I but come off with honour from them!—I have contradicted them through the whole day, and told them the bitterest truths, that they might be weary of me and let me go.

Enter an Unknown.

Un. God speed you, gallant sir?

Goetz. I thank you!—Your name?

Un. It is not necessary. I come to tell you that your life is in danger—The insurgents are weary of receiving from you such harsh language, and are resolved to rid themselves of you!—Lower your tone, or endeavour to escape from them; and God be with you! [*Exit.*

Goetz. In this way to lead thy life, Goetz! and thus to end it!—But be it so—My death will be the clearest proof to the world, that I had nothing in common with the miscreants.

Enter Insurgents.

1 *In.* Captain, they are prisoners—they are slain!

Goetz. Who?

2 *In.* They who burned Miltenberg—A troop of confederated cavalry rushed on them from behind the hill, and overpowered them at once.

Goetz. They have their reward—O George! George!—They have found him among the caitiffs—My George! my George!

Enter Insurgents in confusion.

Link. Up, sir captain, up!—Here is no dallying time—The enemy is near, and in force.

Goetz. Who burned Miltenberg?

Max. If you mean to make a quarrel, we'll soon show you we'll end it.

Kohl. Look to your own safety and ours!—Up!

Goetz. (*to Metzler.*) Darest thou threaten me, thou worthless——Thinkest thou to awe me, because thy garments are clotted with the blood of murdered nobles?

Max. Berlichingen!

Goetz. Darest thou pronounce my name?—My children will be ashamed to bear it after such contamination.

Max. From thee this, villain?—Slave of the nobles!—(Goetz *strikes him down—he dies. Exit.* Goetz: *the rest disperse in confusion.—Alarm.*)

Kohl. Ye are mad!—The enemy breaks in on all hands, and you dally.

Link. Away! Away! (*crise and tumult—The Insurgents fly across the Stage.*)

Enter Weislingen *and Troopers.*

Weis. Pursue! pursue!—Stop neither for darkness nor rain.—I hear Goetz is among them; see he escape you not—He is sore wounded, say our friends—(*Exeunt Troopers.*) And when I have thee—it will be doing him a favour to execute his sentence of death in prison—and then my foolish heart may beat more freely. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Scene changes to the front of a Gipsy-hut in a wild Forest—Night.—A fire before the hut, at which sits the Mother of the Gipsies with a child—Lightning and thunders.

Mother. Throw some fresh straw up the thatch, daughter! it rains fearfully.

Enter a Gipsy-boy.

Boy. A dormouse, mother!—and, here, two field mice!

Mother. Skin them and roast them, and thou shalt have a cap of their skins.—Thou bleedest!

Boy. Dormouse bit me.

Mother. Gather some thorns that the fire may burn bright when the father comes: he will be wet through and through.

Other Gipsy-women enter with children at their backs.

1 *Woman.* Hast thou fared well?

2 *Woman.* Ill enough—The whole country is in uproar—one's life is not safe a moment. Two villages are in a light flame.

1 *Woman.* So it was the fire that glared in the sky—I looked at it long; for flaming meteors have become so common.

The Captain of the Gipsies enters with three of his gang.

Cap. Heard ye the wild huntsman?

1 *Woman.* He passed by us but this minute.

Cap. How the hounds gave tongue!—Wow! wow!

2 *Man.* How the whips clang!

3 *Man.* And the huntsman cheered them—Hollo—ho!

Mother. 'Tis the devil's chase.

Cap. We have been fishing in troubled waters. The peasants rob each other; we may be well pardoned helping them.

2 *Woman.* What hast thou got, Wolf?

Wolf. A hare and a cock—there's for the pot—A bundle of linen—some kitchen-ware—and a horse's bridle——What hast thou, Sticks?

Sticks. A woollen jacket have I, and a pair of stockings, and one boot, and a flint and tinder-box.

Mother. It is all wet as mire, and the clothes are bloody. I'll dry them—give me here! (*Trampling without.*)

Cap. Hark!—A horse!—Go, see who it is.

Enter Goetz *on horseback.*

Goetz. I thank thee, God! I see fire—they are gipsies.—My wounds bleed sorely—my foes close behind!—great God, thou endest dreadfully with me!

Cap. Is it in peace thou comest?

Goetz. I crave help from you—My wounds are stiff with cold—Assist me from horse!

Cap. Help him!—A gallant warrior in appearance and language.

Wolf (*aside.*) 'Tis Goetz of Berlichingen!

Cap. Welcome! welcome!—What we have is yours.

Goetz. I thank you.

Cap. Come to my hut. [*Exeunt to the hut.*

SCENE VII.

Scene inside of the hut.

Captain, Gipsies, and Goetz.

Cap. Call our mother—let her bring blood-wort and bandages. (Goetz *unarms himself.*)—Here is my holyday-doublet.

Goetz. God reward you!—(*The mother binds his wounds.*)

Cap. I rejoice from my heart you are here.

Goetz. Do you know me?

Cap. Who does not know you, Goetz? Our lives and hearts' blood are yours.

Enter Gipsy-man.

Gipsy. Horsemen come through the wood—They are confederates too.

Cap. Your pursuers!—They shall not reach you—Away, Schwicks, call the others: we know the passes better than they—We shall bring them down ere they are aware of us.

[*Exeunt Captain and Men-Gipsies with their guns.*

Goetz (*alone.*) O Emperor! Emperor! Robbers protect thy children—(*A sharp fire of musketry is heard.*)—The wild foresters! Steady and true!

Enter Women.

Women. Save yourself!—The enemy have overpowered us.

Goetz. Where is my horse?

Women. Here!

Goetz (*girds his horse and mounts without his armour.*) For the last time shall you feel my arm—Never was it so weak. [*Exit—Tumult.*

Women. He gallops to join our party. [*Firing.*

Enter Wolf.

Wolf. Away! Away! All is lost.—The Captain shot dead—Goetz a prisoner.

[*The Women scream and fly into the wood.*

SCENE VIII.

Scene changes to Adela's *Bedchamber.*

Enter Adela *with a letter.*

Adela. He or I!—The presumptuous—to threaten me! What glides through the antechamber? (*A little knock at the door.*) Who is without?

Fran. (*without.*) Open, gracious lady!

Adela. Frank!—He well deserves that I should open to him. [*Admits him.*

Fran. (*throws himself on her neck.*) My dear, my gracious lady!

Adela. Shameless being!—What if any one heard you?

Fran. O—all—all are asleep.

Adela. What wouldst thou?

Fran. I cannot rest. The threats of my master—your lot—mine.

Adela. He was incensed against me when you parted from him?

Fran. He was as I have never seen him.—To my castle, said he, she must—she *shall* go.

Adela. And must we obey?

Fran. I know not, dear lady!

Adela. Thou foolish, betrayed boy!—thou dost not see where this will end.—Here he knows I am in safety—Long has he envied my freedom—He desires to have me at his castle—then has he the power to use me as his hate shall dictate.

Fran. He shall not!

Adela. Wilt thou prevent him?

Fran. He shall not!

Adela. I foresee the whole misery of my lot. He will tear me by force from his castle to immure me in a cloister.

Fran. Hell and death!

Adela. Wilt thou rescue me?

Fran. All—all!

Adela (*throws herself weeping upon his neck.*) Francis!—O rescue us!

Fran. I will tear the heart from his body!

Adela. No violence!—You shall carry a letter to him full of submission and obedience—Then give him this vial in his wine.

Fran. Give it!—Thou shalt be free.

Adela. Free!—And then no more shalt thou need to slip to me trembling and in fear—No more shall I need anxiously to say, "Away, Frank! the morning dawns." [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

The Street before the Prison at Heilbron.

Elizabeth *and* Lerse.

Lerse. God relieve your distress, my gracious lady!—Maria is come.

Eliz. God be praised!—Lerse, we have sunk into the abyss of misery—Now my forebodings are fulfilled!—A prisoner—secured as an assassin and malefactor in the deepest dungeon.

Lerse. I know all.

Eliz. Know! Thou knowest nothing.—The distress is too great to be comprehended—His age, his wounds, a new fever—and, more than all, the poison of his own mind—There has the mortal disease!

Lerse. Ay, and that Weislingen should be commissioner!

Eliz. Weislingen?

Lerse. He is despatched with unconstitutional speed—heard of powers.—Link and the other chiefs have been burnt alive—two hundred broken upon the wheel, beheaded, quartered, and impaled—The country all round shrieks like a charnel-house where human flesh is rife and cheap.

Eliz. Weislingen commissioner!—O Heavens!—A ray of hope!—Maria shall to him—he cannot refuse her. He had even a flexible hour, and when he sees her whom he once so loved, whom he has made so miserable——Where is she?

Lerse. Still in the inn.

Eliz. Bring me to her.—She must away instantly.—I fear all. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

Scene changes to the Castle of Weislingen.

Weislingen *alone.*

Weis. I am so sick, so weak!—My very brain is empty and hollow—this wretched fever has consumed their very marrow.—No rest, no sleep, day nor night!—and in the night such ghastly dreams!—Last night again I met Goetz in the wood.—He waved his sword, and again defied me to battle—I grasped mine, my hand failed me.—In sleep as in reality he darted on me a contemptuous look, sheathed his weapon, and went behind me—Doubtful is the vision as the scene it represented.—He is a prisoner; yet I tremble to think of him.—Miserable man! Thy own voice has condemned him; yet thou trembleat like a malefactor before the vision of the night—And shall he die?—Goetz! Goetz! our gods not ourselves—Fiends have empire over us, and lead our actions after their own hellish will, and to our eternal perdition. (*Sits down.*) Weak! Weak! How come my nails so discoloured?—A cold, cold wasting sweat drenches every limb—All swimming before my eyes.—Could I but sleep!—Ha! (*Enter* Maria.) Mother of God!—Leave me in peace!—Leave me in peace!—It disappears not.—She is dead, and she appears to the traitor.—Leave me, blessed spirit! Already am I wretched enough.

Maria. Weislingen, I am no spirit.

Weis. It is her voice!

Maria. I come to implore my brother's life from thee—He is guiltless.

Weis. Hush!—Maria, angel of heaven as thou art, thou bringest with thee the pains of hell!—Speak no more!

Maria. And must my brother die?—Weislingen, it is horrible that from *me* thou must hear that he is guiltless; that it is *my* lot in bitter sorrow to restrain thee from the most abominable murder.—Thy soul is sunk low, low indeed!—Can this be Adelbert?

Weis. Thou canst—the consuming breath of death hath blasted me—my strength sinks to the grave—I die in misery, and thou comest to drive me to despair—Could I but speak, thy bitterest hate would melt into sorrow and compassion.—Oh, Maria, Maria!

Maria. Weislingen, my brother also is ill, and in prison—His severe wounds—his age—O couldst thou see his gray hairs!—Weislingen, we too despair.

Weis. Enough!——Francis!

Enter Francis, *in great agitation.*

Elisa. Gracious sir!

Weis. The papers here, Francis.—(*He gives them.*—*Weislingen tears a packet and shows Maria a* [illegible]—Here is thy brother's sentence of death subscribed!

Maria. God in heaven!

Weis. And this I tear it.—He lives!—But can I restore what I have destroyed?—Weep not so, Francis! Mysgoed youth, my distress lies deep at thy heart.

[*Francis throws himself at his feet, and clasps his knees.*

Maria (*apart.*) He is ill—very ill. His appearance rattle my heart.—I loved him!—As I again approach him, I feel how dearly—

Weis. Francis, arise and cease to weep—I may recover!—Hope leaves only the dead.

Fran. You will not!—You must die!

Weis. Must?

Fran. (*beside himself.*) Poison! Poison!—from my wife! I—I—gave it. [*Rushes out.*

Weis. Follow him, Maria—he is desperate.

[*Exit Maria.*

Weis. Poison from my wife!—Alas! alas! I feel it in. Torture and death!

Maria. (*within.*) Help! help!

Weis. (*attempts to rise, but cannot.*) God!—Not [illegible]

Maria. (*returning.*) He is gone!—He threw himself desperately from a window of the hall into the court.

Weis. It is well with him!—Thy brother is out of danger!—Thy crime commutated, Sickingen restored, thy friends—They will readily allow him to ward himself upon his knightly word—[illegible] Maria!—Now go.

Maria. I will stay by thee—Thou poor forsaken!

Weis. Poor and forsaken indeed!—O God, thou art a dreadful avenger!——My wife!

Maria. Remote, from that thought—Turn to the throne of mercy.

Weis. Go, thou gentle soul! witness not my misery! Horrible! Even thy company, Maria, even the attendance of my only comforter, is agony.

Maria (*aside.*) Strengthen me, Heaven! My soul suffers as his.

Weis. Alas! alas! Poison from my wife!——My Francis seduced by the detestable!—She waits—hearkens after every horse's hoof for the messenger that brings her news of my death—And thou too, Maria, wherefore art thou come to awake every slumbering recollection of my sins?—Leave me, leave me, that I may die!

Maria. Let me stay! Thou art alone;—think me thy nurse—Forget all—May God forgive thee as freely as I forgive!

Weis. Thou spirit of love! pray for me! pray for me!—My lips are locked.

Maria. He will forgive thee—Thou art weak.

Weis. I die! I die!—and yet I cannot die—In the fearful contest betwixt life and death are the pains of hell.

Maria. Merciful Father, have compassion upon him!—Grant him one glance of thy love, that his heart may be opened to comfort, and his soul to the hope of eternal life, even in the agony of death!

SCENE XI.

A narrow vault dimly illuminated—The Judges of the Secret Tribunal discovered seated, all muffled in black cloaks, and silent.

Eldest Judge. Judges of the Secret Tribunal, sworn by the cord and the steel to be unpitying in justice, to judge in secret, and to avenge in secret, like the Deity! are your hands clean and hearts pure?—Raise them to heaven, and cry, Wo upon misdoers!

All. Wo! wo!

Eldest Judge. Cryer, begin the diet of judgment.

Cryer. I cry for accusation against misdoers! Whose heart is pure, whose hand is clean, let him accuse, and call upon the steel and the cord for Vengeance! vengeance! vengeance!

Accuser (*comes forward.*) My heart is pure from misdeed, and my hand clean from innocent blood:—God pardon my sins of ignorance, and frame my steps to his way!—I raise my hand aloft, and cry, Vengeance! vengeance! vengeance!

Eldest Judge. Vengeance upon whom?

Accuser. I call upon the cord and upon the steel for vengeance against Adela von Weislingen.—She has committed adultery and murder—she has poisoned her husband by the hands of his servant—the servant hath slain himself—the husband is dead.

Eldest Judge. Swearest thou by the God of truth, that thy accusation is true?

Accuser. I swear.

Eldest Judge. But thou take upon thy own head the punishment of murder and adultery, should it be found false?

Accuser. I take it.

Eldest Judge. Your voices!

[*They converse a minute in low whispers.*

Accuser. Judges of the Secret Tribunal, what is your doom upon Adela von Weislingen, accused of murder and adultery?

Eldest Judge. She shall die!—shall die a bitter and double death!—By the double doom of the steel and the cord shall she expiate the double misdeed. Raise your hands to heaven, and cry, Wo unto her:—Be she given to the hand of the avenger.

All. Wo! wo!

Eldest Judge. Come forth, avenger! (*A man advances.*) There hast thou the cord and the steel!—Within eight days must thou take her from before the face of heaven; wherever thou findest her, let her no longer cumber the ground.—Judges, ye that judge in secret, and avenge in secret, like the Deity, God keep your hearts from wickedness, and your hands from innocent blood! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII.

The Court of an Inn.

Lerse *and* Maria.

Maria. The horses are enough rested: we will away, Lerse.

Lerse. Stay till to-morrow; the night is dreadful.

Maria. Lerse, I cannot rest till I have seen my brother. Let us away; the weather clears up—we may expect a fair morning.

Lerse. Be it as you will. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIII.

The Prison at Heilbron.

Goetz *and* Elizabeth.

Eliz. I entreat thee, my dear husband, be comforted!—Thy silence distresses me—thou retirest within thyself. Come, let me see thy wounds; they mend daily. In this moody melancholy I know thee no longer.

Goetz. If thou seekest Goetz, he is long since gone! One by one have they robbed me of all I held dear—my hand, my property, my freedom, my renown!—My life! what is that to what I have lost?—What hear you of George? Is Lerse gone to inquire for George?

Eliz. He is, my love! Raise yourself—you will sit more easily.

Goetz. Whom God hath struck down raises himself no more!—I best know the load I have to bear—Misfortune I am inured to support—But now it is not Weislingen alone, not the peasants alone, not the death of the Emperor, or my wounds—It is the whole united.——My hour is come! I had hoped it would have come only with my death—but His will be done!

Eliz. Wilt thou eat any thing?

Goetz. No, my love!—Does the sun shine without?

Eliz. A fine spring day.

Goetz. My love, wilt thou ask the keeper's permission for me to walk in his little garden for half

an hour, to enjoy the clear face of heaven, the open air, and the blessed sun?

Elis. I will—and he will readily grant it. [*Exit.*

SCENE XIV.

The Garden belonging to the Prison.

LERSE *and* MARIA.

Maria. Go, see how it stands with them.

[*Exit* LERSE.

Enter ELIZABETH *and Keeper.*

Elis. (*to the Keeper.*) God reward your kindness and mercy to my husband! (*Exit Keeper.*)—Maria, what bringest thou?

Maria. Safety to my brother!—But my heart is warm asunder—Weislingen is dead! poisoned by his wife.—My husband in in danger—the princes will be too powerful for him; they say he is surrounded and besieged.

Elis. Hearken not to rumour; and let not Goetz remark aught.

Maria. How is it with him?

Elis. I fear he will hardly long survive thy return; the hand of the Lord is heavy on him.——And George is dead!

Maria. George!—The gallant boy!

Elis. When the miscreants were burning Miltenberg, his master sent him to check their villany.—At that moment a body of cavalry charged upon them: had they all behaved as George, they would have given a good account of them—Many were killed; and poor George—he died the death of a cavalier.

Maria. Does Goetz know it?

Elis. We conceal it from him. He asks me ten times a day about him, and sends me as often to see what is become of George. I fear his heart will not bear this last wound.

Maria. O God! what are the hopes of this world!

Enter GOETZ, LERSE, *and Keepers.*

Goetz. Almighty God! how well it is to be under thy heaven! How free! The trees put forth their buds, and all the world hoped——Farewell! my children! my buds are crushed, my hope is in the grave!

Elis. Shall I not send Lerse to the cloister for thy son, that thou mayst see and bless him?

Goetz. Leave him where he is—he needs not my blessing—he is holier than I. Upon our wedding, Elizabeth, could I have thought I should die thus!—My old father blessed us, and a succession of noble and gallant sons arose at his prayer—Thou hast not heard him—I am the last.——Elise, thy countenance cheers me in the hour of death, as in our most noble fights: then, thy spirit encouraged yours; now, yours supports mine.——Oh that I could but see George once more, to warm myself at his look!—You look down and weep—He is dead! George is dead?—Die, Goetz, thou hast outlived thyself—outlived the noblest——How died he?—Alas, they took him at Miltenberg, and he is executed?

Elis. No—he was slain there!—he defended his freedom like a hero.

Goetz. God be praised!—He was the kindest youth under the sun, and a gallant——Now dismiss my soul—My poor wife! I leave thee in a wretched world. Lerse, forsake her not!—Look your hearts carefully as your doors. The age of blackness and freedom is past,—that of treachery begins. The worthless will gain the upperhand by cunning, and the noble will fall into their net. Maria, God restore thy husband to thee!—may he never fall the deeper for having risen so high! Selfish indeed—and the good Emperor—and my George——Give me some water!——Heavenly sky!—Freedom! freedom! [*He dies.*

Elis. Only above! above with thee!—The world is a prison-house.

Maria. Gallant and gentle!—Wo to this age that has lost thee!

Lerse. And wo to the future, that cannot know thee!

PAUL'S LETTERS TO HIS KINSFOLK.

PAUL'S LETTERS TO HIS KINSFOLK.

LETTER I.

PAUL TO HIS SISTER MARGARET.

Introductory—Sea-sickness—The Passage—Harbour—Women—Drum—Cottages.

It is three long weeks since I left the old mansion-house, which, for years before, has not found me absent for three days, and yet no letter has assured its quiet inmates and neighbours whether my absence has met its punishment. Methinks I see the evening circle assembled, and anxiously expressing their doubts and fears on account of the adventurous traveller. The Major will talk of the dangers of outposts and free corps, and lament that I could not have marched under the escort of his old messmates of the * * * * regiment. The Laird will speak scholarly and wisely of the dangers of highway robbery and overturns, in a country where there are neither justices of peace nor turnpikes. The Minister, again, will set up his old bugbears of the Inquisition, and of the lady who sitteth upon the Seven Hills. Peter, the politician, will have his anxious thoughts on the state of the public spirit in France,—the prevalence of Jacobinical opinion,—the reign of mobs, and of domiciliary visits,—the heroes of the lantern, and of the guillotine. And thou, my dear sister, whose life has been one unwearied course of affectionate interest in the health and happiness of a cross old bachelor brother, what woful anticipations must thy imagination have added to this accumulation of dangers! Broken sleep, bad diet, hard lodging, and damp sheets, have, in your apprehension, already laid me up a patient in the cabaret of some miserable French village, which neither affords James's Powders, nor Daffy's Elixir, nor any of those infallible nostrums which your charity distributes among our village patients, undiscouraged by the obstinacy of those who occasionally die, in despite both of the medicine and physician. It well becomes the object of so much and such varied solicitude, to remove it as speedily as the peace of this distracted country will permit. I anticipate the joy in every countenance when my packet arrives; the pleasure with which each will seize the epistle addressed to himself, and the delight of old James, when, returned from the post-office at * * *, he delivers with an air of triumph the long-expected despatches; and then, smoothing his gray hairs with one hand, and holding with the other the handle of the door, lingers in the parlour, till he, too, has the reward of his diligence, in learning his master's welfare.

Till these news arrive, I cannot flatter myself that things will go perfectly right at the old chateau; or rather my vanity suggests, that the absence of so principal a person among its inmates and intimates has been a chilling damp upon the harmless pleasures and pursuits of those who have remained behind. I shall be somewhat disappointed, if the Major has displayed alacrity in putting his double-barrel in order for the moors; or if the Laird has shown his usual solicitude for a seasonable sprinkling of rain to refresh the turnip field. Peter's speculations on politics and his walks to the bowling-green have been darkened, doubtless, and saddened, by the uncertainty of my fate; and I even suspect the Parson has spared his flock one *Sensibly* of his text in his anxiety upon my account.

For you, my dear Margaret, can I doubt the interest you have given me in your affections, from the earliest period of recollection, when we pulled *gensane* together upon the green, until the moment when my travelling-trunk packed by your indefatigable exertions, stood ready to be locked, but, ere the key could be turned, reversing the frolics of the enchanted chest of the Merchant Abudah, opening once more upon, as if in derision of your labours? To you, therefore, in all justice, belong the first fruits of my correspondence; and while I dwell upon topics personal to myself, and therefore most interesting to you, do not let our kind friends believe that I have forgotten my promise, to send each of them, from foreign parts, that species of information with which each is most gratified. No! the Major shall hear of more and bloodier battles than ever were detailed to Young Norval by his tutor the Hermit. The Laird shall know all I can tell him on the general state of the country. Peter shall be refreshed with politics, and the Minister with polemics; that is, if I can find any thing of the latter description worth sending; for if ever there existed a country without a sense of religion of any kind, it is that of France. The churches indeed remain, but the worship to which they are dedicated has as little effect upon the minds of the people, as that of the heathen Pantheon on the inhabitants of modern Rome. I must take *Ovid's* maxim, "*Tempus egenis rebus*;" and endeavour to describe the effects which the absence of this salutary restraint upon our corrupt and selfish passions of this light, which extends our views beyond the bounds of a transitory world, has produced upon this unhappy country. More of this, however, hereafter. My first letter is addressed to you, my dear sister, and must therefore be personal.

Even your partiality would be little interested in my journey through England, or the circumstances attending my embarkation. And of my passage, it is enough to say, that sea-sick I was even unto the uttermost. All your fifteen infallible recipes proved unavailing. I could not brook the sight of a wooden-dish; ginger-bread nuts were detestable to my eyes, and are so to my recollection even at this moment. I could as soon have swallowed the horns of the Asch-fiend himself as the dose of hartshorn, and for the great goblet of sea-water, "too much of water had I, poor Ophelia." In short, he that would see as much misery, and as much selfishness, as can well be concentrated, without any permanent evil being either done or suffered, I invite him to hire a birth aboard a packet. Delicacy is lost; sympathy is no more; the bands of love and friendship are broken; one class of passengers eat and drink joyfully, though intermingled with another who are expressing their inward grievances in a manner, which, in any other situation, seldom fails to excite irresistable sympathy. The captain and the mate, comforters by profession, indeed may hurt you from time to time, to be of good cheer, and recommend a glass of grog, or possibly a pipe of tobacco, or at may be a morsel of fat bacon, to allay the internal commotion; but it is unnecessary to say how ill the remedies apply to the disorder. In short, if you are sick, sick you must be; and can have little better comfort than in reflecting that the evil must be of short duration, though were you to judge from your immediate feelings, you might conceive your life was likely to end first. As I neither met with a storm nor sea-fight, I do not know what effect they might produce upon a sea-sick patient; but such is the complete annihilation of energy; such the head-ach, the nausea, and depression of

spirits, that I think any stimulus short of the risk of being shot or drowned would fail of rousing him to any exertion. The best is, that a rival on the land proves a certain remedy for the sorrows of the sea; and I do not think that even your *materia medica* could supply any other.

Suppose your brother then landed among the mynheers and yafrows of Holland and Belgium, as it is now the fashion to call what, before our portentous times, was usually named Flanders. Strange sights meet his eyes; strange voices sound in his ears; and yet, by a number of whimsical associations, he is eternally brought back to the land of his nativity. The Flemings, in particular, resemble the Scotch in the cast of their features, the sound of their language, and apparently, in their habits of living, and of patient industry. They are, to be sure, a century at least behind in *costume* and manners; but the old chateau, consisting of two or three narrow houses, joined together by the gables, with a slender round turret ascending in the centre of the building, for the purpose of containing the staircase, is completely in the old style of Scottish dwelling houses. Then the avenue, and the acre or two of ground, planted with fruit trees in straight lines; the garden with high hedges, clipped by the gardener's art into verdant walls; the intermixture of statues and vases; the fountains and artificial pieces of water, may still be seen in some of our ancient mansions; and, to my indifferent taste, are no unnatural decorations in the immediate vicinity of a dwelling-place, and infinitely superior to the meagerness of bare turf and gravel. At least they seem peculiarly appropriate to so flat a country as Belgium, which, boasting no objects of natural beauty or grandeur, and being deprived in a great measure, even of the grace of living streams of water, must necessarily supply these deficiencies by the exertions of art. Nor does their taste appear to have changed since the days of William III. There seem to be few new houses built; and the old chateaux, and grounds around them, are maintained in the original style in which they were constructed. Indeed, an appearance of antiquity is one of the most distinguishing features which strike the traveller in the Low Countries. Dates, as far back as the fifteenth, and even fourteenth centuries, are inscribed upon the front of many of the houses, both in the country and in the towns and villages. And although I offended your national pride, my dear sister, when I happened to observe, that the Scotch, who are supposed to boast more than other nations of their ancient descent, in reality know less of their early history than any other people in Europe, yet, I think, you will allow, that our borough towns afford few visible monuments of the high claims we set up to early civilization.

Our neighbours, the English are not much more fortunate in this respect, unless we take into the account the fortresses built for the purpose of defence on the frontiers of Wales and Scotland, or their ancient and beautiful churches. But we look in vain for antiquity in the houses of the middling ranks; for the mansions of the country gentlemen, and the opulent burghers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, have, generally speaking, long since given place to the architecture of the earlier part of the last age, or the more fantastic structures of our own day. It is in the streets of Antwerp and Brussels that the eye still rests upon the forms of architecture which appear in the pictures of the Flemish school; those fronts, richly decorated with various ornaments, and terminating in roofs, the slope of which is concealed from the eye by windows and gables still more highly ornamented; the whole comprising a general effect, which from its grandeur and intricacy, amuses at once and delights the spectator. In fact, this rich intermixture of towers, and battlements, and projecting windows, highly sculptured, joined to the height of the houses, and the variety of ornament upon their fronts, produces an effect as superior to those of the tame uniformity of a modern street, as the casque of the warrior exhibits over the slouched broad-brimmed beaver of a Quaker. I insist the more on this, for the benefit of those of the fireside at * * * *, who are accustomed to take their ideas of a fine street from Portland-place, or from the George Street of Edinburgh, where a long and uniform breadth of causeway extends between two rows of ordinary houses of three stories, whose appearance is rendered mean by the disproportioned space which divides them, and tame from their unadorned uniformity.

If you talk, indeed, of comforts, I have no doubt that the internal arrangements of the last-named ranges of dwellings is infinitely superior to those of the ancient Flemings, where the windows are frequently high, narrow, and dark; where the rooms open into each other in such a manner as seems to render privacy impossible; where you sometimes pass into magnificent saloons, through the meanest and darkest of all possible entrances; and where a splendid corridore conducts you, upon other occasions, to a room scarce worthy of being occupied as a pig-sty,—by such pigs at least whose limbs are bred in England. It is for the exterior alone that I claim the praise of dignity and romantic character; and I cannot but think, that, without in the least neglecting the interior division necessary for domestic comfort, some of these beauties might, with great advantage, be adopted from the earlier school of architecture. That of the present day seems to me too much to resemble the pinished and pared foot of the ambitious Princess, who submitted to such severe discipline, in order to force her toes into the memorable glass slipper.

These marks of ancient wealth, and burgher-like opulence, do indeed greatly excel what could be expected from the architecture of Scotland at the same period. But yet, to return to the point from which I set out, there is something in the height of the houses, and the mode of turning their gables toward the streets which involuntarily reminds me of what the principal street of our northern capital was when I first recollect it.

If you enter one of these mansions, the likeness is far from disappearing. The owner, if a man of family, will meet you with his scraggy neck rising in shrivelled longitude out of the folds of a thinly-plaited stock. The cut of his coat, of his waistcoat, his well-preserved cocked-hat, his periwig, and camblet riding-coat, his mode of salutation, the kiss bestowed on each side of the face, all remind you of the dress and manners of the old Scotch laird. The women are not, I think, so handsome as my fair countrywomen, or my walks and visits were unfortunate in the specimens they presented of female beauty; but, then you have the old dress, with the screen or mantle hanging over the head, and falling down upon each shoulder, which was formerly peculiar to Scotland. The colour of this mantle is indeed different—in Scotland it was usually tartan, and in Flanders it is uniformly black. The inhabitants say they derive the use of it from the Spaniards, of whose dominions their country was so long a principal part. The dress and features of the lower class bear also a close resemblance to those of Scotland, and favour the idea held by most antiquaries, that the lowlanders, at least, are a kindred tribe. The constant intercourse our ancestors maintained with Flanders, from which, according to contemporary accounts, they derived almost every article which required the least skill in manufacture, must have added greatly to those points of original similarity.

The Flemings are said to be inferior to their neighbours of Holland in the article of scrupulous attention to cleanliness. But their cottages are neat and comfortable, compared to those of our country; and the garden and orchard, which usually surround them, give them an air of ease and snugness, far preferable to the raw and uninviting appearance of a Scotch cottage, with its fractured windows stuffed with old hats and pieces of tattered garments, and its door beset on one side by a dunghill, on the other by a heap of coals or peats.

These statistics, my dear Margaret, rather fall in

the Laird's province than yours. But your departments border closely upon each other; for those facts, in which he is interested as a Signeur de Village, affect you as a Lady Bountiful, and so the state of the cottages is a common topic, upon which either may be addressed with propriety.

Adieu! I say nothing of the pad nag and poor old Shock, because I am certain that whatever belongs peculiarly to Paul will be the object of special care during his absence. But I recommend to you to take some of the good advice which you lavish upon others; to remember that there are damps in Scotland as well as in Holland, and that colds and slow fevers may be caught by late evening walks in our own favourite climate, as well as in France or Belgium. Paul ever remains your affectionate Brother.

LETTER II.

PAUL TO HIS COUSIN THE MAJOR.

Bergen-op-Zoom—British Attack—General Skerret—Night Scene.

After all the high ideas, my dear Major, which your frequent and minute and reiterated details had given me, concerning the celebrated fortress of Bergen-op-Zoom, in former years the scene of your martial exploits, I must own its exterior has sadly disappointed me. I am well enough accustomed, as you know, to read the terms of modern fortification in the Gazette, and to hear them in the interesting narratives of your military experience; and I must own, that bastions and ravelins, half-moons, curtains, and palisades, have hitherto sounded in my ears every whit as grand and poetical as donjons and barbicans and portcullises, and other terms of ancient warfare. But I question much if I shall hereafter be able to think of them with exactly the same degree of respect.

A short reflection upon the principles of modern defence, and upon the means which it employs, might, no doubt, have saved me from the disappointment which I experienced. But I was not, as it happened, prepared to expect, that the strongest fortress in the Netherlands, or, for aught I know, in the world, the masterpiece of Cohorn, that prince of engineers, should, upon the first approach of a stranger, prove so utterly devoid of anything striking or imposing in its aspect. Campbell is, I think, the only English poet who has ventured upon the appropriate terms of modern fortification, and you will not be surprised that I recollect the lines of a favourite author,—

> ——— the tower
> That, like a standard-bearer, frown'd
> Defiance on the roving Indian power.
> Beneath, each bold and promontory mound,
> With embrasure emboss'd and armour crown'd,
> And arrowy frize, and wedged ravelin,
> Wove like a diadem its tracery round
> The lofty summit of that mountain green.

But, in order to give dignity to his arrowy frize and ravelin, the bard has placed his works on the edge of a steepy ascent. Bergen-op-Zoom is nothing less. Through a country as level as the surface of a lake, you jolt onward in your cabriolet, passing along a paved causeway, which, as if an inundation were apprehended, is raised upon a mound considerably higher than the champaign district which it traverses. At length, you spy the top of a poor looking spire or two, not rising proudly pre-eminent from a group of buildings, but exhibiting their slender and mean pinnacles above the surrounding glacis, as if they belonged to a subterranean city, or indicated the former situation of one which had been levelled with the ground. The truth is, that the buildings of the town, being sunk to a considerable depth beneath the sloping ramparts by which it is surrounded and protected, are completely hidden, and the defences themselves, to an inexperienced eye, present nothing but huge sloping banks of earth, cut into fanciful shapes and angles, and carefully faced with green turf. Yet the arrangement of these simple barriers, with reference to the command of each other, as well as of the neighbouring country, has been held, and I doubt not justly, the very perfection of military science. And, upon a nearer approach, even the picturesque traveller finds some gratification. This is chiefly experienced upon his entrance into the town. Here, turning at a short angle into a deep and narrow avenue, running through these mounds, which at a distance seemed so pacific and unimportant, he finds himself still excluded by draw-bridges and ditches, while guns, placed upon the adjoining batteries, seem ready to sweep the ground which he traverses. Still moving forward, he rolls over draw-bridges, whose planks clatter under the feet of his horses, and through vaulted arches, which resound to the eternal smack of his driver's whip. He is questioned by whiskered sentinels, his passports carefully examined, and his name recorded in the orderly-book; and it is only after these precautions that a stranger, though as unwarlike as myself, is permitted to enter the town. The impression is a childish one; yet a Briton feels some degree of unpleasant restraint, not only at undergoing a scrutiny, to which he is so little accustomed, but even from the consciousness of entering a place guarded with such scrupulous minuteness. It is needless to tell you, my dear Major, how much this is a matter of general routine in fortified places on the continent, and how soon the traveller becomes used to it as a matter of course. But I conclude you would desire to have some account of my first impressions upon such an occasion. To you, who speak as familiarly of roaring cannon

> As maids of fifteen do of puppy-dogs,

my expectations, my disappointment, and my further sensations, will probably appear ridiculous enough.

These formidable fortifications will soon be of little consequence, and may probably be permitted to go to decay. Bergen-op-Zoom, a frontier town of the last importance, while the Princes of Orange were only Stadtholders of the Seven united Provinces, is a central part of their dominions, since the Netherlands have been united into a single kingdom. Meantime, the town is garrisoned by a body of Land-poliz, which corresponds nearly to our local militia in the mode in which it is levied. All the disposable forces of the Netherlands have been sent forward into France, and more are still organizing to be despatched in the same direction.

In the evening, by permission of the commandant, I walked round the scene of your former exploits. But you must forgive me, if my attention was chiefly occupied by the more recent assault under our brave countryman, Lord Lyndock, which was so boldly undertaken, and so strangely disappointed, when success seemed almost certain. I was accompanied in my walk by a sensible native of the place, a man of Scotch descent, who spoke good English. He pretended to point out with accuracy the points on which the various assaults were made, and the spots where several of the gallant leaders fell. I cannot rest implicit faith in his narrative, because I know, and you know still better, how difficult it is to procure a just and minute account of such an enterprise, even from those who have been personally engaged in it, and how imperfect, consequently, must be the information derived from one who himself had it at second hand. Some circumstances, however, may be safely taken upon my guide's averment, because they are such as must have consisted with his own knowledge. But, first, it may be observed in general, that the history of war contains no example of a bolder attempt; and, if it failed of success, that failure only occurred after almost all the difficulties which could have been foreseen had been encountered and surmounted. In fact, the assailants, successful upon various points, were already in possession of by far the greater number of the bastions; and had they fortunately been in communication with each other, so as to have taken uniform measures for attacking the French in the town, they must have become masters of the place. It is even confidently said, that the

French commandant sent his aid-de-camp to propose a capitulation; but the officer being killed in the confusion, other and more favourable intelligence induced the Frenchman to alter his purpose. It has been generally alleged, that some disorder was caused by the soldiers, who had entered the town, finding access to the wine-houses. My conductor obstinately denied this breach of discipline. He said, that one of the attacking columns destined to cross the stream which forms the harbour, had unhappily attempted it before the tide had ebbed, and were obliged to wade through when it was of considerable depth; and he allowed, that the severity of the cold, joined to the wetting, might give them the appearance of intoxication. But when the prisoners were put under his charge in the church, of which he was sexton, he declared solemnly, that he did not see among them one individual who seemed affected by liquor. Perhaps his own predilections, or a natural desire to please his auditors, may have influenced his opinion. To resist such temptations to excess is not among the numerous excellencies of the British soldier.

The fate of a Dutch officer in our service, who led the attack upon one of the bastions, was particularly interesting. He was a native of the town, and it was supposed had been useful in furnishing hints for the attack. He led on his party with the utmost gallantry; and although the greater number of them fled, or fell, under a heavy fire—for the enemy were by this time upon the alert—he descended into the main ditch, crossed it upon the ice, and forced his way, followed by a handful of men, as far as the internal defences of the place. He had already mounted the inner glacis, when he was wounded in many places, and precipitated into the ditch; and, as his followers were unable to bring him off, he remained on the ice until next morning, when, being still alive, he became a prisoner to the French. Their first purpose was to execute him as a traitor, from which they were with difficulty diverted by a letter from the British general, accompanied by documents to establish how long he had been in the English service. The unfortunate gentleman was then permitted to retire from the hospital to his own house in the town, where he did not long survive the wounds he had received.*

I did not, you may believe, fail to visit the unfortunate spot, where Skerret, so celebrated for his gallantry in the peninsula, Gower, Mercer, Carleton, Macdonald, and other officers of rank and distinction, fell upon this unfortunate occasion. I was assured that General Skerret, after receiving a severe wound by which he was disabled, gave his watch and purse to a French soldier, requesting to be carried to the hospital; and that the ruffian dragged him down from the banquette only to pierce him with his bayonet. But I have since learned, from better authority, that this gallant officer fell on the spot.

While I listened to the details of this unhappy affair, and walked slowly and sadly with my conductor from one bastion to another, admiring the strength of the defences which British valour had so nearly surmounted, and mourning over the evil fate which rendered that valour fruitless, the hour of the evening, gradually sinking from twilight into darkness, suited well with the melancholy subject of my inquiries. Broad flashes of lambent lightning illuminated from time to time, the bastions which we traversed; and the figure of my companion, a tall, thin, elderly man, of a grave and interesting appearance, and who seemed, from his voice and manner, deeply impressed by recollections of the melancholy events which he detailed, was such as might appear to characterize their historian. A few broad and heavy drops of rain occasionally fell and ceased. And to aid the general effect, we heard from below the hollow roll of the drums announcing the setting of the watch, and the deep and sullen WER DA of the sentinels, as they challenged those who passed their station. I assure you this is no piece of imaginary scenery got up to adorn my letter, but the literal circumstances of my perambulation around the ramparts of Bergen-op-Zoom.

I presume you are now in active preparation for the Moors, where I wish you much sport. Do not fail to preserve for me my due share in your friendship, notwithstanding that, on the subject of Bergen-op-Zoom, I am now qualified to give you story for story. Such are the advantages which travellers gain over their friends. My next letter to you shall contain more interesting, as well as more recent and more triumphant military details.

I must not omit to mention, that in the church of Bergen-op-Zoom, a tablet of marble, erected by their brother-officers, records the names of the brave men who fell in the valorous, but ill-fated attack upon this famous fortress. For them, as for their predecessors who fell at Fontenoy, the imagination of the Briton will long body forth the emblematic forms of honour and freedom weeping by their monuments. Once more, farewell, and remember me.

* I have since been informed, from unquestionable authority, that this officer was not ill-treated by the French. It is remarkable, that he had personally ventured into the town to ascertain the possibility of success, the day before the attack was made.

LETTER III.

PAUL TO HIS COUSIN PETER.

Retrospect—Surrender of Paris—Bourbons restored—Emigrants—Noblesse—Clergy—Liberalists.

Thy politics, my dear Peter, are of the right Scottish cast. Thou knowest our old proverbial character of being *wise behind the hand*. After all, the wisdom which is rather deduced from events than formed upon predictions, is best calculated for a country politician, and smacks of the prudence, as well as of the aforesaid proverbial attribute of our national character. Yet, believe me, that though a more strict seclusion of the dethroned Emperor of France might have prevented his debarkment at Cannes, and although we and our allies might have spared the perilous farce of leaving him a globe and sceptre to play withal, there were, within France itself, elements sufficiently jarring to produce, sooner or later, a dreadful explosion. You daily politicians are so little in the practice of recollecting last year's news, that I may be excused recalling some leading facts to your recollection, which will serve as a text to my future lucubrations.

The first surrender of Paris had been preceded by so much doubt and by so many difficulties, that the final victory seems to have been a matter not only of exultation, but even of surprise, to the victors themselves. This great event was regarded rather as a gratification of the most romantic and extravagant expectations, than as a natural consequence of that course of re-action, the ebb of which brought the allies to the gates of Paris, as its tide had carried Bonaparte to those of Berlin and Vienna. Pleased and happy with themselves, and dazzled with the glory of their own exploit, the victors were in no humour to impose harsh conditions upon the vanquished; and the French, on their part, were delighted at their easy escape from the horrors of war, internal and external, of siege, pillage, and contribution. Bonaparte's government had of late become odious to the bulk of the people, by the pressure of taxation, by the recurring terrors of the proscription, but, above all, by the repeated disasters which the nation had latterly sustained. The constitutional charter, under which the Bourbon family were restored, was not only a valuable gift to those who really desired to be ensured against the re-establishment of despotism, but operated as a salvo to the wounded feelings of the still more numerous class, who wished that the crimes and calamities of the Revolution should not appear to be altogether thrown away, and who could now appeal to this Bill of Rights, as a proof that the French nation had not sinned and suffered in vain. The laboratory and chemical apparatus which were to have produced universal equality of rights, had in-

just exploded about the ears of the philosophical experimentalists, yet they consoled themselves with the privileges which had been assured to them by the King upon his restoration.—

> So though the Chemist his great secret miss,
> For neither it in art or nature is,
> Yet things well worth his toil he gains;
> And doth his charge and labour pay,
> With good unsought, experiments by the way.

All parties being thus disposed to be pleased with themselves and with each other, the occupation of the capital was considered as the close of the disasters which France had sustained, and converted into a subject of general jubilee, in which the Parisians themselves rejoiced, or affected to rejoice, as loudly as their unbidden guests. But this desirable state of the public mind was soon overcast, and the French, left to their own reflections, began speedily to exhibit symptoms both of division and dissatisfaction.

The first, but not the most formidable of their causes of discontent, arose from the pretensions of the emigrant noblesse and clergy.

At the restoration of Charles II. (to which we almost involuntarily resort as a parallel case,) the nobility and gentry of England, who had espoused the cause of his father, were in a very different condition from the emigrant nobles of France. Many had indeed fallen in battle, and some few by the arbitrary sentence of the usurper's courts of justice; but the majority, although impoverished by fines and sequestrations, still resided upon their patrimonial estates, and exercised over their tenantry and cottagers the rights of proprietors. Their influence, though circumscribed, was therefore still considerable; and had they been disposed to unite themselves into a party, separate from the other orders of the state, they had power to support the pretensions which they might form. But here the steady sense and candour, not only of Ormond and Clarendon, but of all the leading Cavaliers, induced them to avoid a line of conduct so tempting yet so perilous. The dangers of re-action, according to the modern phrase, were no sooner sounded into the public ear, by the pamphlets and speeches of those who yet clung to a republic, than every purpose, whether of revenge, or of a selfish and separate policy, was disowned in a manifesto, subscribed by the principal Royalists, in which they professed to ascribe their past misfortunes, not to any particular class of their fellow-citizens, but to the displeasure of the Almighty, deservedly visiting upon them their own sins and those of the community. Such was the declaration of the cavaliers at that important crisis; and though there were not wanting *royalistes purs et par excellence*, who, like Swift's correspondent, Sir Charles Wogan, censured the conduct of Clarendon for suffering to escape so admirable an opportunity to establish despotic authority in the crown, and vest feudal power in the nobility, I need not waste words in vindicating his moderate and accommodating measures to my discerning friend Peter.

The scattered remnants of the French noblesse, who survived to hail the restoration of the Bourbons, while they possessed no efficient power, held much more lofty pretensions than had been preferred by the aristocracy of Britain at the Restoration. It would be unjust to subscribe to the severe allegation, that they had forgot nothing, and learned nothing, during their long exile; yet it can hardly be either doubted or wondered at, that they retained their prejudices and claims as a separate and privileged class, distinguished alike by loyalty and sufferings in the cause of the exiled family, to a point inconsistent with the more liberal ideas of a community of rights, which, in despite both of the frenzy of the Revolution and the tyranny of Bonaparte, had gradually gained ground among the people at large. And, while the once privileged classes maintained such pretensions, they were utterly devoid of the means of effectually asserting them. Long years of banishment had broken off their connexion with the soil of France, and their influence over those by whom it is cultivated. They were even divided among themselves into various classes; and the original emigrants, whose object it was to restore the royal authority by the sword, looked with dislike and aversion upon the various classes of exiles of a later date, whom each successive wave of the Revolution had swept from their native land. Their own list did not appear to exhibit any remarkable degree of talent; those among them whose exile was contemporary with their manhood, were now too old for public business, and those who were younger had become, during their long residence abroad, strangers, in a manner, to the customs and habits of their country; while neither the aged nor the young had the benefit of practical experience in public affairs. It was not among such a party, however distinguished by birth, by loyalty, by devotion in the royal cause, that Louis XVIII. could find, or hope to find, the members of an useful, active, and popular administration. Their ranks contained many well qualified to be the grace and ornament of a court; but few, it would seem, fitted for the support and defence of a throne. Yet who can wonder, that the men who had shared the misfortunes of their sovereign, and shown in his cause such proofs of the most devoted zeal, were called around him in his first glimpse of prosperity; and that, while ascending the throne, he entertained towards this class of his subjects, bound to him, as they were,

> "By well-tried faith, and friendship's holy ties,"

the affections of a kind and grateful master? One distinguished emigrant, observing the suspicion and odium which so excusable a partiality awakened against the monarch, had the courage to urge, that, to ensure the stability of the throne, their sentence of banishment should have continued by the royal edict for ten years at least after the restoration of the house of Bourbon. It was in vain that the advocates of Louis called upon the people to observe, that no open steps had been taken in favour of the emigrants. Their claims were made and pleaded upon every hand; and, if little was expressly done in their favour, suspicion whispered, that the time was only waited for when ALL could be granted with safety. These suspicions, which naturally occurred even to the candid, were carefully fostered and enlarged upon by the designing; and the distant clank of the feudal fetters were sounded into the ears of the peasants and burghers, while the uncertainty of property alarmed the numerous and powerful proprietors of forfeited domains.

The dislike to the clergy, and the fear of their reviving claims upon the confiscated church-lands, excited yet greater discontent than the king's apprehended partiality to the emigrants. The system of the Gallic church had been thoroughly undermined before its fall. Its constitution had been long irretrievably shattered; the whole head was sick, and the whole heart was faint. Doctrines of infidelity, every where general among the higher ranks, were professed by none with more publicity than by the superior orders of the clergy; and, respecting moral profligacy, it might be said of the church of France as of Ilion,—

> *Intra mœnia peccatur, et extra.*

It is no wonder, that in a system so perverted, neither the real worth of many of the clergy, nor the enthusiastic zeal of others, was able to make a stand against the tide of popular odium, skilfully directed towards the church and its ministers by the reigning demagogues. Our Catholic Highland neighbour must also pardon us, if we account the superstitious doctrines of his church among the chief causes of her downfall. The necessity of manning outworks, which are incapable of being effectually defended, adds not a little to the perplexities of a besieged garrison. Thus the sarcasms and sneers, justified, at least in our heretical eyes, by some part of the Catholic doctrines, opened the way for universal contempt of the Christian system. At any rate, nothing is more certain, than that a general prejudice was, during the Revolution, successfully excited

against the clergy, and that, among the lower Parisians in particular, it still exists with all its violence. Even on the day when the rabble of the Fauxbourgs hailed the triumphal return of Bonaparte to his throne, their respect for the hero of the hour did not prevent them from uttering the most marked expressions of dislike and contempt when Cardinal Fesch appeared in the procession. The cry was general, *A bas la calotte!* and the uncle of the restored emperor was obliged to dismount from his palfrey, and hide himself in a carriage.

The king and the Comte D'Artois are, in their distresses, understood to have sought and found consolation in the exercise of religious duties. They continued, in gratitude, those devotions which they had commenced in humble submission, and their regard was naturally extended to the ministers of that religion which they professed and practised. Conduct in itself so estimable, was, in the unhappy state of the public mind, misrepresented to their subjects. The landholders were alarmed by fear of the re-establishment of tithes; the labouring poor, and the petty shopkeeper, regarded the enforcing the long-neglected repose of the Sabbath, as a tax upon their industry and time, amounting to the hire of one day's labour out of the seven. The proprietors of church lands were alarmed, more especially when the rash zeal of some of the priesthood refused the offices of the church to those who had acquired its property. The Protestants in the south of France remembered the former severities exercised against them by the sovereigns of the house of Bourbon, and trembled for their repetition under a dynasty of monarchs, who professed the Catholic faith with sincerity and zeal. Add to these the profligate who hate the restraints of religion, and the unthinking, who ridicule its abstracted doctrines, and you will have some idea how deeply this cause operated in rendering the Bourbons unpopular.

Those who dreaded, or pretended to dread, the innovations which might be effected by the influence of the clergy and the nobles,—a class which included, of course, all the old partizans of democratical principles,—assumed the name of Constitutionalists, and afterwards of Liberalists. The one was derived from their great zeal for the constitutional charter; the other from their affected superiority to the prejudices of ancient standing. Their ranks afforded a convenient and decent place of refuge for all those, who, having spent their lives in opposing the Bourbon interest, were now compelled to submit to a monarch of that family. They boasted, that it was not the person of the king to which they submitted, but the constitution which he had brought in his hand. Their party contained many partizans, especially among men distinguished by talent. Democracy, according to Burke, is the foodful nurse of ambition; and men, who propose to rise by the mere force of their genius, naturally favour that form of government which offers fewest restraints to their career. This party was also united and strengthened by possessing many of those characters who had played the chief parts in the Revolution, and who were fitted, both by talents and experience, to understand and conduct the complicated ramifications of political intrigue.

Among those best qualified to "ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm," was the celebrated Fouché, Duke of Otranto, whose intimate acquaintance with every intrigue in France had been acquired when he exercised the office of minister of the police under the emperor. There is every reason to think that this person had no intention of pushing opposition into rebellion; and that it was only his purpose to storm the cabinet, not to expel the monarch. It cannot be denied, that there were among the Liberalists, the materials for forming what is called in England a constitutional opposition, who, by assailing the ministry in the two Chambers, might have compelled them to respect the charter of the constitution; and to those amongst them, who were actuated either by the love of rational liberty, or by a modified and regulated spirit of ambition, the reign of the Bourbons afforded much greater facilities than the restoration of the military despotism of Bonaparte. Even to the very last moment, Fouché is said to have looked round for some *mezzo termine*, some means of compromise, which might render unnecessary the desperate experiment of the emperor's restoration. When Napoleon had landed, and was advancing towards Lyons, Fouché demanded an audience of the king upon important business. The interview was declined, but two noblemen were appointed by Louis to receive his communication. He adverted to the perilous situation of the king; and offered even yet, provided his terms were granted, to arrest Napoleon's progress towards the capital. The ministers required to know the means which he meant to employ. He declined to state them, but professed himself confident of success. On his terms he was less reserved. He announced them to be, that the Duke of Orleans should be proclaimed lieutenant-general of the kingdom; and that Fouché himself and his party should immediately be called to offices of trust and power. These terms were of course rejected; but it was the opinion of the well-informed person from whom I had this remarkable anecdote, that Fouché would have been able to keep his word.

His recipe was not, however, put to the test; and he and his party immediately acceded to the conspiracy, and were forced onward by those formidable agents, of whom it may be observed, that, like fire and water, they are excellent servants, but dreadful masters,—I mean the army, whose state, under the Bourbons, deserves the consideration of a separate epistle.—Ever, my dear friend, I remain sincerely yours,

PAUL.

LETTER IV.

TO THE SAME.

Retrospect—the Army—Unpopularity of Louis—the Army dissatisfied—Irritation of the French—Departure of Allied Troops—Insults offered to Foreigners—Hostile Feelings of Government—Conspiracy in the Army—Bonaparte's Return—the Army join him—his Arrival at Paris—all hopes of Peace removed—Liberals join Bonaparte—the Royalists.

I LEFT off in my last with some account of the Constitutionalists, Liberalists, or whatsoever they are called, who opposed, from various causes, the measures of Louis XVIII., without having originally any purpose of throwing themselves into the arms of Bonaparte. To this desperate step they were probably induced by the frank and universal adhesion of the army to the commander under whom they had so often conquered. No man ever better understood both how to gain and how to maintain himself in the hearts of his soldiers than Bonaparte. Brief and abrupt in his speech, austere and inaccessible in his manners to the rest of his subjects, he was always ready to play the *bon camarade* with his soldiers; to listen to their complaints, to redress their grievances, and even to receive their suggestions. This accessibility was limited to the privates and inferior officers. To the marechals and generals he was even more distant and haughty than to his other subjects. Thus he connected himself intimately and personally with the main body of the army itself, but countenanced no intermediate favourite, whose popularity among the troops might interfere with his own.

To the motives of personal attachment, so deeply rooted, and so industriously fostered, must be added the confidence of the soldiers in military talents so brilliantly displayed, and in the long course of victory which had identified the authority of Napoleon with the glory of the French arms. To a train of the most uniform and splendid success, they might indeed have opposed the reverses of the peninsular war, or the disastrous retreat from Moscow and the battle of Leipsic, with all the subsequent reverses; but, as soldiers and as Frenchmen, they were little inclined to dwell upon the darker shades of the retrospect. Besides, partiality and national vanity

found excuses for these misfortunes. In the peninsula, Bonaparte did not command; in Russia, the elements fought against him; at Leipsic, he was deserted by the Saxons; and in France, betrayed, as they pretended, by Marmont. Besides, a great part of the soldiers who, in 1814-15, filled the French ranks, had been prisoners of war during Bonaparte's last unfortunate campaigns, and he was only experimentally known to them as the victor of Marengo, Ulm, Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, and Wagram. You cannot have forgotten the enthusiasm with which the prisoners on parole at —— used to speak of the military renown of the emperor; nor their frank declaration at leaving us, that they might fight with their hands for the Bourbons, but would fight with hand and heart for Napoleon. Even the joy of their return seemed balanced, if not overpowered, by the reflection, that it originated in the dethronement of the emperor. To recollect the sentiments of these officers, unsuppressed even in circumstances most unfavourable for avowing them, will give you some idea of the ardour with which they glowed when they found themselves again in arms, and forming part of a large and formidable military force, actuated by the same feelings.

It was the obvious policy of the Bourbons to eradicate, if possible, this dangerous attachment, or to give it a direction towards the reigning family. For this purpose, every attention was paid to the army; they were indulged, praised, and flattered; but flattery, praise, and indulgence, were only received as the surly mastiff accepts, with growling sullenness, the food presented to him by a new master. There was no common tone of feeling to which the Bourbons could successfully appeal. It was in vain they attempted to conjure up the antiquated fame of *Henri Quatre* to men who, if ever they had heard of that monarch, must have known that his martial exploits were as much beneath those of Bonaparte, as his moral character was superior to the Corsican's. In the reigning family there was no individual who possessed so decided a military character as to fill, even in appearance, the loss which the army had sustained in their formidable commander; and the moment of national difficulty was unfortunately arrived, in which the personal activity of the monarch, a circumstance which, in peaceful times, is of little consequence, was almost indispensably essential to the permanence of his authority.

Burke says somewhere, that the king of France, when restored, ought to spend six hours of the day on horseback. "I speak," he adds, "according to the letter." The personal infirmities of the good old man, who has been called to wear this crown of thorns, put the required activity out of the question. But the justice of the maxim has not been the less evident. Not only the soldiers, but the idle and gaping population of Paris, despised the peaceful and meritorious tranquillity of Louis XVIII., and recalled with regret the bustling and feverish movements of Bonaparte, which alternately gave them terror and surprise and amusement. Indeed, such was the restless activity of the ex-emperor's disposition, that he contrived, as it were, to multiply himself in the eyes of the Parisians. In an incredible short space of time, he might be seen in the most distant quarters of the city, and engaged in the most different occupations. Now he was galloping along a line of troops,—now alone, or with a single aid-de-camp, inspecting some public building,—in another quarter you beheld him in his carriage,—and again found him sauntering among the objects of the fine arts in the Louvre. With a people, so bustling, so active, and so vain-glorious as the French, this talent of ubiquity went a great way to compensate the want of those virtues which the emperor did not pretend to, and which the legitimate monarch possesses in such perfection. "The king," said an Englishman to a Frenchman, "is a man of most excellent dispositions."—"*Sans doute.*"—"Well read and well informed."—"*Mais oui.*—"A gentleman in his feelings and manners."—"*Assurément, Monsieur, il est né François.*"—"Placable, merciful, moral, religious."—"*Ah, d'accord—mais après tout,*" (a mode in which a Frenchman always winds up his argument,) "*il faut avouer, qu'un Roi qui ne peut monter à cheval est un bien chétif animal.*"—This opinion, in which the possession of the equestrian art was balanced against all mental qualities, is not peculiar to the person by whom it was delivered; and it is certain that the king's affairs suffered greatly by his being unable to show himself, even in the exterior appearance, as a military commander. Ney, who was probably for the time sincere in his professions of zeal to the sovereign whom he so soon afterwards deserted, recommended that he should review the regiments as they passed through Paris, even if it were in a litter. But the affecting apology of the king is best pleaded in the words of his own manifesto. "Enfeebled by age and twenty-five years of misfortune, I cannot say, like my ancestor, *Rally around my white plume;* but I am willing to follow to the dangers to which I cannot lead."

None of the royal family, unfortunately, possessed the temper and talents necessary for supplying the king's deficiencies. The Duke d'Angouleme, like his father Monsieur, was retired, and understood to be bigoted to the Catholic observances, and much ruled by the clergy. The Duke de Berri, with more activity, had a fierce and ungovernable temper, which often burst out upon improper and unseemly occasions. Under their auspices, the attempts to new-model the army, by gradually introducing officers attached to the royal family, gave much offence, without producing any sensible advantage. In some instances the new officers were not received by the corps to whom they were sent; in some they were deprived of the influence which should attend their rank, by the combination of the soldiers and officers; in other cases, they were perverted by the universal principles of the corps whom they were appointed to command; and, finally, there were instances, as in the case of Labedoyere, in which the court were imposed upon by specious professions, and induced to promote persons the most inimical to the royal interests. The re-establishment of the household troops, in which a comparatively small body of *gardes de corps* were, at a great expense, and with peculiar privileges, established as the immediate guardians of the king's person, was resented by the army in general, but more especially by the *ci-devant* imperial, now royal, guards.

In a word, matters had gone so far, that the army, as in Cromwell's time, existed as an isolated and distinct body, not under the government of the legislature, but claiming exclusive rights and privileges, and enjoying a separate and independent political existence of its own. Whenever this separation between the civil and military orders takes place, revolution and civil war cannot be far distant.

But there was one powerful cause of irritation common to the French nation in general, though particularly affecting the army. That very people of Europe, the most ambitious of fame in arms, who so lately and so fully stood possessed of the palm of conquest, which for centuries had been the object of their national ambition, had at once lost that pre-eminence, and with it

> The earthquake-voice of victory,
> To "them" the breath of life.

The height to which their military reputation had been raised, the enormous sacrifices which had been made to attain it, the rapid extension of the empire, and the suddenness of their fall in power and in esteem, were subjects of the most embittered reflection. We in Britain vainly imagined, that the real losses which France sustained in extending her influence and her triumphs, must have disgusted her with the empty fame for which she paid so dearly. But however the French might feel under the immediate pressure of each new conscription, nothing is more certain than that their griefs, like the irritation of men impressed into our naval service, were forgotten in the eclat of the next victory, and that all the waste of blood and treasure by which it was

obtained, was accounted a cheap expenditure for the glory of France.

When a people, with minds so constituted, beheld within the walls of their capital the troops of the nations whom they had so often subdued, their first effort was to disguise, even from themselves, the humiliation to which they were subjected. When they had looked so long upon a stranger as to be certain he was not laughing at them, which seemed to be their first apprehension, their usual opening was a begging of the general question:—"You know we were not conquered—our reception of the king was a voluntary act—our general and unanimous joy bears witness that this is the triumph of peace over war, not of Europe over France." With such emollients did they endeavour to dress the surface of a wound which internally was inflamed and rankled.

These harmless subterfuges of vanity held good, until they had forgotten the late alarming and precarious state in which their country had been placed, and particularly until the departure of the allied troops (a measure most impolitically precipitate) had removed the wholesome awe which the presence of a superior force necessarily imposed. Then instantly operated the principle of Tacitus—*qui timeri desierint, odisse incipient.* A thousand hostile indications, trifling perhaps individually, but important from their number and reiteration, pointed out the altered state of the public mind towards the allies. The former complaisance of the French nation, founded perhaps as much upon their good opinion of themselves as on their natural disposition to oblige others, was at once overclouded, and the sight of a foreigner became odious, as reminding them of the aspect of a conqueror. Caricatures, farces, lampoons, all the *petite guerre* by which individual malice has occasionally sought gratification, were resorted to, as the only expressions of wounded feeling now competent to the Great Nation. The equanimity with which the English in particular gave the losers leave to laugh as loudly as losers and beaten men could, rather exasperated than appeased the resentment of the French. The most unoffending foreigners were exposed to insult, and embroiled in personal quarrels with gratuitous antagonists in the public places of Paris, where, in former times, the name of a stranger was a sufficient protection, even when an aggressor. All these circumstances indicated a tone of feeling, ulcerated by the sense of degradation, and which burned to regain self-opinion by wreaking vengeance on their conquerors. The nation was in the situation of losing gamblers, who reflect indeed upon their losses with mortification and regret, but without repenting the folly which caused them; and, like them also, the French only waited some favourable conjuncture again to peril the remains of their fortune upon the same precarious hazard.

The language of the government of France was gradually and insensibly tinged by the hostile passions of her population. The impatient and irritated state of the army dictated to her representative, even at the Congress, a language different from what the European republic had a right to expect from the counsellors of the monarch whom their arms had restored. It is probable the government felt that their army resembled an evoked fiend pressing for employment, and ready to tear to pieces even the wizard whom he serves, unless instantly supplied with other means of venting his malevolence. But if it was a part of the Bourbon policy, rather to encounter the risk and loss of an external war, than to leave their army in peace and at leisure to brood over their discontents and disgraces, they had no time allowed them to make the ungracious experiment. A plot was already on foot and far advanced, to ensure, as it was supposed, the recovery of the national glory, by again placing on the throne him, under whose auspices, and by whose unparalleled military successes, it had been formerly raised to the highest pitch of military splendour.

Such was the influence of the various causes which I have endeavoured to detail, that the reception of the insinuations of the conspirators, particularly in the army, exceeded their wishes, and that their plot nearly broke out before the time proposed. It is at least pretty certain that their zeal outwent the discretion of their principal, and that Napoleon more than once declined the invitations which he received to return from Elba. The co-operation of Murat was a point of extreme moment; and until a Neapolitan army could approach the north of Italy, Bonaparte's situation must have been desperate, supposing him to have received a check in the south of France at the onset of his expedition. A series of dark intrigues, therefore, commenced between the principal conspirators and king Joachim, which ended in his winding up his courage to the perilous achievement which they recommended. In the north of Italy were many officers and soldiers who had formerly served under Eugene Beauharnois. And it was reasonably believed, considering the weak state of the Austrians, that Murat's army, Neapolitans as they were, might have at least made their way so far as to have recruited their ranks by the union of these veterans.

Internally the conspiracy proceeded with the most surprising secrecy and success. The meetings of the chief leaders were held under the auspices of Madame Maret, Duchess of Bassano. But subordinate agents were to be found every where, and more especially among the coffee-houses and brothels of the Palais Royale, those assemblages of every thing that is desperate and profligate. "Bonaparte," said a Royalist to me the other day, "had with him all the *rouge-men* and all the *rouge-women*, and, in our country, their numbers are nineteen out of twenty." One of these places of nocturnal rendezvous, called the Caffè Montaussier, was distinguished for the audacity with which its frequenters discussed national politics, and the vociferous violence with which they espoused the cause of the dethroned emperor. That the police, whose surveillance in Bonaparte's reign, extended to the fire-side and bed-chamber of every citizen, should have either overlooked, or observed with supine indifference, those indications of treason in places open for public rendezvous, argues the incapacity of the superior directors, and the treachery of those who were employed under them. Even the partial discovery of Excelmen's correspondence with Murat served but to show the imbecility of a government, who could not, or durst not, bring him to punishment. The well-known symbol of the violet, by which Bonaparte's friends intimated his return to France with the re-appearance of that flower in spring, was generally known and adopted, at least two months before the period of his landing, yet attracted no attention on the part of the police. Indeed, so gross was their negligence, that a Frenchman, finding his friend ignorant of some well-known piece of news, observed, in reply, *Vous êtes apparemment de la police?* as if to belong to that body inferred a necessary ignorance of every thing of importance that was going forward in the kingdom.

With so much activity on the one side, and such supine negligence on the other, joined to a state of public feeling so favourable to his enterprize, one is scarcely surprised at Napoleon's wonderful success. The mass of the army went over to him as one man; and the superior officers, who found their influence too feeble to check the progress of the invader, took, with a few distinguished exceptions, the resolution to swim along with the stream which they could not oppose. But, however discontented with the government of the Bourbons, the middle ranks in civil life were alarmed as with a clap of thunder by this momentous event. They beheld themselves once more engaged in a war with all Europe, and heard once more the Prussian trumpets at the gates of the metropolis. To dispel these alarms, Napoleon, with a versatile address, which could hardly have succeeded any where save in France, endeavoured to put such a colour upon his own views as best suited those whom he was immediately addressing. To the army, his proclamation, issued at Lyons, held forth immediate war,

conquest, and the re-establishment of the military fame of France. But, when he reached Paris, he seemed anxious to modify this declaration. He appealed to the Treaty of Paris, by which he pretended to abide, and he expressed himself contented that the rights and boundaries of France should be limited according to the wishes of the allied powers as there expressed. He did more; he even alleged that his enterprize was executed with their connivance. With the assurance of a shameless charlatan, as one author expresses it, he asserted, that his escape was countenanced by England, otherwise, as he reasoned with apparent force, how was he permitted to leave Elba? and that his restoration had the approbation of Austria would be made manifest, he pretended, by the immediate return of Maria Louisa and her son to the French territory. He even carried the farce so far as to prepare and send away state carriages to meet those valued pledges of his father-in-law's amity, conscious that the success of this gross imposition would serve his cause during the moments of general doubt and indecision, though certain to be discovered in a very few days. Meanwhile, an attempt was actually made to carry off his son from the city of Vienna, and defeated only by the want of presence of mind in one of the conspirators, who, being arrested by the police, imprudently offered a handful of gold to obtain his escape, which excited the attention and suspicion of the officer who had seized him. No doubt, had the attempt succeeded, the restoration of the child would have been represented as the effects of the favour of Austria towards the father.

The declarations of the allied powers soon removed the hopes of peace, by which those who were pacifically disposed had been, for a short time, flattered. A war, of a kind altogether new, with respect to the extent of the military preparations, was now approaching and imminent, and the address of Chatterton's Sir Charles Baudin to the English might have been well applied to the people of France,—

> "Say, were ye tired of godly peace,
> And godly Henry's reign,
> That you would change your easy days
> For those of blood and pain?
>
> Ah! fickle people, ruin'd land,
> Thou wilt know peace noe moe;
> When Richard's sons exalt themselves,
> Thy streets with blood shall flow.

But there remained comfort to the more peaceable part of the community in the confidence of assured victory, so warmly expressed by the soldiers, and then they hoped that the short and successful war would conclude so soon as France should be restored to, what they were pleased to term, her natural boundaries. *Paix au dela du Rhin* was the general wish—the soldiers affected to aim at no more remote conquest—the citizen was willing to face the burthens of a war for an object so limited, and for the re-establishment of *la gloire nationale*. And thus were the versatile people of Paris induced to look with an eye of hope, instead of terror, upon the approaching storm.

Those who were attached to the parties of the Liberalists and Royalists saw Bonaparte's successful progress with other eyes. But the Liberalists, severed from the family of Bourbon by the opinions and incidents which I have already detailed to you, were, in a manner, forced into the service of the new emperor, although, doubtless, their wishes were to substitute a government of a more popular construction for that of the restored monarch. Their chiefs, too, the philosophical Carnot, and the patriotic Fouché, did not disdain to accept, from the hand of the restored heir of the Revolution, the power, dignities, and emoluments which he artfully held out to them. And, in becoming a part of his administration, they were supposed to warrant to him the attachment of their followers; while Napoleon, by professing to embrace the constitution with some stipulations in favour of general freedom, was presumed to give a sufficient pledge that henceforth he was to regard himself only as the head of a limited monarchy. How far this good understanding would have survived his return to Paris with victory, it is scarce necessary to inquire; for not even the adhesion of Carnot and Fouché prevented symptoms of open feud between their party and the Imperialists, evinced in many tart debates in the lower chamber of Representatives, from which it is evident, that they regarded each other with aversion and suspicion, and that their union was not likely to survive the circumstances which occasioned it.

In the meanwhile, they were embarked in a common cause; and it does not appear that the Liberalists were slack in affording assistance to Bonaparte in his preparations for external war. Like the factions in Jerusalem, during her final siege, they suspended their mutual dissensions until they should have repulsed the common enemy. There is, nevertheless, a rumour, which is at least countenanced by the favour which Fouché for some time held at the court of Louis XVIII., that even while the king was at Ghent, the wily chief of the Liberalists maintained a correspondence with his ex-monarch. But, in general, that party, comprehending the various classes of Liberalists, from the Constitutionalist to the Jacobin, may be considered as having identified themselves with the Imperialists, and undertaken the same chance of battle to which the adherents of Bonaparte had made their solemn appeal.

There was a third party in France, and a powerful one, if its real force could have been mustered and called into action. For, notwithstanding all that I have said of the various causes which divided the opinions of the nation, it must necessarily be supposed that the Bourbon family had, in many provinces, an equal, and in some a predominating interest. Unfortunately, the Royalists, being taken at unawares, remained altogether stupified and paralyzed by the sudden and unanimous defection of the army. The premature, or ill-conducted attempts of resistance at Marseilles and Bourdeaux, were so easily subdued, as to discredit and discountenance all further opposition. In La Vendee only there was an open military resistance to Bonaparte under the banners of the king, and there it was speedily brought to an end by the exertions of the Imperial General, who has since received just credit for employing more mild means for that purpose than were authorized by his instructions.

The Royalists, in the other provinces, contented themselves with opposing a sort of *vis inertiæ* to the efforts which Napoleon made for calling forth the national force, and awaited with anxiety, but without any active exertion, the expected progress of the allies. This passive resistance was particularly remarkable in the departments of the North, several of which would render Napoleon no assistance, either in recruits or money, and where entreaties, threats, and even attempts at force, could not put in motion a single battalion of the National Guard.

On the other hand, the Eastern departments which bordered on Germany, met the wishes of Bonaparte in their utmost extent. They remembered the invasion of the preceding year with all the feelings of irritation which such recollections naturally produce. Accordingly, they formed free corps of volunteers—laboured at fortifying towns and passes—constructed *têtes-du-pont*—and multiplied all means of defence which the face of the country afforded. Thus it happened, fortunately for Bonaparte, that the part of the kingdom whose inhabitants were most disposed to consider the war as a national quarrel, was that of which the territory was most immediately open to invasion.

I shall continue this statement, my dear Peter, in a letter to the Major, to whose department the military details properly belong; and, in the mean while, am ever yours,

PAUL.

LETTER V.

PAUL TO THE MAJOR.

Promptitude of Napoleon—Military Preparations—Defeat of Murat—Disposition of the French Army—Artillery—Cavalry—Cuirassiers—Infantry—Bonaparte's Plan for Opening the Campaign—Proposed Advance into Belgium—Self-importance of the Soldiery—Their Feuds—The Army Assembled—Bonaparte's Address.

I PRESUME, my dear major, that our political friend has communicated to you my last epistle. My next enters upon high matters, which I have some scruple to treat of to you; for who would willingly read lectures upon the art of war before Alexander the Great? But, after all, as Waterloo was a battle very different from that of Bunker's-hill, and from two or three other later actions, with the details of which you often regale us, I conceive that even a bungling account of it from a tactician so wretched as I am, may afford some matter for your military commentaries. At any rate, active investigation has not been wanting; as I have surveyed the fields of action, and conversed familiarly with many of the distinguished officers, who there laid a claim to the eternal gratitude of their country. Your kindness will excuse my blunders, and your ingenuity will be applied to detect and supply my deficiencies.

No part of Napoleon's political life, marked as it has always been by the most rapid and extraordinary promptitude in military preparation, affords such a display of activity, as the brief interval which occurred between his resuming the imperial sceptre, and resigning it, it is to be presumed, for ever. Although the conciliating the Liberalists, and paralyzing the Royalists, occupied some time; and although it was necessary to sacrifice several days to show, and to the national love of fanfaronade, he was never an instant diverted from his purpose. While he seemed to be fully occupied with the political discussions of the various parties,—with shows, and processions, and reviews of corps of children under twelve years old, his more serious preparations for the death-struggle which he expected to encounter, were as gigantic in their character as incessant in their progress. Every effort was used to excite the population to assume arms, and to move forward corps of national guards to relieve in garrison the troops of the line now called into more active service. And while Bonaparte was convoking in the Champ de Mai, as his mock assembly of the people was fantastically entitled, a number of persons to whom the revolution had given dangerous celebrity, together with his own military adherents,—a class of men of all others most unfit for being members of a deliberative assembly,—while, I say, this political farce was rehearsing and acting, the real tragedy was in active preparation. Cannon, muskets, arms of every description, were forged and issued from the manufactories and arsenals with incredible celerity. The old corps were recruited from the conscripts of 1814; retired veterans were again called forth to their banners; new levies were instituted, under the various names of free-corps, federés, and volunteers; the martial spirit of France was again roused to hope and energy; and the whole kingdom seemed transformed at once into an immense camp, of which Napoleon was the leader and soul. One large army defiled towards Belgium, where the neighbourhood of the English and Prussian troops excited alarm; other armies were assembled in Alsace, in Lorraine, in Franche Compte, at the foot of the Alps, and on the verge of the Pyrenees. It only remained to be discovered on which side the storm was to burst.

There is little doubt, that Bonaparte, reckoning upon the success of Murat, or hoping at least on his making a permanent diversion, had destined the north of Italy for the first scene of active and personal warfare. A threat in that quarter would have been sufficient to divert from the main struggle the whole force of Austria, already sensible, from sad experience, how vulnerable she was through her Italian frontier. Many of the Russian troops would probably have been detached to her assistance, and while a triple barrier of fortresses and garrisons of the first order, with a strong covering army, was opposed on the frontier of Flanders to the English and Prussian armies, Bonaparte himself might have taken the field on the theatre of his original triumphs, and have removed the war from the French territory, with the certainty, in case of success, that his army would be recruited among the Cisalpine veterans of Eugene Beauharnois. But Austria, on this pressing alarm, exerted herself with an activity unknown to her annals; and the troops which she rapidly hurried forward to meet Murat, exhibited, in the very first conflicts, the military superiority of the northern warriors.—"These barbarians," said the Neapolitans, after the skirmish at Rimini, "fight as if they had two lives; what chance have we against them, who pretend only to one?" And to save that single title to existence, Murat's army fled with such celerity, and so little resistance, that the campaign was ended almost as soon as begun, and with it terminated the reign of King Joachim over the delicious kingdom of Naples. No king, in a fairy tale, ever obtained a crown so easily, or lost it in a manner so simple, and at the same time so speedy. His discomfiture was attended with the most disadvantageous consequences to Bonaparte, who thus appeared hermetically sealed within the realm of France, by hostile armies advancing on all hands, and compelled to await the conflict upon his own ground.

But he neither lost courage, nor slackened his preparations, on account of his relative's disaster. The French grand army, already in the highest order, was still further augmented in number and equipments. It became now obvious, that Flanders, or the adjoining French frontier, must be the scene of action. The general head-quarters were fixed at Laon; a very strong position, where some preparations were made for forming an army of reserve, in case of a disaster. The first corps occupied Valenciennes, and the second Maubeuge, communicating by their right wing with the armies assembled in the Ardennes and on the Moselle, and resting their left upon the strong fortifications of Lisle. Here they waited the numerous reinforcements of every kind which Bonaparte poured towards their position.

The deficiency of artillery was chiefly apprehended. The allies had, in 1814, carried off most of the French field-trains. But, by incredible exertions, the loss was more than supplied; for, besides the usual train attached to separate corps, each division of the army had a park of reserve, and the imperial guard, in particular, had a superb train of guns, consisting almost entirely of new pieces. It is remarkable, that in casting these fine engines of war, the old republican moulds had, in general, been employed; for I observed, that most of the guns taken at Waterloo have engraved upon them the emphatic inscriptions, Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité, and so forth; not to mention others, which, in honour of philosophy, bore the names of Voltaire, Rousseau, and other writers of deistical eminence. The army in all possessed more than three hundred guns; a quantity of artillery which has been thought rather beyond the proportion of its numbers.

Cavalry was another species of force in which Bonaparte was supposed to be peculiarly weak. But the very reverse proved to be the case. The care of Louis XVIII. had remounted several of the regiments which had suffered in the campaigns of 1813 and 1814; and the exertions of Napoleon and his officers completed their equipment, as well as the levy of others; so that a finer body of cavalry never took the field. They were upwards of twenty thousand in number; of whom the lancers were distinguished by their address, activity, and ferocity; and the cuirassiers, of whom there are said to have been nine regiments, by the excellence of their appointments, and the superior power of their horses. This last corps was composed of soldiers selected for their bravery and experience, and gave the most decisive proofs of both in the dreadful battle of Waterloo. Their cuirasses consisted of a breast-plate and back, joined together by clasps, like the ancient plate-ar

mour. Those of the soldiers were of iron, those of the officers of brass, inlaid with steel. They are proof against a musket-ball, unless it comes in a perfectly straight direction. To these arms was added a helmet, with cheek-pieces, and their weapons of offence were a long broad-sword and pistols. They carried no carabines. The horses of the cuirassiers, although, upon trial, they proved inferior to those of our heavy cavalry, were probably better than those of any other corps in Europe. They were selected with great care, and many of the carriage and saddle-horses, which Bonaparte had pressed for the equipment of the army, were assigned to mount these terrible regiments. Yet, however formidable the aspect and onset of cuirassiers may be, emboldened as they are by a sense of comparative security, and affecting the imagination of those whom they assail by the flash and display of their panoply, it may be doubted whether the use of defensive arms for the body is, upon the whole, to be recommended. The weight of the cuirass becomes, in the course of a campaign, burdensome both to man and horse; and, after a few hours' active exertion in action, the horse of course is blown, and the rider, rendered less active as a swordsman by the unpliable armour in which he is sheathed, is outstripped, outmanœuvred, and cut down, by his more agile opponent.

Of the infantry of the French, it was impossible to speak too highly, in point of bravery and discipline in the field. The *elite* of the army consisted of the imperial guards, who were at least 20,000 strong. These chosen cohorts had submitted with the most sullen reluctance to the change of sovereigns in 1814; and no indulgence nor flattery, which the members of the Bourbon family could bestow upon them, had availed to eradicate their affection to their former master, which often displayed itself at times, and in a manner, particularly offensive to those who were their temporary and nominal commanders. The imperial guards were pledged, therefore, as deeply as men could be, to maintain the new revolution which their partiality had accomplished, and to make good the boast, which had caused France to rely "upon their stars, their fortune, and their strength." The other corps of infantry, all of whom participated in the same confidence in themselves and their general, might amount, including the artillery, to 110,000 men, which, with the guards and cavalry, formed a gross total of 150,000 soldiers, completely armed and equipped, and supplied, even to profusion, with every kind of ammunition. So fascinated was this brilliant army with recollection of former victories, and confidence in their present strength, that they not only heard with composure the report of the collected armies which marched against them from every quarter of Europe, but complained of the delay which did not lead them into instant battle. They were under a general who knew well how to avail himself of those feelings of confidence and ardour.

It had been supposed, as well in France and in the army, as in other parts of Europe, that Bonaparte meant to suffer the allies to commit the first hostile act, by entering the French territory. And although the reputation of being the actual aggressor was of little consequence, where both parties had so fully announced their hostile intentions, it was still supposed that a defensive war, in which he could avail himself of the natural and artificial strength of French Flanders, might have worn out, as in the early war of the revolution, the armies and spirits of the allies, and exposed them to all those privations and calamities peculiar to an invading army, in a country which is resolutely defended.

But the temper of Bonaparte, ardent, furious, and impetuous, always aiming rather at attack than defence, combined with the circumstances in which he found himself, to dictate a more daring system of operations.

His power was not yet so fully established as to ensure him the national support during a protracted war of various chances, and he needed now, more than ever, the dazzling blaze of decisive victory to renew the charm, or *prestige*, as he himself was wont to call it, once attached to his name and fortunes. Considerations peculiar to the nature of the approaching campaign, probably united with those which were personal to himself. The forces now approaching France greatly exceeded in numbers those which that exhausted kingdom could levy to oppose them, and it seemed almost impossible to protect her frontiers at every vulnerable point. If the emperor had attempted to make head against the British and Prussians in French Flanders, he must have left open to the armies of Russia and Austria the very road by which they had last year advanced to Paris. On the other hand, if, trusting to the strength of the garrison towns and fortresses on the Flanders frontiers, Napoleon had conducted his principal army against those of the Emperors of Russia and Austria, the numerous forces of the Duke of Wellington and Blucher might have enabled them to mask those strong places by a covering army, and either operate upon the flank of Napoleon's troops, or strike directly at the root of his power by a rapid march upon the capital. Such were the obvious disadvantages of a defensive system.

A sudden irruption into Belgium, as it was more suited to the daring genius of Napoleon, and better calculated to encourage the ardour of his troops, afforded him also a more reasonable prospect of success. He might, by a rapid movement, direct his whole force against the army either of England or of Prussia, before its strength could be concentrated and united to that of its ally. He might thus defeat his foes in detail, as he had done upon similar occasions, with the important certainty, that one great and splendid victory would enable him to accomplish a levy *en masse*, and thus bring to the field almost every man in France capable of bearing arms; an advantage which would infinitely more than compensate any loss of lives which might be sustained in effecting it. Such an advantage, and the imposing attitude which he would be thereby entitled to assume towards the allies, might have effected the very elements upon which the coalition was founded, and afforded to Bonaparte time, means, and opportunity, of intimidating the weak and seducing the stronger members of the confederacy. In Belgium, also, if successful, he might hope to recruit and extend his army by new levies, drawn from a country which had so lately been a part of his own kingdom, and which had not yet had time to attach itself to the new dynasty to which it had been assigned. For this purpose, he carried muskets with him to equip an insurrectionary army, and officers of their own nation to command them; and, although the loyal Belgians were much shocked and scandalized at the hopes expressed by those preparations, it may be presumed they would not have been so confidently entertained without some degree of foundation.

The proposed advance into Belgium had the additional advantage of relieving the people of France from the presence of an army, which, even upon its native soil, was a scourge of no ordinary severity. The superiority which long war and a train of success had given to the military profession in France, over every other class of society, had totally reversed in that country the wholesome and pacific maxim *Cedant arma togæ*. In the public walks, in the coffee-houses and theatres of Paris, the conduct of the officers towards a *pekin*, (a cant word by which, in their arrogance, they distinguished any citizen of a peaceful profession,) was, in the highest degree, insolent and overbearing. The late events had greatly contributed to inflame the self-importance of the soldiery. Like the prætorian bands of Rome, the janizaries of Constantinople, or the strelitzes of Moscow, the army of France possessed all the real power of the state. They had altered the government of their country, deposed one monarch, and re-elevated another to the throne which he had abdicated. This gave them a consciousness of power and importance, neither favourable to moderation of conduct nor to military discipline. Even while yet

in France, they did not hesitate to inflict upon their fellow-subjects many of those severities, which soldiery in general confine to the country of an enemy; and, to judge from the accounts of the peasantry, the subsequent march of the allies inflicted upon them fewer, or at least less wilful evils, than those which they had experienced at the hands of their own countrymen. These excesses were rarely checked by the officers; some of whom indulged their own rapacity under cover of that of the troops, while the recent events which invited soldiers to judge and act for themselves, had deprived others, who, doubtless, viewed this license with grief and resentment, of the authority necessary to impose a wholesome restraint upon their followers.

This looseness of discipline was naturally and necessarily followed by dissensions and quarrels among the troops themselves. The guards, proud of their fame in arms, and of their title and privileges, were objects of the jealousy of the other corps of the army, and this they repaid by contumely and arrogance, which led, in many cases, to bloody affrays. The cavalry and infantry had dissensions of old standing, which occasioned much mutiny and confusion. Above all, the license of pillage led to perpetual quarrels, where one regiment or body of troops, who were employed in plundering a village or district, were interrupted by others who desired to share with them in the gainful task of oppression.

These feuds, and the laxity of discipline in which chiefly they originated, may be traced to Bonaparte's total disuse in this, as in his more fortunate campaigns, of the ordinary precautions for maintaining an army by the previous institution of magazines. By neglecting to make such provision, he no doubt greatly simplified his own task as a general, and accelerated, in the same degree, his preparations for a campaign, and the march of an army unencumbered with forage-carts. But he injured, in a much greater proportion, the discipline and moral qualities of his soldiery, thus turned loose upon the country to shift for their own subsistence; and—had such a motive weighed with him—he aggravated, in a tenfold degree, the horrors of warfare.

The evils arising from the presence of his army were now to be removed into the territories of an enemy. The marches and combination of the various corps d'armée were marked in a distinguished manner by that high military talent which planned Bonaparte's most fortunate campaigns. In the same day, and almost at the same hour, three large armies; that from Laon, headed by the emperor himself; that of the Ardennes, commanded by the notorious Vandamme; and that of the Moselle, under the orders of General Girard, having broken up from their different cantonments, attained, by a simultaneous movement, an united alignement upon the extreme frontiers of Belgium. The good order and combination with which the grand and complicated movements of these large armies were executed, was much admired among the French officers, and received as the happy augury of future success.

To his army thus assembled, Bonaparte, upon the 14th of June, 1815, made one of those inflated and bombastic addresses, half riddle, half prophecy, which he had taught the French armies to admire as masterpieces of eloquence. He had not neglected his system of fortunate days; for that upon which he issued his last proclamation was the anniversary of the Marengo and Friedland victories; on which, as well as after those of Austerlitz and Wagram, he assured his troops he had fallen into the generous error of using his conquests with too much lenity. He reminded his soldiers of his victory over Prussia at Jena; and having no such advantage to boast over the English, he could only appeal to those among his ranks who had been prisoners in Britain, whether their situation had not seen very uncomfortable. He assured them they had the private good wishes of the Belgians, Hanoverians, and soldiers of the Confederation of the Rhine, although for the present forced into the enemy's ranks; and concluded by asserting, that the moment was arrived for every courageous Frenchman to conquer or die.

This speech was received with infinite applause, (*comme de raison*,) and on the morning of the subsequent day (15th June) his army was in motion to enter Belgium.

But my exhausted paper reminds me that this must be the boundary of my present epistle.—Yours, affectionately.

PAUL.

LETTER VI.

PAUL TO MAJOR ——, IN CONTINUATION.

Campaign opens—British and Prussian Positions—Treachery of Fouche—Bonaparte's Advance—Occupation of Charleroi—Crossing of the Sambre—Ney commands the Left Wing—Bonaparte the Centre and the Right—Advance of the Allied Troops—Cameron's Gathering—Black Brunswickers—Brunswick—Action at Quatre Bras—French occupy Le Bois de Bossu—Are repulsed by General Maitland—Post at Quatre Bras—Charge by French Cavalry—Gallant defence of the 42d—Loss of the British—Confidence inspired by their success.

I GAVE you, in my last, some account of the auspices under which Bonaparte opened the last of his fields. The bloody game was now begun; but, to understand its progress, it is necessary to mark the position of the opposite party.

Notwithstanding the fertility of Belgium, the maintenance of the numerous troops which were marched into that kingdom from Prussia, and transported thither from England, was attended with great burthens to the inhabitants. They were therefore considerably dispersed, in order to secure their being properly supplied with provisions. The British cavalry, in particular, were cantoned upon the Dender, for the convenience of forage. The Prussians held the line upon the Sambre, which might be considered as the advanced posts of the united armies.

Another obvious motive contributed to the dislocation of the allied force. The enemy having to choose his point of attack along an extended frontier, it was impossible to concentrate their army upon any one point, leaving the other parts of the boundary exposed to the inroads of the foe; and this is an advantage which the assailant must, in war, always possess over his antagonist, who holds a defensive position. Yet the British and Prussian divisions were so posted, with reference to each other, as to afford the means of sudden combination and mutual support; and, indeed, without such an arrangement, they could not have ultimately sustained the attack of the French, and Bonaparte's scheme of invasion must have been successful on all points.

But though these precautions were taken, it was generally thought they would not be necessary. A strong belief prevailed among the British officers, that the campaign was to be conducted defensively on the part of the French; and when the certain tidings of the concentration of the enemy's forces upon the extreme frontier of Belgium, threatened an immediate irruption into that kingdom, it was generally supposed, that, as upon former occasions, the road adopted by the invaders would be that of Namur, which, celebrated for the sieges it had formerly undergone, had been dismantled, like the other fortified places in Flanders, by the impolicy of Joseph II., and is now an open town. And I have heard it warmly maintained by officers of great judgment and experience, that Bonaparte would have had considerable advantages by adopting that line of march in preference to crossing at Charleroi. Probably, however, these were compensated by the superior advantage of appearing on the point where he was least expected. In fact, his first movements seem to have partaken of a surprise.

It is not to be supposed that the Duke of Wellington had neglected upon this important occasion, the necessary means to procure intelligence,—for skill in obtaining which, as well as for talent in availing himself of the information when gained, he was pre-eminently distinguished on the peninsula. But it

has been suspected, either that the persons whom he employed as his sources of intelligence, were, upon this occasion seduced by Bonaparte, or that false information was conveyed to the English general, leading him to believe that such had been the case, and of course inducing him to doubt the reports of his own spies. The story is told both ways; and I need hardly add, that very possibly neither may be true. But I have understood from good authority, that a person, bearing, for Lord Wellington's information, a detailed and authentic account of Bonaparte's plan for the campaign, was actually despatched from Paris in time to have reached Brussels before the commencement of hostilities. This communication was intrusted to a female, who was furnished with a pass from Fouché himself, and who travelled with all despatch in order to accomplish her mission; but, being stopped for two days on the frontiers of France, did not arrive till after the battle of the 16th. This fact, for such I believe it to be, seems to countenance the opinion, that Fouché maintained a correspondence with the allies, and may lead, on the other hand, to suspicion, that though he despatched the intelligence in question, he contrived so to manage, that its arrival should be too late for the purpose which it was calculated to serve. At all events, the appearance of the French upon the Sambre was at Brussels an unexpected piece of intelligence.

The advance of Bonaparte was as bold as it was sudden. The second corps of the French attacked the outposts of the Prussians, drove them in, and continued the pursuit to Marcienne-du-pont, carried that village, secured the bridge, and there crossing the Sambre, advanced towards a large village, called Gosselies, in order to intercept the Prussian garrison of Charleroi, should it retreat in that direction. The light cavalry of the French, following the movement of the second corps as far as Marchienne, turned to their right after crossing that river, swept its left bank as far as Charleroi, which they occupied without giving the Prussians time to destroy the bridge. The third corps d'armée occupied the road to Namur, and the rest of the troops were quartered between Charleroi and Gosselies, in the numerous villages which every where occur in that rich and populous country. The Prussian garrison of Charleroi, with the other troops which had sustained this sudden attack, retired in good order upon Fleurus, on which point the army of Blucher was now concentrating itself.

The advantages which the French reaped by this first success, were some magazines taken at Charleroi, and a few prisoners; but, above all, it contributed to raise the spirits and confirm the confidence of their armies.

Upon the 16th, at three in the morning, the troops which had hitherto remained on the right of the Sambre, crossed that river; and now Bonaparte began to develope the daring plan which he had formed, of attacking, upon one and the same day, two such opponents as Wellington and Blucher.

The left wing of the French army, consisting of the 1st and 2d corps, and of four divisions of cavalry, was entrusted to Ney, who had been suddenly called from a sort of disgraceful retirement to receive this mark of the emperor's confidence. He was commanded to march upon Brussels by Gosselies and Frasnes, overpowering such opposition as might be offered to him in his progress by the Belgian troops, and by the British who might advance to their support.

The centre and right wing of the army, with the imperial guards, (who were kept in reserve,) marched to the right towards Fleurus against Blucher and the Prussians. They were under the immediate command of Bonaparte himself.

The news of Napoleon's movements in advance, and of the preliminary actions between the French and Prussians, reached Brussels upon the evening of the 15th. The Duke of Wellington, the Prince of Orange, and most other officers of distinction, were attending a ball given on that evening by the Duchess of Richmond. This festivity was soon overclouded. Instant orders were issued that the garrison of Brussels, the nearest disposable force, should move out to meet the approaching enemy; similar orders were issued to the cavalry, artillery, and the guards, who were quartered at Enghein; other troops, cantoned at greater distances, received orders to move to their support.

Our two distinguished Highland corps, the 42d and 92d, were among the first to muster. They had lain in garrison in Brussels during the winter and spring, and their good behaviour had attracted the affection of the inhabitants in an unusual degree. Even while I was there, *Les petits Ecossois*, as they call them, were still the theme of affectionate praise among the Flemings. They were so domesticated in the houses where they were quartered, that it was no uncommon thing to see the Highland soldier taking care of the children, or keeping the shop, of his host. They were now to exhibit themselves in a different character. They assembled with the utmost alacrity to the sound of the Cameron's Gathering, a well-known pibroch, the corresponding words of which are "*Come to me, and I will give you flesh*," an invitation to the wolf and the raven, for which the next day did, in fact, spread an ample banquet, at the expense of our brave countrymen as well as of their enemies. They composed part of Sir Thomas Picton's division, and early in the morning of the 16th marched out together with the other troops, under the command of that distinguished and lamented officer. The Duke of Brunswick, also, marched out at the head of his "black Brunswickers," so termed for the mourning which they wore for his father, and which they continue to wear for the gallant prince who then led them. Those whose fate it was to see so many brave men take their departure on this eventful day, "gay in the morning as for summer sport," will not easily forget the sensations which the spectacle excited at the moment, and which were rendered permanent by the slaughter that awaited them. Fears for their own safety mingled with anxiety for their brave defenders, and the agony of suspense sustained by those who remained in Brussels to await the issue of the day, was related to me in the most lively manner by those whose lot it was to sustain such varied emotions. It has been excellently described in a small work, entitled "Circumstantial Details of the Battle of Waterloo,"* which equals, in interest and authenticity, the Account of the Battle of Leipsic by an Eye-witness, which we perused last year with such eager avidity.

The anxiety of the inhabitants of Brussels was increased by the frightful reports of the intended vengeance of Napoleon. It was firmly believed that he had promised to his soldiers the unlimited plunder of this beautiful city, if they should be able to force their way to it. Yet, even under such apprehensions, the bulk of the population showed no inclination to purchase mercy by submitting to the invader, and there is every reason to believe, that the friends whom he had in the city were few and of little influence. Reports, however, of treachery were in circulation, and tended to augment the horrors of this agonizing period. It is said there was afterwards found, in Bonaparte's port-folio, a list, containing the names of twenty citizens, who, as friends of France, were to be exempted from the general pillage. I saw also a superb house in the Place Royale of Brussels, employed as a military hospital, which I was told belonged to a man of rank, who, during the battle of the 18th, believing the victory must rest with Bonaparte, had taken the ill-advised step of joining the French army. But whatever might be the case with some individuals, by far the majority of the inhabitants, of every class, regarded the success of the French as the most dreadful misfortune which could befall their city, and listened to the distant cannonade, as to sounds upon which the crisis of their fate depended. They were doomed to remain long in uncertainty; for a struggle on which the fate of Europe hung, was not to be decided in a single day.

Upon the 16th, as I have already mentioned, the

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left wing of the French under General Ney, commenced its march for Brussels by the road of Gosselies. At Frasnes they encountered and drove before them some Belgian troops who were stationed in that village. But the gallant Prince of Orange, worthy of his name, of his education under Wellington, and of the rank which he is likely to hold in Europe, was now advancing to the support of his advanced posts, and reinforced them so as to keep the enemy in check.

It was of the utmost importance to maintain the position which was now occupied by the Belgians, being an alignement between the villages of Sart à Mouline and Quatre Bras. The latter farm-house, or village, derives its name from being the point where the highway from Charleroi to Brussels is intersected by another road at nearly right angles. These roads were both essential to the allies; by the high-road they communicated with Brussels, and by that which intersected it with the right of the Prussian army stationed at St. Amand. A large and thick wood, called Le Bois de Bossu, skirted the road to Brussels on the right hand of the English position; along the edge of that wood was a hollow way, which might almost be called a ravine; and between the wood and the French position were several fields of rye, which grows in Flanders to an unusual and gigantic height.

In this situation, it became the principal object of the French to secure the wood, from which they might debouche upon the Brussels road. The Prince of Orange made every effort to defend it; but, in spite of his exertions, the Belgians gave way, and the French occupied the disputed post. At this critical moment, the division of Picton, the corps of the Duke of Brunswick, and shortly after the division of the guards from Enghien came up, and entered into action. "What soldiers are those in the wood?" said the Duke of Wellington to the Prince of Orange. "Belgians," answered the Prince, who had not yet learnt the retreat of his troops from this important point. "Belgians!" said the Duke, whose eagle eye instantly discerned what had happened, "they are French, and about to debouche on the road; they must instantly be driven out of the wood." This task was committed to General Maitland, with the grenadiers of the Guards, who, after sustaining a destructive fire from an invisible enemy, rushed into the wood with the most determined resolution. The French, who were hitherto supposed unrivalled in this species of warfare, made every tree, every bush, every ditch, but more especially a small rivulet which ran through the wood, posts of determined and deadly defence, but were pushed from one point to another until they were fairly driven out of the position. Then followed a struggle of a new and singular kind, and which was maintained for a length of time. As often as the British endeavoured to advance from the skirts of the wood, in order to form in front of it, they were charged by the cavalry of the enemy, and compelled to retire. The French then advanced their columns again to force their way into the wood, but were in their turn forced to desist by the heavy fire and threatened charge of the British. And thus there was an alternation of advance and retreat, with very great slaughter on both sides, until, after a conflict of three hours, General Maitland retained undisputed possession of this important post, which commanded the road to Brussels.

Meantime the battle was equally fierce on every other point. Picton's brigade, comprehending the Scotch Royals, 92d, 42d, and 44th regiments, was stationed near the farm-house of Quatre Bras, and was the object of a most destructive fire, rendered more murderous by the French having the advantage of the rising ground; while our soldiers, sunk to the shoulders among the tall rye, could not return the volleys with the same precision of aim. They were next exposed to a desperate charge of the French heavy cavalry, which was resisted by each regiment throwing itself separately into a solid square. But the approach of the enemy being partly concealed from the British by the nature of the ground, and the height of the rye, the 42d regiment was unable to form a square in the necessary time. Two companies, which were left out of the formation, were swept off and cut to pieces by the cavalry. Their veteran colonel, Macara, was amongst those who fell. The adjutant of the regiment, the last (as was his duty) to retreat within the square, was involved in the charge of the lancers, and only escaped by throwing himself from his horse, and thus rejoining the regiment, which had for some minutes seen him in the utmost peril of death, without the possibility of assisting him. Some of the men stood back to back and maintained an unyielding and desperate conflict with the horsemen who surrounded them, until they were at length cut down. Nothing could be more galling for their comrades than to witness their slaughter, without having the power of giving them assistance. But they adopted the old Highland maxim, "To-day for revenge, and to-morrow for mourning," and received the cuirassiers with so dreadful and murderous a fire, as compelled them to wheel about. These horsemen, however, displayed the most undaunted resolution. After being beaten off in one point, they made a desperate charge down the causeway leading to Brussels, with the purpose of carrying two guns, by which it was defended. But at the moment they approached the guns, a fire of grape shot was opened upon them; and, at the same time, a body of Highlanders, posted behind the farm-house, flanking their advance, threw in so heavy a discharge of musketry, that the regiment was in an instant nearly annihilated.

The result of these various attacks was, that the French retreated with great loss, and in great confusion; and many of the fugitives fled as far as Charleroi, spreading the news that the British were in close pursuit. But pursuit was impracticable, for the English cavalry had so far to march, that when they arrived upon the ground night was approaching, and it was impossible for them to be of service. Ney therefore re-established himself in his original position at Frasnes, and the combat died away with night-fall. The British had then leisure to contemplate the results of the day. Several regiments were reduced to skeletons by the number of killed and wounded. Many valuable officers had fallen. Among these were distinguished the gallant Duke of Brunswick, who in degenerate times had remained an unshaken model of ancient German valour and constancy. Colonel Cameron, so often distinguished in Lord Wellington's despatches from Spain, fell while leading the 92d to charge a body of cavalry, supported by infantry. Many other regretted names were read on the bloody list. But if it was a day of sorrow, it was one of triumph also.

It is true, that no immediate and decisive advantage resulted from this engagement, further than as for the present it defeated Napoleon's plan of advancing on Brussels. But it did not fail to inspire the troops engaged with confidence and hope. If, when collected from different quarters, after a toilsome march, and in numbers one half inferior to those of the enemy, they had been able to resist his utmost efforts, what had they not to hope when their forces were concentrated, and when their artillery and cavalry, the want of which had been so severely felt during the whole of that bloody day, should be brought up into line? Meanwhile they enjoyed the most decided proof of victory, for the British army bivouacked upon the ground which had been occupied by the French during the battle, with the strongest hopes that the conflict would be renewed in the morning with the most decisive success. This, however, depended upon the news they should hear from Fleurus, where a furious cannonade had been heard during the whole day, announcing a general action between Napoleon and Prince Marshal Blucher. Even the Duke of Wellington was long ere he learned the result of this engagement, by which his own ulterior measures necessarily must be regulated. The Prussian officer sent to acquaint him with the intelligence had been made prisoner by the French light troops; and when the news arrived, they bore such a cloudy

spect as altogether destroyed the agreeable hopes which the success at Quatre Bras had induced the army to entertain.

But pledged as I am to give you a detailed account of this brief campaign I must reserve the battle of Ligny to another occasion. Meanwhile, I am ever sincerely yours, PAUL.

LETTER VII.

PAUL TO MAJOR——, IN CONTINUATION.

BATTLE OF LIGNY.

Bonaparte's Plan for Attacking Blucher—Blucher's Position—Number of Troops on both Sides—Mutual Hostility of the Prussians and the French—The two Armies join Battle—Vicissitudes of the Contest—Storming of St. Amand—Taking of Ligny—Charge of the Imperial Guards—Charge of the French Cavalry—Blucher's Horse shot—Repulse of the French Cavalry—Prussians Retreat—Concentration of the Prussian Army at Wavre—Loss of the Prussians—British Army Retreats—Bonaparte resolves to turn his whole Force against the British—Retreat of the British—Pursuit of the French—Bad state of the Roads—French Cavalry checked in two Attacks—British Army retire upon Waterloo—Head-quarters of the Duke of Wellington—Head-quarters of Bonaparte—Storminess of the Night—Melancholy Reflections of the British—Triumphant Confidence of the French—Remarks on Bonaparte's Plan of Attack.

WHEN Bonaparte moved with his centre and right wing against Blucher, he certainly conceived that he left to Ney a more easy task than his own; and that the Mareschal would find no difficulty in pushing his way to Brussels, or near it, before the English army could be concentrated in sufficient force to oppose him. To himself he reserved the task of coping with Blucher, and by his overthrow cutting off all communication between the Prussian and British armies, and compelling each to seek safety in isolated and unconnected movements.

The Prussian veteran was strongly posted to receive the enemy, whom upon earth he hated most. His army occupied a line where three villages, built upon broken and unequal ground, served each as a separate redoubt, defended by infantry, and well furnished with artillery. The village of St. Amand was occupied by his right wing, his centre was posted at Ligny, and his left at Sombref. All these hamlets are strongly built, and contain several houses, with large court-yards and orchards, each of which is capable of being converted into a station of defence. The ground behind these villages forms an amphitheatre of some elevation, before which runs a deep ravine, edged by straggling thickets of trees. The villages were in front of the ravine; and masses of infantry were stationed behind each, destined to reinforce the defenders as occasion required.

In this strong position Blucher had assembled three corps of his army, amounting to 80,000 men. But the fourth corps, commanded by Bulow, (a general distinguished in the campaign of 1814,) being in distant cantonments between Liege and Hannut, had not yet arrived at the point of concentration. The force of the assailants is stated in the Prussian despatches at 130,000 men. But as Ney had at least 30,000 soldiers under him at Quatre Bras, it would appear that the troops under Bonaparte's immediate command at the battle of Ligny, even including a strong reserve, which consisted of the first entire division, could not exceed 100,000 men. The forces, therefore, actually engaged on both sides, might be nearly equal. They were equal also in courage and in mutual animosity.

The Prussians of our time will never forget, or forgive, the series of dreadful injuries inflicted by the French upon their country after the defeat of Jena. The plunder of their peaceful hamlets, with every inventive circumstance which the evil passions of lust, rapine, and cruelty could suggest; the murder of the father, or the husband, because "the *pekin* looked dangerous," when he beheld his property abandoned to rapine, his wife, or daughters, to violation, and his children to wanton slaughter; such were the tales which the Prussian Land-wehr told over their watch-fires to whet each other's appetite to revenge. The officers and men of rank thought of the period when Prussia had been blotted out of the book of nations, her queen martyred by studied and reiterated insult, until she carried her sorrows to the grave, and her king only permitted to retain the name of a sovereign to increase his disgrace as a bondsman. The successful campaign of 1814 was too stinted a draught for their thirst of vengeance, and the hour was now come when they hoped for its amplest gratification.

The French had, also, their grounds of personal animosity not less stimulating. Those very Prussians, to whom (such was their mode of stating the account) the emperor's generosity had left the name of independence, when a single word could have pronounced them a conquered province; those Prussians, admitted to be companions in arms to the victors, had been the first to lift the standard of rebellion against them, when the rage of the elements had annihilated the army with which Napoleon invaded Russia. They had done more; they had invaded the sacred territory of France; defeated her armies upon her own soil; and contributed chiefly to the hostile occupation of her capital. They were commanded by Blucher, the inveterate foe of the French name and empire, whom no defeat could ever humble, and no success could mitigate. Even when the Treaty of Paris was received by the other distinguished statesmen and commanders of the allies as a composition advantageous for all sides, it was known that this veteran had expressed his displeasure at the easy terms on which France was suffered to escape from the conflict. Amid the general joy and congratulation, he retained the manner (in the eyes of the Parisians) of a gloomy malecontent. A Frenchman, somewhat acquainted with our literature, described to me the Prussian general, as bearing upon that occasion the mein and manner of Dryden's spectre-knight:—

> Stern look'd the fiend, and frustrate of his will,
> Not half sufficed, and greedy yet to kill.

And now this inveterate enemy was before them, leading troops, animated by his own sentiments, and forming the vanguard of the immense armies, which, unless checked by decisive defeat, were about to overwhelm France, and realize those scenes of vengeance which had been in the preceeding year so singularly averted.

Fired by these sentiments of national hostility, the ordinary rules of war, those courtesies and acts of lenity which on other occasions afford some mitigation of its horrors, were renounced upon both sides. The Prussians declared their purpose to give and receive no quarter. Two of the French divisions hoisted the black flag, as an intimation of the same intention; and it is strongly affirmed that they gave a more sanguinary proof of their mortal hatred by mutilating and cutting off the ears of the prisoners who fell into their hands at crossing the Sambre. With such feelings towards each other, the two armies joined battle.

The engagement commenced at three in the afternoon, by a furious cannonade, under cover of which the third corps of the French army, commanded by Vandamme, attacked the village of St. Amand. They were received by the Prussians with the most determined resistance, in despite of which they succeeded in carrying the village at the point of the bayonet, and established themselves in the church and churchyard. The Prussians made the most desperate efforts to recover possession of this village, which was the key of their right wing. Blucher put himself at the head of a battallion in person, and impelled them on the French with such success, that one end of the village was again occupied; and the Prussians regained possession of that part of the heights behind it, which, in consequence of Vandamme's success, they had been obliged to abandon. The village of Ligny, attacked and defended with the same fury and inveteracy, was repeatedly lost and regained, either party being alternately reinforced from masses of infantry, disposed behind that part of the village which they respectively occupied. Several houses enclosed with court-yards, according to the Flemish fashion, formed each a separate redoubt

which was furiously assailed by the one party, and obstinately made good by the other. It is impossible to conceive the fury with which the troops on both sides were animated. Each soldier appeared to be avenging his own personal quarrel; and the slaughter was in proportion to the length and obstinacy of a five hours' combat, fought hand to hand, within the crowded and narrow streets of a village. There was also a sustained cannonade on both sides, through the whole of the afternoon. But in this species of warfare the Prussians sustained a much heavier loss than their antagonists, their masses being drawn up in an exposed situation upon the ridge and sides of the heights behind the villages, while those of the French were sheltered by the winding hollows of the lower grounds.

While this desperate contest continued, Bonaparte apparently began to doubt of its ultimate success. To ensure the storming of St. Amand, he ordered the first corps of infantry, which was stationed near Frasnes, with a division of the second corps commanded by Girard, and designed to be a reserve either to his own army or to that of Marshal Ney, to move to the right to assist in the attack. Of this movement Ney complained heavily afterwards in a letter to Fouché, as depriving him of the means of ensuring a victory at Quatre Bras.

The reinforcement, as it happened, was unnecessary, so far as the first corps was concerned; for about seven o'clock Vandamme had, after reiterated efforts, surmounted the resistance of the Prussians at St. Amand; and Girard had obtained possession of Ligny. Sombref, upon the left of the Prussian line, was still successfully defended by the Saxon general, Thielman, against Marescbal Grouchy, and the Prussians, though driven from the villages in front of the amphitheatre of hills, still maintained their alignement upon the heights themselves, impatiently expecting to be succoured, either by the English, or by their own fourth division under Bulow. But the Duke of Wellington was himself actively engaged at Quatre Bras; and Bulow had found it impossible to surmount the difficulties attending a long march through bad roads and a difficult country. In the meanwhile Bonaparte brought this dreadful engagement to a decision by one of those skilful and daring manœuvres which characterized his tactics.

Being now possessed of the village of Ligny, which fronted the centre of the Prussian line, he concentrated upon that point the imperial guards, whom he had hitherto kept in reserve. Eight battalions of this veteran and distinguished infantry, thrown into one formidable column, supported by four squadrons of cavalry, two regiments of cuirassiers, and the horse-grenadiers of the guard, traversed the village of Ligny, now in flames, at the *pas de charge*, threw themselves into the ravine which separates the village from the heights, and began to ascend them, under a dreadful fire of grape and musketry from the Prussians. They sustained this murderous discharge with great gallantry, and, advancing against the Prussian line, made such an impression upon the masses of which it consisted, as threatened to break through the centre of their army, and thus cut off the communication between the two wings; while the French cavalry, at the same time, charged and drove back that of the Prussians.

In this moment of consternation, the cause of Europe had nearly suffered a momentous loss in the death or captivity of the indomitable Blucher. The gallant veteran had himself headed an unsuccessful charge against the French cavalry; and his horse being shot under him in the retreat, both the fliers and pursuers passed over him as he lay on the ground; an adjutant threw himself down beside his general, to share his fate; and the first use which the Prince-Marshal made of his recovered recollection was, to conjure his faithful attendant rather to shoot him than to permit him to fall alive into the hands of the French. Meantime, the Prussian cavalry had rallied, charged, and in their turn repulsed the French, who again galloped past the Prussian general, as he lay on the ground, covered with the cloak of the adjutant, with the same precipitation as in their advance. The general was then disengaged and remounted, and proceeded to organize the retreat, which was now become a measure of indispensable necessity.

The Prussian artillery, being disposed along the front of an extended line, could not be easily withdrawn, and several pieces fell into the hands of the French. Blucher's official despatch limits the number of guns thus lost to fifteen, which Bonaparte extends to fifty. But the infantry, retiring regularly, and in masses impenetrable, to the cavalry of the pursuers, amply preserved that high character of courage and discipline, which, in the campaigns of the preceding year, had repeatedly enabled them to convert retreat and disorder of one day into advance and victory upon the next. In their retreat, which they continued during the night, they took the direction of Tilly; and in the next morning were followed by General Thielman, with the left wing, who, after evacuating the village of Sombref, which he had maintained during the whole preceding day, formed the rear-guard of the Prince-Marshal's army. Being now at length joined by the fourth corps, under General Bulow, the Prussian army was once more concentrated in the neighbourhood of the village of Wavre, ten miles behind the scene of their former defeat; and the utmost exertions were used by Blucher, and the officers under him, to place it in a condition for renewing the conflict.

The carnage of the Prussians in this unsuccessful battle was very great. I have heard it estimated at twenty thousand men, killed, wounded, and prisoners, being one-fourth part of their whole army. Bonaparte, however, only rates it at fifteen thousand *hors de combat*; an enormous loss, especially considering that, owing to the inveteracy of the combat, and the steady valour displayed by the vanquished in their retreat, there were hardly any prisoners taken.

The events of the 16th had a material influence on the plans of the generals on either side. While the Duke of Wellington was proposing to follow up his advantage at Quatre Bras, by attacking Ney at Frasnes, he received, on the morning of the 17th, the news that Blucher had been defeated on the preceding day, and was in full retreat. This left the Duke no option but to fall back to such a corresponding position as might maintain his lateral communication with the Prussian right wing; since, to have remained in advance, would have given Bonaparte an opportunity either to have placed his army between those of England and Prussia, or, at his choice, to have turned his whole force against the Duke's army, which was inferior in numbers. The English general accordingly resolved upon retreating towards Brussels; a movement which he accomplished in the most perfect order, the rear being protected by the cavalry under the gallant Earl of Uxbridge.

Meantime, Bonaparte had also taken his resolution. The defeat of the Prussians had placed it in his option to pursue them with his whole army, excepting those troops under Ney, who were in front of the Duke of Wellington. But this would have been to abandon Ney to almost certain destruction; since, if that general had been unable, on the preceding day, to make any impression on the van of the British army alone, it was scarce possible he could withstand them, when supported by their main body, and joined by reinforcements of every kind. In the supposed event of Ney's defeat, Bonaparte's rear would have been exposed to a victorious English army, while he knew, by repeated experience, how speedily and effectually Blucher could rally his Prussians, even after a severe defeat. He made it his choice, therefore, to turn his whole force against the English, leaving only Grouchy and Vandamme, with about twenty-five thousand men, to hang upon the rear of Blucher; and, by pursuing his retreat from Sombref to Wavre, to occupy his attention, and prevent his attempting to take a share in the expected action with the British.

Napoleon probably expected to find the English army upon the ground which it had occupied during the 16th. But the movement of his own forces from St. Amand and Ligny to Frasnes, had occupied a

space of time which was not left unemployed by the Duke of Wellington. The retreat had already commenced, and the position at Quatre Bras was, about eleven in the forenoon, only occupied by a strong rear-guard, destined to protect the retrograde movement of the British general. Bonaparte put his troops in motion to pursue his retiring enemy. The day was stormy and rainy in the extreme; and the roads, already broken up by the English artillery in their advance and retreat, were very nearly impassable. The cavalry, whose duty it became to press upon the rear of the English, were obliged to march through fields of standing corn, which being reduced to swamps by the wetness of the season, rendered rapid movement impossible. This state of the weather and roads was of no small advantage to the British army, who had to defile through the narrow streets of the village of Genappe, and over the bridge which there crosses a small river, in the very face of the pursuing enemy. Their cavalry once or twice attacked the rear-guard, but received so severe a check from the Life Guards and Oxford Blues, that they afterwards left the march undisturbed. I am assured, that the Duke of Wellington, in passing Genappe, expressed his surprise that he had been allowed to pass through that narrow defile unharassed by attack and interruption, and asserted his belief, founded upon that circumstance, that Napoleon did not command in person the pursuing divisions of the French army. A French officer, to whom I mentioned this circumstance, accounted for this apparent want of activity, by alleging the heavy loss sustained upon the 16th, in the battles of Quatre Bras and Ligny; the necessary disorganization of the French cavalry after two such severe actions; the stormy state of the weather upon the 17th, and the impracticability of the roads for the movements of the cavalry. You, as a military critic, will be best judge how far this defence is available. I notice the same observation in an Account of the Battle of Waterloo, by a British Officer on the Staff.*

With little further interruption on the part of the enemy, the British army retired upon the ever-memorable field of Waterloo, and there took up a position upon the road to Brussels, which I shall endeavour to describe more fully in my next Letter. The Duke had caused a plan of this, and other military positions in the neighbourhood of Brussels, to be made some time before by Colonel Carmichael Smith, the chief engineer. He now called for that sketch, and, with the assistance of the regretted Sir William de Lancy and Colonel Smith, made his dispositions for the momentous events of next day. The plan itself, a relic so precious, was rendered yet more so, by being found in the breast of Sir William de Lancy's coat, when he fell, and stained with the blood of that gallant officer. It is now in the careful preservation of Colonel Carmichael Smith, by whom it was originally sketched.

When the Duke of Wellington had made his arrangements for the night, he established his head-quarters at a petty inn in the small village of Waterloo, about a mile in the rear of the position. The army slept upon their arms upon the summit of a gentle declivity, chiefly covered with standing corn.

The French, whose forces were gradually coming up during the evening, occupied a ridge nearly opposite to the position of the English army. The villages in the rear of that rising ground were also filled with the soldiers of their numerous army. Bonaparte established his head-quarters at Planchenoit, a small village in the rear of the position.

Thus arranged, both generals and their respective armies waited the arrival of morning, and the events it was to bring. The night, as if the elements meant to match their fury with that which was preparing for the morning, was stormy in the extreme, accompanied by furious gusts of wind, heavy bursts of rain, continued and vivid flashes of lightning, and the loudest thunder our officers had ever heard. Both armies had to sustain this tempest in the exposed situation of an open bivouack, without means either of protection or refreshment. But though these hardships were common to both armies, yet, (as was the case previous to the battle of Agincourt,) the moral feelings of the English army were depressed below their ordinary tone, and those of the French exalted to a degree of confidence and presumption unusual even to the soldiers of that nation.

The British could not help reflecting, that the dear-bought success at Quatre Bras, while it had cost so many valuable lives, had produced, in appearance at least, no corresponding result: a toilsome advance and bloody action had been followed by a retreat equally laborious to the soldier; and the defeat of the Prussians, which was now rumoured with the usual allowance of exaggeration, had left Bonaparte at liberty to assail them separately, and with his whole force, excepting such small proportion as might be necessary to continue the pursuit of their defeated and dispirited allies. If to this it was added, that their ranks contained many thousand foreigners, on whose faith the British could not implicitly depend, it must be owned there was sufficient scope for melancholy reflections. To balance these, remained their confidence in their commander, their native undaunted courage, and a stern resolution to discharge their duty, and leave the result to Providence.

The French, on the other hand, had forgotten, in their success at Ligny, their failure at Quatre Bras, or, if they remembered it, their miscarriage was ascribed to treachery; and it was said that Bourmont and other officers had been tried by a military commission and shot, for having, by their misconduct, occasioned the disaster. This rumour, which had no foundation but in the address with which Bonaparte could apply a salve to the wounded vanity of his soldiers, was joined to other exulting considerations. Admitting the partial success of Wellington, the English Duke, they said, commanded but the right wing of the Prussian army, and had, in fact, shared in Blucher's defeat, as he himself virtually acknowledged, by imitating his retreat. All, therefore, was glow and triumph. The Prussians were annihilated, the British defeated, the Great Lord astounded. Such were literally the reports transmitted to Paris, and given to the French public. There is no reason in the present instance to suspect, that the writers of these gasconades were guilty of intentional exaggeration. No one supposed the English would halt, or make head, until they reached their vessels; no one doubted that the Belgian troops would join the Emperor in a mass; it would have been disaffection to have supposed there lay any impediment in their next morning's march to Brussels; and all affected chiefly to regret the tempestuous night, as it afforded to the despairing English the means of retiring unmolested. Bonaparte himself shared, or affected to share, these sentiments; and when the slow and gloomy dawning of the morning of the 18th of June showed him his enemies, still in possession of the heights which they occupied over night, and apparently determined to maintain them, he could not suppress his satisfaction, but exclaimed, while he stretched his arm towards their position with a motion as if to grasp his prey, *Je les tiens donc ces Anglois!*

The exultation of the French was mixed, according to their custom, with many a scurril jest at the expence of their enemies. The death of the Duke of Brunswick was the subject of much pleasantry among such of the French officers as sought to make their court to Jerome, the ex-king of Westphalia. To please this phantom monarch, they ridiculed the fatality which always, they said, placed these unlucky Dukes of Brunswick in concurrence with the conqueror of his states, and condemned them successively to perish as it were by his hand. The national dress of our poor Highlanders, whose bodies were found lying in the lines which they had occupied in the field of Quatre Bras, furnished more good jests than I care to record. But, as I heard a Frenchman just now observe, "*Il rit bien, qui rit le dernier.*"

Before entering upon such particulars as I can collect of the battle of Waterloo, let me notice your criticism upon the affairs of the 16th. You say, first, that Bonaparte ought not to have attacked both the

* Published by Ridgway, Piccadilly.

English and Prussian armies on the same day, and you call my attention to the argument detailed in Mareschal Ney's letter to Fouché. And, secondly, you are of opinion, that, having defeated the Prussians at Ligny, Napoleon should have pursued the routed army of Blucher with his whole cavalry at least, and rendered it impossible for him to rally sooner than under the walls of Maestricht. Such, you say, is the opinion of all military judges in our neighbourhood, by which I know you mean all our friends with blue coats and red collars, whether half-pay captains, ex-officers of volunteers, commanders of local militia, or deputy-lieutenants. "Never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine," my dear Major; but in despite of this unanimous verdict against the ex-Emperor, I will venture to move for a writ of error.

Upon the first count of the indictment, be pleased to reflect, that Bonaparte's game was at best a difficult one, and that he could embrace no course which was not exposed to many hazards. It is not the ultimate success, or miscarriage, of his plan, by which we ought to judge of its propriety, but the rational prospects which it held out before being carried into execution. Now be it remembered, that, upon the 16th, Blucher's army was already concentrated at Ligny, while that of Lord Wellington was only moving up in detail to Quatre Bras. Mareschal Ney would scarcely have recommended to Napoleon to move straight towards Brussels by Quatre Bras and Genappe, leaving upon his right, and eventually in his rear, an army of 80,000 Prussians, expecting hourly to be joined by Bulow with 20,000 more, altogether disengaged and unoccupied. The consequence of such a movement must necessarily have been, that, menaced by the enemy's whole force, the Duke of Wellington might have relinquished thoughts of collecting his army in a post so much in advance as Quatre Bras; but a concentration upon Waterloo would have been the obvious alternative; and if the Emperor had advanced to that point and attacked the English without their receiving any assistance from the untouched army of the Prussians, we must suppose Blucher less active in behalf of his allies when at the head of an entire army, than he proved himself to be when commanding one which had sustained a recent defeat. In a word, if left unattacked, or masked only by a force inferior to their own, the Prussians were in a situation instantly to have become the assailants; and, therefore, it seems that Bonaparte acted wisely in sending, in the first instance, the greater part of his army against that body of his enemies which had already combined its forces, while he might reasonably hope, that the divisions under Ney's command could dispose of the British troops as they came up to the field of battle wearied and in detail. In fact, his scheme had, in its material points, complete success, for Napoleon did defeat the Prussians; and, by his success against them, compelled the English to retreat, and gained an opportunity of attacking them with his whole force in a battle, where the scale more than once inclined to his side. If, in the conjoined assault of the 16th, Ney failed in success over an enemy far inferior in numbers, it can only be accounted for by the superior talents of the English general, and the greater bravery of the soldiers whom he commanded. Something like a conscious feeling of this kind seems to lurk at the bottom of the mareschal's statement, who scarce pardons the emperor for being successful upon a day on which he was himself defeated.

The manner in which Ney complains of being deprived of the assistance of the first brigade, held hitherto in reserve, between his right and the left wing of Napoleon, and withdrawn, as he alleges, to the assistance of the latter just when, on his side, "victory was not doubtful," savours of the same peevish criticism. Napoleon sent for these troops when their aid appeared essential to carry the village of St. Amand, and thereby to turn the right flank of the Prussians, and he restored them to their original position the instant he perceived a possibility of carrying his point without them. Surely more could not have been expected in the circumstances. Of the tone the mareschal assumes to his fallen master, and the reproaches which he permits himself to cast upon him, I will only say, in the words of Wolsey,

> Within these forty hours, Surrey had better
> Have burn'd his tongue than said so.

Upon the other point of censure it is more difficult to give a satisfactory explanation. The French seem to have considered the Battle of Ligny, as being of a character less decisive than complete victory, and a consciousness of the unbroken force of the retiring enemy certainly checked the vivacity of the pursuit. The French carried the positions of the Prussians with great slaughter; but the precipitate retreat, and the numerous prisoners announced in Bonaparte's bulletin, are now universally allowed to be apocryphal. Blucher, whose open and frank avowal of the defeat he sustained claims credit for the rest of his narrative, assures us, that the Prussian army was again formed within a quarter of a league from the field of battle, and presented such a front to the enemy as deterred him from attempting a pursuit. We ought therefore to conclude, (paying always the necessary deference to Bonaparte's military skill,) that although the Prussians had been driven from their positions, yet their retreat must have been conducted with such order, that no advantage would have resulted from pursuing them with a small force, while the necessity of making a movement with his main body to the left, in order to repair the disaster sustained by Ney, rendered it impossible for Napoleon to press upon their retreat with an overwhelming superiority of numbers.

These reflections, which I hazard in profound submission to your experience, close what occurs upon the important events of the 16th and 17th days of June last. Ever, my dear Major, &c.

PAUL.

LETTER VIII

TO THE SAME.

BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

Field of Waterloo Described—Disposition of the British Forces—Valley between the Armies—Hougoumont—Position of the French Army—Dawn of the 18th—Preparations of the French—Communication between the British and Prussians—Commencement of the Battle—Spot where Bonaparte was posted—Advance of French Cavalry—Determination of the British Troops—First Attack of the French—Their partial Success—Defence of Hougoumont—Renewed Attack upon it—Resistance of the Black Brunswickers—Formation of the Regiment into Squares—Attack upon Mount St. John—Inefficiency of Light Cavalry—Temporary Superiority of the French—Charge of the Heavy Brigade—Instance of Military Indifference—Feats of Personal Valour—Corporal Shaw—Sir John Elley—French Cavalry beaten off—Alarm at Brussels on the arrival of French Prisoners—Contest renewed on the Right Wing—Charge of French Cavalry—Courage of individual Frenchmen—Coolness of our Soldiers—Retreat of a Belgian Regiment—Cowardice of the Hanoverian Hussars—The Centre and Left again assaulted—La Haye Sainte stormed—Dreadful Carnage of Hougoumont—Burning of the Chateau—The Position successfully defended—Duke of Wellington—He encourages the Troops—Losses among his Staff—Sir W. Delancy—Sir A. Gordon—Lieut. Col. Canning—Incessant Attacks of the French—Determination of Wellington—Bulow's Division appears—They are met by Lobau—Caution of Blucher—Grouchy attacks the Prussian Rear—Defence of the Bridge of Wavre—The Bridge forced—Grouchy waits for orders—March of Blucher—Reasons assigned by the French for their Defeat—Blucher appears near Sunset—Bonaparte miscalculates on Grouchy's support—Attack of the Imperial Guards—Position of the British—Advance of the Imperial Guards—Our Guards meet them—the French fly—the British form Line and pursue—Bonaparte—His Admiration of the British—His Flight—The English advance—Final Rout of the French—Last Gun fired by Captain Campbell—The Flight and Pursuit—Wellington and Blucher meet—La Belle Alliance—Cruelty of the French—Retaliation of the Prussians—Death of Duhesme—Utter Rout of the French—Humanity of the English to their wounded enemies.

The field of battle at Waterloo is easily described. The forest of Soignes, a wood composed of beech trees growing uncommonly close together, is traversed by the road from Brussels, a long broad causeway, which, upon issuing from the wood, reaches the small village of Waterloo. Beyond this point,

the wood assumes a more straggling and dispersed appearance, until about a mile further, where at an extended ridge, called the heights of Mount St. John, from a farm-house situated upon the Brussels road, the trees almost entirely disappear, and the country becomes quite open. Along this eminence the British forces were disposed in two lines. The second, which lay behind the brow of the hill, was, in some degree, sheltered from the enemy's fire. The first line, consisting of the *elite* of the infantry, occupied the crest of the ridge, and were on the left partly defended by a long hedge and ditch, which, running in a straight line from the hamlet of Mount St. John towards the village of Ohain, gives name to two farm-houses. The first, which is situated in advance of the hedge, and at the bottom of the declivity, is called La Haye Sainte, (the holy hedge;) the other, placed at the extremity of the fence, is called Ter la Haye. The ground at Ter la Haye becomes woody and broken, so that it afforded a strong point at which to terminate the British line upon the left. A road runs from Ter la Haye to Ohain and the woody passes of St. Lambert, through which the Duke of Wellington kept up a communication by his left with the Prussian army. The centre of the English army occupied the village of Mount St. John, on the middle of the ridge, just were the great causeway from Brussels divides into two roads, one of which branches off to Nivelles, and the other continues the straight line to Charleroi. A strong advanced post of Hanoverian sharpshooters occupied the house and farm-yard of La Haye Sainte, situated in advance upon the Charleroi road, and just at the bottom of the hill. The right of the British army, extending along the same eminence, occupied and protected the Nivelles road as far as the enclosures of Hougoumont, and, turning rather backwards, rested its extreme right upon a deep ravine. Advanced posts from thence occupied the village called Braine la Leude,* on which point there was no engagement. The ground in front of the British point sloped easily down into lower ground, forming a sort of valley, not a level plain, but a declivity varied by many gentle sweeps and hollows, which, though quite dry, seem as if formed by the course of a river. The ground then ascends in the same manner to a ridge opposite to that of Mount St. John, and running parallel to it at the distance of twelve or fourteen hundred yards. This was the position of the enemy. It is in some points nearer, and in others more distant from the heights, or ridge, of Mount St. John, according as the valley between them is of greater or less breadth.

The valley between the two ridges is entirely open and uninclosed, and on that memorable day bore a tall and strong crop of corn. But in the centre of the valley, about half way betwixt the two ridges, and situated considerably to the right of the English centre, was the Chateau de Goumont, or Hougoumont. This is (or rather *was*) a gentleman's house of the old Flemish architecture, having a tower, and, as far as I can judge from its ruins, a species of battlement. It was surrounded on one side by a large farm-yard, and on the other opened to a garden divided by alleys in the Dutch taste, and fenced by a brick wall, and an exterior hedge and ditch. The whole was encircled by an open grove of tall trees, covering a space of about three or four acres, without any underwood. This chateau, with the advantages afforded by its wood and gardens, formed a strong *point d'appui* to the British right wing. In fact, while this point was maintained, it must have been difficult for the French to have made a serious attack upon the extremity of our right wing. On the other hand, had they succeeded in carrying Hougoumont, our line must have been confined to the heights, extending towards Merke Braine, which rather recede from the field, and would have been in consequence much limited and crowded in its movements. As far as I understand the order of battle, the British line upon the right wing at the commencement of the action, rather presented the convex segment of a circle to the enemy; but as repeated repulses obliged the French to give ground, the extreme right was thereby enabled to come gradually round, and the curve being reversed, became concave, enfilading the field of battle and the high road from Brussels to Charleroi, which intersects it.

Such was the position of the British army on this memorable morning. That of the French is less capable of distinct description. Their troops had bivouacked on the field, or occupied the villages behind the ridge of La Belle Alliance. Their general had the choice of his mode of attack upon the English position, a word which, in this case, can only be used in a general sense, as a situation for an order of battle, but not in any respect as denoting ground which was naturally strong, or easily defended.

The imperfect dawn of the 18th was attended by the same broken and tempestuous weather, by which the night had been distinguished. But the interval of rest, such as it was, had not been neglected by the British, who had gained time to clean their arms, distribute ammunition, and prepare every thing for the final shock of battle. Provisions had also been distributed to the troops, most of whom had thus the means of breakfasting with some comfort.

Early in the morning numerous bodies of French cavalry began to occupy all the ridge of La Belle Alliance, opposite to that of Mount St. John, and as our horse were held in readiness to encounter them, an engagement was expected between the cavalry of both armies, which our infantry supposed they would only view in the capacity of spectators. The desertion of a French officer of cuirassiers, attached to the party of Louis XVIII., conveyed other information; he assured Lord Hill, and subsequently the Duke of Wellington, that a general attack was intended, which would commence on our right by a combined force of infantry and cavalry.

In the meanwhile, the communication between our army and the Prussians by our left flank had been uninterrupted. An officer of engineers, who was despatched so early as four in the morning, accompanied Bulow's division, already on march to our assistance, struggling with the defiles of St. Lambert, through roads which were rendered worse and worse by every succeeding regiment and brigade of artillery. One sentiment, this gentleman assured me, seemed unanimous among the Prussians—an eager and enthusiastic desire to press forward to obtain their share of the glories and dangers of the day, and to revenge their losses upon the 16th. The common soldiers cheered him and his companion as they passed. "Keep your ground, brave English!" was the universal exclamation, in German, and in such broken English or French as they found to express themselves—"Only keep your ground till we come up!"—and they used every effort accordingly to get into the field. But the movement was a lateral one, made across a country naturally deep and broken, rendered more so by the late heavy rains; and, on the whole, so unfit for the passage of a large body of troops, with their cavalry, artillery, &c., that even these officers, well mounted as they were, and eager to make their report to the department from which they had been despatched, did not reach the field of battle till after eleven o'clock.

The engagement had already commenced. It is said Bonaparte fired the first gun with his own hand, which is at least doubtful. But it is certain that he was in full view of the field when the battle began, and remained upon it till no choice was left him but that of death or rapid flight. His first post was a high wooden observatory, which had been constructed when a trigonometrical survey of the country was made by order of the King of the Netherlands some weeks before. But he afterwards removed to the high grounds in front of La Belle Alliance, and finally to the foot of the slope upon the road to Brussels. He was attended by his staff, and squadrons of *service* destined to protect his person. Soult, Ney, and other officers of distinction, commanded under him, but he issued all orders and received all reports in person.

The clouds of cavalry, which had mustered thicker

* Or Braine the Free, to distinguish it from Braine le Compte, or Braine belonging to the count.

and thicker upon the skirts of the horizon in the line of La Belle Alliance, began now to advance forward. One of our best and bravest officers confessed to me a momentary sinking of the heart when he looked round him, considered how small was the part of our force properly belonging to Britain, and recollected the disadvantages and discouraging circumstances under which even our own soldiers laboured. A slight incident reassured him. An aid-de-camp galloped up, and, after delivering his instructions, cautioned the battalion of the guards, along whom he rode, to reserve their fire till the enemy were within a short distance. "Never mind us," answered a veteran guards-man from the ranks,—"never mind us, sir; *we know our duty*." From that moment my gallant friend said, that he knew the hearts of the men were in the right trim, and that though they might leave their bodies on the spot, they would never forfeit their honour. A few minutes afterwards the unparalleled conflict began.

The first attack of the French, as had been announced by the royalist officer, was directed towards our right wing, embracing the post of Hougoumont and the high road to Nivelles. A glance at any plan of this ground will show, that occupying the latter with artillery, would have enabled the French to have pushed forward to the very centre of our line, especially if Hougoumont could have been carried about the same time.

Under the eye of Bonaparte himself, who was then stationed on the ridge to the left of La Belle Alliance, the combinations for the attack were made with great skill and rapidity, and so completely concealed from our troops by the nature of the ground, that just before it took place, the cavalry on our extreme right expected orders to advance against some squadrons which showed themselves, as in the act of deploying towards Braine la Leude. But the enemy's motions were directed towards a more vital point.

About half past eleven o'clock, the whole of the French second corps d'armée, amounting to three divisions, each consisting of ten thousand men, commenced a most desperate attack upon the post of Hougoumont. It was defended by the light companies of the Guards, who were stationed in the chateau and the garden, partly in the wood, in conjunction with a corps of sharp-shooters, chiefly Nassau troops. The defence was supported by the whole second brigade of Guards under Major-General Byng, placed on a rising ground in the rear, so as to preserve the power of reinforcing the garrison.

The first division of the French, commanded by Jerome Bonaparte, commenced the assault, which, after a short but violent struggle, terminated in their retreating with great loss. But the attack was almost instantly renewed with incredible fury by the second division, commanded by General Foy. The fury of their onset was such, that the sharp-shooters of Nassau Ussingen, to whom the grove of Hougoumont had been confided, abandoned that part of the post, and the chateau itself must have been carried, but for the stubborn and desperate courage of that detachment of the Guards to whom the defence was intrusted. A French officer, followed by a few men, actually forced his way into the court-yard of the chateau, but all were there bayonetted. Colonel Macdonnell, the brother of our Highland Chief Glengarry, was obliged to fight hand to hand among the assailants, and was indebted to personal strength no less than courage for his success in the perilous duty of shutting the gates of the court-yard against the enemy. The Spanish general, Don Miguel Alava, and his aids-de-camp, exerted themselves to rally the scattered sharp-shooters of Nassau, and Don Nicholas de Mennuisir was particularly distinguished by his activity. But they passed the right of our troops in great disorder, their faces and hands blackened with smoke and powder, and showing yet sterner signs of the conflict in which they had been engaged, and to the furies of which they seemed unwilling again to commit themselves. "What would the Spaniards have done," said a prince distinguished for his own personal spirit and courage, as well as for his experience in the peninsular war,—"What would the Spaniards have done, Don Miguel, in a fire like that of Waterloo?"—"At least, sir," retorted the Castilian, "they would not, like some of your father's subjects, have fled without seeing their enemy."—By the rout of these light troops, and the consequent occupation of the wood by the French, Hougoumont was, for great part of the action, completely an invested and besieged post, indebted for its security to the walls and deep and strong ditches with which the garden and orchard were surrounded, but much more to the valiant and indomitable spirits of those by whom these defences were maintained. The French have since asserted, that their ill success was in great measure owing to their ignorance, that the exterior hedge of the orchard masked a strong and thick garden wall, so that those who surmounted the one obstacle were suddenly overwhelmed by the fire from this second defence. When, however, it is remembered that Bonaparte, who himself superintended the attack, had by his side a person born and bred within half a mile of the chateau, it seems very unlikely that he should have omitted to make himself acquainted with the local means of defence. It was currently reported, that, during the attack, the bailiff or steward of the proprietor fired more than once from the summit of the tower upon the British, by whom the court and garden were defended, and that he was at length discovered and shot. At any rate, the place was most furiously assailed from without, and as resolutely defended, the garrison firing through the holes which they knocked out in the garden walls, and through the hedge of the orchard; and the assailants making the most desperate attempts to carry the post, but in vain. About one o'clock the wood was regained by six companies of the Guards under Colonel Hepburn, superseding Lord Saltoun, who had hitherto commanded in the wood, while Colonels Woodford and Macdonnel directed the defence of the buildings and garden. The attack of the Guards under Colonel Hepburn drove back Foy's division with immense loss, again occupied the wood, and re-enforced the little garrison in the chateau.

Still, however, Hougoumont being in some degree insulated, and its defenders no longer in direct or undisturbed communication with the rest of the British army, the French cavalry were enabled to pour round it in great strength to the attack of the British right wing. The light troops, who were in advance of the British line, were driven in by the fury of this general charge, and the foreign cavalry, who ought to have supported them, gave way on all sides. The first forces who offered a steady resistance were the Black Brunswick Infantry. They were drawn up in squares, as most of the British forces were, during this memorable action, each regiment forming a square by itself, not quite solid, but nearly so, the men being drawn up several files deep. The distance between these masses afforded space enough to draw up the battalions in line when they should be ordered to deploy, and the regiments were posted with reference to each other much like the alternate squares upon a chess-board. It was therefore impossible for a squadron of cavalry to push between two of these squares, without finding themselves at once assailed by a fire in front from that which was to the rear, and on both flanks from those betwixt which it had moved forward. Often and often during that day was the murderous experiment resorted to, and almost always with the same bad success.

Yet, although this order of battle possesses every efficient power of combination for defence against cavalry, its exterior is far from imposing. The men thus drawn up occupy the least possible space of ground, and a distinguished officer, who was destined to support the Brunswickers, informed me, that when he saw the furious onset of the French cavalry, with a noise and clamour that seemed to unsettle the firm earth over which they galloped, and beheld the small detached black masses which, separated from each other, stood each individually

exposed to be overwhelmed by the torrent, he almost trembled for the event. But when the Brunswick troops opened their fire with coolness, readiness, and rapidity, the event seemed no longer doubtful. The artillery also, which was never in higher order, or more distinguished for excellent practice, made dreadful gaps in the squadrons of cavalry, and strewed the ground with men and horses, who were advancing to the charge. Still this was far from damping the courage of the French, who pressed on in defiance of every obstacle, and of the continued and immense slaughter which was made among their ranks. Or if the attack of the cavalry was suspended for a space, it was but to give room for the operation of their artillery, which, within the distance of one hundred and fifty yards, played upon so obvious a mark as our solid squares afforded with the most destructive effect. "One fire," said a general officer, whom I have already quoted, "struck down seven men of the square with whom I was for the moment; the next was less deadly—it only killed three." Yet under such a fire, and in full view of these clouds of cavalry, waiting like birds of prey to dash upon them where the slaughter should afford the slightest opening, did these gallant troops close their files over their dead and dying comrades, and resume with stern composure that compact array of battle, which their discipline and experience taught them afforded the surest means of defence. After the most desperate efforts on the part of the French to push back our right wing, and particularly to establish themselves on the road to Nivelles, and after a defence on the part of the British which rendered these efforts totally unavailing, the battle slackened in some degree in this quarter, to rage with greater fury, if possible, towards the left and centre of the British line.

It was now upon the village of Mount St. John, and making use of the causeway or high-road between that hamlet and La Belle Alliance, that Bonaparte precipitated his columns, both of infantry and cavalry, under a tremendous fire of artillery, that was calculated to sweep every obstacle from their course. The ridge of the hill was upon this occasion very serviceable to the British, whose second line was posted behind it, and thus protected, in some degree, from the direct fire, though not from the showers of shells which were thrown on purpose to annoy the troops, whom the enemy with reason supposed to be thus sheltered. The first line derived some advantage from a straggling hedge, (the same which, as already mentioned, gives the name of La Haye Sainte to the farm,) extending along their centre and left, and partly masking it, though, so far from being strong enough to serve as an entrenchment or breastwork, it could be penetrated by cavalry in almost every direction. Such as it was, however, its line of defence, or rather the troops by whom it was occupied, struck awe into the assailants; and while they hesitated to advance to charge it, they were themselves in their turn charged and overwhelmed by the British cavalry, who, dashing through the fence at the intervals which admitted of it, formed, charged, and broke the battalions which were advancing upon their line. The French cavalry came up to support their infantry, and where the British were in the least dispersed, which, from the impetuosity of the men and horses, was frequently unavoidable, our troops suffered severely. This was particularly experienced by some distinguished regiments, whom the military fashions of the times has converted into hussars, from that excellent old English establishment formerly called Light-Dragoons, which combined with much activity a degree of weight that cannot belong to troopers more slightly mounted. You, who remember one or two of the picked regiments of 1795, cannot but recollect at once the sort of corps which is now in some degree superseded by those mounted on light blood horses. It is at least certain, that after the most undaunted exertions on the part of the officers, seconding those of the Earl of Uxbridge, our light cavalry were found to suffer cruelly in their unequal encounter with the ponderous and sword-proof cuirassiers, and with the lancers. In every instance (and there were but too many) in which our cavalry pushed temporary success too far, they were overpowered by the weight and numbers of the enemy, and driven back with great loss. Many were killed, and several made prisoners, some of whom the French afterwards massacred in cold blood. Even the German Legion, so distinguished for discipline and courage during the peninsular conflicts, were unequal, on this occasion, to sustain the shock of the French cavalry. And thus, such had been Bonaparte's dexterity in finding resources and in applying them, the French seemed to have a temporary superiority in that very description of force, with which it was supposed altogether impossible he could be adequately provided. It was upon this occasion that Sir John Elley, now quarter-master-general, requested and obtained permission to bring up the heavy brigade, consisting of the Life Guards, the Oxford Blues, and Scotch Grays, and made a charge, the effect of which was tremendous. Notwithstanding the weight and armour of the cuirassiers, and the power of their horses, they proved altogether unable to withstand the shock of the heavy brigade, being literally rode down, both horse and man, while the strength of the British soldiers was no less pre-eminent when they mingled and fought hand to hand. Several hundreds of French were forced headlong over a sort of quarry or gravel pit, where they rolled a confused and undistinguishable mass of men and horses, exposed to a fire which, being poured closely into them, soon put a period to their struggles. Amidst the fury of the conflict, some traces occurred of military indifference which merit being recorded. The Life Guards, coming up in the rear of the 95th, which distinguished regiment acted as sharp-shooters in front of the line, sustaining and repelling a most formidable onset of the French, called out to them, as if it had been on the parade in the Park, "Bravo, ninety-fifth! do you *lather* them, and we'll *shave* them!" The Scottish *amor patriæ* also displayed itself on this occasion. The Scotch Grays coming up to the support of a Highland regiment, all joined in the triumphal shout of "Scotland for ever!" Amid the confusion presented by the fiercest and closest cavalry fight which had ever been seen, many individuals distinguished themselves by feats of personal strength and valour. Among these should not be forgotten Shaw, a corporal of the Life-Guards, well known as a pugilistic champion, and equally formidable as a swordsman. He is supposed to have slain or disabled ten Frenchmen with his own hand, before he was killed by a musket or pistol-shot. But officers, also, of rank and distinction, whom the usual habits of modern war render rather the directors than the actual agents of slaughter, were in this desperate action seen fighting hand to hand like common soldiers. "You are uncommonly savage to-day," said an officer to his friend, a young man of rank, who was arming himself with a third sabre, after two had been broken in his grasp: "What would you have me do?" answered the other, by nature one of the most gentle and humane men breathing; "we are here to kill the French, and he is the best man to-day who can kill most of them;"—and he again threw himself into the midst of the combat. Sir John Elley, who led the charge of the heavy brigade, was himself distinguished for personal prowess. He was at one time surrounded by several of the cuirassiers; but, being a tall and uncommonly powerful man, completely master of his sword and horse, he cut his way out, leaving several of his assailants on the ground, marked with wounds, indicating the unusual strength of the arm which inflicted them. Indeed, had not the ghastly evidences remained on the field, many of the blows dealt upon this occasion would have seemed borrowed from the annals of knight-errantry, for several of the corpses exhibited heads cloven to the chin, or severed from the shoulders. The issue of this conflict was, that the French cavalry were completely beaten off, and a great proportion of their attacking columns of in

fantry, amounting to about 3000 men, threw down their arms, and were sent off to Brussels as prisoners. Their arrival there added to the terrors of that distracted city; for a vague rumour having preceded their march, announcing the arrival of a column of French, they were for a long time expected as conquerors, not as prisoners. Even when they entered as captives, the sight of the procession did not relieve the terrors of the citizens; the continued thunder of the cannon still announced that the battle was undecided, and the manner of the prisoners themselves was that of men who expected speedy freedom and vengeance. One officer of cuirassiers was particularly remarked for his fine martial appearance, and the smile of stern contempt with which he heard the shouts of the exulting populace. "The emperor," he said, "the *emperor* will shortly be here;" and the menace of his frowning brow and clenched hand indicated the fatal consequences which would attend his arrival.

The contest was indeed so far from being decided, that it raged with the most uninterrupted fury; it had paused in some degree upon the centre and left, but only to be renewed with double ferocity in the right wing. The attack was commenced by successive columns of cavalry, rolling after each other like waves of the sea. The Belgian horse, who were destined to oppose them, again gave way, and galloped from the field in great disorder. Our advanced line of guns was stormed by the French, the artillery-men receiving orders to leave them, and retire within the squares of the infantry. Thus, at least, thirty pieces of artillery were for the time abandoned; but to an enemy who could not either use them or carry them off. The scene now assumed the most extraordinary and unparalleled appearance. The large bodies of French cavalry rode furiously up and down amongst our small squares of infantry, seeking, with desperate courage, some point where they might break in upon them, but in vain, though many in the attempt fell at the very point of the bayonets.

In the mean time a brigade of horse-artillery, commanded by the lamented Major Norman Ramsay, opened its fire upon the columns. They retreated repeatedly, but it was only to advance with new fury, and to renew attempts which it seemed impossible for human strength and courage ultimately to withstand. As frequently as the cavalry retreated, our artillery-men, rushing out of the squares in which they had found shelter, began again to work their pieces, and made a destructive fire on the retiring squadrons. Two officers of artillery were particularly noticed, who, being in a square which was repeatedly charged, rushed out of it the instant the cavalry retreated, loaded one of the deserted guns which stood near, and fired it upon the horsemen. A French officer observed that this manœuvre was repeated more than once, and cost his troop many lives. At the next retreat of his squadron, he stationed himself by the gun, waving his sword, as if defying the British officers again to approach it. He was instantly shot by a grenadier, but prevented, by his self-devotion, a considerable loss to his countrymen. Other French officers and men evinced the same desperate and devoted zeal in the cause which they had so rashly and unhappily espoused. One officer of rank, after leading his men as far as they would follow him towards one of the squares of infantry, found himself deserted by them, when the British fire opened, and instantly rode upon the bayonets, throwing open his arms as if to welcome the bullet which should bring him down. He was immediately shot, for the moment admitted of no alternative. On our part, the coolness of the soldiers was so striking as almost to appear miraculous. Amid the infernal noise, hurry, and clamour of the bloodiest action ever fought, the officers were obeyed as if on the parade; and such was the precision with which the men gave their fire, that the aid-de-camp could ride round each square with perfect safety, being sure that the discharge would be reserved till the precise moment when it ought regularly to be made. The fire was rolling or alternate, keeping up that constant and uninterrupted blaze, upon which, I presume, it is impossible to force a concentrated and effective charge of cavalry. Thus, each little phalanx stood by itself, like an impregnable fortress, while their crossing fires supported each other, and dealt destruction among the enemy, who frequently attempted to penetrate through the intervals, and to gain the flank, and even the rear of these detached masses. The Dutch, Hanoverian, and Brunswick troops, preserved the same solid order, and the same ready, sustained, and destructive fire, as the British regiments with whom they were intermingled.

Notwithstanding this well-supported and undaunted defence, the situation of our army became critical. The Duke of Wellington had placed his best troops in the first line; they had already suffered severely, and the quality of those who were brought up to support them was in some instances found unequal to the task. He himself saw a Belgian regiment give way at the instant it crossed the ridge of the hill, in the act of advancing from the second into the first line. The Duke rode up to them in person, halted the regiment, and again formed it, intending to bring them into the fire himself. They accordingly shouted *En avant! en avant!* and, with much of the manner which they had acquired by serving with the French, marched up, dressing their ranks with great accuracy, and holding up their heads with military precision. But as soon as they crossed the ridge of the hill, and again encountered the storm of balls and shells, from which they had formerly retreated, they went to the right-about once more, and fairly left the Duke to seek more resolved followers where he could find them. He accordingly brought up a Brunswick regiment, which advanced with less apparent enthusiasm than *Les braves Belges*, but kept their ground with more steadiness, and behaved very well. In another part of the field, the Hanoverian hussars of Cumberland, as they were called, a corps distinguished for their handsome appearance and complete equipments, were ordered to support a charge made by the British. Their gallant commanding-officer showed no alacrity in obeying this order, and indeed observed so much ceremony, that, after having been once and again ordered to advance, an aid-de-camp of the Duke of Wellington informed him of his Grace's command, that he should either advance or draw off his men entirely, and not remain there to show a bad example and discourage others. The gallant officer of hussars, considering this as a serious option, submitted to his own decision, was not long in making his choice, and having expressed to the aid-de-camp his sense of the Duke's kindness, and of the consideration which he had for raw troops, under a fire of such unexampled severity, he said he would embrace the alternative of drawing his men off, and posting them behind the hamlet of Saint John. This he accordingly did, in spite of the reproaches of the aid-de-camp, who loaded him with every epithet that is most disgraceful to a soldier. The incident, although sufficiently mortifying in itself, and attended, as may be supposed, with no little inconvenience at such a moment, had something in it so comic, that neither the General nor any of his attendants were able to resist laughing when it was communicated by the incensed aid-de-camp. I have been told many of the officers and soldiers of this unlucky regiment left it in shame, joined themselves to other bodies of cavalry, and behaved well in the action. But the valiant commander not finding himself comfortable in the place of refuge which he had himself chosen, fled to Brussels, and alarmed the town with a report that the French were at his heels. His regiment was afterwards in a manner disbanded, or attached to the service of the commissariat.

These circumstances I communicate to you, not in the least as reflecting upon the national character, either of the Hanoverians or Belgians, both of whom had troops in the field, by whom it was gloriously sustained; but, as an answer to those who

have remarked, that the armies not being greatly disproportioned in point of numbers, the contest ought to have been sooner decided in favour of the Duke of Wellington. The truth is, that the Duke's first line *alone*, with occasional reinforcements from the second, sustained the whole brunt of the action; and it would have been in the highest degree imprudent to have made any movement in advance, even to secure advantages which were frequently gained, since implicit reliance could not be placed upon the raw troops and militia, of whom the support was chiefly composed. With 80,000 British troops, it is probable the battle would not have lasted two hours, though it is impossible it could in that event have been so entirely decisive, since the French, less completely exhausted, would probably have been able to take better measures for covering their retreat.

Meanwhile the battle raged in every point. The centre and left were again assaulted, and, if possible, more furiously than before. The farm-house of La Haye Sainte, lying under the centre of the British line, was at last stormed by the French troops, who put the gallant defenders to the sword. They were Hanoverian sharp-shooters, who had made good the post with the most undaunted courage, whilst they had a cartridge remaining, and afterwards maintained an unequal contest with their bayonets through the windows and embrazures. As the entrance to the farm fronted the high-road, and was in the very focus of the enemy's fire, it was impossible to send supplies of ammunition by that way; and the commanding-officer unfortunately had not presence of mind to make a breach through the back part of the wall, for the purpose of introducing them. "*I* ought to have thought of it," said the Duke of Wellington, who seems to have considered it as his duty to superintend and direct even the most minute details of that complicated action; "but," as he added, with a very unnecessary apology, "my mind could not embrace every thing at once." The post, meanwhile, though long maintained by the enemy, was of little use to them, as our artillery on the ridge were brought to plunge into it, and the attempt to defend it as a point of support for his future attacks, cost Bonaparte more men than he had lost in carrying it. On the right Hougoumont continued to be as fiercely assailed, but more successfully defended. The carnage in that point was dreadful; the French at length had recourse to shells, by which they set on fire, first, a large stack of hay in the farm-yard, and then the chateau itself. Both continued to blaze high in the air, spreading a thick black smoke, which ascended far over that of the cannonade, and seemed to announce that some dreadful catastrophe had befallen the little garrison. Many of the wounded had been indeed carried into the chateau for shelter, and horrible to relate, could not be withdrawn from it when it took fire. But the Guards continued to make good the garden and the court-yard, and the enemy's utmost efforts proved unable to dispossess them. The various repulses which the French had met with in this part of the field, seemed by degrees to render their efforts less furious, and the right wing re-established its complete communication with this *point d'appui*, or key of the position, and re-enforced its defenders as occasion demanded.

During this scene of tumult and carnage, the Duke of Wellington exposed his person with a freedom which, while the position of the armies, and the nature of the ground, rendered it inevitably necessary, made all around him tremble for that life on which it was obvious that the fate of the battle depended. There was scarcely a square but he visited in person, encouraging the men by his presence, and the officers by his directions. Many of his short phrases are repeated by them, as if they were possessed of talismanic effect. While he stood on the centre of the high-road in front of Mount St. John, several guns were levelled against him, distinguished as he was by his suite, and the movements of the officers who came and went with orders. The balls repeatedly grazed a tree on the right-hand of the road, which tree now bears his name. "That's good practice," observed the Duke to one of his suite; "I think they fire better than in Spain." Riding up to the 95th, when in front of the line, and even then expecting a formidable charge of cavalry, he said, "Stand fast, 95th—we must not be beat—what will they say in England?" On another occasion, when many of the best and bravest men had fallen, and the event of the action seemed doubtful even to those who remained, he said, with the coolness of a spectator, who was beholding some well-contested sport—"Never mind, we'll win this battle yet." To another regiment, then closely engaged, he used a common sporting expression; "Hard pounding this, gentlemen; let's see who will pound longest." All who heard him issue orders took confidence from his quick and decisive intellect; all who saw him caught mettle from his undaunted composure. His staff, who had shared so many glories and dangers by his side, fell man by man around him, yet seemed in their own agony only to regard his safety. Sir William Delancy, struck by a spent ball, fell from his horse—"Leave me to die," he said to those who came to assist him, "attend to the Duke." The lamented Sir Alexander Gordon, whose early experience and high talents had already rendered him the object of so much hope and expectation, received his mortal wound while expostulating with the General on the personal danger to which he was exposing himself. Lieutenant Colonel Canning, and many of our lost heroes, died with the Duke's name on their expiring lips. Amid the havoc which had been made among his immediate attendants, his Grace sent off a young gentleman, acting as aid-de-camp, to a general of brigade in another part of the field, with a message of importance. In returning he was shot through the lungs, but, as if supported by the resolution to do his duty, he rode up to the Duke of Wellington, delivered the answer to his message, and then dropped from his horse, to all appearance a dying man. In a word, if the most devoted attachment on the part of all who approached him, can add to the honours of a hero, never did a general receive so many and such affecting proofs of it; and their devotion was repaid by his sense of its value, and sorrow for their loss. "Believe me," he afterwards said, "that nothing, excepting a battle lost, can be half so melancholy as a battle won. The bravery of my troops has hitherto saved me from that greater evil; but, to win even such a battle as this of Waterloo, at the expense of the lives of so many gallant friends, could only be termed a heavy misfortune, were it not for its important results to the public benefit."

In the meanwhile it seemed still doubtful whether these sacrifices had not been made in vain; for the French, though repulsed in every point, continued their incessant attacks with a perseverance of which they were formerly deemed incapable; and the line of chequered squares, hitherto successfully opposed to them, was gradually, from the great reduction of numbers, presenting a diminished and less formidable appearance. One general officer was under the necessity of stating, that his brigade was reduced to one third of its numbers, that those who remained were exhausted with fatigue, and that a temporary relief, of however short duration, seemed a measure of peremptory necessity. "Tell him," said the Duke, "what he proposes is impossible. He, and I, and every Englishman in the field, must die on the spot which we now occupy."—"It is enough," returned the general; "I, and every man under my command, are determined to share his fate." A friend of ours had the courage to ask the Duke of Wellington, whether in that conjuncture he looked often to the woods from which the Prussians were expected to issue?—"No," was the answer; "I looked oftener at my watch than at any thing else. I knew if my troops could keep their position till night, that I must be joined by Blucher before morning, and we would not have left Bonaparte an army next day. But," continued he, "I own I was glad as one hour of day-light slipped away after another, and our position was still maintained."

"And if," continued the querist, "by misfortune the position had been carried?"—"We had the wood behind to retreat into."—"And if the wood also was forced?"—"No, no; they could never have so beaten us but we could have made good the wood against them."—From this brief conversation it is evident, that in his opinion, whose judgment is least competent to challenge, even the retreat of the English on this awful day would have afforded but temporary success to Bonaparte.

While this furious conflict lasted, the Prussian general, with the faith and intrepidity which characterises him, was pressing forward to the assistance of his allies. So early as between three and four o'clock, the division of Bulow appeared menacing the right flank of the French, chiefly with light troops and cavalry. But this movement was foreseen and provided against by Bonaparte. Besides the immense force with which he sustained the main conflict, he had kept in reserve a large body of troops, under Count Lobau, who were opposed to those of Bulow with a promptitude which appeared like magic; our officers being at a loss almost to conjecture whence the forces came, which appeared as it were to rise out of the earth to oppose this new adversary. The engagement (which consisted chiefly in sharpshooting) continued in this quarter, but with no great energy, as the Prussian general waited the coming up of the main body of Blucher's army. This was retarded by many circumstances. We have already noticed the state of the cross-roads, or rather tracts, through which a numerous army had to accomplish their passage. But besides, the effects of the battle of Ligny were still felt, and it was not only natural but proper that Blucher, before involving himself in defiles from which retreat became impossible, should take some time to ascertain whether the English were able to maintain their ground until he should come up to their assistance. For, in the event of their being routed, with the usual circumstances of defeat, before the Prussians arrived, Blucher must have found himself in a most critical situation, engaged in the defiles of St. Lambert, with one victorious French army in front, and another pressing upon his rear at Wavre. Such at least is the opinion of our best and most judicious officers. But the loyalty of the Prince-Marshal's character did not permit him long to hesitate upon advancing to the support of his illustrious ally.

Grouchy and Vandamme, with their combined forces, amounting to upwards of thirty thousand men, had followed the Prussian rear (commanded by Tauenzein) as far as Wavre, less, it would seem, with the purpose of actual fight, than of precipitating the retreat, which they supposed Blucher to have commenced with his whole army. At length Tauenzein halted upon the villages of Wavre and Bielge, on the river Dyle, and there prepared to defend himself. It is probable that, about this time, the appearance of Bulow's corps on Bonaparte's right flank made the French general desirous the Prussians should be attacked in a different and distant point, in such a serious manner as might effectually engage their attention, and prevent their detaching more forces to the support of Wellington. Accordingly orders were despatched to Grouchy to make a serious attack upon that part of the Prussian army which was opposed to him. But Bonaparte was not aware, nor does Grouchy seem to have discovered, that the forces he was thus to engage only consisted of a strong rear-guard, which occupied the villages and position upon the Dyle to mask the march of the main army under the Prince-Marshal himself, which was already defiling to the right through the passes of St. Lambert, and in full march to unite itself with Wellington and Bulow. The resistance of Tauenzein, however, was so obstinate as to confirm Grouchy in the belief that he was engaged with a great proportion of the Prussian army. The bridge at Wavre, particularly, was repeatedly lost and gained before the French were able to make their footing good beyond it. At length a French colonel snatched the eagle of his regiment, and rushing forward, crossed the bridge and struck it into the ground on the other side. His corps followed with a unanimous shout of *Vive l'Empereur*, and although the gallant officer who thus led them on was himself slain on the spot, his followers succeeded in carrying the village. That of Bielge at the same time fell into their hands, and Grouchy anxiously expected from the Emperor orders to improve his success. But no such orders arrived; the sound of the cannon in that direction slackened, and at length died away; and it was next morning before Grouchy heard the portentous news that awaited him, announcing the fate of Napoleon and his army.

The French have since pretended, that their defeat was, in a great measure, owing to Grouchy's neglecting to make a lateral movement to his own left to the support of Napoleon. They ascribe this to the rapacity of Vandamme, who is said to have urged Grouchy to continue his movement upon Brussels, rather than to unite himself with Bonaparte, in order that their division might have the first share of the pillage of the city. If, however, this division of the French army had not fought at Wavre, where, with difficulty, they defeated the Prussian rear-guard, it seems clear, that Tauenzein, who showed great generalship, would have become the assailant, upon their manifesting a purpose of closing up towards the army of Napoleon. In either case they would have had the same number of enemies to dispose of, and consequently would have had the same difficulty in rendering effectual assistance to Bonaparte in his last exigency. There is no doubt, however, that their remaining inactive on the other side of the Dyle annihilated Napoleon's last chance of succour.

Meantime Blucher pressed the march of his forces through the defiles which separated him and Wellington. Notwithstanding the consequences of his fall upon the 16th, the veteran insisted upon leaving his carriage and being placed on horseback, that he might expedite the march by precept and example. The sun was, however, near setting before his forces appeared in strength issuing from the woods upon the flank of the contending armies. It seems to have been one of Bonaparte's leading errors to miscalculate the moral force of the Prussian character, and especially that of Blucher. Though it was now obvious that the army of the Prince-Marshal was appearing on the field, Napoleon deluded himself to the last by a belief that they were followed by Grouchy, and either retreating, or moving laterally in the same line with him; a circumstance which countenances the report of those French officers who allege orders to this purpose had been sent to Grouchy, although that Marshal denied having ever received them. In this mistake Bonaparte obstinately persisted, until the consequences proved fatal to the very last chance which he had of covering his own retreat. It was for some time supposed, that he mistook the Prussians for his own forces under Grouchy. This was not the case, nor was it possible it could be so. His real error was sufficient for his destruction, without exaggerating it into one that would indicate insanity. But, as appears from Marechal Ney's letter, Bonaparte spread among the soldiers, by means of the unfortunate Labedoyere, his own belief that Grouchy was advancing to their support. He imagined, in short, that, at the very worst, his own general had made a lateral movement, corresponding to that of Blucher, and was as near to support as the other was to attack him. In this belief, all the slaughter and all the repulses of that bloody day did not prevent his risking a desperate and final effort.

Nothwithstanding the perseverance with which Bonaparte had renewed his attacks upon the English position, and the vast number of his best cavalry and infantry who had fallen in the struggle, he had still in reserve nearly 15,000 men of his own guard, who, remaining on the ridge of La Belle Alliance, or behind it, had scarcely drawn a trigger during the action. But about seven o'clock at night their Emperor determined to devote this proved and faithful reserve, as his last stake, to the chance of

one of those desperate games in which he had been frequently successful. For this purpose he left the more distant point of observation, which he had for some time occupied upon the heights in the rear of the line, and descending from the hill, placed himself in the midst of the highway fronting Mount St. John, and within about a quarter of a mile of the English line. The banks, which rise high on each side, protected him from such balls as did not come in a direct line. In attaining this place of security, he incurred the only personal risk which he ran in the action. As they galloped towards the hollow way, a bullet struck off the pommel of an officer's saddle who was near him. Bonaparte coolly observed, "You must keep in the ravine." Here he caused his guards to defile before him, and acquainting them that the English cavalry and infantry were entirely destroyed, and that to carry their position they had only to sustain with bravery a heavy fire of their artillery; he concluded by pointing to the causeway, and exclaiming, "There, gentlemen, is the road to Brussels!" The prodigious shouts of *Vive l'Empereur*, with which the Guard answered this appeal, led our troops, and the Duke of Wellington himself, to expect an instant renewal of the attack, with Napoleon as the leader. Many an eye was eagerly bent to the quarter from whence the clamour proceeded; but the mist, as well as the clouds of smoke, rendered it impossible to see any object distinctly. None listened to the shout with more eager hope than our own great General, who probably thought, like the Avenger in Shakspeare,

> ——— There thou should'st be:
> By this great clatter one of the greatest note
> Seems bruited.———

All indeed expected an attack headed by Bonaparte in person; and in failing upon this instant and final crisis to take the command of his Guards, whom he destined to try the last cast of his fortune, he disappointed both his friends and enemies.

The Imperial Guard, however, rallying in their progress such of the broken cavalry and infantry of the line as yet maintained the combat, advanced dauntlessly. But the repeated repulses of the French had not been left unimproved by the British. The extreme right of the line, commanded by General Frederick Adam, under Lord Hill, had gradually and almost imperceptibly gained ground after each unsuccessful charge, until the space between Hougoumont and Braine la Leude being completely cleared of the enemy, the British right wing, with its artillery and sharp-shooters, was brought round from a convex to a concave position, so that our guns raked the French columns as soon as they debouched upon the causeway for their final attack. Our artillery had orders during the whole action to fire only upon the infantry and cavalry of the French, and not to waste their ammunition and energy in the less decisive exchange of shot with the French guns. The service of the artillery was upon this occasion so accurate, and at the same time so destructive, that the heads of the French attacking columns were enfiladed, and in a manner annihilated, before they could advance upon the high road. Those who witnessed the fire and its effects, describe it to me as if the enemy's columns kept perpetually advancing from the hollow way without ever gaining ground on the plain, so speedily were the files annihilated as they came into the line of the fire. Enthusiasm, however, joined to the impulse of those in the rear, who forced forward the front into the scene of danger, at length carried the whole attacking force into the plain. But their courage was obviously damped. They advanced indeed against every obstacle till they attained the ridge, where the British soldiers lay on the ground to avoid the destructive fire of artillery, by which the assault was covered: but this was their final effort. "Up, Guards, and at them," cried the Duke of Wellington, who was then with a brigade of the Guards. In an instant they sprung up, and, assuming the offensive, rushed upon the attacking columns with the bayonet. This body of the Guards had been previously disposed in line, instead of the squares which they had hitherto occupied. But the line was of unusual depth, consisting of four ranks instead of two. "You have stood cavalry in this order," said the General, "and can therefore find no difficulty in charging infantry." The effect of their three fatal cheers, and of the rapid advance which followed, was decisive. The Guards of Napoleon were within twenty yards of those of our Sovereign, but not one staid to cross bayonets with a British soldier. The consciousness that no support or reserve remained to them, added confusion to their retreat. This was observed by both generals with suitable emotion. The Duke of Wellington perceived the disorder of the French retreat, and the advance of the Prussians on their right flank, where they were already driving in all that was opposed to them. It was remarked that the sharpness and precision of the Duke's sight enabled him to mention both these circumstances two or three minutes before they could be discovered by the able officers around him. He immediately commanded the British troops to form line, and assume the offensive. The whole line formed four deep, and, supported by the cavalry and artillery, rushed down the slopes and up the corresponding bank, driving before them the flying French, whose confusion became each moment more irretrievable. The tirailleurs and cavalry, amounting to several regiments of the Imperial Guard, gallantly attempted to cover the retreat. They were charged by the British cavalry, and literally cut to pieces.

Bonaparte saw the issue of the fight with the same accuracy as the English General, but with far different feelings. He had shown the utmost coolness and indifference during the whole day, and while he praised the discipline and conduct of particular corps of the British army, whose gallantry he witnessed, he affected to lament their necessary and inevitable destruction. Even to reports which were incessantly brought to him of the increasing strength and progress of the Prussians upon his right flank, he turned an indifferent ear, bending his whole attention, and apparently resting his final hope, upon the success of the ultimate attack by the Imperial Guards. When he observed them recoil in disorder, the cavalry intermixed with the foot and trampling them down, he said to his aid-de-camp, "*Ils sont meleés ensemble!*" then looked down, shook his head, and became, according to the expression of his guide, pale as a corpse. Immediately afterwards two large bodies of British cavalry appeared in rapid advance on each flank; and as the operations of the Prussians had extended along his right flank, and were rapidly gaining his rear, Bonaparte was in great danger of being made prisoner. He then pronounced to Bertrand, who was always by his side, the fatal words, "All is over, it is time to save ourselves,"* and left to their fate the army which that day had shed their blood for him with such profusion. His immediate attendants, about ten or twelve in number, scrambled along with him out of the hollow way, and gaining the open plain, all fled as fast as their horses could carry them, or the general confusion would admit, without a single attempt, on Bonaparte's part, to rally his army or cover their retreat. In one instance alone he displayed some spirit of the *fanfaronade* by which his conduct was frequently distinguished. In passing a battery of fourteen guns near to the observatory, he ordered, that before they were deserted, fourteen rounds should be fired from each;—as if in such a moment the precision of a review would be required from an army, to which he was himself setting the example of precipitate flight. Whatever may be thought of Bonaparte's behaviour on former occasions, it would appear, either that prosperity had clouded his energy of mind, or that he was in some degree wanting to himself on the conclusion of this memorable day. For, after having shown during the progress of the battle, great judgment, composure, and presence of mind, the mode of his retreat was much less than honourable to a soldier, who had risen by personal courage and conduct to the greatest pitch of power that was ever enjoyed by an individual

* A present c'est fini....Sauvons nous.

At half past nine the fugitive arrived at Genappe, and experienced great difficulty in getting through the narrow street and over the bridge at that village, which was so encumbered with cannon and baggage-carts, that it was more than an hour ere he could obtain a free passage. From thence he pursued his flight, still upon the spur, to Quatre Bras, and from Quatre Bras to Gosselies, where he dismounted, and walked on foot to Charleroi. He stopped for the first time in a meadow beyond that town, and, for the first time that day, took some refreshment. In the course of his flight, he received from time to time the reports brought him by different officers, of the disastrous fate of the army which he had abandoned. From the neighbourhood of Charleroi he again resumed his rapid flight towards Paris.

Meanwhile, the front attack of the English, and that of the Prussians upon the flank, met with slight opposition. Just as the English army had deployed into line for the general charge, the sun streamed out, as if to shed his setting glories upon the conquerors of that dreadful day. Fatigue and diminution of numbers, even wounds, were forgotten, when the animating command was given to assume the offensive. Headed by the Duke of Wellington himself, with his hat in his hand, the line advanced with the utmost spirit and rapidity. The fire of the enemy from one hundred and fifty pieces of artillery did not stop them for a single moment, and in a short time the French artillery-men deserted their guns, cut loose their traces, and mingled in the flight, now altogether confused and universal, the fugitives trampling down those who yet endeavoured to keep their ranks. The first line had hardly the vestige of military order when it was flung back on the second, and both became then united in one tide of general and undistinguished flight. Baggage-wagons, artillery-carts, guns overthrown, and all the impediments of a hurried flight, cumbered the open field as well as the causeway, without mentioning the thick-strewn corpses of the slain, and the bodies of the still more miserable wounded, who in vain shrieked and implored compassion, as fliers and pursuers drove headlong over them in the agony of fear or the ecstasy of triumph. All the guns which were in line along the French position, to the number of one hundred and fifty, fell into the immediate possession of the British. The last gun fired was a howitzer, which the French had left upon the road. It was turned upon their retreat, and discharged by Captain Campbell, aid-de-camp to General Adam, with his own hand, who had thus the honour of concluding the battle of Waterloo, which, it has been said, Bonaparte himself commenced.

There remained, however, for the unhappy fugitives, a flight and pursuit of no ordinary description. And here the timely junction of the Prussians was of the last consequence to the common cause of Europe. The British cavalry were completely wearied with the exertions of the day, and utterly incapable of following the chase. Even the horses of the officers were altogether unable to strike a trot for any length of way, so that the arrival of the Prussians, with all their cavalry fit for instant and rapid operation, and organized by so active a quarter-master-general as Gneisenau, was essential to gathering in the harvest, which was already dearly won and fairly reaped.

The march and advance of the Prussians crossed the van of the British army, after they had attacked the French position, about the Farm-house of La Belle Alliance; and there, or near to that spot, the Duke of Wellington and Prince-Marshal Blucher met to congratulate each other upon their joint success, and its important consequences. The hamlet, which is said to have taken its name from a little circumstance of village scandal,* came to bear an unexpected and extraordinary coincidence with the situation of the combined armies, which inclines many foreigners even now to give the fight the name of the Battle of La Belle Alliance. Here, too, the victorious allies of both countries exchanged military greeting,—the Prussians halting their regimental bands to play "God save the King," while the British returned the compliment with three cheers to the honour of Prussia. The Prince-Marshal immediately gave orders that every man and horse in his army capable of action should press upon the rear of the fugitives, without giving them a moment's time to rally. The night was illuminated by a bright moon, so that the fliers found no refuge, and experienced as little mercy.

To the last, indeed, the French had forfeited all claim; for their cruelty towards the Prussians taken upon the 16th, and towards the British wounded and prisoners made during the battle of the 18th, was such as to exclude them from the benefit of the ordinary rules of war. Their lancers, in particular rode over the field during the action, despatching with their weapons the wounded British, with the most inveterate rancour; and many of the officers who have recovered from the wounds they received on that glorious day, sustained the greatest danger and most lasting inconvenience from such as were inflicted by those savages, when they were in no condition either to offend others or to defend themselves. The *Quoi! tu n'es pas mort?* of the spearman, was usually accompanied with a thrust of his lance, dealt with an inveteracy which gives great countenance to the general opinion, that their orders were to give no quarter. Even the British officers who were carried before Bonaparte, although civilly treated while he spoke to them, and dismissed with assurances that they should have surgical assistance and proper attendance, were no sooner out of his presence, than they were stripped, beaten, and abused. Most of the prisoners whom the French took from our light cavalry were put to death in cold blood, or owed their safety to concealment or a speedy escape. In short, it seemed as if the French army, when they commenced this desperate game, had, like Buccaneers setting forth upon a cruise, renounced the common rules of war and bonds of social amity, and become ambitious of distinguishing themselves as enemies to the human species. This unnatural hatred, rarely announced and cruelly acted upon, was as fearfully avenged. The Prussians listened not, and they had no reason to listen, to cries for mercy from those who had thus abused their momentary advantages over themselves and their allies; and their light horse, always formidable on such occasions, made a fearful and indiscriminate slaughter, scarce interrupted even by the temptation of plundering the baggage with which the roads were choked, and unchecked by an attempt at resistance. Those soldiers who had begun the morning with such hopes, and whose conduct during the battle vindicated their having done so, were now so broken in heart and spirits, that scores of them fled at sight of a single Prussian hussar.

Yet it is remarkable that, amid the countless number who fell, both of privates and officers, we do not notice many of those names distinguished in the bulletins of Bonaparte's former campaigns. Whether the marshals, doubting the success of their old master, hazarded themselves less frankly in his cause, or did so with better fortune than belonged to our distinguished and undaunted Picton, Ponsonby, and other officers of high rank whose loss we lament, it is not for me to conjecture. But, except Duhesme and Friant, neither of whose names were very much distinguished, we hear of no general officers among the French list of the slain. The latter was killed by a ball close to the turncoat Ney, who commanded the imperial guards in the last attack. The death of Duhesme had something in it which was Homeric. He was overtaken in the village of Genappe by one of the Duke of Brunswick's black hussars, of whom he begged quarter. The soldier regarded him sternly, with his sabre uplifted, and then briefly saying, "The Duke of Brunswick died yesterday," bestowed on him his death's wound.

Καθαρε και Πατροκλες, οπεο εσο πολλον αριστον.

* A woman who resided here, after marrying two husbands in her own station of creditable yeomanry, chose to unite herself, upon her becoming a second time a widow, to her own hind or ploughman; and the name of La Belle Alliance was bestowed on her place of residence in ridicule of this match.

General Cambrone was said also to have fallen after refusing quarter, and announcing to the British, by whom it was offered, "The Imperial Guard can die, but never surrender." The speech and the devotion of the general received honourable mention in the Minutes of the Chamber of Representatives. But the passage was ordered to be erased next day, it being discovered that General Cambrone was a prisoner in Lord Wellington's camp.

The French retreat was utter rout and confussion, the men deserting their officers, the officers the men, all discipline neglected, and every thing thrown away which could for a moment impede the rapidity of their panic flight. A slight attempt was made to halt at the village of Genappe, but there, and at Charleroi, and wherever else the terrified fugitives attempted to pause, a cannon-shot or two, or the mere sound of a Prussian drum or trumpet, was sufficient to put them again to the rout.

The English remained on the field of battle and the villages adjacent. Be it not forgotten, that, after such attention to their wounded companions as the moment permitted, they carried their succours to the disabled French, without deigning to remember that the defenceless and groaning wretches who encumbered the field of battle in heaps, were the same men who had displayed the most relentless cruelty on every temporary advantage which they obtained during this brief campaign. They erected hats over them to protect them from the weather, brought them water, and shared with them their refreshments—showing in this the upright nobleness of their own dispositions, and giving the most vivid testimony of their deserving that victory with which Providence had crowned them—a victory as unparalleled in its consequences, as the battle itself was in its length, obstinacy, and importance. Adieu! my dear major. Excuse a long letter, which contains much which you may have heard better told, mixed with some things with which you are probably not yet acquainted. The details which I have ventured to put into writing, are most of them from the authority of officers high in command upon that memorable day, and I may therefore be allowed to hope that even repetitions will be pardoned, for the sake of giving more authenticity to the facts which I have narrated. Yours, &c.

PAUL.

LETTER IX.

PAUL TO HIS SISTER MARGARET.

English Visiters to Waterloo—De Coster, Bonaparte's Guide—Appearance of the Field of Battle—Livrets of the French Soldiers—German Prayer-Books—Letters—Gentle Shepherd—Quack Advertisements—Crops trampled down—Houses and Hamlets ruinous—Claim of Damage—Hougoumont—Relics taken by Visiters—Number Slain in the Battle—Plunder obtained by the Peasants—Sale of Relics of the Battle—MS. of French Songs—Romance of Dunois—The Troubadour—Cupid's Choice—Reflections suggested by these Poems—Chanson—Romance de Troubadour—Chanson de la Folie.

I SHOULD now, my dear sister, give you some description of the celebrated field of Waterloo. But although I visited it with unusual advantages, it is necessary that I should recollect how many descriptions have already appeared of this celebrated scene of the greatest event of modern times, and that I must not weary your patience with a twice-told tale. Such and so numerous have been the visits of English families and tourists, as to enrich the peasants of the vicinity by the consequences of an event which menaced them with total ruin. The good old Flemish housewife, who keeps the principal carbaret at Waterloo, even when I was there, had learnt the value of her situation, and charged three prices for our coffee, because she could gratify us by showing the very bed in which the *Grand Lord* slept the night preceding the action. To what extremities she may have since proceeded in taxing English curiosity, it is difficult to conjecture. To say truth, the honest Flemings were at first altogether at a loss to comprehend the eagerness and enthusiasm by which their English visiters were influenced in their pilgrimages to this classic spot. Their country has been long the scene of military operations, in which the inhabitants themselves have seldom felt much personal interest. With them a battle fought and won is a battle forgotten, and the peasant resumes his ordinary labours after the armies have left his district, with as little interest in recollecting the conflict, as if it had been a thunder-storm which had passed away. You may conceive, therefore, the great surprise with which these honest pococurantes viewed the number of British travellers of every possible description who hastened to visit the field of Waterloo.

I was early in making my pilgrimage, yet there were half a dozen of parties upon the ground at the same time with that to which I belonged. Honest John de Coster, the Flemish peasant, whom Bonaparte has made immortal by pressing into his service as a guide, was the person in most general request, and he repeated with great accuracy the same simple tale to all who desired to hear him. I questioned him long and particularly, but I cannot pretend to have extracted any information in addition to what has been long ago very accurately published in the newspapers. For I presume you would be little interested in knowing, that, upon this memorable occasion, the ex-emperor rode a dappled horse, and wore a gray surtout with a green uniform coat; and, in memory of his party's badge, as I suppose, a violet-coloured waistcoat and pantaloons of the same. It was, however, with no little emotion that I walked with De Coster from one place to another, making him show me, as nearly as possible, the precise stations which had been successively occupied by the fallen monarch on that eventful day. The first was at the farm of Rossum, near to that of La Belle Alliance, from which he had witnessed the unsuccessful attack upon Hougoumont. He remained there till about four o'clock, and then removed into the cottage of De Costes, where he continued until he descended into the ravine, or hollow way. There was a deep and inexpressible feeling of awe in the reflection, that the last of these positions was the identical place from which he, who had so long held the highest place in Europe, beheld his hopes crushed and his power destroyed. To recollect, that within a short month, the man whose name had been the terror of Europe, stood on the very ground which I now occupied, that right opposite was placed that commander whom the event of the day hailed, *Vanqueur du Vanqueur de la terre*—that the landscape, now solitary and peaceful around me, presented so lately a scene of such horrid magnificence—that the very individual who was now at my side, had then stood by that of Napoleon, and witnessed every change in his countenance, from hope to anxiety, from anxiety to fear and to despair,—to recollect all this, oppressed me with sensations which I find it impossible to describe. The scene seemed to have shifted so rapidly, that even while I stood on the very stage where it was exhibited, I felt an inclination to doubt the reality of what had passed.

De Coster himself seems a sensible, shrewd peasant. He complained that the curiosity of the visiters who came to hear his tale, interfered a good deal with his ordinary and necessary occupations; I advised him to make each party, who insisted upon seeing and questioning him, a regular charge of five francs, and assured him that if he did so, he would find that Bonaparte had kept his promise of making his fortune, though in a way he neither wished nor intended. Pere de Coster said he was obliged to me for the hint, and I dare say has not failed to profit by it.*

The field of battle plainly told the history of the fight, as soon as the positions of the hostile armies were pointed out. The extent was so limited, and the interval between them so easily seen and commanded, that the various manœuvres could be

* A very minute narrative of Bonaparte's conduct during the whole day, taken down from the mouth of this peasant, forms a curious article in the Appendix.

traced with the eye upon the field itself, as upon a military plan of a foot square. All ghastly remains of the carnage had been either burned or buried, and the relics of the fray which yet remained were not in themselves of a very imposing kind. Bones of horses, quantities of old hats, rags of clothes, scraps of leather, and fragments of books and papers, strewed the ground in great profusion, especially where the action had been most bloody. Among the last, those of most frequent occurrence were the military *livrets*, or memorandum-books of the French soldiers. I picked up one of these, which shows, by its order and arrangement, the strict discipline, which at one time was maintained in the French army, when the soldier was obliged to enter in such an account-book, not only the state of his pay and equipments, but the occasions on which he served and distinguished himself, and the punishments, if any, which he had incurred. At the conclusion is a list of the duties of the private soldier, amongst which is that of knowing how to dress his victuals, and particularly to make good soup. The *livret* in my possession appears to have belonged to the Sieur Mallet, of the 2d battalion of the 8th regiment of the line: he had been in the service since the year 1791, until the 18th of June, 1815, which day probably closed his account, and with it all his earthly hopes and prospects. The fragments of German prayer-books were so numerous, that I have little doubt a large edition had been pressed into the military service of one or other party, to be used as cartridge-paper. Letters, and other papers, memorandums of business, or pledges of friendship and affection, lay scattered about on the field—few of them were now legible. A friend picked up a copy of "The Gentle Shepherd" where the Scotch regiments had been stationed; a circumstance which appeals strongly to our national feeling, from the contrast between the rustic scenes of the pastoral and that in which the owner of the volume had probably fallen. Quack advertisements were also to be found where English soldiers had fallen. Among the universal remedies announced by these empirics, there was none against the dangers of such a field.

Besides these fragments, the surface of the field showed evident marks of the battle. The tall crops of maize and rye were trampled into a thick black paste, under the feet of men and horses—the ground was torn in many places by the explosion of shells, and in others strangely broken up and rooted by the wheels of the artillery. Such signs of violent and rapid motion recorded, that

> Rank rush'd on rank, with squadron squadron closed,
> The thunder ceased not, nor the fire reposed.

Yet, abstracting from our actual knowledge of the dreadful cause of such appearances, they reminded me not a little of those which are seen upon a common a few days after a great fair has been held there. These transitory memorials were in a rapid course of disappearing, for the plough was already at work in several parts of the field. There is, perhaps, more feeling than wisdom in the wish, yet I own I should have been better pleased, if, for one season at least, the field where, in imagination, the ploughshare was coming in frequent contact with the corpses of the gallant dead, had been suffered to remain fallow. But the corn which must soon wave there will be itself a temporary protection to their humble graves, while it will speedily remove from the face of nature the melancholy traces of the strife of man.

The houses and hamlets which were exposed to the line of fire have of course suffered very much, being perforated by cannon-balls in every direction. This was particularly the case at La Haye Sainte. The inhabitants of these peaceful cottages might then exclaim, in the words of our admired friend,

> "Around them, in them, the loud battle clangs;
> Within our very walls fierce spearmen push,
> And armed warriors cross their clashing blades.
> Ah, wo is me! our warm and cheerful hearths,
> And rushed floors, on which our children play'd,
> Must be the bloody lair of dying men!"

There was not, indeed, a cottage in the vicinity, but what, ere the eve of the fight, was crowded with the wounded, many of whom had only strength to creep to the next place of cover, that they might lay them down to die.

The village of Saint John, and others within the English position, had escaped with the demolition of the windows, and the breaches of the walls from without. The hamlets lying on the opposite heights, within the French line of bivouack, having been plundered to the bare walls, had sustained internal as well as external damage. Among other claims upon English generosity, and which may serve to illustrate the idea which foreigners have formed of its illimitable extent, one was made by a proprietor of this district for a considerable sum, stated to be the damage which his property had sustained in and through the battle of Waterloo. He was asked, why he thought a claim so unprecedented in the usual course of warfare would be listened to. He replied, that he understood the British had made compensation in Spain to sufferers under similar circumstances. It was next pointed out to him, that no English soldier had or could have been accessary to the damage which he had sustained, since the hamlets and houses plundered lay within Bonaparte's position. The Fleming, without having studied at Leyden, understood the doctrine of consequential damages. He could not see that the circumstance alleged made much difference, since he argued, if the English had not obstinately placed themselves in the way, the French would have marched quietly on to Brussels, without doing him any material damage; and it was not until he was positively informed, that his demand would not be granted, that he remained silenced, but not satisfied.

Hougoumont (a name bestowed, I believe, by a mistake of our great commander, but which will certainly supersede the more proper one of Chateau-Goumont) is the only place of consideration which was totally destroyed. The shattered and blackened ruins of this little chateau remain among the wreck of its garden, while the fruit-trees, half torn down, half fastened to the walls, give some idea of the Dutch neatness with which it had been kept ere the storm of war approached it. The garden wall being secured by a strong high hedge, it is supposed the French continued the attack for some time before they were aware of the great strength of their defences. Yet it is strange that Bonaparte, who witnessed the assault, never asked De Coster, who stood at his elbow, in what manner the garden was enclosed.

The wall was all loop-holed for the use of musketry, and the defenders also maintained a fire from scaffolds, which enabled them to level their guns. Most visiters bought peaches, and gathered hazel-nuts and filberds in the garden, with the pious purpose of planting, when they returned to England, trees, which might remind them and their posterity of this remarkable spot. The grove of trees around Hougoumont was shattered by grape-shot and musketry in a most extraordinary manner. I counted the marks upon one which had been struck in twenty different places, and I think there was scarce any one which had totally escaped. I understand the gentleman to whom this ravaged domain belongs is to receive full compensation from the government of the Netherlands.

I must not omit to mention, that, notwithstanding the care which had been bestowed in burying or burning the dead, the stench in several places of the field, and particularly at La Haye Sainte and Hougoumont, was such as to indicate that the former operation had been but hastily and imperfectly performed. It was impossible of course, to attempt to ascertain the numbers of the slain; but, including those who fell on both sides, before the retreat commenced, the sum of forty thousand will probably be found considerably within the mark, and I have seen officers of experience who compute it much higher. When it is considered, therefore, that so many human corpses, besides those of many thousand horses, were piled upon a field scarcely two miles

long, and not above half a mile in breadth, it is wonderful that a pestilential disease has not broken out, to sum up the horrors of the campaign.

If the peasants in the neighbourhood of Waterloo suffered great alarm and considerable damage in the course of this tremendous conflict, it must be acknowledged they had peculiar and ample means of idemnification. They had, in the first place, the greatest share of the spoils of the field of battle, for our soldiers were too much exhausted to anticipate them in this particular. Many country people were at once enriched by the plunder of the French baggage, and not a few by that of the British, which, having been ordered to retreat during the action, became embarrassed on the narrow causeway leading through the great forest of Soignies, and was there fairly sacked and pillaged by the runaway Belgians and the peasantry; a disgraceful scene, which nothing but the brilliancy of the great victory, and the consequent enthusiasm of joy, could have allowed to be passed over without strict inquiry. Many of our officers, and some but ill able to afford such a loss, were in this manner deprived of all their clothes and baggage at the moment of their advance into the territories of France. The servants of the officers themselves, were sometimes accessary to this pillage; and, it is said, that one of these fugitive domestics, with the address of one of Moliere's servants or Terence's slaves, had the art to extract from his master's parents a sum of money which he pretended to have laid out upon his funeral, before they had received tidings that the pretended defunct had escaped the slaughter.

A more innocent source of profit has opened to many of the poor people about Waterloo, by the sale of such trinkets and arms as they collect daily from the field of battle; things of no intrinsic value, but upon which curiosity sets a daily increasing estimate. These memorials, like the books of the Sibyls, rise in value as they decrease in number. Almost every hamlet opens a mart of them as soon as English visiters appear. Men, women, and children, rushed out upon us, holding up swords, pistols, carabines, and holsters, all of which were sold when I was there *a prix juste*, at least to those who knew how to drive a bargain. I saw a tolerably good carabine bought for five francs; to be sure there went many words to the bargain, for the old woman to whom it belonged had the conscience at first to ask a gold Napoleon for it, being about the value it would have borne in Birmingham. Crosses of the Legion of Honour were in great request, and already stood high in the market. I bought one of the ordinary sort for forty francs. The eagles which the French soldiers wore in front of their caps, especially the more solid ornament of that description which belonged to the Imperial Guards, were sought after, but might be had for a few sous. But the great object of ambition was to possess the armour of a cuirassier, which at first might have been bought in great quantity, almost all the wearers having fallen in that bloody battle. The victors had, indeed, carried off some of these cuirasses to serve as culinary utensils, and I myself have seen the Highlanders frying their rations of beef or mutton upon the breast-plates and back-pieces of their discomfited adversaries. But enough remained to make the fortunes of the people of St. John, Waterloo, Planchenoit, &c. When I was at La Belle Alliance I bought the cuirass of a common soldier for about six francs; but a very handsome inlaid one, once the property of a French officer of distinction, which was for sale in Brussels, cost me four times the sum. As for the casques, or head-pieces, which by the way are remarkably handsome, they are almost *introuvable*, for the peasants immediately sold them to be beat out for old copper, and the purchasers, needlessly afraid of their being reclaimed, destroyed them as fast as possible.

The eagerness with which we entered into these negotiations, and still more the zeal with which we picked up every trifle we could find upon the field, rather scandalized one of the heroes of the day, who did me the favour to guide me over the field of battle, and who considered the interest I took in things which he was accustomed to see scattered as mere trumpery upon many a field of victory, with a feeling that I believe made him for the moment heartily ashamed of his company. I was obliged to remind him that as he had himself gathered laurels on the same spot, he should have sympathy or patience at least, with our more humble harvest of peach-stones, filberds, and trinkets. Fortunately the enthusiasm of a visiter, who went a bow-shot beyond us, by carrying off a brick from the house of La Belle Alliance, with that of a more wholesale amateur, who actually purchased the door of the said mansion for two gold Napoleons, a little mitigated my military friend's censure of our folly, by showing it was possible to exceed it. I own I was myself somewhat curious respecting the use which could be made of the door of La Belle Alliance, unless upon a speculation of cutting it up into trinkets, like Shakspeare's mulberry-tree.

A relic of greater moral interest was given me by a lady, whose father had found it upon the field of battle. It is a manuscript collection of French songs, bearing stains of clay and blood, which probably indicate the fate of the proprietor. One or two of these romances I thought pretty, and have since had an opportunity of having them translated into English, by meeting at Paris with one of our Scottish men of rhyme.

ROMANCE OF DUNOIS.

It was Dunois, the young and brave, was bound for Palestine,
But first he made his orisons before Saint Mary's shrine:
"And grant, immortal Queen of Heaven," was still the soldier's prayer,
"That I may prove the bravest knight, and love the fairest fair."

His oath of honour on the shrine he graved it with his sword,
And follow'd to the Holy Land the banner of his Lord;
Where, faithful to his noble vow, his war-cry fill'd the air,—
"Be honour'd aye the bravest knight, beloved the fairest fair."

They owed the conquest to his arm, and then his liege-lord said,
"The heart that has for honour beat, by bliss must be repaid,—
My daughter Isabel and thou shall be a wedded pair,
For thou art bravest of the brave, she fairest of the fair."

And then they bound the holy knot before Saint Mary's shrine,
That makes a paradise on earth if hearts and hands combine;
And every lord and lady bright that were in chapel there,
Cried, "Honour'd be the bravest knight, beloved the fairest fair!"

THE TROUBADOUR.

Glowing with love, on fire for fame,
A Troubadour that hated sorrow,
Beneath his lady's window came,
And thus he sung his last good-morrow
"My arm it is my country's right,
My heart is in my true love's bower;
Gayly for love and fame to fight
Begits the gallant Troubadour."

And while he march'd with helm on head
And harp in hand, the descant rung,
As faithful to his favourite maid,
The minstrel-burthen still he sung:
"My arm it is my country's right,
My heart is in my lady's bower;
Resolved for love and fame to fight,
I come, a gallant Troubadour."

Even when the battle-roar was deep,
With dauntless heart he hew'd his way
Mid splintering lance and falchion-sweep,
And still was heard his warrior-lay:
"My life it is my country's right,
My heart is in my lady's bower;
For love to die, for fame to fight,
Becomes the valiant Troubadour."

Alas! upon the bloody field
He fell beneath the foeman's glaive,
But still, reclining on his shield,
Expiring sung the exulting stave;
"My life it is my country's right,
My heart is in my lady's bower;
For love and fame to fall in fight,
Becomes the valiant Troubadour."

The tone of these two romances chimes in not unhappily with the circumstances in which the manuscript was found, although I do not pretend to

have discovered the real effusions of a military bard, since the first of them, to my certain knowledge, and I have no doubt the other also, is a common and popular song in France.* The following Anacreontic is somewhat of a different kind, and less connected with the tone of feeling excited by the recollection, that the manuscript in which it occurs was the relic of a field of battle:—

It chanced that Cupid on a season,
By Fancy urged, resolved to wed,
But could not settle whether Reason
Or Folly should partake his bed.

What does he then?—Upon my life,
'Twas bad example for a deity—
He takes me Reason for his wife,
And Folly for his hours of gayety

Though thus he dealt in petty treason,
He loved them both in equal measure;
Fidelity was born of Reason,
And Folly brought to bed of Pleasure.

* * * * *

There is another verse of this last song, but so much defaced by stains, and disfigured by indifferent orthography, as to be unintelligible. The little collection contains several other ditties, but rather partaking too much of the freedom of the corps de garde, to be worthy the trouble of transcription or translation.

I have taken more pains respecting these poems than their intrinsic poetical merit can be supposed to deserve, either in the original or the English version; but I cannot divide them from the interest which they have acquired by the place and manner in which they were obtained, and therefore account them more precious than any other of the remains of Waterloo which have fallen into my possession.

Had these relics of minstrelsy, or any thing corresponding to them in tone and spirit, been preserved as actual trophies of the fields of Cressy and Agincourt, how many gay visions of knights and squires and troubadours, and *sirventes* and *lais*, and courts of Love and usages of antique chivalry, would the perusal have excited! Now, and brought close to our own times, they can only be considered as the stock in trade of the master of a regimental band; or at best, we may suppose the compilation to have been the pastime of some young and gay French officer, who, little caring about the real merits of the quarrel in which he was engaged, considered the war by which the fate of Europe was to be decided only as a natural and animating exchange for the pleasures of Paris. Still the gallantry and levity of the poetry compels us to contrast its destined purpose, to cheer hours of mirth or of leisure, with the place in which the manuscript was found, trampled down in the blood of the writer, and flung away by the hands of the spoilers, who had stripped him on the field of battle. I will not, however, trouble you with any further translations at present; only, to do justice to my gallant Troubadour, I will subjoin the original French in the postscript to this letter. It is a task of some difficulty; for accurate orthography was not a quality of the original writer, and I am myself far from possessing a critical knowledge of the French language, though I have endeavoured to correct his most obvious errors. I am, dear sister, affectionately yours,

PAUL.

POSTSCRIPT

CHANSON.

Partant pour la Syrie le jeune et beau Dunois,
Alla prier Marie de bénir ses exploits,
"Faites, O Reine immortelle," lui dit-il en partant,
"Que j'aime la plus belle, et sois le plus vaillant."

Il grave sur la pierre le serment de l'honneur,
Et va suivre en guerre le Comte et son seigneur;
Au noble vœu fidèle il crie en combattant,
"Amour à la plus belle, gloire au plus vaillant."

* Paul has since learned that these two romances were written by no less a personage than the Duchesse de St. Leu.

Où lui doit la victoire—" Dunois," dit son Seigneur,
"Puisque tu fais ma gloire, je ferai ton bonheur,
De ma fille Isabelle sois l'époux à l'instant,
Car elle est la plus belle, et toi le plus vaillant."

A l'autel de Marie ils contractent tous les deux,
Cette union chérie qui seule les rend heureux;
Chacune Dame à la Chapelle s'écrie en les voyant,
"Amour à la plus belle, honneur au plus vaillant!"

ROMANCE DE TROUBADOUR.

Brûlant d'amour, en partant pour la guerre,
Le Troubadour, ennemi de chagrin,
Pensoit ainsi à sa jeune bergère,
Tous les matins en chantant ce refrain:
"Mon bras à ma patrie,
Mon cœur pour mon amie,
Mourir gaîment pour la Gloire et l'Amour,
C'est le devoir d'un vaillant Troubadour."

Dans le bivouac le Troubadour fidèle;
La casque sur tête, la guittarre à la main,
Dans sa delire, à sa jeune bergère,
Chantoit ainsi le joyeux refrain;
"Mon bras à ma patrie,
Mon cœur pour mon amie,
Mourir gaîment pour la Gloire et l'Amour,
C'est le devoir d'un vaillant Troubadour."

Dans les combats deployant son courage,
La courage au cœur, la glaive à la main,
Etoit le même au milieu de carnage,
Chaque matin, en chantant le refrain;
"Mon bras à ma patrie,
Mon cœur à mon amie,
Mourir gaîment, pour l'honneur et l'amour,
C'est le devoir d'un vrai Troubadour."

Ce brave, helas! deployant son courage,
Aux ennemis en bravant le destin,
Il respiroit sur la fin son amie,
Nommant sa belle, et chantant le refrain
"Mon bras à ma patrie,
Mon cœur à mon amie,
Mourir gaîment pour l'honneur et l'amour,
C'est le devoir d'un vrai Troubadour."

CHANSON DE LA FOLIE

De prendre femme un jour, dit-on,
L'Amour conduit la Fantaisie,
On lui proposa la Raison,
On lui proposa la Folie,—
Quel choix feroit le Dieu frivon,
Chacune d'eux est fort jolie—
Il prit pour femme la Raison,
Et pour maîtresse la Folie.

Il les aimoit toutes les deux,
Avec une constance égale,
Mais l'époux vivant au milieu,
Avec la charmante rivale,
Naquit un double rejeton,
De la double galanterie,
L'amant† naquit de la Raison,
Et le Plaisir de la Folie.

* * * *

LETTER X.

PAUL TO ——— ———, ESQ. OF ———

Flemish Farms—Brussels—Face of the Country—Forests—Antwerp Dock-yards—Bombardment of Antwerp—Carnot the Governor—Union of Flanders and the Netherlands—Difference of Religion—Antwerp Cathedral—Pictures carried off by the French—Rubens' Descent from the Cross—Painting in the Chapel where he is buried—Wax Figures—Effect of the Union on Dutch Commerce—King of the Netherlands—Belgian troops—Flemish Ballad-singers—Kindness to the British of the People of Brussels—of Antwerp—Reaping Scythe—Clumsiness of Flemish Furniture and Implements—Apparatus for Shoeing a Horse.

THE obligation which I contracted to write to you, my dear friend, upon subjects in some degree connected with your statistical pursuits, hangs round the neck of my conscience, and encumbers me more than any of the others which I have rashly entered into. But you will forgive the deficiencies of one, who, though fifteen years doomed to be a farmer, has hitherto looked upon his sheep and cows rather as picturesque objects in the pasture, than subjects o.

† *Its* in MS.

profit in the market, and who, by some unaccountable obtuseness of intellect, never could interest himself about his turnips or potatoes, unless they were placed upon the dinner-table. Could I have got an intelligent Flemish farmer to assist me, I have little doubt that I might have sent you some interesting information from that land of Goshen, where the hand of the labourer is never for an instant folded in inactivity upon his bosom, and where the rich soil repays with ready gratitude the pains bestowed in cultivation. Promptitude and regularity, the soul of all agricultural operations, are here in such active exertion, that before the corn is driven out of the field in which it has been reaped, the plough is at work upon the stubble, leaving only the ridges occupied by the shocks. The fertility of the soil is something unequalled, even in our best carse lands, being generally a deep and inexhaustible mould, as favourable for forest-trees as for cultivation. Cheapness is the natural companion of plenty; and I should suppose that Brussels, considered as a capital, where every luxury can be commanded, is at present one of the most economical places of residence in Europe. I began a brief computation, from which it appeared, that I might support myself with those comforts of luxuries which habit has rendered necessary to me, maintaining at the same time decent hospitality, and a respectable appearance, for about the sum of direct taxes which I pay to the public in Scotland. But ere I had time to grumble at my lot, came the comfortable recollection, that my humble home in the north is belted in by the broad sea, and divided from all the convulsions that have threatened the continent, that no contending armies have decided the fate of the world within ten miles of my dwelling, and that the sound of cannon never broke my rest, unless as an early *feu-de-joie*. These, with the various circumstances of safety and freedom connected with them, and arising out of them, are reasons more than sufficient for determining my preference in favour of my own homely home.

But for such as have better reasons than mere economy for choosing a short residence abroad, Brussels possesses great attractions. The English society there, so far as I saw it, is of the very first order, and I understand that of the principal families of the Netherlands is accessible and pleasant. This, however, is wandering from the promised topics—*revenons à nos moutons*.

The farm-houses and cottages in the Netherlands have an air of ease and comfort corresponding with the healthy and contented air of their inhabitants. That active industry, which eradicates every weed, prevents the appearance of waste and disorder, and turns every little patch of garden or orchard-ground to active profit, is nowhere seen to more advantage than in the Netherlands; and the Flemish painters copied from nature when they represented the groups of trees and thickets in which their cottages are usually embosomed. These thickets, and the woods of a larger scale, which are numerous and extensive, supply the inhabitants with fuel, though there are also coal mines wrought to considerable extent near Charleroi. The woods are chiefly of beech, but varied with birches, oaks, and other trees. The oaks, in particular, seem to find this a favourite soil, and are to be seen sprouting freely in situations where the surface appears a light and loose sand. In the lower strata, no doubt, they find a clay soil better adapted to their nourishment.

The forests of Flanders were formerly of a more valuable description that at present, for the trees fit for ship-timber have been in a great measure cut down by Bonaparte's orders, in his eager desire to create a navy at Antwerp. Nothing could better mark the immensity of his projects, and the extensive means which he had combined for their execution, than the magnificent dock-yards which he created in that city. The huge blocks of hewn stone, of the most beautiful gray colour and closest grain, each weighing from two to four tons, which were employed in facing the large and deep basins which he constructed, were brought by water from the quarries of Charleroi, at the distance of sixty miles and upwards. The fortifications also, which Bonaparte added to those of the city, were of the most formidable description. Nevertheless, the British thunders reached his vessels even in their well-defended dock-yards, as was testified by several of them having been sunk during the bombardment by Sir Thomas Graham, of which the masts yet remain visible above water. The people of Antwerp did not speak with much respect of the talents of Carnot, (their governor during the siege,) considered as an engineer, although we have often heard them mentioned with applause in England. They pointed out the remains of a small fascine battery, which was said to be misplaced, and never to have done any execution, as the only offensive preparation made by order of this celebrated mathematician. In other respects the citizens were agreeably deceived in Carnot, whose appointment to the government of the city was regarded with the greatest apprehensions by the inhabitants, who remembered that he had been the minister and instrument of Robespierre. He gave them, however, no reason to complain of him, and the necessary measures which he adopted of destroying such parts of the suburbs as interfered with the fire of the batteries, and the defence of the place, were carried into execution with as much gentleness and moderation as the inhabitants could have expected. The town itself, being studiously spared by the clemency of the besieging general, suffered but little from the British fire, though some houses were ruined by the bombs, and particularly the *Douane*, or French custom-house, whose occupants had so long vexed the Flemings by their extortion, that its destruction was regarded by them with great joy.

Belgium, or Flanders, has of late acquired a new political existence, as a principal part of the kingdom of the Netherlands. I am no friend, in general, to the modern political legerdemain, which transfers cities and districts from one state to another, substituting the "natural boundaries," (a phrase invented by the French to justify their own usurpations,) by assuming a river, or a chain of mountains, or some other geographical line of demarcation, instead of the moral limits, which have been drawn, by habits of faith and loyalty to a particular sovereign or form of government, by agreement in political and religious opinions, and by resemblance of language and manners; limits traced at first perhaps by the influence of chance, but which have been rendered sacred and indelible by long course of time and the habits which it has gradually fostered. *Arrandissements*, therefore, Indemnities, and all the other terms of modern date, under sanction of which cities and districts, and even kingdoms, have been passed from one government to another, as the property of lands and stock is transferred by a bargain between private parties, have been generally found to fail in their principal object. Either a general indifference to the form of government and its purposes, has been engendered in those whom superior force has thus rendered the sport of circumstances; or, when the minds of the population are of a higher and more vigorous order, the forced transference has only served to increase their affection to the country from which they have been torn, and their hatred against that to which they are subjected. The alienation of the Tyrol from Austria may be quoted as an example of the latter effect; and it is certain, that this iniquitous habit of transferring allegiance in the gross from one state to another, without consulting either the wishes or the prejudices of those from whom it is claimed, has had the former consequences of promoting a declension of public spirit among the smaller districts of Germany. Upon the map, indeed, the new acquisitions are traced with the same colour which distinguishes the original dominions of the state to which they are attached, and in the accompanying gazetteer, we read that such a city, with its liberties, containing so many thousand souls, forms now a part of the population of such a kingdom: but can this be seriously supposed (at least until the lapse of centuries) to con-

vey to the subjects, thus transferred, that love and affection to their new dynasty of rulers, that reverence for the institutions in church and state, those wholesome and honest prejudices in favour of the political society to which we belong, which go so far in forming the love of our native country? "Care I for the limbs, the thewes, the sinews of a man—Give me the spirit!"—and when the stipulations of a treaty, or the decrees of a conqueror, can transfer, with the lands and houses, the love, faith, and attachment of the inhabitants, I will believe that such *arrondissements* make a wholesome and useful part of the state to which they are assigned. Until then the attempt seems much like that of a charlatan who should essay to engraft, as a useful and serviceable limb, upon the person of one patient, the arm or leg which he has just amputated from another.

But though it seems in general sound and good doctrine, to beware of removing ancient landmarks, and although the great misfortunes of Europe may be perhaps traced to the partition of Poland, in which this attempt was first made upon the footing of open violence, yet the union between the Low Countries and the States of Holland must be admitted to form a grand exception to the general rule. It is, indeed, rather a restoration of the natural union which subsisted before the time of Philip the Second, than a new-modelled arrangement of territory; the unsettled situation of Flanders, in particular, having long been such as to make it the common and ordinary stage, upon which all the prize-fighters of Europe decided their quarrels. To a people too often abandoned to the subaltern oppression of governors sent from their foreign masters, it is no small boon to be placed under a mild and mitigated monarchy, and united with a nation whose customs, habits, and language, are so similar to their own. Still, however, such is the influence of the separate feelings and opinions acquired during the lapse of two centuries, that many prejudices remain to be smoothed away, and much jealousy to be allayed, and soothed, before the good influence of the union can be completely felt.

The first and most irritating cause of apprehension is the difference of religion. The Flemings are very zealous, and very ignorant Catholics, over whom their clergy have a proportional power. The King's declared purpose of toleration has greatly alarmed this powerful body, and the nerve which has thus been touched has not failed to vibrate through the whole body politic. The Bishop of Ghent, formerly a great adherent and ally of Bonaparte, has found his conscience alarmingly twinged by so ominous a declaration on the part of a Calvinistic monarch, and has already made his remonstrance against this part of the proposed constitution in a pastoral letter, which is couched in very determined language.* But the present royal family are too surely seated, and the times, it may be hoped, too liberal, for such fulminations to interfere with the progress of toleration. Meanwhile, the king neglects nothing that fairly can be done to conciliate his new Catholic subjects. He has recently pledged himself to use his utmost exertions to recover from the possession of the French the pictures which they carried off from various churches in the Netherlands, and particularly from Brussels and Antwerp. Among the last, was the chef d'œuvre of Rubens, the Descent from the Cross, which, with two corresponding pictures relative to the same subject, once hung above the high altar in the magnificent church at Antwerp, where the compartments, which they once filled, remain still vacant, to remind the citizens of their loss. All the other ornaments of that church, as well as of the cathedral, shared the fate of this masterpiece, excepting only a painting which Rubens executed to decorate the chapel in which he himself lies buried; and which an unusual feeling of respect and propriety prevented the spoilers from tearing away from his tomb. The composition of the picture is something curious; for under the representation of a Holy Family, and various characters of the New Testament, the artist has painted his grandfather, his father, his three wives, and his mistress, the *last* in the character of the Virgin Mary, to whom the others are rendering homage. He has also introduced his own portrait, a noble martial figure, dressed in armour, and in the act of unfurling a banner. Whatever may be thought of the decorum of such a picture painted for such a place, the beauty of the execution cannot be sufficiently admired. While the English traveller is called upon for once to acknowledge the moderation of the French, who have left at least one monument of art in the place to which it was most appropriate, he will probably wish they had carried off with them the trash of wax figures, which, to the disgrace of good taste and common sense, are still the objects of popular adoration. Abstracted from all polemics, one can easily conceive that the sight of an interesting painting, representing to our material organs the portrait of a saint, or an affecting scene of scripture, may not only be an appropriate ornament in the temple of worship, but, like church-music, may have its effect in fixing the attention, and aiding the devotion of the congregation. It may be also easily understood, and readily forgiven, that when kneeling before the very altar to which our ancestors in trouble resorted for comfort, we may be gradually led to annex a superstitious reverence to the place itself: but when, in the midst of such a cathedral as that of Antwerp, one of the grandest pieces of Gothic architecture which Europe can show,—when among the long-drawn aisles and lofty arches, which seem almost the work of demi-gods, so much does the art and toil bestowed surpass what modern times can present,—when, in the midst of such a scene, we find a wax figure of the Virgin, painted, patched, frizzled, and powdered; with a tarnished satin gown, (the skirt held up by two cherubs,) paste ear-rings and necklace, differing in no respect, but in size, from the most paltry doll that ever was sold in a toy-shop; and observe this incongruous and ridiculous *swamy*, the object of fervid and zealous adoration from the votaries who are kneeling before it, we see the idolatry of the Romish Church in a point of view disgusting and humiliating as that of ancient Egypt, and cease to wonder at the obstinacy of the prelate aforesaid, and that part of the priesthood, who fear the light which universal toleration would doubtless throw upon the benighted worship of their great Diana. In the meanwhile, the promise of the king to procure restoration of the pictures, is received by most of the Flemings as a pledge, that the religion which he himself professes, will not prevent his interesting himself in that of the Catholics; and I think there can be little doubt that, under the gra-

* I take this opportunity to announce the correction of a very gross error in the first edition of these Letters, where the name of the Bishop of Liege had, through misinformation, been inserted for that of the Bishop of Ghent. The extent of this mistake, which I deeply regret, will be best understood by the following extract from a letter, in which it is pointed out and corrected. The authority of the writer is beyond dispute, and Paul readily admits the inaccuracy of his notes, though taken upon the spot.

"The Bishop of Liege was never an adherent or ally of Bonaparte. On the contrary, driven from his principality or bishopric, (for the See of Liege was formerly both,) he took refuge at Ratisbonne, where his residence has, I believe, ever been, and where he has never ceased to enjoy the respect of those who were most opposed to the views of the usurper. So far from his conscience having been alarmingly twinged by the king's proposed toleration, that, recommended by his majesty to the Archbishopric of Malines in the room of the Abbe de Pradt, he repaired to Brussels when the constitution was proposed, and acted there, at a very critical moment, as the most strenuous supporter of that very toleration which he is accused so erroneously as having opposed. You, who were present with me at Brussels when the constitution of the Low Countries was proposed and adopted, were a personal witness of the laudable conduct of this worthy prelate, and can speak of it as it deserves. It would have been impossible for the Bishop of Liege to have issued a pastoral letter, not only of the nature in question, but of any kind whatever; because, though still styled Bishop, he has in effect no diocess, that of Liege having been abolished during the French occupancy. I should conceive the prelate whose name ought to have been cited in this part of the work, to be the Bishop of Ghent, to whom all that has thus been erroneously attributed to the Prince Bishop of Liege will exactly apply, except that I am not aware of his having, as stated in the 233d page, had *brethren* in his intolerance, at least episcopal brethren, the Bishop of Tournay having been the only bishop of the Netherlands who adopted a similar course of opposition."

dual influence of time and example, the grosser points of superstition will be tacitly abandoned here, as in other Catholic countries.

The Dutch have a more worldly subject of jealousy in the state of their commerce, which cannot but be materially affected by the opening of the Scheldt, whenever that desirable event shall have taken place, and also by the principal residence of the government being changed from the Hague to Brussels. But they are a reflecting people, and are already aware that the operation of both these changes will be slow and gradual; for commerce is not at once transferred from the channels in which it has long flowed; and for some time, at least, family recollections and attachments will make the royal family frequent residents in Holland, notwithstanding the charms of the palace of Lacken. In the meanwhile, the Dutch gain the inestimable advantage of having the battle turned from their gates, and of enjoying the protection of a strong barrier placed at a distance from their own frontier,—blessings of themselves sufficient to compensate the inconvenience which they may for a time sustain, until they transfer their capital and industry to the new channels offered for them by the union.

Nothing could have happened so fortunate for the popularity of the house of Orange, as the active and energetic character of the hereditary prince. His whole behaviour during the actions of Quatre Bras and Waterloo, and the wound which (it may be almost said fortunately) he received upon the latter occasion, have already formed the strongest bond of union between his family and their new subjects, long unaccustomed to have sovereigns who could lead them to battle, and shed their blood in the national defence. The military force, which he is at this moment perpetually increasing, is of a respectable description; for, though some of the Belgian troops behaved ill during the late brief campaign, there were other corps, and particularly infantry and artillery, both Dutch and Flemings, whose firmness and discipline equalled those of any regiments in the field. The *braves Belges* are naturally proud of the military glory they have acquired, as well as of the prince who led them on. In every corner of Brussels there were ballad-singers bellowing out songs in praise of the prince and his followers. I, who am a collector of popular effusions, did not fail to purchase specimens of the Flemish minstrelsy, in which, by the way, there is no more mention of the Duke of Wellington, or of John Bull, than if John Bull and his illustrious general had nothing to do with the battle of Waterloo.

This little omission of the Flemish bards proceeds, however, from no disinclination to the Duke or to England. On the contrary, our wounded received during their illness, and are yet experiencing during their convalescence, the most affecting marks of kindness and attention from the inhabitants of Brussels. These acts of friendship towards their allies were not suspended (as will sometimes happen in this world) until the chance of war had decided in favour of the English. Even on the 17th, when the defeat of Blucher, and the retreat of the Duke of Wellington, authorized them to entertain the most gloomy apprehensions for their own safety, as well as to fear the vengeance of the French for the partiality they might show towards their enemies, the kind citizens of Brussels were not deterred from the exercise of kindness and hospitality. They were seen meeting the wounded with refreshments; some seeking for those soldiers who had been quartered in their houses, others bestowing their care on the first disabled sufferer they met with, carrying him to their home, and nursing him like a child of the family, at all the cost, trouble, and risk, with which their hospitality might be attended. The people of Antwerp, to which city were transferred upon the 17th and 18th most of those who had been wounded at Quatre Bras, were equally zealous in the task of the good Samaritan. Many of our poor fellows told me, that they must have perished but for the attention of these kind Flemings, whose

"Entire affection scorned nicer hands,"

since many of the highest and most respectable classes threw pride and delicacy aside to minister to the wants of the sufferers. On their part, the Flemings were often compelled to admire the endurance and hardihood of their patients. "Your countrymen," said a lady to me, who spoke our language well, "are made of iron, and not of flesh and blood. I saw a wounded Highlander stagger along the street, supporting himself by the rails, and said to him, I am afraid you are severely hurt. 'I was born in Lochaber,' answered the poor fellow, 'and I do not care for a wound;' but ere I could complete my offer of shelter and assistance, he sunk down at my feet a dying man." In one house in Brussels, occupied by a respectable manufacturer and his two sisters, thirty wounded soldiers were received, nursed, fed, and watched, the only labour of the medical attendants being to prevent their hosts from giving the patients wine, and more nourishing food than suited their situation. We may hope the reciprocal benefits of defence and of hospitality will be long remembered, forming a kindly connexion between England and a country, which, of all others, may be most properly termed her natural ally.

I have again wandered from agriculture into politics and military affairs, but I have little to add which properly belongs to your department, since I have no doubt that you have already sate in judgment upon the Flemish plough, rake, and hayfork, presented to the Highland Society by one of its most active members. The most remarkable implement of agriculture which fell under my observation was a sort of hooked stick, which the reaper holds in his left hand, and uses to collect and lay the corn as he cuts it with a short scythe. The operation is very speedy, for one person engaged in it can keep two or three constantly employed in binding the sheafs. But I suppose it would only answer where the ground is level and free from stones.

The furniture of the Flemings, and, generally speaking, their implements of labour, &c. have a curious correspondence with what we have been accustomed to consider as their national character; being strong and solid, but clumsy and inelegant, and having a great deal more substance employed in constructing them than seems at all necessary. Thus the lever of an ordinary draw-well is generally one long tree; and their wagons and barges are as huge and heavy as the horses which draw them. The same cumbrous solidity which distinguishes the female figures of Rubens, may be traced in the domestic implements and contrivances of his countrymen. None would have entertained you more than the apparatus provided for securing a horse while in the act of being shod, a case in which our Vulcans trust to an ordinary halter and their own address. But a Flemish horse is immured within a wooden erection of about his own size, having a solid roof, supported by four massive posts, such as a British carpenter would use to erect a harbour-crane. The animal's head is fastened between two of these huge columns with as many chains and cords as might have served to bind Baron Trenck; and the foot which is to be shod is secured in a pair of stocks, which extend between two of the upright beams. This is hardly worth writing, though ridiculous to look at; but there is something, as Anstey says, "so clumsy and clunch" in the massive strength of the apparatus, in the very unnecessary extent of the precaution, and in the waste of time, labour, and materials, that it may be selected as an indication of a national character, displaying itself in the most ordinary and trifling particulars.

Adieu, my dear friend; I am sorry I can send you no more curious information on your favourite subject. But it would be unnecessary to one who is skilled in all the modern arts of burning without fire, and feeding without pasture; and who requires no receipts from Holland to teach him how to lay on so much fat upon a bullock or a pig, as will make the flesh totally unfit for eating.

Yours affectionately,

PAUL.

LETTER XI.

TO THE SAME.

Road to Paris—Valenciennes—Garrison of Valenciennes—Dismay of the Inhabitants—Disbanded Garrison of Condé—Extortions of the Innkeepers—French Roads—Appearance of the Country—Rivers—Churches—Fortified Towns—Want of Ruins of Feudal Castles—of Farm-houses—of Enclosures—Mode of Feeding Cattle—Want of Country-Seats—French Forests—Richness of the Soil—Mad Ambition of the French—Retaliation—Foraging Parties—Odd Rencounter—Bourbon Badges—Strict Discipline of the British—Military License of the Prussians—Military Method of Picking Locks—Interesting Adventure—Distress of a Flemish Peasant at the loss of his Horses—Discomforts felt by the British—Regulations of Posts respected—Towns—Cambray—Peronne—Attachment of the People in the Towns to the Bourbons—Fetes on the Restoration—Pont de St. Maxence—Senlis—Road to Chantilly—Forest of Chantilly—Chantilly occupied by the Prussians—Palace—Stable of the Prince of Condé—Ruins of the Palace—Le Petit Chateau—Ruins of the Palace.

I HAVE now, my dear friend, reached Paris, after traversing the road from Brussels to this conquered capital through sights and sounds of war, and yet more terrible marks of its recent ravages. The time was interesting, for although our route presented no real danger, yet it was not, upon some occasions, without such an appearance of it as naturally to impress a civilian with a corresponding degree of alarm. All was indeed new to me, and the scenes which I beheld were such as press most deeply on the feelings.

We were following the route of the victorious English army, to which succours of every sort, and reinforcements of troops recently landed in Flanders, were pressing eagerly forward, so that the towns and roads were filled with British and foreign troops. For the war, although ended to all useful and essential purposes, could not in some places be said to be actually finished. Condé had surrendered but a few days before, and Valenciennes still held out, and, as report informed us, was to undergo a renewal of the bombardment. Another and contrary rumour assured us that an armistice had taken place, and that, as *non-combatants*, the garrison would permit a party even as alarming as our own to pass through the town without interruption. I felt certainly a degree of curiosity to see the most formidable operation of modern war, but, as I was far from wishing the city of Valenciennes to have been burnt for my amusement, we were happy to find that the latter report was accurate. Accordingly we passed the works and batteries of the besiegers unquestioned by the Dutch and Prussian videttes, who were stalking to and fro upon their posts, and proceeded to the gate of the place, where we underwent a brief examination from the non-commissioned officer on duty, who looked at our passports, requested to know if we were military men, and being answered in the negative, permitted us to enter a dark, ill-built, and dirty town. "And these are the men," I thought, as I eyed the ill-dressed and ragged soldiers upon duty at the gates of Valenciennes, "these are the men who have turned the world upside down, and whose name has been the night-mare of Europe, since most of this generation have written man!" They looked ugly and dirty and savage enough certainly, but seemed to have little superiority in strength or appearance to the Dutch or Belgians. There was, indeed, in the air and eye of the soldiers of Bonaparte, (for such these military men still called themselves,) something of pride and self-elation, that indicated undaunted confidence in their own skill and valour; but they appeared disunited and disorganized. Some wore the white cockade, others still displayed the tri-colour, and one prudent fellow had, for his own amusement and that of his comrades, stuck both in his hat at once, so as to make a *cocarde de convenance*, which might suit either party that should get uppermost. We were not permitted to go upon the ramparts, and I did not think it necessary to walk about a town in possession of a hostile soldiery left to the freedom of their own will. The inhabitants looked dejected and unhappy, and our landlady, far from displaying the liveliness of a Frenchwoman, was weeping-ripe, and seemed ready to burst into tears at every question which we put to her. Their apprehensions had been considerably relieved by General Rey having himself assumed the white cockade; but as he still refused to admit any of the allied troops within the city, there remained a great doubt whether the allies would content themselves with the blockade, to which they had hitherto restricted their operations against Valenciennes. The inhabitants were partial, the landlady said, to the English, with whom they were well acquainted, as Valenciennes had been a principal depot for the prisoners of war; but they deprecated their town being occupied by the Prussians or Belgians, in whose lenity they seemed to place but little reliance.

On the road next day we met with very undesirable company, being the disbanded garrison of Condé, whom the allies had dismissed after occupying that town. There is, you may have remarked, something sinister in the appearance of a common soldier of any country when he is divested of his uniform. The martial gait, look, and manner, and the remaining articles of military dress which he has retained, being no longer combined with that neatness which argues, that the individual makes part of a civilized army, seem menacing and ominous from the want of that assurance. If this is the case even with the familiar faces of our own soldiery, the wild and swarthy features, mustaches, and singular dress of foreigners, added much, as may well be supposed, of the look of banditti to the garrison of Condé. They were, indeed, a true sample of the desperate school to which they belonged, for it was not many days since they had arrested and put to death a French loyalist officer named Gordon, solely for summoning them to surrender the town to the king. For this crime the brother of the murdered individual is now invoking vengeance, but as yet fruitlessly, at the court of the Tuilleries. These desperadoes, strolling in bands of eight or ten or twenty, as happened, occupied the road for two or three miles, and sullen resentment and discontent might easily be traced in their looks. They offered us no rudeness, however, but contented themselves with staring hard at us, as a truculent-looking fellow would now and then call out *Vive le Roi!* and subjoin an epithet or two to show that it was uttered in no mood of loyal respect. At every cross-road two or three dropped off from the main body, after going, with becoming grace, through the ceremony of embracing and kissing their greasy companions. The thought involuntarily pressed itself upon our mind, what will become of these men, and what of the thousands who, in similar circumstances, are now restored to civil life, with all the wild habits and ungoverned passions which war and license have so long fostered? Will the lion lie down with the kid, or the trained freebooter return to the peaceable and laborious pursuits of civil industry? Or are they not more likely to beg, borrow, starve, and steal, until some unhappy opportunity shall again give them a standard and a chieftain?

We were glad when we got free of our military fellow-travellers, with whom I should not have chosen to meet by night, or in solitude, being exactly of their appearance who would willingly say, "*Stand*," to a true man. But we had no depredations to complain of, excepting the licensed extortions of the innkeepers,—a matter of which you are the less entitled to complain, because every prudent traveller makes his bargain for his refreshments and lodging before he suffers the baggage to be taken from his carriage. Each reckoning is, therefore, a formal treaty between you and mine host or hostess, in which you have your own negligence or indifference to blame, if you are very much overreached. It is scarce necessary to add, that the worst and poorest inns are the most expensive in proportion. But I ought not to omit informing you, that notwithstanding a mode of conducting their ordinary business, so much savouring of imposition, there is no just room to charge the French with more direct habits of dishonesty. Your baggage and money are always safe from theft or depredation; and when I happened to forget a small writing-box, in which there was actually some money, and which had the appearance of being intended for securing valuable

articles, an ostler upon horseback overtook our carriage with it before I had discovered my mistake. Yet it would have cost these people only a lie to say they knew nothing of it, especially as their house was full of soldiers of different nations, whose presence certainly afforded a sufficient apology for the disappearance of such an article. This incident gave me a favourable opinion of this class of society in France, as possessed at least of that sort of limited honesty which admits of no peculation excepting in the regular way of business.

The road from Brussels to Paris is, in its ordinary state, destitute of objects to interest the traveller. The highways, planned by Sully, and completed by his followers in office, have a magnificence elsewhere unknown. Their great breadth argues the little value of ground at the time they were laid out; but the perfect state in which the central causeway is maintained, renders the passage excellent even in the worst weather, while the large track of ground on each side gives an ample facility to use a softer road during the more favourable season. They are usually shadowed by triple rows of elms, and frequently of fruit-trees, which have a rich and pleasant effect. But much of the picturesque delights of travelling are lost in France, owing to the very circumstances which have rendered the roads so excellent. For as they were all made by the authority of a government, which possessed and exercised the power of going as directly from one point to another as the face of the country admitted, they preserve commonly that long and inflexible straight line, of all others least promising to the traveller, who longs for the gradual openings of landscape afforded by a road, which, in sweet and varied modulation, "winds round the corn-field and the hill of vines," being turned as it were from its forward and straight direction by respect for ancient property and possession, some feeling for the domestic privacy and convenience, some sympathy even for the prejudices and partialities, of a proprietor. I love not the stoical virtue of a Brutus, even in laying out a turnpike-road, and should augur more happily of a country (were there nothing else to judge by) where the public appears to have given occasionally a little way to spare private property and domestic seclusion, than of one where the high road goes right to its mark without respect to either. In the latter case it only proves the authority of those who administer the government; in the former, it indicates respect for private rights, for the protection of which government itself is instituted.

But the traveller in France upon my late route, has less occasion than elsewhere to regret the rectilinear direction of the road on which he journeys, for the country offers no picturesque beauty. The rivers are sluggish, and have flat uninteresting banks. In the towns there sometimes occurs a church worth visiting, but no other remarkable building of any kind; and the sameness of the architecture of the 15th century, to which period most of them may be referred, is apt to weary the attention when you have visited four or five churches in the course of two days. The fortifications of the towns are of the modern kind, and consequently more formidable than picturesque. Of those feudal castles which add such a venerable grace to the landscape in many places of England and Scotland, I have not seen one either ruinous or entire. It would seem that the policy of Louis XI., to call up his nobility from their estates to the court, and to render them as far as possible dependent upon the crown,—a policy indirectly seconded by the destruction of the noble families which took place in the civil wars of the League, and more systematically by the arts observed during the reign of Louis XIV.,—had succeeded so entirely, as to root out almost all traces of the country having ever been possessed by a *noblesse campagnarde*, who found their importance, their power, and their respectability, dependent on the attachment of the peasants among whom they lived, and over whom their interest extended. There are no ruins of their ancient and defensible habitations; and the few, the very few country houses which the traveller sees, resemble those built in our own country about the reign of Queen Anne; while the grounds about them seem in general neglected, the fences broken, and the whole displaying that appearance of waste, which deforms a property after the absence of a proprietor for some years.

The furious patriots of the Revolution denounced war against castles, and proclaimed peace to the cottage. Of the former they found comparatively few to destroy, and of the latter, in the English sense of the word, there were as few to be protected. The cultivator of the fields in France, whether farmer or peasant, does not usually live in a detached farm-house or cottage, but in one of the villages with which the country abounds. This circumstance, which is not altogether indifferent, so far as it concerns rural economics, blemishes greatly the beauty of the landscape. The solitary farm-house, with its little dependencies of cottages, is in itself a beautiful object, while it seldoms fails to excite in the mind, the idea of the natural and systematic dependance of a few virtuous cottagers upon an opulent and industrious farmer, who exercises over them a sort of natural and patriarchal authority, which has not the less influence because the subjection of the hinds, and their submission to their superior, is in some degree voluntary. A large village, composed of many farmers and small proprietors, who hire their labourers at large, and without distinction, from amongst the poorer class of the same town, is more open to the feuds and disputes which disturb haman society, always least virtuous and orderly when banded in crowds together, and when uninfluenced by the restraints of example and of authority, approaching, as closely as may be to their own station in society.

Another uncomfortable appearance in French landscape, is the total want of enclosure. The ground is sedulously and industriously cultivated, and apparently no portion of it is left without a crop. But the want of hedges and hedge-row trees gives to an eye accustomed to the richness of England, a strange appearance of waste and neglect, even where you are convinced, on a closer examination, that there exists in reality neither the one nor the other. Besides, there is necessarily an absence of all those domestic animals which add so much in reality, as well as in painting and descriptive poetry, to the beauty of a country. Where there are no enclosures, and where, at the same time, the land is under crop, it is plain that the painter must look in vain for his groups of cattle, sheep, and horses, as the poet must miss his lowing herd and bleating flock. The cattle of France are accordingly fed in the large straw-yards which belong to each *Metairie*, or farm-house, and the sheep are chiefly grazed in distant tracts of open pasture. The former practice, as a mode of keeping not only the stall-fed bullock, but the cows destined for the dairy, has been hailed with acclamation in our own country by many great agriculturists, and by you among others. But until I shall be quite assured that the rustic economics profit by this edict of perpetual imprisonment against the milky mothers of the herd, in proportion to the discomfort of the peaceful and useful animal thus sequestered from its natural habits, and to the loss of natural beauty in the rural landscape, thus deprived of its most pleasing objects, I would willingly move for a writ of Habeas Corpus in favour of poor Crummie, made a bond-slave in a free country. At any rate, the total absence of cattle from the fields, gives a dull and unanimated air to a French landscape.

In travelling also through such parts of France as I have seen, the eye more particularly longs for that succession of country-seats, with their accompaniments of parks, gardens, and paddocks, which not only furnish the highest ornaments of an English landscape, but afford the best and most pleasing signs of the existence of a mild and beneficent aristocracy of land-holders, giving a tone to the opinions of those around them, not by the despotism of feudal

authority and direct power, but, as we have already said of the farmer, by the gradual and imperceptible influence, which property, joined with education, naturally acquires over the more humble cultivator of the soil. It is the least evil consequence of the absence of the proprietor, that with him vanish those improvements upon the soil, and upon the face of nature, which are produced by opulence under the guidance of taste. The eye in this country seldom dwells with delight upon trees growing, single or in groups, at large and unconfined, for the sole purpose of ornament, and casting their unrestrained vegetation and profusion of shade with such as, being trained solely for the axe, have experienced constant restraint from the closeness of the masses in which they are planted, and from the knife of the pruner. The French forests themselves, when considered in their general effect, though necessarily both numerous and extensive, as furnishing the principal fuel used by the inhabitants, are not generally so disposed as to make an interesting part of the scenery. The trees are seldom scattered into broken groups, and never arranged in hedge-rows, unless by the sides of the highways. Large woods, or rather masses of plantations, cannot and do not supply the variety of landscape afforded by detached groves, or the rich and clothed appearance formed by a variety of intersecting lines composed of single trees.

The absence of enclosures gives also, at least to our eyes, an unimproved and neglected air to this country. But upon close inspection, the traveller is satisfied that the impression is inaccurate. The soil is rich, generally speaking, and every part of the land is carefully cropped and cultivated. Although, therefore, the ground being undivided, except by the colour of the various crops by which it is occupied, has, at first sight, that waste and impoverished appearance to which the inhabitant of an enclosed country is particularly sensible, yet the returns which it makes to the cultivator amply contradict the false impression. It is truly a rich and fertile land, affording in profusion all that can render subsistence easy, and abounding with corn, wine, and oil. When we consider France in this light, it is impossible to suppress our feelings of resentment at the irregular ambition, which carried the inhabitants of so rich a country to lay yet more waste the barren sands of Prussia, and encumber with their corpses the pathless wilderness of Moscow and Kalouga.

But the hour of retaliation is now come, and with whatever feelings of resentment we regard the provocation, it is impossible to view the distress of the country without deep emotions of compassion. From one hill to another our eye descried the road before us occupied by armed bands of every description, horse, foot, artillery, and baggage, with their guards and attendants. Here was seen a long file of cavalry moving on at a slow pace, and collecting their forage as they advanced. There a park of artillery was formed in a cornfield, of which the crop was trampled down and destroyed. In one place we passed a regiment of soldiers, pressing forward to occupy some village for their night-quarters, where the peasant must lay his account with finding his military guests whatever accommodation they are pleased to demand from him; in another we might see, what was still more ominous to the country through which the march was made, small parties of infantry or of cavalry, detached upon duty, or straggling for the purpose of plunder. The harvest stood ripened upon the fields, but it was only in a few places that the farmer, amid the confusion of the country, had ventured upon the operation of reaping it, unless where he was compelled by the constraint of a military requisition, or the commands of a commissary. It would have been a new sort of harvest-home for you, and your faithful *Grieve*, to have seen the labour of leading in the crop performed by an armed force, and your sheaves moving to head-quarters instead of the farm-yard, under the escort of an armed and whiskered Prussian, smoking his pipe with great composure on the top of each cart. Sometimes odd enough rencontres took place during this operation. A Prussian commissary, with his wagons, met some French peasants driving their carts, which occasioned a temporary stop to both parties. While some of the Frenchmen seemed zealously engaged in clearing way for the military men, others approached the wagons, and having previously contrived to ascertain that none of the Prussians understood French, they loaded them with all the abusive epithets which that language affords; taking care, however, amid the vivacity of their vituperation, to preserve such an exterior of respect in their manner and gestures, as induced the honest Prussians to suppose the Frenchmen were making apologies for the temporary obstruction which they had given to their betters. Thus the one party were showering *coquins*, and *voleurs*, and *brigands*, upon the other, who ever and anon with great gravity withdrew their pipes from their mouths to answer these douceurs with *Das ist gut—sehr wohl*, and similar expressions of acquiescence. It would have been cruel to have deprived the poor Frenchmen of this ingenious mode of expectorating their resentment, but I could not help giving them a hint, that the commissary who was coming up understood their language, which had the instant effect of sending the whole party to their horses' heads.

The inhabitants had hastened to propitiate the invaders, as far as possible, by assuming the badges of loyalty to the house of Bourbon. Nothing marked to my mind more strongly the distracted state of the country, than the apparent necessity which every, even the humblest individual, thought himself under, of wearing a white cockade, and displaying from the thatch of his cottage a white rag, to represent the *pavilion blanc*. There was a degree of suspicion, arising from this very uniformity, concerning the motives for which these emblems were assumed; and I dare say the poor inhabitants might many of them have expressed their feelings in the words of Fletcher,—

> "Who is here that did not wish thee chosen,
> Now thou *art* chosen? Ask them—all will say so,
> Nay swear't—'tis for the king: but let that pass."

With equal zeal the inhabitants of the towns were laying aside each symbol that had reference to Bonaparte, and emulously substituting a royal equivalent. The sign-painter was the cleverest at his profession who could best convert the word *Imperial* into *Royal*; but there were many bunglers, whose attempts produced only a complicated union of the two contradictory adjectives. Some prudent house-keepers, tired apparently of the late repeated changes, left a blank for the epithet, to be inserted when the government should show some permanency.

These numerous testimonies of acquiescence in the purpose of their march, were in some measure lost upon the allied troops. The British, indeed, preserved the strictest propriety and discipline, in obedience to the orders issued and enforced by the commander in chief. But as the army was necessarily to be maintained at the expense of the country through which they passed, heavy requisitions were issued by the commissaries, which the French authorities themselves were under the necessity of enforcing. Still as pillage and free-booting, under pretext of free quarters and maintenance, was strictly prohibited and punished, the presence of the English troops was ardently desired, as a protection against those of other nations.

Our allies the Prussians, as they had greater wrongs to revenge, were far less scrupulous in their treatment of the invaded country. When our road lay along their line of march, we found as many deserted villages as would have jointured all Sultan Mahmoud's owls. In some places the inhabitants had fled to the woods, and only a few miserable old creatures, rendered fearless by age and poverty, came around us, begging, or offering fruit for sale. As the peasants had left their cottages locked up the soldiers as regularly broke them open, by discharging a musket through the key-hole, and shattering all the wards at once by the explosion. He who obtains admission by such violent preliminaries is not likely to be a peaceful or orderly guest; and

accordingly furniture broken and destroyed, windows dashed in, doors torn down, and now and then a burnt cottage, joined with the state of the hamlets, deserted by such of the terrified inhabitants as were able to fly, and tenanted only by the aged and disabled, reminded me of the beautiful lines describing the march of a conqueror,—

"Amazement in his van with Flight combined,
And Sorrows faded form and Solitude behind."

A friend of mine met with an interesting adventure at one of these deserted villages. He had entered the garden of a cottage of somewhat a superior appearance, but which had shared the fate of the rest of the hamlet. As he looked around him, he perceived that he was watched from behind the bushes by two or three children, who ran away as soon as they perceived themselves observed. He called after them, but to no purpose. The sound of the English accent, however, emboldened the mother of the family to show herself from a neighbouring thicket, and at length she took courage to approach him. My friend found to his surprise that she understood English well, owing to some accident of her life or education, which I have forgotten. She told him her family were just venturing back from their refuge in the woods, where they had remained two days without shelter, and almost without food, to see what havoc the spoilers had made in their cottage, when they were again alarmed by the appearance of troops. Being assured that they were English soldiers, she readily agreed to remain, under the confidence which the national character inspired; and having accepted what assistance her visiter had to offer her, as the only acknowledgment in her power, she sent one of the children to pull and present to her guest the only rose which her now ruined garden afforded. "It was the last," she said, "she had, and she was happy to bestow it on an Englishman." It is upon occasions such as these that the French women, even of the lowest class, display a sort of sentimental delicacy unknown to those of other countries.

Equal distress, but of a very different kind, I witnessed in the perturbation of a Flemish peasant, whose team of horses had been put in requisition to transport the baggage of an English officer of distinction. As they had not been returned to the owner, whose livelihood and that of his family depended on their safety, he had set out in quest of them, in an agony of doubt and apprehension that actually had the appearance of insanity. Our attention was called to him from his having seated himself behind our carriage, and an expostulation on our part produced his explanation. I never saw such a sudden transition from despair to hope, as in the poor fellow's rugged features, when he saw, in the descent between two hills, a party of English dragoons with led horses. He made no doubt they could only be his own, and I hoped to see such a meeting as that of Sancho with Dapple, after their doleful separation. But we were both disappointed; the led horses proved to be those of my friend General A——, who probably would not have been much flattered by their being mistaken, at whatever distance, for Flemish beasts of burden. I believe, however, my ruined peasant obtained some clew for recovering his lost property, for he suddenly went off in a direction different from that which we had hitherto afforded him the means of pursuing. It is only by selecting such individual instances that I can make you comprehend the state of the country between Mons and Paris.

The Prussians having used this military license, the march of such of our troops as pursued the same route became proportionally uncomfortable. A good bluff quarter-master of dragoons complained to me of the discomforts which they experienced from the condition to which the country had been reduced, but in a tone and manner which led me to conjecture, that my honest friend did not sympathize with the peasant, who had been plundered of his wine and brandy, so much as he censured the Prussians for leaving none for their faithful allies:

"O noble thirst!—yet greedy to drink all"

In the meanwhile it is no great derogation from the discipline of the English army to remark, that some old school-boy practices were not forgotten; and that, where there occurred a halt, and fruit-trees chanced to be in the vicinity, they instantly were loaded like the emblematic tree in the frontispiece of Lilly's Grammar, only with soldiers instead of scholars; and surrounded by their wives who held their aprons to receive the fruit, instead of satchels, as in the emblem chosen by that learned grammarian. There were no signs of license of a graver character.

In the midst of these scenes of war and invasion, the regulations of the post establishment, which, as is well known, is in France entirely in the charge of the government and their commissaries or lessees, were supported and respected. A proclamation in four different languages, French, German, English, and Prussian, and signed by four generals of the different countries, was stuck in every post-house. This polyglot forbade all officers and soldiers, whether belonging to the King of France, or the allies, from pressing the horses, or otherwise interfering with the usual communication of Paris with the provinces. The post-houses were accordingly inhabited and protected amid the general desolation of the country, and we experienced no interruption on our journey.

While the villages and hamlets exhibited such scenes as I have described, the towns appeared to have suffered less upon this awful crisis, because the soldiers were there under the eye of their officers, and in each garrison-town a military commandant had been named for the maintenance of discipline. Some were indeed reeking from recent storm, or showed half-burnt ruins, which had been made by bombardment within a week or two preceding our arrival. Cambray had been carried by escalade by a bold coup-de-main, of which we saw the vestiges. The citizens, who were chiefly royalists, favoured the attack; and a part of the storming party entered by means of a stair-case contained in an old turret, which terminated in a sally-port opening to the ditch, and above in a wicket communicating with the rampart. This pass was pointed out to them by the towns-people. The defenders were a part of the National Guard, whom Bonaparte had removed from the district to which they belonged, and stationed as a garrison in Cambray. The garrison of Peronne, formerly called *Peronne la Pucelle*, or the Virgin Fortress, because it had never been taken, were military of the same amphibious description with those of Cambray. The town is strongly situated in the Somme, surrounded by flat ground and marshes, and presents a formidable exterior. But this, as well as the other fortresses on the iron-bound frontier of Flanders, was indifferently provided with means of resistance. Bonaparte in this particular, as in others, had shown a determination to venture his fortunes upon a single chance of war, since he had made no adequate provision for a protracted defence of the country when invaded. It was one instance of the inexperience of the garrison of Peronne, that they omitted to blindfold the British officer who came to summon them to surrender. An officer of engineers, of high rank and experience, had been called to this mission, and doubtless did not leave unemployed the eyes which the besieged, contrary to custom in such cases, left at liberty. Upon his return, he reported the possibility of carrying a horn-work which covers a suburb on the left side of the river. The attempt was instantly made, and being in all respects successful, was followed by the surrender of the garrison, upon the easy conditions of laying down their arms, and returning to the ordinary civil occupations from which Bonaparte's mandate had withdrawn them. So easy had been these achievements that the officers concerned in them would hardly be prevailed upon to condescend to explain such trifling particulars. Yet to me, who looked upon ramparts a little injured indeed by time, but still strong, upon ditches containing twelve feet deep of water and a high glacis surmounting them, upon palisades constructed out of

the trees which had been felled to clear the esplanade around the fortifications, the task of surmounting such obstacles, even though not defended at all, seemed a grave and serious undertaking. In all these towns, so far as I could discover, the feeling of the people was decidedly in favour of the legitimate monarch; and I cannot doubt that this impression is correct, because elsewhere, and in similar circumstances, those who favoured Bonaparte were at no pains to suppress their inclinations. In one or two towns they were preparing little fetes to celebrate the king's restoration. The accompaniments did not appear to us very splendid; but when a town has been so lately taken by storm, and is still garrisoned by foreign troops and subjected to military requisitions, we could not expect that the rejoicings of its inhabitants should be attended with any superfluity of splendour.

Meanwhile we advanced through this new and bewildering scene of war and waste, with the comfortable consciousness that we belonged to the stronger party. The British drums and bugle-horns sung us to bed every night, and played our reveille in the morning; for in all the fortified towns through which we passed there were British troops and a British commandant, from more than one of whom we experienced attention and civility.

When we reached Pont de St. Maxence, which had been recently the scene of an engagement between the Prussians and French, we found more marked signs of hostile devastation that in any place through which we had yet travelled. It is a good large market-town, with a very fine bridge over the Oise, an arch of which had been recently destroyed, and repaired in a temporary manner. The purpose had probably been to defend the passage; and as the river is deep, and the opposite bank is high and covered with wood, besides having several buildings approaching to the bridge, I presume it might have been made a very strong position. It had been forced, however, by the Prussians, in what manner we found no one to tell us. Several houses in this town had been burnt, and most of them seemed to have been pillaged. The cause was evident, from the number of embrasures and loop-holes for musketry which were struck out in the houses and garden-walls. The attempt to make a village into a place of defence is almost always fatal to the household goods, since it is likely to be burnt by one or other of the parties, and certain to be plundered by both. Military gentlemen look upon this with a very different eye; for I have been diverted to hear some of them, who have given me the honour of their company in my little excursion from Paris, censure a gentleman or farmer with great gravity for having built his house and stationed his court of offices in a hollow, where they were over-looked and commanded; whereas, by placing the buildings a little higher on the ridge, or more towards right or left, they might, in case of need, have acquired the dignity of being the *key* of a strong position, and, in all probability, have paid for their importance by sharing the fate of Hougoumont.

We were informed at St. Maxence that the hand of war had been laid yet more heavily upon the neighbouring town of Senlis, through which lay our direct route to Paris, and near which an action had taken place betwixt a part of Blucher's army and that of Grouchy and Vandamme, which, falling back to cover the French capital after the battle of Waterloo, had accomplished a retreat that placed those who commanded it very high in public estimation. We felt no curiosity to see any more of the woes of war, and readily complied with a proposal of our postillions to exchange the route of Senlis for that of Chantilly, to which they undertook to carry us by a cross road through the forest. *Le beau chemin par terre*, or fine green-sward road, which they had urged as so superior to the public causeway, had unfortunately not possessed the same power of resisting the tear and wear of cavalry, artillery, and baggage-wagons. It was reduced to a sort of continued wet ditch, varying in depth in a most irregular manner, and through which the four stallions that drew us kicked, plunged, snorted, and screamed, in full concert with the eternal smack of the whips, as well as shrieks, whoops, and oaths of the jack-booted postillions, lugging about our little barouche in a manner that threatened its demolition at every instant. The French postillions, however, who, with the most miserable appliances and means, usually drive very well, contrived, by dint of quartering and tugging, to drag us safe through roads where a Yorkshire post-boy would have been reduced to despair, even though his horses had not been harnessed with ropes, fastened together by running nooses.

The forest of Chantilly was probably magnificent when it was the chase of the princely family of Condé; but all the valuable timber-trees have been felled, and those which now remain appear, generally speaking, to be about twenty years old only, consisting chiefly of birch, and other inferior timber used for fire-wood. Those who acquired the domains of the emigrants after the Revolution, were generally speculating adventurers, who were eager to secure what they could make of the subject in the way of ready money, by cutting timber and selling materials of houses, partly in order to secure the means of paying the price, and partly because prudence exacted that they should lose no time in drawing profit from a bargain, of which the security seemed rather precarious.

The town and palace of Chantilly, rendered classical by the name of the great Prince of Condé, afforded us ample room for interesting reflection. The town itself is pleasant, and has some good houses agreeably situated. But in the present state of internal convulsion, almost all the windows of the houses of the better class were closed, and secured by outer shutters. We were told that this was to protect them against the Prussians, with whom the town was crowded. These soldiers were very young lads, chiefly *landwehr*, or militia, and seemed all frolicsome, and no doubt mischievous youths. But, so far as I could see, there was no ill nature, much less atrocity, in their behaviour, which was rather that of riotous school-boys of the higher form. They possessed themselves of the jack-boots of our postillions, and seemed to find great entertainment in stumping up and down the inn-yard in these formidable accoutrements, the size and solidity of which have been in no degree diminished since the days of Yorick and La Fleur. But our Prussian hussars were seen to still greater advantage in the superb stables of Chantilly, which have escaped the fury that levelled its palace. The huge and stately vault, which pride, rather than an attention to utility, had constructed for the stud of the Prince of Condé, is forty feet high, two hundred yards in length, and upwards of thirty-six feet in width. This magnificent apartment, the enormity of whose proportions seemed better calculated for the steeds of the King of Brobdignag than for Houyhnhnms of the ordinary size, had once been divided into suitable ranges of stalls, but these have been long demolished. In the centre arises a magnificent dome, sixty feet in diameter and ninety feet in height; and in a sort of recess beneath the dome, and fronting the principal entrance, is a superb fountain, falling into a huge shell, and dashing over its sides into a large reservoir, highly ornamented with architectural decorations. This fountain, which might grace the court of a palace, was designed for the ordinary supply of the stable. The scale of imposing magnificence upon which this building was calculated, although at war with common sense and the fitness of things, must, in its original state of exact order and repair, have impressed the mind with high ideas of the power and consequence of the prince by whom it was planned and executed, and whose name (Louis Henry de Bourbon, seventh Prince of Condé) stands yet recorded in an inscription, which, supported by two mutilated genii, is displayed above the fountain. But what would have been the mortification of that founder, could he have witnessed, as we did, the spacious range with all its ornaments broken down and defaced, as if in studied insult; while its high and echoing vault rung to the shouts, screams, and

gambols of a hundred or two of the dirtiest hussars and lancers that ever came off a march, to whose clamours the shrill cries of their half starved and miserable horses added a wild but appropriate accompaniment. Yet whatever his feelings might have been to witness such pollution, they would have been inferior to those with which his ancestor, the great Condé, would have heard that the Sarmatian partizans who occupied Chantilly formed part of an invading army, which had marched, almost without opposition, from the frontiers to the capital, and now held in their disposal the fates of the house of Bourbon and of the kingdom of France.

The old domestic of the family who guided me through these remains of decayed magnificence, cast many a grieved and mortified glance upon the irreverent and mischievous soldiers as they aimed the butts of their lances at the remaining pieces of sculpture, or amused themselves by mimicking his own formal address and manner. "*Ah les barbares! les barbares!*"—I could not refuse assent to this epithet, which he confided to my ear in a cautious whisper, accompanied with a suitable shrug of the shoulders; but I endeavoured to qualify it with another train of reflections:—"*Et pourtant, mon ami, si ce n'étoit pas ces gens-là!*"—"*Ah, oui, Monsieur, sans eux nous n'aurions peut être jamais revû notre bon Duc—Assurément c'est un revenant bon—mais aussi, il faut avouer qu'il est revenu en assez mauvaise compagnie.*"

At some distance from these magnificent stables, of which (as frequently happens) the exterior does more honour to the architect's taste than the inside to his judgment, are the melancholy remains of the palace of the Prince of Condé, where the spectator can no longer obey the exhortation of the poet,—

"*Dans sa pompe elegante, admirez Chantilly,*
De heros en heros, d'age en age embelit."

The splendid chateau once corresponded in magnificence with the superb offices which we had visited, but now its vestiges alone remain, a mass of neglected ruins amid the broad lake and canals which had been constructed for its ornament and defence. This beautiful palace was destroyed by the revolutionary mob of Paris early in the civil commotions. The materials, with the lead, iron, carpenter work, &c. were piled up, by those who appropriated them, in what was called Le Petit Chateau, a smaller edifice annexed to the principal palace, and communicating with it by a causeway. Thus the small chateau was saved from demolition, though not from pillage. Chantilly and its demesnes were sold as national property, but the purchasers having failed to pay the price, it reverted to the public; so that the king, upon his restoration, had no difficulty in reinstating the Duke of Bourbon. The lesser chateau has been lately refitted in a hasty and simple style, for the reception of the legitimate proprietor; but the style of the repairs makes an unavoidable and mortifying contrast with the splendour of the original decorations. Rich embossed ceilings and carved wainscot are coarsely daubed over with white-wash and size-paint, with which the remains of the original gilding and sculpture form a melancholy association. The frames alone remained of those numerous and huge mirrors,

——"in which he of Gath,
Goliah, might have seen his giant bulk
Whole without stooping, towering crest and all."

But the French artisans, with that lack of all feeling of *convenance*, or propriety, which has well been described as a principal deficiency in their national character, have endeavoured to make fine things out of the frames themselves, by occupying the room of the superb plates of glass with paltry sheets of blue paper, patched over with gilded *fleurs-de-lis*, an expedient the pitiful effect of which may be easily conceived. If I understood my guide rightly, however, this work ought not to be severely criticised, being the free-will offering of the inhabitants of Chantilly, who had struggled, in the best manner their funds and taste would admit, to restore the chateau to something like an habitable condition when it was again to be possessed by its legitimate owner. This is the more likely, as the furniture of the duke's own apartment is plain, simple, and in good taste. He seems popular among the inhabitants, who, the day preceding our arrival, had, under all the unfavourable circumstances of their situation, made a little fete to congratulate him upon his restoration, and to hail the white flag, which now once more floated from the dome of the offices, announcing the second restoration of the Bourbons.

Besides the Petit Chateau are the vestiges of what was once the principal palace, and which, as such, might well have accommodated the proudest monarch in the world. It was situated on a rock, and surrounded by profound and broad ditches of the purest water, built in a style of the richest Gothic architecture, and containing within its precincts every accommodation which pomp or luxury could desire. The demolition has been so complete, that little remains excepting the vaults from which the castle arose, and a ruinous flight of double steps, by which visiters formerly gained the principal entrance. The extent, number, and intricacy of the subterranean vaults, were such as to afford a retreat for robbers and banditti, for which reason the entrances have been built up by order of the police. The chateau, when in its splendour, communicated with a magnificent theatre, with an orangery and greenhouse of the first order, and was surrounded by a number of separate parterres, or islands, decorated with statuary, with *jets d'eau*, with columns, and with vases, forming a perspective of the richest architectural magnificence. All is now destroyed, and the stranger only learns, from the sorrowful tale of his guide, that the wasted and desolate patches of ground intersected by the canals, once bore, and deserved, the names of the Gallery of Vases, the Parterre of the Orangerie, and the Island of Love. Such and so sudden is the downfall of the proudest efforts of human magnificence. Let us console ourselves, my dear friend, while we look from the bartizan of the old mansion upon the lake, and its corresponding barrier of mountains, that the beauties with which nature herself has graced our country are more imperishable than those with which the wealth and power of the house of Bourbon once decorated the abode of Chantilly.

I may add, that the neighbourhood of Chantilly exhibits more picturesque beauty than I had yet remarked in France.

PAUL.

LETTER XII.

PAUL TO HIS SISTER.

Paris—Tuilleries—Reflections—Tuilleries—Parisian Punning—Statue of Bonaparte—Public Works by Bonaparte—Want of Pavement—Courts before the Houses—No Smoke over Paris—The Seine—Church of St. Genevieve—Tombs in the Pantheon—Mirabeau and Marat—Voltaire and Rousseau—Anecdote.

Your question, my dear sister, What do I think of Paris? corresponds in comprehensive extent with your desire that I would send you a full and perfect description of that celebrated capital; but were I to reside here all my life, instead of a few weeks, I am uncertain whether I could distinctly comply with either request. There is so much in Paris to admire, and so much to dislike, such a mixture of real taste and genius, with so much frippery and affectation, the sublime is so oddly mingled with the ridiculous, and the pleasing with the fantastic and whimsical, that I shall probably leave the capital of France without being able to determine which train of ideas it has most frequently excited in my mind. One point is, however, certain;—that, of all capitals, that of France affords most numerous objects of curiosity, accessible in the easiest manner; and it may be therefore safely pronounced one of the most entertaining places of residence which can be chosen by an idle man. As for attempting a description of it, that, you know is far beyond the limits of our compact, which you

must have quite forgotten when you hinted at such a proposal. The following sketch may not, however, be uninteresting.

If we confine our observation to one quarter of Paris only, that, namely, which is adjacent to the Royal Palace, I presume there is no capital which can show so many and such magnificent public edifices within the same space of ground. The Tuilleries, whose immense extent makes amends for the deficiencies of the architecture, communicate with the royal gardens, which are used as public walks, and these again open into the Place de Louis Quinze, a large octagon, guarded by a handsome balustrade, richly ornamented at the angles, having, on the one hand, the royal gardens with the range of the palace, on the other the Champs Elysées, a large space of ground, planted and laid out in regular walks like those of Hyde-Park. Behind is the extensive colonnade of a palace, called by Bonaparte the Temple of Victory, and since the Restoration the Temple of Concord. Another large and half-finished temple was rising in the front by the command of Bonaparte, which was dedicated to the honour of soldiers who had died in battle. The building was to have been consolidated solely by the weight of the massive stones made use of, and neither wood, iron, or lime, was to be employed in its construction; but schemes of ambition as ill cemented interrupted its progress. A line of buildings extend on either hand, forming a magnificent street, called La Rue Rivoli, which runs parallel with the iron palisade of the garden of the Tuilleries.

It was on the second night after my arrival in Paris, that, finding myself rather too early for an evening party to which I was invited, I strolled out, enjoying the pure and delicious air of a summer night in France, until I found myself in the centre of the Place de Louis Quinze, surrounded, as I have described it, by objects so noble in themselves, and so powerfully associated with deep historic and moral interest. "And here I am at length in Paris," was the natural reflection, "and under circumstances how different from what I dared to have anticipated! That is the palace of Louis le Grand, but how long have his descendants been banished from its halls, and under what auspices do they now again possess them! This superb esplanade takes its name from his luxurious and feeble descendant; and here, upon the very spot where I now stand, the most virtuous of the Bourbon race expiated, by a violent death inflicted by his own subjects, and in view of his own palace, the ambition and follies of his predecessors. There is an awful solemnity in the reflection, how few of those who contributed to this deed of injustice and atrocity now look upon the day, and behold the progress of retribution. The glimmering lights that shine among the alleys and parterres of the Champs Elysées, indicate none of the usual vigils common in a metropolis. They are the watch-fires of a camp, of an English camp, and in the capital of France, where an English drum has not been heard since 1436, when the troops of Henry the Sixth were expelled from Paris. During that space, of nearly four centuries, there has scarce occurred a single crisis which rendered it probable for a moment that Paris should be again entered by the English as conquerors; but least of all could such a consummation have been expected at the conclusion of a war, in which France so long predominated as arbitress of the continent, and which had periods when Britain seemed to continue the conflict only in honourable despair."

There were other subjects of deep interest around me. The lights which proceeded from the windows and from the gardens of the large hotel occupied by the Duke of Wellington, at the corner of the Rue des Champs Elysées, and which chanced that evening to be illuminated in honour of a visit from the allied sovereigns, mingled with the twinkle of the camp-fires, and the glimmer of the tents; and the music, which played a variety of English and Scottish airs, harmonized with the distant roll of the drums, and the notes of that beautiful point of war which is performed by our bugles at the setting of the watch. In these sounds there was pride, and victory, and honour, some portion of which descended (in imagination at least) to each, the most retired and humblest fellow-subject of the hero who led, and the soldiers who obeyed, in the achievements which had borne the colours of Britain into the capital of France. But there was enough around me to temper the natural feelings of elation, which, as a Briton, I could not but experience. Monuments rose on every side, designed to commemorate mighty actions which may well claim the highest praise that military achievement alone, abstracted from the cause in which it was accomplished, could be entitled to. From the centre of the Place Vendome, and above the houses of the Rue Rivoli, arose the summit of the celebrated column which Bonaparte had constructed upon the plan of that of Trajan; the cannon taken at Ulm and Austerlitz affording the materials of its exterior, and which is embossed with a detailed representation of the calamities and subjection of Austria. At no great distance lay the Bridge of Jena, an epithet which recalls the almost total annihilation of the kingdom of Prussia. In the front of the Tuilleries are placed, on a triumphal arch, the Venetian Horses, the trophies of the subjugation of Italy, and in the neighbouring Louvre are deposited the precious spoils of victories gained and abused in every country of Europe, forming the most resistless evidence, that the hand which placed them there, had once at its arbitrary disposal the fortunes of the greater part of the civilized world. No building among the splendid monuments of Paris, but is marked with the name, or device, or insignia of an emperor, whose power seemed as deeply founded as it was widely extended. Yet the gourd of the prophet, which came up in a night and perished in a night, has proved the type of authority so absolute, and of fame so diffused; and the possessor of this mighty power is now the inhabitant of a distant and sequestered islet, with hardly so much free-will as entitles him to claim from his warders an hour of solitude, even in the most solitary spot in the civilized world. The moral question presses on every bosom, was it worth while for him to have climbed so high to render his fall the deeper, or would the meanest of us purchase the feverish feelings of gratified ambition, at the expense of his reflections, who appeared to hold Fortune chained to his footstool? Could the fable of the Seven Sleepers have been realized in Paris, what a scene of astonishment would have been prepared for those, who, falling asleep in 1813, awakened from their torpor at the present moment! He who had seen the Pope place the crown upon the head of Napoleon, and the proud house of Austria compelled to embrace his alliance, Prussia bent to the dust beneath his footstool, England excluded from each continental connexion of commerce or alliance, Russia overawed and submissive, while Italy, Germany, and the greater part of Spain, were divided as appanages among his brothers and allies,—what would have been the surprise of the waking moment, which should have shown him the Prussian cannon turned upon the bridges of Paris, and the sovereigns of Austria, Russia, and Prussia, with the representatives of almost all the other nations of Europe, feasting in the capital of France with the general and minister of England, supported by a force which made resistance equally frantic and hopeless! The revolution of ages must have appeared to him to have been accomplished within the space of little more than twenty-four months.

From this slight sketch, you may have some general idea of the magnificence of that quarter of Paris which adjoins to the Tuilleries, crowded as it is with palaces, public monuments, and public buildings, and comprehending in its circuit ornamented gardens and extended walks, open to the inhabitants for exercise or pleasure. I ought also to describe to you the front of the palace itself, a magnificent range of buildings, corresponding with the Louvre, another immense royal mansion, from which the Tuilleries is only divided by the superb square, called La Place du Carousel. The only screen betwixt this square,

and the court of the Tuilleries, is a magnificent railing of wrought iron, which gives freedom to the eye, not only to survey the extended front of the chateau, but to penetrate through the central vestibule of the palace into the gardens beyond, and as far as the Champs Elysées. In the centre of this screen the public have admittance to the court-yard of the palace, beneath a triumphal arch, which Bonaparte erected in imitation of that of Septimius Severus. The effect of this monument seems diminutive when compared to the buildings around; the columns, made of a mixed red and white marble, are rather gaudy; and the four celebrated Venetian horses, formed of Corinthian brass, which occupy the top of the arch, have been injudiciously harnessed with gilded trappings to a gilded car, driven by a gilded Victory. It is said Bonaparte intended to have placed his own figure in the car; but it came to his ears, (for he was self-tormentor enough to inquire after such matters,) that the disaffected had hailed it, as likely to afford a good opportunity for calling him mountebank with impunity, since, while they should point to the chariot, the epithet *Le Charlatan* might easily be substituted for *Le Char le tient*. Thus a threatened pun saved Napoleon's image one descent at least, by preventing its temporary elevation; and it also saved the French taste the disgrace of adding another incongruity to the gilded car, harness, and driver. This monument is now undergoing considerable alterations. The Austrians are busy in exchanging for plain slabs of marble, the tablatures placed around the arch: the sculptures almost all relate to the humiliation of the Emperor of Austria, there represented cap-in-hand before Bonaparte, who appears covered and in an authoritative posture. The French rebelled against the mutilation of this monument at its commencement, and attempted something like a riot, but were instantly called to order by a strong Prussian guard. The work now goes on quietly, and not without some respect to the feelings of the Parisians: for there are blinds of wood put up before the scaffolding, to save their eyes the mortification of seeing its progress. It is not doubted that the horses themselves will be removed in due time.*

In the meanwhile the statue of Bonaparte, which was last year taken down from the pillar in the Place Vendome, is said to have experienced an odd transition. It had been exchanged for a certain number of busts and small figures of Louis XVIII., just as a large piece of coin of one reign is given for an equivalent in the small money of another. The figure of the abdicated emperor for some time found refuge in the yard of an artist, by whom it has since been sold to an Englishman. The purchase is believed to be made in behalf of the Duke of Wellington, in which case the statue will be a striking ornament to the palace destined by national gratitude as an acknowledgment at least of the debt, which even the wealth and generosity of Britain cannot pay in full.

To return to the works of Bonaparte. It cannot be denied that he showed great ability and dexterity in availing himself of that taste for national display, which is a leading feature of the French character. Yet this was, at least, as much evinced in the address with which he adopted and carried through the half-accomplished plans of Louis XIV. and his successors, as in any work of original genius which can be decidedly traced to his own design. The triumphal arch, and the pillar in the Place Vendome, are literal, almost servile, imitations of the column of Trajan and the arch of Severus. But the splendid extension of the Louvre, by the combination of that striking pile with the Tuilleries, upon the side which had been left unfinished, although the work of Bonaparte, and bearing his name, is, in fact, only a completion of the original design of Louis XIV. One original plan Napoleon may indeed claim as his own—the project, namely, of erecting a stupendous bronze figure of an elephant upon the site of the Bastile. The sort of castle, or Howdar, with which this monstrous statue was to have been accoutred, was designed for a reservoir, the water of which, being discharged through the trunk into a large cistern, or fountain, surrounding the pedestal on which the animal was placed, was to supply with water all that quarter of Paris. The model of this gigantic grotesque is exhibited in stucco near the place which it was designed to have occupied, and such is the deference of the present government for the feelings of *la gloire nationale*, that they have not yet ventured to avow, that, in a time of national poverty and distress, they mean to dispense with erecting a monument, which, after being accomplished at immense expense, must appear *bizarre* and fanciful, rather than grand and impressive. In the meanwhile they are, in justice to the ancestors of the present king, reclaiming for the Bourbons those public buildings, which, by inscriptions and emblems, Napoleon had consecrated to his own dynasty. N.'s are every where disappearing, or undergoing a conversion into H.'s and B.'s, an operation in which the royal stone-cutters are as much called upon to exert their dexterity as the poor sign-painters in Roye, Peronne, and Cambray. They have, indeed, the same benefit of experience, having, not very long ago, accomplished the counterpart of the metamorphosis. Such are the minute and ridiculous consequences which indicate a change of government, as much as the motion of straws, twigs, and withered leaves upon the surface, indicates the progress and subsiding of a torrent.

On the whole, it must be acknowledged, that Bonaparte, though unscrupulous in appropriating the merit of his predecessors, bent an earnest and active attention to perfecting whatever grand or magnificent plans they had left uncompleted, thus establishing his own reputation as heir of the monarchy, as well as of the revolution. His ambition to distinguish himself sometimes soared beyond popular prejudice, and hurried him into extravagances of expense, which the Parisians seem in general to deem unnecessary. Such is the plan of his Rue de l'Empereur, now Rue de la Paix, a fine street, running from the Place Vendome to the Boulevards des Capucines, which not only boasts a breadth corresponding to the magnificence of the buildings, but is actually accommodated with *two gutters*, one on each side, instead of that single kennel in the centre, where the filth floats or stagnates in all the other streets of Paris. But even the Emperor Napoleon, in the height of his dignity, dared not introduce the further novelty of a pavement on each side. This would be, indeed, to have destroyed that equality between horse and foot, walkers, drivers, and driven, which appears to give such delight to a Parisian, that if you extol to him the safe pavements and foot-paths of an English street or road, he will answer with polite composure—"*C'est tres bien pour Messieurs les Anglois—pour moi, j'aime la totalité de la rue.*" Good phrases, saith Justice Shallow, are and ever must be commended; and this, of *la totalité de la rue*, reconciles a Parisian walker to all the inconveniences of being ridden down or driven over. But the privilege of *totality* by no means compensates to the aged, the timid, the infirm, not to mention females and children, for the accidents to which they are exposed. At present these are multiplied by the numerous accession of strangers, all of whom drive in their own way, and give their own mode of warning, which the pedestrian must construe rightly upon his own peril. Here he hears the *Hey! hey!* of a member of the English Four-in-hand Club; there he is called to attention by the *Gare! gare!* of a Parisian petit maitre, or a German Freyherr; and having escaped all these hair-breadth risks, he may be ridden down at the next turning by a *drosky*, the driver of which, a venerable Russian charioteer, with a long beard flowing down to his girdle, pushes right on to his destined course with the most unperturbed apathy, without giving passengers warning of any kind to shift for themselves.

The risk, however, to pedestrians, does not form my only objection to the French metropolis, abstracted

* This removal has since taken place.—See a very lively account of the circumstances, and its effect upon the feelings of the Parisians, in Mr. John Scott's "Paris Revisited."

always from those splendid streets which belong to the quarter of the Tuilleries. The rest of Paris, excepting the *Boulevards*, a peculiar sort of open suburb by which it is surrounded, is traversed by narrow streets, which divide buildings dark, high, and gloomy, the lower windows grated with projecting iron-rails of the most massive description, and the houses belonging to persons of importance opening by what is called a *port-cochere*, or carriage-entrance, into courts which intervene between them and the street. By thus sequestering their mansions, the great do indeed deprive the shopkeeper, or roturier, who lives opposite, of the powers of looking upon the windows of his neighbour the duke, count, or marquis. Nevertheless, mansions constructed upon this unsocial and aristocratic plan, by which the splendour of the habitations of the noble and wealthy is reserved and veiled, as too dazzling and precious to form a part of the public street, cannot contribute to the general beauty of the city in which they are placed. I do not, however, mean to say, that the other quarters of Paris, though gloomy, dark, and traversed chiefly by these narrow and perilous passes, are devoid of a strong and peculiar interest. On the contrary, the constant appearance of public edifices distinguished in history, of Gothic churches and halls, of squares and *places*, surrounded by stately buildings, perpetually, even in the most disagreeable quarters of Paris, reminds us that we are in a capital early distinguished for arts and arms, and where even the rudeness and inconvenience of many streets, joined to the solid, massive, and antique structures to which they give access, argue at once early importance and ancient dignity.

It appears a remarkable peculiarity to a British eye, when Paris is viewed from a distance, that over buildings, so closely piled together, there arises not that thick and dense cloud of smoke which sometimes graces and dignifies, but more frequently deforms, a view of London, or any other large town in our island. This is owing to the Parisians using wood for fuel, and that frequently in the shape of charcoal, but always sparingly, and in stoves, instead of our sea-coal burnt in open chimneys. Seen from the heights of Montmartre, or the dome of St. Genevieve, Paris exhibits a distinct mass of houses, steeples, and towers, unclouded, but also unsoftened, by the dusky canopy which hangs over a British city. My Parisian friends laughed heartily, and, on the whole, deservedly, at my regretting the absence of this dusky accompaniment, which does nevertheless add a shadowy importance, and even a softness, to the landscape; or, admitting associations, and pleading on those to which we are accustomed, gives an assurance of business and life to what, without such an indication of living bustle, seems not unlike the appearance of the town in the Arabian tale, whose inhabitants had been all petrified. I own this is a prejudiced feeling, and do not contest the right which a Frenchman has to associate with the cloud which overhangs our metropolis, all that is disgusting, and perhaps unhealthy, in the gross evaporation of our coarser fuel.

The Seine is usually appealed to by the Parisians as the principal beauty of their city, and it is at least one of its greatest conveniences. But Lord Chesterfield furnished an answer to the proud question, whether England could show the like—"Yes—and we call it Fleet-ditch." This gasconade is like that of the French veteran lecturing upon invasion, who spits upon the ground, and says to his audience, "*Voila la Tamise*,"—a hyperbole which may be excused from ignorance, as no French soldier has happened to see the Thames for many a century, excepting as a guest or prisoner in England. But, saying jests aside, the Seine is far from having the majestic appearance of the Thames, being diminutive both in depth and breadth, and strait-waist-coated by a range of ungraceful quays, a greater deformity than those of London, because rendered conspicuous by the narrowness of the stream. The river being divided also at two intervals by small islands, completely occupied by buildings, we are induced to entertain a contemptuous opinion of the Seine, as completely subjugated and tyrannized over by the despotic authority of human art. Several of the walks along its side are nevertheless most interesting, particularly the Quai de Voltaire, from which the passenger views the superb and long extent of colonnade belonging to the Louvre, while further down the river are seen the gardens of the Tuilleries and the trees of Les Champs Elysées.

The finest views of Paris are to be seen from the heights of Montmartre, which rise as close behind the city as the Calton-hill in respect to Edinburgh, and from some of the steeples, particularly that of St. Genevieve, a magnificent new church of Grecian architecture, originally dedicated to the titular saint of Paris; next polluted by the appellation of the Temple of Reason; then solemnly entitled the Pantheon, because it was to be the place for depositing the bodies of departed sages and patriots; and lastly restored by Bonaparte to the character of a Christian church, without taking away its destination as a general mausoleum for departed worth. The honours, however, of those who received this distinction, were not always permanent. There was "no snug lying in the abbey." Several of those revolutionary chiefs whose remains the faction of the day had installed in this sanctuary, were torn from thence shortly afterwards, and thrown, like the corpse of Sejanus, into the common-sewer of the city. The bodies of other heroes of the day have been withdrawn in secret, lest they should suffer the same fate. In some instances the temporary tenant of the tomb was dispossessed, and made to give way to a popular character of more recent celebrity. Thus the corpse of Mirabeau was removed from the Pantheon to make room for that of Marat; on which occasion one of the family of the former returned thanks to Heaven for an expulsion, which, as he expressed himself, "re-established the honour of his house." The corpse of the villain Marat, after having had at least the honour of one bloody sacrifice, in the trial and execution of a man who has offered an insult to his temporary monument, was soon after, 28th July, 1793, dragged from the church, and thrown into the common-sewer of the Rue de Montmartre. At length, weary or ashamed of their own versatility, the National Convention, in the year 1795, decreed, that no citizen should receive the honours of the Pantheon until ten years after his death; a decree which amounted almost to a universal sentence of exclusion, in a country where the present occupies solely the attention of the public. Of all those to whom the various legislative bodies of France decreed this posthumous distinction, there have only remained in the Pantheon the tombs of two authors, Voltaire and Rousseau. The remains of those distinguished literary characters were deposited here, during the early fervour of the Revolution, with shouts, and with hymns, and with tears, and with transports of that universal philanthropy, which shortly afterwards made its real character evident to the world. A painted wooden sarcophagus, much like a deal packing-box in form and materials, is laid above the grave of each, with a mouldering inscription expressive of what the Legislative Assembly intended to do for the honour of the philosophers whose talents illumined the 18th century. But the rotten board on which their decrees are registered, frail as it is, has proved a record more permanent than the power that placed it there. The monuments of despotism are more durable than those of anarchy; and accordingly some of Bonaparte's generals and senators are buried in the Pantheon, and, though men of inferior note, have been suffered to enjoy in quiet that repose, which even the tomb could not secure for the republican demagogues.

In visiting this church, or temple, I was entertained by the dry answer of an Englishman, who had followed us up to the dome without the observation of the sexton. Our guide seemed a little hurt at the stranger's presumption, and from time to time addressed to him a few words of reprehension, stating the risk he run of being bewildered in the vaults, and perhaps shut up there. As I perceived my countryman did not understand in what he had given of-

fance, I explained to him the sexton's remonstrance. "Tell him," answered the stranger, with great gravity, "that if the misfortune he threatens had really befallen me, I would have had only to call out *Sixpence*, and all Paris would have come to my rescue." With deference, however, to this honest specimen of John Bull, the access of the public to what is worthy of notice in Paris is much less frequently impeded by a functionary stretching forth his hand for a fee, than is the case in London; and when we recollect the mode in which the various departments of St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey are secured by a dozen of petty turnpikes and tax-gatherers, we may judge more fairly of the sexton of St. Genevieve.

The liberality of the French nation, in affording every possible means to the public of enjoying the collections of curiosities, or of scientific objects, made for their behalf, instead of rendering them sources of profit to some obscure pensioner, pervades all their establishments; and strangers, for whose use and convenience even greater facilities are afforded than are given to the natives, are called upon to acknowledge it with gratitude. If there be in this open display of the treasures which they possess some traces of national pride, it is in this case an honest and fair pride, and those who derive so much benefit from its effects, ought to be the last to question its motive. One or two of these objects of curiosity I shall briefly notice in my next letter, not with the purpose of giving a regular description of them, but to mark, if I can, by a few characteristic strokes, the peculiarities which attracted my own attention.

Adieu; I rest ever your affectionate

PAUL.

LETTER XIII.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Garden of Plants—Museum of French Monuments—Central Museum—Hall of Sculptures—Malmaison.

I HAVE already said, my dear sister, that of all capitals in the world, Paris must afford the most delightful residence to a mere literary lounger; and if we add, that his fortune is limited, (as is usually the case with such a character,) it will suit him, after a little experience, as well in point of economy as of taste. The *Jardin des Plantes*, the National Library, the Collection of French Monuments, the National Institute, above all, the Grand Museum in the Louvre, are gratuitously opened to his inspection and use, while theatres, and public amusements of various kinds, in the evening, may be frequented for little expense.

I know that nothing in Paris would delight you more than the *Jardin des Plantes*. This grand botanical garden, of several acres extent, richly stocked with the most varied and curious productions of the vegetable world, is equally interesting to the scientific student, and to the idler, who seeks only for shaded walks and interesting and beautiful points of view. The variety of the ground, the disposition of the trees, and the neighbourhood of the Seine, afford the last in considerable variety; while the shade, so grateful in this warm climate, is secured by many a long alley and avenue. The establishment is maintained entirely at the expense of the public. The learned in physics may here have the advantage of a chemical laboratory, of lectures upon botany and natural history by men of approved science, of an anatomical collection, and a valuable library, composed of works relative to natural history. There is also a menagerie upon a great scale of splendour, as well as of comfort to the animals with which it is tenanted. Those which are of a dangerous description are properly secured, but still with due attention to their habits and convenience. The bears, for example, inhabit subterranean residences, each of which opens into a sunk area, of depth enough to prevent escape, but of such extent that Bruin may repose himself, or take exercise, at his pleasure. I seldom pass this place without seeing some of the Prussian or Russian soldiers engaged in talking to and feeding the bears, whom, in this southern clime, they probably regard as a kind of countrymen. The elephant, a most magnificent animal of the kind, has, as befits his good sense and civilized behaviour, a small paddock around his cabin, secured from the public by a strong palisade. He had a mate some years ago, but is now a widower; very good humoured, however, and familiar with the passengers. Gentler animals, such as the varieties of the deer species, are allowed space in proportion to their size; and it is only the fiercer tribes of Africa and Asia, lions, tigers, and leopards, which are committed to strict confinement. These also are kept clean, and made as comfortable as circumstances will permit; and on the whole, it is impossible to conceive an institution of the kind managed with more respect to the feelings and convenience of the creatures contained in it. If a stranger is curious to know the names of the various animals, there is always some Frenchmen near, who, either merely to do the honours to Monsieur l'Etranger, or at most for *quelque chose pour boire*, walks with you through the collection, and displays at once his eloquence, and that sort of information which is frequently found among the Parisians, even of the lowest orders. To me, who am no naturalist, such a guide seems often as interesting a specimen as any in the collection. The contrast of his meagre looks and tattered dress, with the air of patronage which he assumes towards the stranger under his charge; his pompous encomiums on the objects he exhibits; his grave injunctions not to approach too near the grates of the more dangerous quadrupeds; the importance with which he gives the scientific appellation of each animal, condescendingly adding that which is in more vulgar use; and the polite gratitude of his "*Monsieur est tres honnete*," when he pockets his little gratuity, and puts on the *schakos*, which he has hitherto held in his hand for the sake of aiding his eloquence,—all these points brought together give a character of the lower rank not to be met with out of France, and rarely out of Paris.

The antiquary who visits Paris must be deeply interested by a visit to the Museum des Monumens Français, assembled by Mons. Le Noir, in the church, convent, and gardens of Les petits Augustins. This collection proved a sort of asylum for such monuments of art as could be saved from popular fury during the first revolutionary fever, comprehending the tombs of princes, legislators, and heroes. When the churches were sacked and pillaged, and the property of the clergy was confiscated to the use of the nation, Mons. Le Noir had the courage to attempt to save from impending ruin objects invaluable for the history of the arts and for that of the nation, and he had the address to devise a probable mode of succeeding in a plan, which, in those furious days, might have been represented as savouring of aristocracy and *incivisme*. He obtained from the National Assembly a recommendation to their Committee of Alienation, to watch over and protect the monuments of art in the churches and domains which they had confiscated to national use. This was followed by a warrant, authorizing a Committee of Sçavans, of whom Le Noir was most active, to select and transport to Paris those relics of antiquity, and there to arrange them in one general collection, so as to afford a view of the progress of the arts during the several periods of French history. Much exertion accordingly has been made, and upon the whole with considerable success, to dispose this various and miscellaneous collection according to centuries, and at the same time to place the productions of each æra in the best and fittest order. You accompany, therefore, at once the progress of the arts and that of history, as you wander from hall to hall, and compare the rude images of Clovis and Pharamond with what the Italian chisel produced to commemorate departed greatness, in that happy epoch which the French artists call *Le Siecle de la Renaissance*. Several monuments, the size of which rendered them unfit for a cloister, are erected in the

gardens; and particularly the tomb of Abelard and Heloise, with those of Des Cartes, Moliere, La Fontaine, Boileau, and others dear to French literature.

Yet such is the caprice of the human mind, that even from this rich mental feast we return with some degree of dissatisfaction. The inspection of the Museum inspired me at least with a feeling greater in degree, but similar in origin, to that with which I have regarded a collection of engraved English portraits—

"Torn from their destined page—unworthy meed
Of knightly counsel or heroic deed,"

and compiled to illustrate a Grainger, at the expense of many a volume defaced and rendered imperfect. Far deeper is that sensation rooted, when we consider that the stones accumulated around us have been torn from the graves which they were designed to mark out and to protect, and divided from all those associations arising from the neighbourhood of the mighty dead. It is also impossible, with the utmost care and ingenuity, that the monuments should be all displayed to advantage; and even the number of striking objects, huddled together, diminishes the effect which each, separately, is calculated to produce upon the mind. These wayward reflections will arise, and can only be checked by the recollection, that without prosecution of the plan wisely adopted and boldly followed out, the relics around us would have ceased to exist; and that the ingenious collector, far from being the plunderer of a wreck, has saved and protected its scattered fragments, which must have otherwise perished for ever.

If, in the Museum of Monumens Française, we contrast with advantage the principle and mode by which the collection is formed, with the effect produced by the present arrangement, and pardon, for the sake of the former, the necessary imperfections attached to the latter, no such favourable result can be drawn by the reflecting traveller, who visits the inimitable collection of paintings and statues in the Louvre, called the Central Museum of the Arts. It is indeed, abstractedly, a subject of just pride to a nation, that she can exhibit to strangers this surprisingly magnificent display of the works of human genius when in its most powerful and active mood, awakened as it were from the sleep of ages, and at once bringing to the service of art such varied talent as never was nor will be equalled. But if, with these exulting considerations, it were possible for the French to weigh the sum of evil which they have suffered and inflicted to obtain this grand object of national vanity, they might well view the most magnificent saloon in Europe as a charnel-vault, and the works of Raphael, Titian, and Salvator, as no better than the sable and tattered scutcheons which cover its mouldering walls. Each picture, indeed, has its own separate history of murder, rapine, and sacrilege. It was perhaps the worst point in Bonaparte's character, that, with a firm and unremitting attention to his own plans and his own interest, he proceeded from battle to plunder, less like a soldier than a brigand or common highwayman, whose immediate object is to rifle the passenger whom he has subdued by violence or intimidation. But Napoleon knew well the people over whom he was called to rule, and was aware that his power was secure, despite of annihilated commerce and exhausted finances, despite of his waste of the lives of Frenchmen and treasure of France, despite of the general execration of the human race, echoed from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, providing he could prove to the Parisians that he was still the Emperor of the World, and Paris its capital. *Savans*, therefore, *amateurs*, and artists, whose skill and taste might supply the deficiency of his own, regularly attended upon his military expeditions; and when a city had surrendered, or had otherwise fallen into his power, whatever it possessed in public or private property evincing excellence in the arts, was destined to augment the Central Museum, and furnish a topic of consolation to those Parisians whose sons perhaps had fallen in battle under its walls. For this purpose every town in Italy was ransacked, and compelled by open violence, or a still more odious influence exercised under pretext of treaties, to surrender those specimens of sculpture and painting whose very names had become associated with the classical situations, from which a true admirer of the arts would have deemed it sacrilege to have torn them. The Low Countries were compelled to yield up those masterpieces of the Flemish school, which are prized by amateurs as almost equal to those of Italy. Dresden, long famous for its collection of paintings, which Frederick the Great contented himself with admiring, was plundered, and only saved in part by the submission of the Elector. Berlin and Potsdam underwent a similar fate; and while Bonaparte affected to restore to the subdued monarch of Prussia his crown and kingdom, he actually pillaged his palaces of their most precious and domestic ornaments. Vienna was severely ransacked, with every inferior town in the Emperor's dominions, and that even at the period of an alliance cemented by the conqueror's union with a daughter of the house of Austria. The ancient capital of the czars was destined to consign its old magnificence to the same accumulated heap of spoil. But there the robber's arm was shortened, and the plunder of the Kremlin was retaken ere it had crossed the Beresina. The very ornaments of the apartments were acquired by the same iniquitous means which had filled them with paintings and statues. The twelve granite pillars which supported the Hall of Sculpture were plundered from Aix la Chapelle, and the beautifully wrought bronze folding-doors at the upper end of the Grand Saloon were the spoils of a church at Rome. *Omnis Thais Thaida olet.* The collection, in all its parts magnificent and unmatched as it is, savours of the cruelty, perfidy, and rapine, by which it was accumulated.

Many have therefore been tempted to think, that there was less wisdom or justice than magnanimity in the conduct of the allies during the preceding year, who to save the feelings of the French, which in this case had no title to a moment's consideration, sacrificed the justice due to their own despoiled countries, and let pass the opportunity of giving a great moral lesson, without inflicting on France a single hardship, excepting what might flow from her wounded vanity. But Prussia, it seems, was satisfied with a promise (ill kept by the restored family) that her property should be redelivered when affairs were settled in France; and for the other nations no stipulation seems to have been made. If the allies on this occasion neglected to reclaim by force their own property when in their power, it would nevertheless have been just, and perhaps prudent, in the Bourbon family, to have of their own accord relinquished spoils which could only remind them of their own misfortunes. But they were too anxious to establish themselves in the opinion of their new subjects as good Frenchmen, to recollect that justice, open and even-handed, is the first duty of a monarch. They were afraid to face the clamour which would have stigmatized an act of honest restitution as the concession of cowardice. As Bonaparte had been the heir of the Revolution, they were willing to be the heirs of Bonaparte, and appear to have been as little disposed to the doctrine of restitution as the worthy corregidor of Leon, who succeeded to the treasures of Captain Rolando's subterranean mansion. At least they were not unwilling, like the sons of a usurer, to possess treasures of such value, without sharing the guilt of the original acquisition. They did not reflect, that every token which carried back the Frenchman's recollection to the Emperor, must excite comparisons, among the thoughtless and unprincipled, highly unfavourable to the legitimate possessor of the crown.

The day of reckoning is at length arrived. The Museum, when I first arrived in Paris, was still entire. But Blucher, who was not, it seems, to be foiled a second time, has since made several visits, attended by a German artist, for the purpose of ascertaining and removing the pictures which belong to Prussia, or to the German states now united with

her. The French guardians of the Museum also attended, no longer to decide upon the point of view in which the spoils of nations should be disposed, but to plead, occasionally and timidly, that such a picture formed no part of the cabinet of Potzdam, but had been stolen from some other collections. These demurrers were generally silenced by a "*Tais toi*," or "*Halt maul*,"* from the veteran of Laon and Waterloo, who is no friend to prolonged discussions. If you ask, whether Prussia has recovered all the pictures which had been carried off at different times, I fancy I may return the same emphatic answer given by an old Scotch serving-man, when his master asked him if he had been careful to pack up all his wardrobe at leaving a friend's house,—"*At least*, your honour." Not that I suppose the Prince-Marshal has got a single article to which the French had any just title, but the late enlargement of the dominions of Prussia has greatly extended her claims of restitution in right of states and cities newly annexed to her dominions; and I fancy she did not permit them to be over minutely scrutinized. Still, however, though nearly a hundred pictures have in this manner gradually disappeared, I have not missed one of those masterpieces to which the attention of the visiter is earliest directed and longest rivetted. It is when the claims of Italy and the Netherlands shall be enforced that the principal disgorging of spoil will take place; and when that day comes, I believe it will drive some of the French amateurs to actual distraction. Their attachment to these paintings and statues, or rather to the national glory which they conceive them to illustrate, is as excessive as if the Apollo and Venus were still objects of actual adoration; and on the day of their departure I anticipate them exclaiming with Micah, "Ye have taken away my gods and go your ways, and what have I more? How then say ye unto me, what aileth me?"

It is, however, understood to be definitively settled by the allied sovereigns, that the French must undergo this mortification; as is evident by the generals, at the capitulation of Paris, having refused to sanction an article of the treaty proposed by the French, for securing the possession of these monuments. It is a severe mortification, doubtless; but, independent of the undeniable justice of the measure, it is wholesome that the French should have in future no trophies to appeal to as memorials that they had exercised a power over other states, which their victors never had courage to retaliate; or to exhibit as emblems of past conquest, and as the incentive to new wars. The contents of the Museum have been found by bitter experience to perpetuate recollections, which, for the peace of France and of Europe, ought to be effaced as speedily and absolutely as possible. Such associations render the removal of the objects which excite them as necessary a precaution, as the burning of Don Quixote's library to prevent the recurrence of his frenzy.

With respect to the arts, you know I pretend to no skill in the province of the amateur; but the best judges seem to allow that the dispersion of this immense collection is by no means unfavourable to their progress and improvement. We readily admit, and each spectator has felt, that nothing can be more magnificent, more august, more deeply impressive, taken as a whole, than that noble gallery, prolonged to an extent which the eye can hardly distinctly trace, and crowded on every side with the noblest productions of the most inspired artists. Fourteen hundred paintings, each claiming rank as a masterpiece, disposed upon walls which extend for more than twelve hundred feet in length, form, united, a collection unparalleled in extent and splendour. But a part of this charm vanishes when we have become familiar with the *coup d'œil*; and the emotions of surprise and pleasure which the transient visiter receives, are gained in some degree at the expense of the student, or studious amateur. In a saloon of such length and height, lighted too from both sides, it is impossible that all the pictures can be seen to advantage; and, in truth, many cannot be seen at all. In a selection where all is excellent, and worthy of studious and heedful attention, this is a disadvantage of no common kind. But it is not the only one. Each of these paintings, almost without exception, has in it something excellent; but independent of the loss which they sustain in common, by being so much crowded together, and by making part rather of one grand and brilliant whole, than subjects important enough for detached and separate consideration, the merit of some of these *chefs d'œuvre* so far exceeds that of others, as altogether to divert the attention from objects of inferior, though still of exquisite skill. Few, possessing even the most eager love for the art, though they have consumed hours, days, weeks, and months, in the Museum, have been able to escape that fascination which draws them to the Transfiguration of Raphael, the Communion by Domenichino, the Martyrdom of the Inquisitor, and some other masterpieces. About fifty pictures at most, therefore, are copied, studied, examined, and worshipped, while more than twenty times that number are neglected and unseen, and, with all their admitted excellence, draw as little attention as the Nymphs and Graces in the suite of Venus. This shows that the appetite of taste, as well as of epicurism, may be satiated and rendered capricious by the exhibition of too rich and sumptuous a banquet, and that, our capacity of enjoyment being limited, there is no wisdom in an injudicious accumulation of means for its gratification. To the young student in particular, the feelings of satiety are peculiarly hazardous; for either he becomes accustomed to indulge a capricious and presumptuous contempt of works which he has slightly studied, or he is deterred from boldly and vigorously venturing upon a laborious and difficult art, when he sees that excellence, of a pitch to which he dare not aspire, may, in company with the ultimate efforts of genius, be insufficient to secure respect and attention.

It might be added, that there are particular points, in which even those distinguished and selected patterns of supereminence, which throw every inferior degree of merit into shadow, lose, in some measure, the full impression of their own merit, by being disjoined from the local associations with a view to which they were painted. This is especially the case with the religious subjects, executed for altar pieces, and for the ornaments of chapels, where the artist had laboured to suit not only his size of figures and disposition of light to the place which the painting was to occupy, but had also given them a tone of colouring and a general character, harmonizing with the solemnity, not only of the subject, but of the scene around. To many a thorough-paced and hackneyed connoisseur, who considers the finest painting merely as a subject for his technical criticism, the divesting it of these exterior accompaniments will seem of little consequence. But those who love the art for the noble and enthusiastic feelings by the excitement of which it is best applauded, will feel some difference in considering a scripture-piece over the altar of a Gothic church, and in viewing the same painting where it forms part of an incongruous assemblage of landscapes and flower-pieces, with a group of drinking boors placed on one side, and an amour of Jupiter upon the other.

These observations apply only to the ostentatious assemblage of so many and such various specimens of the art in one extensive gallery. But had this objection not existed—had these paintings been so disposed in various apartments as to give each its appropriate situation, and secure for each that portion of attention which it merits, still objections would remain to the whole system. There is no wisdom in venturing as it were the fortunes of the world of art in one single collection, exposed to total and irredeemable destruction either from accidental fire, or the havoc of war, or popular frenzy. Had the Museum existed during the first years of the Revolution, its danger must have been most imminent, and twice during the space of a very few months has it narrowly escaped the risks which must have attended it had Paris been stormed.

* "Hold your tongue."

Independent even of these considerations, and admitting this general accumulation of the treasures of art to be as desirable as it is certainly august and impressive, I should still hesitate to say that Paris is the city where they ought to be reposited. The French school, though it has produced many good artists, has been as remarkable for wanting, as the Italians for possessing, that dignity and simplicity of feeling which leads to the sublime. Poussin alone excepted, there is a flutter and affectation, a constraint of attitude to create point, and a studied contrast of colour and light to bring out effect, which marks the national taste; and from the charms of such Dalilahs, as Dryden calls similar flourishes in poetry, they never have weaned themselves, nor ever will. Their want of real taste and feeling may be estimated by the unawed audacity with which they have in several notorious instances undertaken to repair, and even to alter, the master-pieces which conquest and rapine had put within their power. The same deficiency of real taste is evinced by the rash comparisons which they make between their schools of music and painting and those of Italy, in which Gay's lines still describe the present Parisian as well as him of his own day:—

> Mention the force of learned Corelli's notes,
> Some squeaking fiddler of their ball he quotes;
> Talk of the spirit Raphael's pencil gives,
> Yet warm with life, whose speaking picture lives,
> "Yes, sir," says he, "in colour and design,
> Rigaut and Raphael are extremely fine."

Where the taste of those with whom he must naturally associate is systematically deficient, the young artist may lose as much through the influence of a French preceptor, as he could gain by studying in the Museum. I might also hint how little a capital like Paris, containing so many temptations to idleness and dissipation, is a safe abode for the young artist. But enough has been said to justify the sacrifice now exacted from France, however it may lower her pride and mortify her vanity. First, it is a demand of justice, and therefore must be enforced; and next, the artist, though he must in future extend his travels, and visit various cities in search of those excellences which are now to be seen collected in the Louvre, will have greater benefit from the experience which has cost him some toil; and if he must traverse Switzerland and Italy, to view the sculptures of ancient Greece, and the paintings of modern Rome, he will have the double advantage of taking lessons on his route from Nature herself, in the solitary grandeur of the one, and the profuse luxuriance of the other. He will judge of the scenery which trained these great artists, as well from his own experience, as from their representation, and may perhaps be enabled to guess how they composed as well as how they executed.

The taste of the French seems to be turned more towards the Hall of Sculptures than the Gallery of Paintings. I think I can trace something of a corresponding partiality in the works of David, their greatest living artist, whose figures, though often nobly conceived and disposed, have a hardness of outline, resembling statuary. My own taste, formed probably on habit, (for we see few good statues in Britain,) would have inclined otherwise; and, I grieve to say, I was rather disappointed with some of those statues of antiquity from which I expected most pleasure. One monument can disappoint nobody—I mean the Apollo Belvidere, the sublime simplicity of whose attitude, and the celestial expression of his countenance, seem really more than mortal. It is said there is a chance of his visiting England; while I looked upon so exquisite a specimen of ancient art, I could not muster virtue enough to wish the report false; but writing in my solitary closet, and in mature consideration, I do hope sincerely that neither by purchase, nor gift, or otherwise however fairly, will Britain possess herself of that or any other the least part of those spoils, since the French would eagerly grasp at such a pretext for alleging that we sought the gratification of our own selfish ends, while we affected to render justice to others. Indeed, unless I am much mistaken, the personage whose taste might be most gratified by such an acquisition, would not enter into a transaction calculated to throw the slightest shade of suspicion on the pure faith of Britain, to acquire all that Phidias ever carved, or Raphael painted. This fine statue, and the other specimens of art, seem to rise in value with the French as the hour of parting with them approaches. They talk to them, weep to them, kneel to them, and bid adieu to them, as if they were indeed restored to the rank of idols. But Beal boweth down, Nebo stoopeth—the hammer and wedge have given awful note of preparation; the Venus, the Dying Gladiator, and many other statues, have been loosened from their pedestals, and stand prompt for returning to their native and appropriate places of abode. Many a lowering eye and frowning brow marks the progress of these preparations; and such is the grotesque distress in the countenances of others, that, as Poins says of Falstaff, if it were not for laughing, I could pity them.

After all, however, the French are not objects of compassion, even in the dispoiled state, as they express themselves, to which they are likely to be reduced. France possesses, as public property, besides the paintings of her own school, a noble collection formed by the Bourbon race, and the Borghese pictures, honestly bought and paid for by Bonaparte. She has also to boast the gallery of the Luxembourg palace, containing that splendid series of historical pictures by Rubens, commemorating the principal actions in the life of Mary de Medicis, to the brilliancy of which there can only be objected the incongruous mixture of mythological and allegorical personages, with characters of historical reality. But this mixture of truth and fiction, and men and genii, and heathen gods and Christian emblems, seems to me so inconsistent, that, could I entertain the ambitious hope of possessing a picture of Rubens, I would prefer one of his boar-hunts, or groups of peasants going to market, to the most splended picture in the Luxembourg gallery.

At Malmaison there are also some fine paintings, besides a number of good copies from the pictures of the Museum.* This was the abode of Josephine, of whom all speak with regret and affection. I was particularly struck with the figure of a dancing Nymph, in marble, which, to my poor judgment, might have been placed beside any of the Grecian monuments in the Hall of Sculptures, without suffering much disparagement. It was cut by Canova, that eminent artist, who, as he remonstrated formerly against the transference of the works of art from Italy, has now the satisfaction of superintending their restoration to that classical land.

This ample subject has exhausted my paper. I remain, my dear sister, affectionately yours,

PAUL.

LETTER XIV.

PAUL TO THE MAJOR.

Bonaparte's Flight to Paris—Debates in the Chambers—Deputation to the Soldiers—Anxiety of the Chambers—Indifference of Bonaparte—He leaves the Capital—Preparations for defending Paris—Allies advance upon the South—Capitulation of Paris—Reflections—Rumoured Conspiracies—National Guard—Garde de Corps—Gens d'Armes—Mareschal M'Donald—Number of Foreign Troops—Austrians—Russians—Prussians—Chateau de Montmorency—Prussian Officers—Strict discipline among the British—Prussian Order of Faith and Honour—Its influence in the Army—Highlanders—Good Conduct of the Allied Forces—Affray with the Mob—Guards of the Allied Monarchs—Castle of Vincennes—Motley assemblages in the Museum—Reviews—Anecdote of Colonel Hepburn.

YOUR appetite for military details, my dear Major, is worthy of one who assisted at the defence of Bergen-op-Zoom, in the year 1747, since it cannot be sated with the ample feast which I sent you from Waterloo. Here, indeed, I see little around me but military of all nations; but how to describe the gay, glittering, and at the same time formidable scene, a scene too so new to all my habits, is a point of no little difficulty. Paris is one great camp, consisting of soldiers of almost all nations, and is under

the military authority of the Prussian Baron Muffling, as commandant for the allies. You are not ignorant of the proceedings which led to this extraordinary crisis, but I shall briefly recall them to your memory.

The only division of the French army which remained entire after the rout of Waterloo, was that of Grouchy and Vandamme, which, by a retreat that did these generals the highest honour, was not only conducted unbroken under the walls of Paris, but gained some accession of strength from the wrecks of the main army. Upon their arrival they found matters in a most singular state of crisis. Bonaparte had anticipated the tidings of the field of Waterloo, and brought, like a certain general renowned in song, the news of his own defeat to the good city of Paris. It would seem that he expected the Liberalists would now, in this last and critical danger, have made common cause with him, strengthened his hands with all the power that unanimity could bestow upon a dictator, called upon the nation to rally around his standard, and tried yet one desperate chance for conquest. But he had measured his importance according to former, not according to existing circumstances. The Rump of the old Conventionalists saw no more to overawe them in Bonaparte defeated, than their predecessors of the Long Parliament had seen in Richard Cromwell. They instantly made known to him, and with no friendly voice, that the times demanded his resignation; they called his ministers before them authoritatively, and intimated by every movement their intention to take the reins of government into their own hands. Napoleon had no alternative left him but that of defiance or of abdication. In the former case, he might indeed have dissolved the refractory Chambers, for the troops, and the lower class of the Parisian populace, who were armed under the name of Federés, were resolute in his behalf. But he was not resolute in his own determination. It was in vain that his brother Lucien, who, having resumed the thorny path of politics, was disposed to tread it with his former audacity, urged him to march a body of troops to the Chambers, dissolve them at once, and take the full power into his own hands. Success over the Chambers was indeed certain, but its consequences would have called upon Napoleon to live or die with the troops who should achieve it: of the first he had little hope, and for the last slender inclination. He therefore attempted by a compromise to transfer his crown, now entwined with thorns, to the head of his infant son. The proposition was for some time evaded by the Assembly, and Bonaparte's adherents could only procure an indirect and dubious assent to this condition. Lucien pleaded, and Labedoyere bullied in vain; and the Chambers having possessed themselves of this brief and precarious authority, began such a course of debate as Swift ascribes to his Legion Club,—

> "While they sit and pick their straws,
> Let them dream of making laws."

Instead of active preparations to oppose or avert the progress of foreign invaders, the Parisians saw with astonishment their senators engaged in discussions of abstract theory, or frivolous points of form. A matter-of-fact man, who wished to know the distance betwixt Saint Quentin (then Lord Wellington's head-quaters) and Paris was called to order, as going into matter irrelevant to the subject of debate. The question, however, was not mal-apropos. Grouchy's army arrived, and the allies were not long behind him. The Chambers, who had by this time assumed all the old-fashioned mummery and jargon of the Convention, sent forth a deputation of its members, decorated with three-coloured scarfs, to harangue the soldiers and the federés; and they were conjured by the members who proposed the deputation to apprise the soldiers, that the representatives were ready to mix with them in their ranks, since, to those who fell, the day of their death would be that of their *resurrection*. It was suposed that Mons. Garnier, not much accustomed to such terms, had meant to say *immortality*, but this impropriety of expression greatly maimed the energy of his eloquence.

The representatives went forth with their fine scarfs. They harangued the soldiers, and the armed banditti called federés, upon the original principles of liberty and the unprescriptible rights of man, and recommended to them, as a rallying word, *Vive la Nation, Vive la Liberté!* But the charm was as ineffectual as that used by the Abbess of Andouillets. The soldiers and federes only answered with shouts of *Vive l'Empereur*. The representatives affected to consider these acclamations as referring to Napoleon II., and having, like the Duke of Buckingham, thanked their loving friends and countrymen for sentiments which they had never expressed, they returned to make their report to the Chambers. There was, in truth, only one point of union between these assemblies of *soi-disant* legislators and the French troops, which was an obstinate determination, founded upon a combined sense of crime and fear of punishment, to resist to the uttermost the restoration of the legitimate sovereign, although every wise man in France had long seen it was the sole measure which promised to avert the impending ruin of the country. Upon this topic the most furious speeches were made, the most violent resolutions entered into; and the Lower Chamber, in particular, showed that it wanted only time and power to renew the anarchy, as it had adopted the language, of the early Revolution. But there were cold fits to allay this fever, and the perturbation of mind by which individuals began to find themselves agitated, broke out amid their bullying ridiculously enough. Merlin of Douai (an old hack'd engine of Philip Egalité, and Robespierre, under the last of whom he promulgated the bloody edict against suspected persons) announced to the Chamber of Representatives his having received an untimely visit of two persons in a fiacre, demanding to speak to him on the part of the president of the provisional government; that the hour being one in the morning, he had refused them admittance—happily so refused them—since, in the unanimous opinion of Merlin himself, of his wife, and honest Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely, these untimely visiters could mean nothing good to his person. On this annunciation, vigorous measures were proposed for the protection of Monsieur Merlin, when Boulay de la Meurthe stopped further proceeding by informing the assembly that the supposed emissaries of royalty were in fact what they called themselves, messengers from the president upon a matter of emergency, which they had communicated to himself upon being refused access to Merlin. One member's terrors were excited by seeing in the street a wounded officer, those of another broke out upon spying—not a peer, as used to be the cause of alarm in St. Stephen's—but, sight more appalling, a royal Garde de Corps in full uniform under the gallery! These alarms were faithfully reported to the Chambers, and though the wiser representatives suppressed their own fears, there were many indications that they did not less deeply entertain them.

The anxiety of the Government and of the Chambers was singularly contrasted by the extreme indifference of him who had been the origin of all the turmoil and bloodshed, and who continued for some time to travel from the palace of Bourbon Elysées to Malmaison and back again, to give fetes there, and to prepare for a journey no one could say whither, with as much composure as if the general distraction concerned him as little, or less, than any other temporary sojourner in France. To complete this scene of characteristic affectation, he sent a message to the Chambers to request copies of two books which he desired might be placed at his disposal. But the near approach of the allies at length accelerated his departure; and on the 29th of June, when they were within three leagues of the city, he finally left the capital, which he had lately called his own, to make the best defence or capitulation they could. At first the Chambers resolved upon defence. But the means were very imperfect.

When Bonaparte, before leaving Paris for Avesnes.

consulted Carnot on the means necessary for the defence of the metropolis, the latter is said to have estimated them at two hundred millions, and the labour of three years. "And when that sum of treasure and labour has been expended, sixty thousand good troops," continued the ex-director, "and a sustained assault of twenty-four hours, may render it all in vain." Nevertheless Bonaparte undertook preparations for this gigantic and hopeless task. The heights of Montmartre were fortified with extreme care, and amply supplied with artillery. The village of St. Denis was also strongly garrisoned; and a partial inundation being accomplished by means of stopping two brooks, the water was introduced into the half-completed canal De l'Ourcq, the bank of which being formed into a parapet, completed a formidable line of defence on the northern side of the city, resting both flanks upon the Seine. The populace of Paris had laboured at these lines with an enthusiasm not surpassed in the most exalted frenzy of the Revolution; nor were their spirits or courage at all lowered by the approach of the conquering armies of England and Prussia, in the act of being supported, if need were, by the whole force of Russia and Austria. They confided in what had repeatedly and carefully been impressed upon their minds—that Paris could only fall by treachery; and boasted that they had now Massena, and Soult, and Davoust, (as much celebrated for the military talent as for the atrocity which he displayed in the defence of Hamburgh,) to direct the defence of the capital, instead of Marmont, by whom, in the preceding year, they were taught to believe it had been basely betrayed.

But although the line of defence to the north was such as to justify temporary confidence, the city on the opposite side was entirely open, excepting the occupation of the villages of Issy, and the heights of St. Cloud and Meudon. These two points, if they could have been maintained, would have protected for a time that large and level plain which stands on the south side of Paris, and which now presented no advantages for defence, excepting an imperfect attempt at a trench, and a few houses and garden-walls accommodated with loop-holes for the use of musketry. On this defenceless side, therefore, the allied generals resolved to make the attack, and the Prince-Marshal, on the 30th June, crossed the Seine at St. Germains, and, occupying Versailles, threatened the French position at Meudon, Issy, and the heights of St. Cloud, while the Duke of Wellington, holding Gonesse, opened a communication with the Prussians by a bridge at Argenteuil. The French, though their situation was desperate, did not lose courage, and one gleam of success shone on their arms. General Excelmans, by a well-conducted assault, surprised the Prussians who occupied Versailles, and made prisoners some cavalry. But the French were assaulted in their turn, driven from the heights of St. Cloud, from Issy, and from Meudon, and forced close under the city itself. This happened on the 2d July, and Blucher had already sent to the British general to request the assistance of a battery of Congreve's rockets,—a most ominous preparation for the assault which he meditated. Meanwhile the wealthy and respectable Parisians were equally apprehensive of danger from their defenders and from the assailants. The temper of the French soldiers had risen to frenzy, and the mob of the Fauxbourgs, animated by the same feelings of rage, vomited threats and execrations both against the allies, and against the citizens of Paris who favoured the cause of peace and legitimacy. Such was the temper of this motley garrison, as formidable to the capital as the presence of an incensed enemy, when upon the 3d July the terms of capitulation between the allies and Massena, who acted as commander in chief of the French, were arranged and signed, Paris once more subjected to the mercy of Europe, and the Queen of Provinces a second time made a bondswoman.

A brief but fearful period of anarchy passed ere the French army, now men without a cause and without a leader, evacuated Paris and its vicinity, and ere their yet more savage associates, the federés, could be prevailed upon to lay down their arms, with which they still threatened death and devastation to each royalist, or rather to property and all its possessors. The firmness of the National Guards is universally acknowledged to have saved Paris in that awful moment, when, in all human probability, the first example of plunder would have been followed both by the populace and by the foreigners, and a scene of universal blood, rapine, and conflagration, must have become the necessary consequence.

There are indeed fervent politicians, whom now and then of an evening we have heard breathe an ardent wish that Paris had been burnt to the ground. These are words soon spoken in the energy of patriotic hatred, or a desire of vengeance for outraged morality; but if we can picture to ourselves without shrinking those horrid scenes which ensue,

> "Where the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,
> In liberty of bloody hand shall range,
> With conscience wide as hell,"

we ought yet to remember upon how many thousands such dreadful vengeance must have fallen, who can only be justly considered as common sufferers by the very acts of aggression of which Europe has such strong reason to complain, and how many thousands more age and incapacity exempted even from the possibility of having been sharers in the offence. It is impossible to look around upon this splendid capital without remembering the affecting plea which the Deity himself condescended to use with his vindictive prophet: "Should I not spare Nineveh, that great city, wherein are six score thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left, and also much cattle?" Least of all ought we to wish that any part of the British forces had been partakers in the horrid license that must have followed on such a catastrophe, during which the restraints of discipline and the precepts of religion are alike forgotten in the headlong course of privilged fury. It was observed of the veteran army of Tilly, that the sack of Magdeburgh gave a death-blow to their discipline; and we know how the troops of France herself were ruined by that of Moscow. In every point of view, therefore, as well with regard to the agents as the sufferers, the averting the destruction of Paris, when it appeared almost inevitable, has added to the glories which the Duke of Wellington has acquired in this immortal campaign. For it is not to be denied, that to his wise and powerful interference, restraining the vindictive ardour of Blucher, yet accelerating, by his tone of decision, the reluctant surrender of Davoust, was chiefly owing the timely arrangement of the articles of capitulation, in consequence of which the King of France again obtained possession of his capital, and the allied armies became the peaceful garrison of Paris.

By the time I reached the capital, the political convulsions had entirely subsided, and the royal government, to all external appearance, was in as quiet an exercise of authority as if Louis XVIII. had never been dispossessed of the throne. But the public mind was not as yet accustomed to consider the change as permanent, being influenced and agitated by a thousand gloomy reports of plots and conspiracies, as the sea, after the storm has subsided, continues still to heave and swell with the impulse it has received. It was said, in particular, that Labedoyère, who had been found concealed in Paris, and there arrested, was agent of a conspiracy, in which the federés of the fauxbourgs, with the disbanded soldiers of the army of the north, were to be enlisted. One party of the conspirators was to wear the dress and arms of the Parisian National Guard, and so accoutred were to assault simultaneously the hotels of the Emperors of Austria and of Russia, of the King of Prussia, of Lord Castlereagh, of the Duke of Wellington, and of Blucher; while other bands, disguised in the uniforms of the allied troops, should storm the posts of the National Guard, and particularly those maintained at the palace of the Tuilleries. That a project so wild and impracticable should have been seriously attempted, I can hardly credit; but that so many reckless and desperate men as were now in Paris were meditating something of peril and violence, is extremely probable, for at this very time

all the guards maintained on the illustrious personages I have mentioned were on a sudden strongly reinforced, and unusual strictness was exercised by the sentinels in challenging those who approached their posts. In going home to my hotel upon this night, I was stopped and interrogated more than six times, and in a new language at each post. The word *English* was a sufficient answer upon every occasion. Indeed, the great and combined military force would have rendered any such conspiracy an effort of fruitless, though perhaps not bloodless, frenzy.

The internal duty of Paris is chiefly performed by the National Guard, who in dress and appearance, remind me very much of the original or blue regiment of Edinburgh Volunteers. They furnish picquets for the various guards upon public places, and around the Tuilleries; a severe duty for the respectable class of citizens of whom these regiments are composed, since I suppose at least five hundred men are required for the daily discharge of it. But the corps is very numerous, and a consciousness that the peace of the city and security of property depend upon its being regularly and punctually performed, reconciles these citizen-soldiers to their task.

The guards upon the king's person and palace are intrusted to the Gardes de Corps, or household troops, fine-looking men, very handsomely, though not gaudily, dressed. They are said, with few exceptions, to have behaved with great loyalty in the late trying crisis; but as they are an expensive corps, holding the rank of gentlemen, and being paid accordingly, it is supposed their numbers will be much limited in future. They are very civil in their deportment, and in the discharge of their duty, particularly to English strangers. My infirmities perhaps claimed a little compassion, and it is no discredit to them that I have seen Messrs. les Gardes de Corps feel the claim, and make a little way, by the influence of voice and authority, for one who was not so able to make it for himself. And indeed there was a kind of chivalrous feeling in most of these gentlemen, a modesty of demeanour, a gentleness of conduct towards the crowd, and a deference to the claims of hospitality, a sense, in short, that he who has the momentary power should use it with tenderness and forbearance, which might be mere urbanity, but which a professed aristocrat is apt to consider as mixed with a higher feeling. This corps, I have been informed, suffered much in attending the king to the frontiers; a few, who had been selected from Bonaparte's followers in a spirit of conciliation, returned to their first vocation; but the rest followed their master as far as they were permitted, and experienced much hardship and distress in consequence, besides the actual slaughter of many of their companions. A stranger is an indifferent judge of such matters, but I am so old-fashioned as to think that a body of real men-at-arms, chosen from the younger sons of the nobility and gentry, is not only a graceful institution as a defence and ornament to the throne, but may in France be the means of retrieving the real military character, so dishonoured and disgraced of late years.

There is another armed force, of a very different description, frequently seen in Paris,—the patroles of the modern gens d'armes, or military police; men picked out for the office, and who, in files of two or four, upon foot or horseback, constantly parade every part not only of Paris, but of France. Their dress and arms are those of heavy dragoons, and therefore they may be at first thought less adapted for discharging their peculiar duty, which is that of police-officers. But there is a very perfect system, of which these are the agents, and when, as in the case of the late effort of Bonaparte, the police seems to have proved ineffectual, it is not the fault of the inferior and operative agents, but of those superintendents from whom they received their signals. These gens d'armes were the agents so dreaded under the imperial government, whose appearance made every knee tremble, and every cheek grow pale. If they are less formidable under a legitimate sway, it is because even the enemies of the constitution may shelter their crimes beneath the laws instituted for the protection of innocence. Through all France, however, the ubiquity of the police is something striking and singular. In the most retired scene which you can choose, if you see a solitary horseman, or still more, if you see two riding together, it is five to one that they belong to the gens d'armerie. At this moment they have full employment for their address and omnipresence; and I believe it is exercised in no common degree, unless we should give credit to the scandal of the *royalistes purs*, who pretend that Fouché under the Bourbons is a much more tractable person than Fouché under the Republic and under Bonaparte.

The National Guards, Gardes de Corps, or household troops, and the Gens d'Armes, compose the only French military force to be at present seen in Paris. Mareschal M'Donald, Duke of Tarentum, is intrusted with the difficult task of disbanding and reorganizing the army beyond the Loire, the remnants, namely, of the old Imperial army. M'Donald is equally remarkable for military skill and loyalty; his march from the extremity of Italy to unite himself with Moreau, previous to the battle of Novi, and the successful retreat which he made even after losing that dreadful and well-fought action, against the redoubted Suwarrow, prove his military talent, as his behaviour during Bonaparte's last invasion has established his military faith. Your question is ready, I know, my dear Major, *which* of the M'Donalds is he? for of true blood you unquestionably have already deemed him. To satisfy a wish so laudable, I can inform you from the best authority, that the Mareschal is descended of that tribe or family of the M'Donalds of Clanronald who are called M'Eachen, or sons of Hector, as claiming their descent from a cadet of the house of Clanronald, so named. The father of the Duke of Tarentum was engaged in our affair (I love a delicate expression) of 1745, and was very useful to Prince Charles Edward during his rash enterprise. He was a Highlander, bred to the church, and educated in France. He spoke, therefore, Gaelic, English, French, and Latin, and was, besides, intelligent, bold, and faithful. He was one of the seven who embarked with the unfortunate Chevalier when his expedition of knight errantry had utterly failed. On his return to France, M'Eachen took the more general name of his tribe, and appears to have preferred the military service to resuming his studies for the church. His son is now one of the most respectable characters whom the French army list presents to us. I had letters to him from his friends in Skye, but had not the good fortune to meet him at Paris. He was more usefully engaged; and, by all accounts, the king could not have reposed confidence in a more loyal and gallant character. How should it be otherwise? Is he not a Scotchman, and a M'Donald?—eh, Major!

Of foreign troops, all included, there are generally said to be in France to the number of a million; but I am informed from the best authority, that they do certainly amount to EIGHT HUNDRED THOUSAND MEN, an assembly of troops scarce paralleled save in the annals of romance.* Of these the British, Prussians, and Russians, are nearest to Paris, so stationed as to have an army of one hundred and fifty thousand men within a day's march of the city.

The Austrians are chiefly in the South of France. The French complain more of the severity of the usage which the inhabitants receive from them, than of the rest of the allies. Those whom we see here are part of the Emperor's Hungarian guards, selected men, of fine and tall figure, which is set off by their white dress. They are unquestionably, in point of exterior appearance, the handsomest of the allied troops; but though tall and bulky men, want the hardy and athletic look of the British, Russians, or Prussians. Tell the ladies also, that this same white uniform looks better upon a line of

* It has since appeared from the returns in Parliament, that this number is considerable beneath the real amount.

troops in the field, than worn by an individual officer in a ball-room, whose appearance involuntarily, and rather unfairly, reminds me of the master of a regimental band. The hussar uniforms of Austria are very handsome, particularly those of the Hungarians, to whose country the dress properly belongs.

The Russians are in the neighbourhood in very considerable force. I was present at a splendid review which was made of these northern warriors by the Allied Sovereigns, the Duke of Wellington, &c. The principal avenue of the Champs Elysées was crowded with troops of all sorts; and the reflection of the sun appeared almost intolerably bright. The monarchs, generals, and their suite, occupied the centre of the Place Louis Quinze, almost the very spot in which Louis XVI. was beheaded, and for more than two hours the troops defiled before them without a pause, in a close column, whose front occupied the whole space afforded by the breadth of the avenue. The infantry were fine, firm, steady-looking men, clean, handsome, but by no means remarkable for stature. From the green uniform, and the short and sturdy make of the Russians, the French nicknamed them *Cornichons*, as if they resembled the green cucumbers, so called when pickled. They had a formidable train of artillery, in the highest possible order, and were attended by several regiments both of dragoons and cuirassiers. The cuirassiers of the guard had burnished steel breast-plates, which glanced to the sun, and made a noble display. The cuirasses of the other regiments seemed to be of hammered iron. The cavaliers were remarkably fine men; the horses, excepting those of the officers, seemed to be of an inferior description, and rather weak for that sort of service; but the general effect was indescribably grand. The troops swept on, wave rolling as it were after wave, to the number of at least twenty thousand men, the sound of one band of martial music advancing as the other died away, and the interminable column moving on as if the procession would stretch out to the crack of doom. During this grand display of the powers of the North, the ground was kept by the regular Cossacks of the Russian guard, very fine men, and under good discipline. The irregular Cossacks, and light troops of a similar description, are only occasionally seen in Paris; but their Hettman, Prince Platow, is a constant resident in the capital, and to him these children of the desert are occasionally summoned. The appearance of the proper Cossack is prepossessing. He has high features, keeps his long blue coat strictly clean, and displays some taste for splendour in his arms and accoutrements, which are often richly decorated with silver. But the Tartar tribes, whom the French unite under the same general appellation, have frequently a most uncouth and savage appearance. Cloaks of sheep-skin, bows, arrows, shields made of dried hides, and other appointments savouring of the earliest state of society, were seen among them; from which the French, whom even invasion, with all its ills, cannot deprive of their jest, call them *Les Cupidons de Nord*. I saw one man who had come with his tribe from near to the Great Wall of China, to fight against the French under the walls of Paris! The poor fellow was in the hospital from a very natural cause, the injury which his feet had sustained in so long a march. But these wilder light troops were judiciously kept at a distance from Paris, where the splendour and wealth of the shops formed rather too strong temptations for Tartar morality.

The Prussian troops have gradually assumed a more respectable exterior, as the new clothing, at the expense of France, has been completed and delivered. They are a handsome fair-haired race of men; their uniforms almost exclusively blue and red. Both they and the Russians seem to think, that the beauty of the male form consists in resembling as much as possible a triangle, or rather a lady in an old-fashioned pair of high stays. So they draw their waists tight by means of a broad belt, or some similar contrivance, and stuff out and pad the breast and shoulders till the desired figures attained. Almost all of them are young men, summoned to arms by the situation of Europe, and their own country in particular,—a call which was obeyed with such ardent enthusiasm, that I suppose no civilized kingdom ever had under arms, as a disposable force, so large a proportion of its population. Many regiments are composed of *landwehr*, or militia, and some of volunteers. It necessarily follows, from this intermixture of various descriptions of force, that they cannot be all under the same degree of strict military discipline; and to this must be attributed the irregularities they committed upon their march, and which were sometimes imputed to them in their quarters. They have never been accused, however, of gross violence, of assailing life or honour, or of wantonly injuring the churches or public buildings, crimes which were objected to the French armies in Prussia. Their resentment, indeed, was stirred at the name of the bridge of Jena, and they had made preparations for the destruction of that useful and beautiful edifice. But the intercession of the Duke of Wellington procured a delay, until the King of Prussia upon his arrival repealed this hasty and vindictive order.

I saw a large body of these troops quartered in the celebrated Chateau de Montmorency. The owner of this fine seat, and the beautiful domain annexed, was attached to Bonaparte, had fled upon Napoleon's first exile, and had returned to share his triumph. The brief interval before the battle of Waterloo, which compelled him to a second retreat, had been employed in refitting the chateau with painting, panelling, and sculpture, in the most expensive style. The Prussians were now busily undoing all that he had commenced, and the contrast between recent repair and the work of instant destruction was very striking. The rich furniture was stripped by the female followers of the camp, and the soldiers were boiling their camp-kettles with the gilded frames of pictures, the plate-glass windows were smashed to pieces, and the breaches repaired by old jackets and pantaloons. One of my friends, who had been long in the Spanish war, observed with composure, that the chateau was in a way of being handsomely *rumped*, a technical word for what was going on, which you may insert at my peril in your collection of military phrases. When quartered upon inhabited houses, the French chiefly complained of the extent of the Prussians' appetite, as a craving gulf, which they found it very difficult to fill. They were, they allowed, not otherwise cruel or ill-natured; but, like the devouring cannibal in the voyages of Aboulfouaris, their hunger could not be lulled to sleep longer than three hours at a time. Much of this was undoubtedly greatly exaggerated.

It is certain, however, that means have been put into the power of the Prussian officers to indulge themselves in the pleasures of Paris to an extent which their pay and allowances, if limited to those drawn in their own country, could not possibly have afforded. They are the principal customers to the expensive *restaurateurs*, the principal frequenters of coffee-houses, of theatres, and of the Palais Royale, at regular and irregular hours—all indications of an expense not within the ordinary reach of subaltern officers. It is said, that some of our German subsidiary troops made application to the Duke of Wellington to be put upon the same footing with the Prussians in these extra advantages. His Grace, we are assured, expressed to them (with the fullest acknowledgment of their meriting every indulgence which could be wisely bestowed) his decided opinion, that all expedients which tended to place the soldier upon a different footing of expense and luxury in France, from that which he held in his native country, were injurious to discipline, detrimental to the character of the army, and to the interest of the sovereign. His practice expresses the same doctrine. The British troops received regularly the allowances and rations to which they would be entitled in England, and which are here raised at the expense of France; but neither directly nor indirectly

do they obtain further indulgence. The strong sense and firmness for which the duke is as much distinguished as for skill in arms and bravery in the field of battle, easily saw that the high and paramount part which Britain now holds in Europe, that pre-eminence, which in so many instances, has made her and her delegates the chosen mediators when disputes occured amongst the allied powers, depends entirely on our maintaining pure and sacred the national character for good faith and disinterested honour. The slightest complaint, therefore, of want of discipline or oppression, perpetrated by a British officer or soldier, has instantly met with reprehension and punishment, and the result has been the reducing the French to the cruel situation of hating us without having any complaint to justify themselves for doing so, even in their own eyes. Our officers of rank have, in many instances, declined the quarters appointed them in private houses; and, where they were accepted, have arranged themselves in the mode least likely to derange the family, and have declined uniformly the offers to accommodate them with wine, or provisions, which were made as a matter of course. They receive the reward of this moderation in the public respect, which, however the French may dislike us as a nation, they are compelled to pay to individual merit and courtesy.

On the other hand, strange and alarming whispers are thrown abroad respecting the situation of the Prussian army. It is hinted, that they are somewhat out of control, and look up less to the king than to their generals as their paramount superiors. Blucher holds the first rank ostensibly; but it is pretended, that General Gneisenau, so celebrated for his talents as a quarter-master-general, possesses most real influence. Much of this is supposed to be exerted by means of secret societies, particularly that called The Order of Faith and Honour. This association, which derived its first institution from the laudable and patriotic desire of associating against French tyranny, has retained the secret character with which it was necessarily invested when the foreign enemy possessed the fortresses of Prussia, but which now seems useless at least, if not capable of being rendered hazardous. Almost all the officers of this army belong to this secret society, which is a sort of institution that has peculiar charms for Germans; and it is said to be an object of jealousy to the government, though it cannot be supposed dangerous while headed by the loyal Blucher.

Our forces, in general, are admired for their appearance under arms, although, like their countrymen under Henry V.,

> "They are but warriors for the working day,
> Their gayness and their gilt is all besmirch'd
> With rainy marching on the painful field."

The serviceable state of the men, horses, and equipments, fully compensates, to the experienced eye, every deficiency in mere show.

The singular dress of our Highlanders makes them particular objects of attention to the French. In what class of society they rank them, may be judged from part of a speech which I heard a French lady make to her companion, after she had passed two of these mountaineers:—"*Aussi j'ai vu les sauvages Americains.*" It was very entertaining to see our Highlanders making their bargains upon the Boulevards, the soldier holding his piece of *six sous* betwen his finger and thumb, with the gripe of a smith's vice, and pointing out the quantity of the commodity which he expected for it, while the Frenchman, with many shrugs and much chattering, diminished the equivalent as more than he could afford. Then Donald began to shrug and jabber in his turn, and to scrape back again what the other had substracted; and so they would stand for half an hour discussing the point, though neither understood a word which the other said until they could agree upon *le prix juste.*

The soldiers, without exception, both British and foreigners, conduct themselves in public with civility, are very rarely to be seen intoxicated, though the means are so much within their reach, and considering all the irritating circumstances that exist, few quarrels occur betwixt them and the populace. Very strong precautions are, however, taken in case of any accidental or premeditated commotion. A powerful guard of Prussians always attends at the Pont Neuf and Pont Royale, with two pieces of artillery turned upon each bridge, loaded with cannister-shot, horses saddled, matches burning, and all ready to act on the shortest warning. The other day an unpleasant accident took place. Some of the Parisian populace, while the Prussian officer of the day was visiting a post, quarrelled with the orderly soldier who held his horse; the animal took fright, and escaped the man's hold; the officer came out, and was hustled and insulted by the mob. In the meanwhile, the orderly-man galloped off, and returned with about thirty of his companions, who charged with their lances couched, as if they threatened death and destruction; but, with much dexterity, tilted up the point of the spear when near a Frenchman's body, and reversing the weapon, only struck with the butt. They made five or six of the most tumultuous prisoners, who were carried before Baron Muffling, reclaiming loudly the safeguard of the police, and demanding to be carried before a French judge. But, in the present situation of this capital, the commandant preferred subjecting them to military chastisement; and a truss of straw being laid down for each culprit, they were stretched out, and received a drubbing *a la militaire* with the reins and girths of the Hussars' horses. The appearance of the sufferers acted as a sedative upon the temper of the mob, none of whom chose to seek further personal specimens of the Prussian discipline. It seemed a strong measure to the English spectators; but the question is, whether a good many lives were not saved at the expense of the shoulders of those sufferers; for where combustibles are so plenty, the least spark of fire must be trodden out with as much haste as may be. In other frays, it has happened that Prussian soldiers have been killed; in which case, the district where the accident happened is subjected to severe contributions, unless they can arrest the perpetrator. The Palais Royale, where such scenes are chiefly to be apprehended, is trebly guarded every night by a company of the National Guard, one of British, and one of Prussians.

As a matter of courtesy between the allied powers, the duty of mounting guard upon the person of the monarchs is performed by the troops of each nation in succession: so that our guardsmen mount guard on the Emperor of Russia, the Russians on the Emperor of Austria, and the Highlanders, perhaps, on the King of Prussia, in rotation; a judicious arrangement, which tends to show both the French and the allied troops the close and intimate union of the sovereigns in the common cause of Europe. The important post of Montmartre, which, in its present state of strong fortification, may be called the citadel of Paris, is confided to the care of the British, who keep guard with great and unusual strictness. Even foreign officers are not admitted within these works, unless accompanied by an Englishman. The hill is bristled with two hundred pieces of cannon; and they make frequent discovery of military stores and ammunition buried or concealed. All these will fall to our share; and, I trust, the two hundred guns will be sent to keep company with the hundred and fifty taken at the battle of Waterloo.

In the meanwhile, it is a strange and most inconsistent circumstance, that the Castle of Vincennes, within three miles of Paris, lying in the midst of these armies, and of no more strength than the White Tower of London, or any other Gothic keep, affects to hold out against the allied army. The commandant, although he has hoisted the white flag, will neither receive a royalist nor an allied soldier within the castle, and gives himself great airs of defiance, as if encouraged by an impunity which he only owes to contempt, and to the reluctance of the allied sovereigns to increase the King of France's difficulties and unpopularity by punishing the gasconade as it deserves.

I do not observe that the soldiers of the allied nations intermix much in company with each other, although they seem on kind and civil terms, when occasionally thrown together. The Museum, which is open to all ranks and conditions, frequently, besides its other striking beauties, exhibits a moving picture of all the nations of Europe in their military dresses. You see the tall Hungarian, the swarthy Italian, the fair-haired Prussian, the flat-faced Tartar, English, Irish, Guardsmen, and Highlanders, in little bands of two or three, strolling up and down a hall as immense as that of the Caliph Vathek, and indulging their curiosity with its wonders. The wildest of them appeared softened and respectful, while forming a part of this singular assemblage, which looks as if all the nations of Europe had formed a rendezvous at Paris by military representation. Some of their remarks must of course be very entertaining. One or two I caught. "By ——, Jack," said an English dragoon to his comrade, pointing to a battle-piece by Salvator, "look at the cuirasses—they have got the battle of Waterloo here already."—"Pooh, you blockhead," said the other, "that an't the battle of Waterloo; don't you see all the horses have got long tails?" I asked a Highland serjeant, who was gazing earnestly on the Venus de Medicis, "How do you like her, countryman?"—"God bless us—is your honour from Inverness?" was the first exclamation; and then, "I am told she is very much admired—but I'll show your honour a much better proportioned woman,"—and the ambitious serjeant, himself a remarkably little man, conducted me to a colossal female figure, eight feet high. There is no disputing the judgment of artists, but I am afraid the beauties of this statue are not of a kind most obvious to the uninitiated.

Where there are monarchs at the head of conquering armies, the pomp of war must of course be displayed in its full glories. We have reviews of many thousands every morning, from seven o'clock until ten or eleven. That of the British cavalry was very much admired, notwithstanding the dust which enveloped their movements. The Russians and Prussians exhibited upon another occasion the manœuvres of a mock engagement, the Emperor commanding the Prussian army, and the King of Prussia, in the dress of a colonel of the Russian guards, enacting the general of the Muscovites. After the battle, the two potentates met and greeted each other very handsomely. On another occasion the Prussians entertained us with a rehearsal of the battle of Issy, or the movements of the French army and their own in the attack and defence of that village, upon the 2d of June. At one of these reviews the Russians were commanded by the Emperor to charge in line, expressly for the gratification of the English general. You know it is surmised, that the British claim pre-eminence over all other nations, because the steadiness and bottom of the individual soldiers permit them to hazard a general charge in line, whereas the column is adopted for the purpose of attack by the French and all other foreigners. Perhaps this was designed as a rebuke to our national vanity. However, the Russians went through the manœuvre admirably well, dressing a line of very great length with the utmost accuracy, during an advance of half a mile.

It must be owned, that a politician more gloomy than myself, might draw evil augury from the habits, which the reigning sovereigns of Europe may possibly acquire by being for years the inmates of camps, and compelled by the pressure of the imminent crisis to postpone the duties of the sovereign to those of the general. War has been described as "the game of princes;" and we know how easily the habit of gambling is acquired, and how irresistible it soon becomes. If it should happen that these powerful monarchs, influenced by the military ideas and habits which have been so long uppermost, should find a state of peace a tedious and dull exchange for the animating perils of war, it will be one instance, among many, of the lasting evils which French aggression, and the necessary means of counteracting it, have entailed on the kingdoms of Europe. I confide, however something in the wisdom of these princes, and a great deal in the pacific influence of a deity whose presence we all deprecate, notwithstanding the lessons of wisdom which she is supposed to teach—I mean the Goddess of Poverty.

Two circumstances struck me in the grand military spectacle which I have mentioned, the great number of actors, and, comparatively speaking, the total absence of spectators. The scale of the exhibition cannot indeed be wondered at, considering the importance of the actors:

> "Ha! Majesty, how high thy glory towers,
> When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!"

But, in the neighbourhood of so populous a city as Paris, the inhabitants of which have been so long famous for their attachment to public spectacles, one might have thought spectators enough would have been found besides the military amateurs not immediately engaged, and a few strangers. But I never saw above a hundred Frenchmen, and those of the very lowest order, looking on at these exhibitions, not even at that made in the Place Louis Quinze, under their very eyes. This is the strongest sign of their deeply feeling their present state of humiliation, and proves, more than a thousand others, that they taste the gall in all its bitterness, and that the iron has entered into their soul. In my next letter to my friend Peter, I will communicate what else I have observed on the state of the public mind in France. But I must first acquit myself of my promise to our ghostly father, the parson.

Yours entirely, PAUL.

*Postscript.**—By the by, you must allow me to add to my Waterloo anecdotes, one which relates to a gallant countryman of ours, in whose family you well know that we feel the interest of old and sincere friendship: I mean Colonel Francis Hepburn, of the 3d regiment of Guards, who had the distinguished honour of commanding the detachment sent to the relief of Hougoumont, when it was attacked by the whole French division of Jerome Bonaparte. He had the charge of maintaining, with his own single battalion, this important post, when the communication was entirely cut off by the French cavalry, and it was not until they were repulsed, that he was reinforced by two battalions of Hanoverians and one of Brunswickers. Colonel Woodforde of the Coldstream Guards, who in the morning reinforced Lieutenant-Colonel Macdonell, commanded in the house and garden, and Colonel Hepburn in the orchard and wood. I am particular in mentioning this, because the name of Lieutenant-Colonel Home, who acted under Colonel Hepburn, appeared in the Gazette instead of his, by a mistake incidental to the confusion of the day, which rendered it impossible accurately to distinguish individual merit. The error has been admitted, but there is a difficulty in correcting it publicly, though there can be none in making our friends in Scotland acquainted with the real share which the relative of our deceased friend, the best and kindliest of veterans, had, in the most memorable battle that ever was fought, and which in no degree takes away from the admitted gallantry of his countryman, Lieutenant-Colonel Home. Colonel Hepburn, as you will remember, was engaged in the Spanish war, and severely wounded at the battle of Barossa.

LETTER XV.

PAUL TO THE REV. MR. ——, MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL AT ——.

Solemnities of the Catholic Church—Little regard paid to the Authority of the Pope—Churches not attended—Disregard of Religion—Bonaparte's Church Establishment—Imperial Catechism—Efforts of Louis to restore Reverence for Religion—Alarm of the French Protestants—Toleration Recommended—Decay of Religion and Morality in France—French and British contrasted—Gambling—Palais Royale—Superstition of the French—l'Homme Rouge—Bonaparte's Faith in Destiny.

Do not blame me, my dear friend, if I have been long in fulfilling my promise to you. Religion, so

* This postscript is retained, although, in the present edition of these Letters, the name of the gallant officer alluded to appears in its proper place, p. 22.

ample a field in most countries, has for some time been in France an absolute blank. From my former letters you must have learned, that in Flanders the Catholic system still maintains itself in great vigour. The churches are full of people, most of them on their knees, and their devotion, if not enlightened, seems fervent and sincere. One instance I saw with peculiar pleasure, at Malines—Two *Religieuses*, sisters of charity, I believe, entered the church at the head of a small school of about twenty poor children, neatly, though coarsely, dressed, and knelt down with them to their devotions. I was informed, that the poor nuns had dedicated their little income and their whole time, struggling occasionally with all the difficulties incident to a country convulsed by war and political revolutions, to educate these children in the fear of God, and in useful knowledge. Call them nuns, or call them what you will, I think we will neither of us quarrel with an order who thus employ their hours of retirement from the world.

I was less edified by the frequent appearance of a small chapel and an altar, on the side of the road, where the carman will sometimes snatch a flying prayer, while his huge wagon wanders on at the will of the horses. But your own parishioners sometimes leave their horses' heads for less praiseworthy purposes, and therefore much cannot be said on that score. The rites and solemnities of the Catholic church made less impression on me than I expected; even the administration of high mass, though performed by a cardinal, fell far short of what I had anticipated. There is a fidgetting about the whole ceremony, a perpetual dressing and undressing, which seems intended to make it more elaborate and complex, but which destroys the grandeur and simplicity so appropriate to an act of solemn devotion. Much of the imposing exterior may now indeed be impaired—the church was the first object of plunder wherever the French came, and they have left traces of a rapacity which will not soon be erased. The vestments look antiquated and tawdry, the music is but indifferent, the plate and jewels have all vanished. The priests themselves are chiefly old men, on whom the gaudy dresses with which they are decorated, sit awkwardly, and who seem, in many instances, bowed down by painful recollections, as much as by infirmity. In a word, the old Dame of Babylon, against whom our fathers testified so loudly, seems now hardly worth a passing attack, even in the *Nineteenthly* of an afternoon's sermon, and is in some measure reduced to the *pavé*. Old John Bunyan himself could hardly have wished to see her stand lower in influence and estimation, than she does in the popular mind in France; and yet a few years, and the Giant Pope will be, in all probability, as innoxious as the Giant Pagan. Indeed, since his having shared the fate of other giants, in being transported, like a show, from place to place, by the renowned charlatan Bonaparte, his former subjects have got familiar with his terrors, and excommunication scarcely strikes more horror than the *fee fau fum* of a nursery tale.

It is remarkable, that this indifference seems to have extended to the enemies, as well as the subjects, of the Catholic church. When Rome was stormed in 1527, the chief amusement of the reformed German soldiers was insulting the rites of the Roman religion, and ridiculing the persons of their clergy. But in 1815, when the conquering armies of two Protestant kingdoms marched from Brussels to Paris, the idea of showing scorn or hatred to the Catholic religion never occurred to any individual soldier. I would gladly ascribe this to punctuality of discipline; but enough was done, by the Prussians at least, to show, that that consideration alone would not have held back their hands, had they felt any temptation to insult the French through the medium of their religion. But this does not seem to have appeared to them a vulnerable point, and not a crucifix or image was touched, or a pane of painted glass broken, that we could see or hear of, upon the route.

In the churches which we visited, very few persons seemed to attend the service, and these were aged men and women. In Paris this was still more remarkable; for, notwithstanding the zeal of the court, and the example which they exhibit of strict attention to the forms of the church,—an example even too marked for good policy,—those of the city of Paris are, with a few exceptions, empty and neglected. It is melancholy to think that, with the external forms and observances of religion, its vital principles also have fallen into complete disuse and oblivion. But those under whose auspices the French Revolution commenced, and by whom its terrors were for a time conducted, found their own interest intimately and strictly connected with the dissolution of the powerful checks of religious faith and moral practice. And although the Directory afterwards promulgated, by a formal edict, that France acknowledged the existence of a Supreme Being, and, with impious mockery, appointed a fete in his honour, all opportunity of instruction in religious duties was broken off by the early destination of the youth of France to the trade of arms. A much-esteemed friend at Paris happened to have a domestic of sense, information, and general intelligence above his station. His master upon some occasion used to him the expression, "It is doing as we would be done by,—the Christian maxim." The young man looked rather surprised: "Yes," repeated my friend, "I say it is the doctrine of the Christian religion, which teaches us not only to do as we would be done by, but also to return good for evil."—"It may be so, sir," answered the valet; "but I had the misfortune to be born during the heat of the Revolution, when it would have been death to have spoken on the subject of religion, and so soon as I was fifteen years old, I was put into the hands of the drill serjeant, whose first lesson to me was, that, as a French soldier, I was to fear neither God nor devil." My friend, himself a soldier, and a brave one, but of a very different cast of mind from that which was thought necessary for the service of France, was both shocked and astonished at this strong proof of the manner in which the present generation had been qualified from their childhood to be the plagues of society. This bent of the youth cannot be more strongly illustrated than by the behaviour of the lads who were educated at the College of Navarre, who, immediately on learning Bonaparte's landing and first success, rebelled against their teachers, and, taking possession of one of the towers of the college, declared for war and for the Emperor. The consideration that they were thus perverted in their early youth, and rendered unfit for all purposes but those of mischief, is the best consolation for such French patriots as mourn over the devastation which has overwhelmed the youth of their country.

Bonaparte, who, when not diverted from his purpose by his insatiable ambition, had strong views of policy, resolved upon the re-establishment of the church, as a sort of outwork to the throne. He created accordingly archbishops, bishops, and all the appendages of hierarchy. This was not only intended that they might surround the imperial throne with the solemn splendours of a hierarchy, and occasionally feed their master's ears with flattery in their pastoral charges,—an office which, by most of them, was performed with the most humiliating baseness,—but also in order to form an alliance between the religious creed which they were enjoined to inculcate, and the sentiments of the people towards the imperial dignity. The imperial catechism, promulgated under authority, proclaimed the duties of the catechumen to the emperor, to be love, obedience, fidelity, and military services; the causes assigned were Napoleon's high and miraculous gifts, his immediate mission from the Deity, and the consecration by the Pope; and the menace to disloyalty was no less than eternal condemnation—here and hereafter. I am sorry to say, that this summary of *jus divinum* was not entirely of Bonaparte's invention; for, in a Prussian catechism for the use of the soldiers, entitled, "*Pflichten der Unterthanen*," (the Duties of Subjects,) and printed at Breslau, in 1800, I find the same doctrines expressed, though with less daring extravagance.

Bonaparte reaped but little advantage from his system of church government, partly owing to the materials of which his monarchy was constructed, (for the best and most conscientious of the clergy kept aloof from such promotion,) partly from the shortness of his reign, but principally from the stern impatience of his own temper, which could not long persist in apparent veneration for a power of his own creating, but soon led the way in exposing the new prelates to neglect and contempt.

We must learn to look with better hope upon the more conscientious efforts for re-establishing the altar, which have been made by the king. Yet we cannot but fear, that the order of the necessary reformation has been, to a certain extent at least, the reverse of what would really have attained the important purposes designed by the sovereign. The rites, forms, and ceremonies of a church, all its external observances, derive, from the public sense of religion itself, the respect which is paid to them. It is true, that as the shell of a nut will subsist long after the kernel is decayed, so regard for ceremonies and forms may often remain when true devotion is no more, and when ignorant zeal has transferred her blind attachment from the essence of religion to its mere forms. But if that zeal is quenched, and that attachment is eradicated, and the whole system is destroyed both in show and in substance, it is not by again enforcing the formal observances which men have learned to contemn and make jest of, that the vivifying principle of religion can be rekindled. Indeed, far from supposing that the foundation of the altar should be laid upon the ritual of the Romish Church, with all the revived superstitions of the twelfth century, it would be more prudent to abandon to oblivion, a part at least of what is shocking to common sense and reason; which, although a Most Christian King might have found himself under some difficulty of abrogating, when it was yet in formal observance, he certainly cannot be called upon to renew, when it has fallen into desuetude. The Catholics of this age are not excluded from the lights which it has afforded; and the attempt to re-establish processions, in which the officiating persons hardly know their places, tales of miraculous images, masses for the souls of state criminals, and all the mummery of barbarous ages, is far from meeting the enlarged ideas which the best and most learned of them have expressed. The peculiar doctrines of their church prohibit, indeed, the formal rejection of any doctrine or observance which she has once received; but I repeat, that the time is favourable in France for rebuilding the Gallican Church on a more solid basis than ever, by leaving room for the gradual and slow reformation introduced by the lapse of time, instead of forcing back the nineteenth century into the rude and degrading darkness of the ages of excommunications and crusades. It is with the hearts of the French, and not with the garments of their clergy, that the reformation, or rather the restoration, of religion ought to commence; and I conceive the primary object should be securing the instruction of the rising generation in religious and moral duties, as well as in general education, by carefully filling up the ranks of the parochial clergy, on whose patient and quiet attention to the morals of their flocks the state of the nation must depend, and not upon the colour of the cap, the tinkle of a bell, or the music of high mass.

The truth is, that the king's most natural and justifiable zeal for the establishments of religion, which were his chief consolation in adversity, has already given alarm to several classes of his subjects. Bigoted or interested priests have been already heard misrepresenting the intentions of their sovereign, so far as to affirm he means to restore to the church all her rights, and impose anew upon the subject the burdens of tithes, and the confusion which must arise from the reclamation of the church lands. How these reports, malignantly echoed by the enemies of the royal family, sound in the ears of men of property, I leave to your own judgment; and can only regret that it is as difficult as it is desirable, for the king to oppose them by a public contradiction.

It is chiefly in the southern districts where the French Protestants still maintain themselves, that this alarm is excited, cherished, and fostered by those who care for neither one religion nor the other, further than as the jealousies and contentions of both may be engines of bloodshed, depression, and revolution. In the province of Languedoc, especially, the angry passions of both parties are understood to be at full tide; and it unfortunately happens that the contending parties are there envenomed by political hatred. Bonaparte, whose system of national religion included universal toleration, extended his special protection to the professors of the reformed doctrines, and by an organic law concerning worship, published in the year X, guaranteed to them the free exercise of their religion, being the first public indulgence which had been extended to them since the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. A system of consistories was established for their internal church-government; and so highly were they favoured, that the public exercise of the Catholic religion, by processions, or other ritual observances, performed without the walls of the church, was positively prohibited in such towns as had consistorial churches belonging to the Protestants. This distinction in favour of a body of subjects, amounting, it has been computed, to two millions of souls, attended by the triumph conferred by the interdiction of the Catholic rites where their eyes could be offended by them, raised the spirits of the Protestants as much as it exasperated and depressed those of the Catholics. The sects took their ranks in political contest accordingly; and although interests of various kinds prevented the rule from being absolute, yet it was observed, during the last convulsions of state, that the Catholics of the South were in general royalists, whereas many of the Protestants, in gratitude for past favours conferred on their church, in jealousy of the family of Bourbon, by the bigotry of whose ancestors their fathers had suffered, and confiding in the tolerant spirit of Bonaparte, lent too ready and willing aid to his usurpation. During that event, and those which followed, much and mutual subject of exasperation has unfortunately taken place between these contending parties. Ancient enmities have been awakened, and, amid contradictory reports and statements, we can easily discover that both parties, or individuals at least of both, have been loud in their appeal to principles of moderation when undermost, and very ready, when they obtained the upper hand, to abuse the advantages which the changes of the state had alternately given to them. This is a deep and rankling wound, which will require to be treated with no common skill The Protestants of the South are descendants of the ardent men who used to assemble by thousands in the wilderness—I will not say with the scoffer, to hear the psalms of Clement Marot sung to the tune of *Reveillez vous, belle endormie*—but rather, as your Calvinistic heroes of moor and moss, in the days of the last Stuarts, are described by a far different bard, dear in remembrance to us both, for the affectionate sympathy and purity of his thoughts and feelings; when in the wilderness

> —— "arose the song, the loud
> Acclaim of praise; The wheeling plover ceased
> Her plaint; the solitary place was glad,
> And on the distant cairns the watcher's ear
> Caught doubtfully at times the breeze-borne note."

On the other hand, the Catholics are numerous, powerful in the hope of protection and preference from the crown, and eager to avenge insults, which, in their apprehension, have been aimed alike at the throne and the altar. If we claim for the Protestants, whose nearer approach to our own doctrines recommends them to our hearts as objects of interest, the sympathy which is due to their perilous situation, let us not, in candour, deny at least the credit of mistaken zeal to those whom different rites divide from us. In the name of that Heaven, to whose laws both forms of religion appeal, who has disclaimed enforcing the purest doctrines by com

pulsion, and who never can be worshipped duly or acceptably by bloody sacrifices, let us deprecate a renewal of those savage and fatal wars, which, founded upon difference of religious opinion, seem to convert even the bread of life itself into the most deadly poison. British interference, not surely so proposed as to affront France's feelings of national independence, (a point on which late incidents have made her peculiarly irritable,) but with the earnest and anxious assurances of that good-will, for which our exertions in behalf of the royal family, and our interest in the tranquillity of France, may justly claim credit,—might, perhaps, have some influence with the government. But in what degree, or how far it may be prudent to hazard it, can only be known to those upon whom the momentous charge of public affairs has devolved at this trying crisis. We need not now take up the parable of Lord Shaftesbury, when he compared the reformed churches of France and Savoy to the sister of the spouse in the Canticles, and asked the astonished peers of Charles the Second, "What shall be done for our sister in the day when she shall be spoken for?" But it is certain, that the security of the Protestant religion abroad is now, as in the days of that statesman, a wall and defence unto that which we profess at home; and at all times, when England has been well administered, she has claimed and exercised the rights of intercession in behalf of the Reformed Churches. I trust, however, that our mediation will be, in the present case, unnecessary, and that the king himself, with the sound judgment and humane disposition which all parties allow him to possess, will show himself the protector of both parties, by restricting the aggressions of either. In the meanwhile, admire the singularity of human affairs. In Ireland discontents exist, because the Catholics are not possessed of all the capacities and privileges of their Protestant fellow-subjects;—in the Netherlands, the Catholic clergy murmur at the union, because the king has expressed his determination to permit the free exercise of the Protestant religion amid his Catholic dominions;—and in the south of France the sword is nearly drawn, upon the footing of doubts, jealousies, and apprehensions of mutual violence, for which neither party can allege any feasible ground, except mutual dislike and hatred. We may, without offence, wish that all of them would qualify their zeal for the doctrinal part of their religion, with some part of that meekness of spirit, which would be the best proof of its purity.

To return to the religious and moral state of France.—It is remarkable that the dissolution of religious principle, the confusion of the Sabbath with the ordinary days of the week, the reduction of marriage to a state of decent and legal concubinage, from which parties can free themselves at pleasure, have, while thus sapping the foundations of the social affections, as well as of religious faith, introduced more vices than crimes; much profligacy, but less atrocity than might have been expected. A Frenchman, to whom you talk of the general decay of morality in his country, will readily and with truth reply to you, that if every species of turpitude be more common in France, delicts of that sort against which the law directs its thunders, are much more frequent in Britain. Murders, robberies, daring thefts, such as frequently occur in the English papers, are little known in those of Paris. The amusements and habits of the lower orders are, on all occasions of ordinary occurrence, more quiet, peaceable, and orderly, than those of the lower English. There are no quarrels on the street, intoxication is rarely practised even by the lowest of the people, and when assembled for the purpose of public amusement, they observe a good-humoured politeness to each other and to strangers, for which certainly our countrymen are not remarkable. To look at the thousands of rabble whom I have seen streaming through the magnificent apartments at Versailles, without laying a finger upon a painting or an article of furniture, and afterwards crowding the gardens, without encroaching upon any spot where they could do damage; to observe this, and recollect what would be the conduct of an English mob in similar circumstances, compels one to acknowledge that the French appear, upon such occasions, beyond comparison the more polished, sensible, and civilized people. But release both parties from the restraints imposed by the usual state of society, and suppose them influenced by some powerful incentive to passion and violence, and remark how much the contrast will be altered. The English populace will huzza, swear, threaten, break windows, and throw stones, at the Life Guards engaged in dispersing them; but if a soldier should fall from his horse, the rabble, after enjoying a laugh at his expense, would lend a hand to lift him to his saddle again. A French mob would tear him limb from limb, and parade the fragments in triumph upon their pikes. In the same manner, the Englishman under arms retains the same frank, rough loyalty of character, without the alert intelligence and appearance of polished gallantry, which a French soldier often exhibits to strangers. But it would be an outrage to our countrymen to compare the conduct of the two armies when pursuing a defeated enemy, or entering a country as invaders, when every evil passion is awake, and full license is granted to satiate them.

The cause of so extraordinary a contrast may, I think, be expressed in very few words. The French act from feeling, and the British from principle. In moments, therefore, when the passions are at rest, the Frenchman will often appear, and be in reality, the more amiable of the two. He is generally possessed of intelligence and the power of reflection, both of which are great promoters of that limited sort of honesty which keeps the windy side of the law. He piques himself upon some understanding and perception of the fine arts, by which he is told his country is distinguished, and he avoids the rudeness and violence which constitute a barbarian. He is, besides, habitually an observer of the forms and decencies of society, and has ample means of indulging licentious passions, without transgressing them. The Frenchman is further, by nature and constitution, a happy and contented mortal, satisfied with little, and attached to luxuries of the more simple kind; and a mind so constituted is usually disposed to extend its cheerfulness to others. The Englishman of low rank is, in some degree, the reverse of all this. His intelligence seldom goes beyond the art to which he is trained, and which he most frequently practises with mechanical dexterity only; and therefore he is not by habit, unless when nature has been especially bountiful, much of a reasoning animal. As for pretending to admire or criticise the fine arts, or their productions, he would consider such an effort of taste as the most ridiculous affectation, and therefore readily treats with contempt and disrespect what he would upon system be ashamed to understand. Vice and crime are equally forbidden by the Englishman's system of religious morals; if he becomes stained with gross immorality, he is generally ready to rush into legal defict, since, being divested of the curb of conscience, and destroyed in his own esteem, he becomes, like a horse without a bridle, ready to run upon any course which chance or the frenzy of the moment may dictate. And this may show why, though the number of vicious persons is greater in France than in England in an enormous ratio, yet the proportion of legal criminals is certainly smaller. As to general temper and habits, the Englishman, less favoured in climate, and less gay by constitution, accustomed to be a grumbler by his birth-right, very often disdains to be pleased himself, and is not very anxious to please others. His freedom, too, gives him a right, when casually mixed with his betters, to push, to crowd, to be a little riotous and very noisy, and to insult his neighbours on slight provocation, merely to keep his privileges in exercise. But then he is also taught to respect the law, which he invokes as his own protection; to weigh and decide upon what is just and unjust, foul and fair; to respect the religion in which he has been trained, and to remember its restraints, even in

the moment of general license. It might indeed be wished that some of the lighter and more amiable qualities of the French could be infused into our populace. But what an infinitely greater service would the sovereign render to France, who should give new sensibility to those moral principles which have too long lain torpid in the breasts of her inhabitants!

This great end can only be reached by prudent and prospective regulations; for neither religion nor morality can be enforced upon a nation by positive law. The influence of parochial clergy, and of parochial schools, committed to persons worthy of the important trust, are, as I before hinted, the most obvious remedies. But there are others of a prohibitory and preventive nature. It is in the power of government to stop some grand sources of corruption of morals, and to withdraw their protection and license at least, from those assemblies which have for their direct object the practice of immoralities of every sort. The Palais Royale, in whose saloons and porticoes Vice has established a public and open school for gambling and licentiousness, far from affording, as at present, an impure and scandalous source of revenue to the state, should be levelled to the ground, with all its accursed brothels and gambling-houses,—rendezvouses the more seductive to youth, as being free from some of those dangers which might alarm timidity in places of avowedly scandalous resort. Gaming is indeed reduced to all the gravity of a science, and, at the same time, is conducted upon the scale of the most extensive manufacture. In the *Salon des Etrangers*, the most celebrated haunt of this Dom-Daniel, which I had the curiosity to visit, the scene was decent and silent to a degree of solemnity. An immense hall was filled with gamesters and spectators; those who kept the bank, and managed the affairs of the establishment, were distinguished by the green shades which they wore to preserve their eyes—by their silent and grave demeanour—and by the paleness of their countenances, exhausted by constant vigils. There was no distinction of persons, nor any passport required for entrance, save that of a decent exterior; and on the long tables, which were covered with gold, an artizan was at liberty to hazard his week's wages, or a noble his whole estate. Youth and age were alike welcome; and any one who chose to play within the limits of a trifling sum, had only to accuse his own weakness if he was drawn in to deeper or more dangerous hazard. Every thing seemed to be conducted with perfect fairness; and indeed the mechanical construction of the E O tables, or whatever they are called, appears calculated to prevent the possibility of fraud. The only advantage possessed by the bank (which is, however, enormous) is the extent of its funds, by which it is enabled to sustain any train of reverse of fortune; whereas most of the individuals who play against the bank are in circumstances to be ruined by the first succession of ill luck; so that ultimately the smaller ventures merge in the stock of the principal adventurers, as rivers run into the sea. The profits of the establishment must indeed be very large to support its expenses. Besides a variety of attendants who distribute refreshments to the players gratis, there is an elegant entertainment, with expensive wines, regularly prepared about three o'clock in the morning, for those who choose to partake of it. With such temptations around him, and where the hazarding an insignificant sum seems at first venial or innocent, it is no wonder if thousands feel themselves gradually involved in the whirlpool whose verge is so little distinguishable, until they are swallowed up with their time, talents, and fortune, and often also both body and soul.

This is vice with her fairest vizard; but the same unhallowed precincts contain many a secret cell for the most hideous and unheard-of debaucheries, many an open rendezvous of infamy, and many a den of usury and of treason; the whole mixed with a Vanity-fair of shops for jewels, trinkets, and baubles, that bashfulness may not lack a decent pretext for adventuring into the haunts of infamy. It was here where the preachers of the Revolution first found, amidst gamblers, money-jobbers, desperadoes, and prostitutes, ready auditors of their doctrines, and active hands to labour in their vineyard. In more recent times, it was here that the plots of the Bonapartists were adjusted, and the number of their partizans recruited and instructed concerning the progress of the conspiracy; and from hence the seduced soldiers, inflamed with many a bumper to the health of the Exile of Elba, under the mystic names of *Jean de l'Epée*, and *Caporal Violet*, were dismissed to spread the news of his approaching return, and prepare their comrades to desert their lawful sovereign. In short, from this central pit of Acheron—in which are openly assembled and mingled those characters and occupations which, in all other capitals, are driven to shroud themselves in separate and retired recesses—from this focus of vice and treason, have flowed forth those waters of bitterness of which France has drunk so deeply. Why, after having occasioned so much individual and public misery, this source of iniquity is not now stopped, the tenants expelled, and the buildings levelled to the ground, or converted to some far different purpose, is a question which the consciences of the French ministers can best answer. Thus far at least is certain, that, with the richest soil, and the most cultivated understandings, a people brave even to a fault, kind-tempered, gay, and formed for happiness, have been for twenty years the plague of each other and of Europe; and if their disorders can be plainly traced to want of moral character and principle, it cannot be well to maintain amongst them, for the sake of sharing its polluted profits, such a hot-bed of avowed depravity.

If the French have no strong sense of religion or its precepts, they are not without a share of superstition; and an imposter is at present practising among them, who, by all accounts, is as successful as Joanna Southcote herself. This lady, a woman, I am assured, of rank and information, pretends, like Baron Swedenborg, to an immediate intercourse with the spiritual world, and takes her ecstatic trances for the astonishment of parties of good fashion, to whom, on her return to her senses, she recounts the particulars of her visit to the spiritual world, and whom she treats with explanations of their past lives, and predictions of the future. It is said her art has attracted the attention of some men of high rank in the armies of our allies.

If you disbelieve the powers of this lady, you may also distrust the apparition of *l'Homme Rouge*, or the Red Man, said to have haunted Napoleon as the demon did Ras Michael, and advised him in matters of importance. He was, saith the legend, a little muffled figure, to whom, whenever he appeared, access was instantly given, for the spectre was courteous enough to request to be announced. At Wilna, before advancing into Russia, while Bonaparte was engaged in tracing the plan of his march, he was told this person requested to speak with him. He desired the attendant to inform his summoner that the Emperor was engaged. When this reply was communicated to the unknown, he assumed an authoritative voice and accent, and, throwing open his cloak, discovered his dress under it, which was red, without mixture of any other colour. "Tell the Emperor," said he, "that *l'Homme Rouge* MUST speak with him." He was then admitted, and they were heard to talk loud together. As he left the apartment, he said publicly, "You have rejected my advice! you will not again see me till you have bitterly repented your error." The visits of *l'Homme Rouge* were renewed on Bonaparte's return from Elba; but before he set out on his last campaign, Napoleon again offended his familiar, who took leave of him for ever, giving him up to the red men of England, who became the real arbiters of his destiny. If you have not faith enough for this marvellous story, pray respect the prophecy which was made to Josephine, by one of the negro soothsayers in the West Indies, that she should rise to the high-

est pinnacle of modern greatness, but without ever being a *queen*; that she should fall from thence before her death, and die in an hospital. I can myself vouch for the existence of this prophecy before the events which it was supposed to predict, for it was told me many years ago, when Bonaparte was only general of the army of Italy, by a lady of rank, who lived in the same convent with Josephine. The coincidence of the fortune-teller's presages with the fact, would have been marred by the circumstances of the ex-empress's death, had not somebody's ingenuity discovered that her house, as the name *Mal-maison* implies, had once been an hospital. Bonaparte, it is well known, had strange and visionary ideas about his own fated destiny, and could think of fortune like the Wallenstein of the stage. The following lines from that drama, more grand in the translation of Coleridge than in the original of Schiller, seem almost to trace the career of Napoleon:—

> "Even in his youth he had a daring soul:
> His frame of mind was stoïcal and severe
> Beyond his years; his dreams were of great objects.
> He walk'd amid, as if a silent spirit,
> Communing with himself; Yet have I known him
> Transported on a sudden into utterance
> Of strange conceptions; hurrying into splendour,
> His soul revealed itself, and he spoke so
> That we look'd round perplexed upon each other,
> Not knowing whether it were craziness,
> Or whether 'twere a God that spoke in him.
> — — — — — — — —
> Thenceforth he held himself for an exempted
> And privileged being, and, as if he were
> Incapable of dizziness or fall,
> He ran along the unsteady ropes of life,
> And speed with rapid step the way to greatness;
> Was Count and Prince, Duke, Regent, and Dictator,
> And is all, all this too little for him;
> He stretches forth his hand for a King's crown,
> And plunges in unfathomable ruin."

Farewell, my dear friend; light and leisure are exhausted in this long detail, concerning the religion of which the French have so little, and the superstition of which they have a considerable portion.

You will groan over many parts of this epistle, but the picture is not without its lights. France has afforded many examples, in the most trying crisis, of firmness, of piety, of patience under affliction; many, too, of generosity and courtesy and charity. The present Royal Family have been bred in the school of adversity, and it is generally allowed that they have the inclination, though perhaps they may mistake the means, of ameliorating the character of the nation, to the government of which they have been so providentially restored.

LETTER XVI.

PAUL TO HIS COUSIN PETER.

Louis's first Ministry—Fouché—Execution of Labedoyere—Fouché—Prejudices in France against England—State of Parties—Royalists—Imperialists—Liberalists—The Army—General good will of the People—French Nationality—Champ de Mai—Love of Show—Representation of France—Want of Political Information—Factions—French Manners—Lord Castlereagh—Duke of Wellington—Lord Cathcart—Conclusion.

I AM in the centre, you say, of political intelligence, upon the very arena where the fate of nations is determined, and send you no intelligence. This seems a severe reproach; for, in England, with a friend in the Foreign-office, or the advantage of mixing in a certain circle of society, one can always fill up a letter with political events and speculations some days sooner, and somewhat more accurately, than they appear in the newspapers. But they manage matters otherwise in France. The conferences between the ministers of the allied powers and those of Louis XVIII., are conducted with great and praiseworthy secrecy. They are said to be nearly concluded; but a final arrangement will probably be postponed by an unexpected change of ministry in the Tuilleries.

All politicians were surprised (none more than thou, Peter) at the choice which the king made of his first ministry. That Fouché, who voted for the death of his brother, Louis XVI., who had been an agent of Robespierre and a minister of Bonaparte—who, in the late Revolution, was regarded as a chief promoter of the unexpected and unnatural union between the discontented patriots or Liberalists, and the followers of the ex-emperor—that he should have been named minister of police under the restored heir of the Bourbons, seemed wonderful to the Royalists. His companions in the provisional government saw themselves with equal astonishment put under the *surveillance* of their late associate, in his new character; and the letters between him and Carnot, when the latter applied to Fouché, agreeably to the royal proclamation, that a place of residence might be assigned to him, fully, though briefly, express their characteristic feelings. "*Oh veux tu que je m'en aille, Traitre?*" signed Carnot, was a brief question, to which the minister of police as briefly replied, "*Oh tu veux, Imbecille,*" Fouché.

There are two ways of considering the matter—with reference to the minister who accepted the office, and with regard to the sovereign who nominated him.

On the former point little need be said. Times of frequent and hasty changes, when a people are hurried from one government to another, necessarily introduce among the leading statesmen a versatility of character, at which those who are remote from the pressure of temptation hold up their hands and wonder. In looking over our own history, we discover the names of Shaftesbury and Sunderland, and of many other statesmen eminent for talent, who changed their political creed with the change of times, and yet contrived to be employed and trusted by successive governments who confided in their fidelity, at least while they could make that fidelity their interest. Independent and steady as the English boast themselves, there were, during the great Civil War, very many persons who made it an avowed principle to adhere to the faction that was uppermost, and support the administration of the day, and these prudential politicians existed in numbers enough to form a separate sect, who, in the hypocritical cant of the times, assumed the name of Waiters upon Providence. This accommodating line of conduct has been rendered so general in France, during the late frequent changes of government, as to give matter for a catalogue of statesmen and remarkable persons, extending to about four hundred and fifty pages, which has been recently published, under the name of the *Dictionnaire des Girouettes*, in which we find the names of almost all the men distinguished for talents or influence, now alive in France, with a brief account of the changes of their political lives. The list grew so scandalously comprehensive, that the editor announces his intention of suppressing, in a second edition, all those who had changed *only once*, considering them, comparatively, as men of steady political faith and conscience. They must know little of human nature, who can suppose the result would be otherwise with the mass of mankind in times when universal example sanctioned changes of principle, which were besides pressed upon each individual by ambition, by avarice, by fear, by want, in short, by their interest under the most powerful and seductive forms. The conduct of Fouché, therefore, is by no means singular; although, if it be true, that, in assuming power under Bonaparte, his real wish was to serve the king, his case merits a particular distinction,—whether favourable or no, may be reasonably doubted.

That Fouché should have accepted power was, therefore, in the order of things, as they have lately gone in France. But, that the king should have trusted, or at least employed him, and that his appointment should have given acknowledged satisfaction to the Duke of Wellington and to Lord Castlereagh, thou, Peter, wilt think more difficult to account for. Consider, however, that Fouché was at the head of a numerous faction, comprehending the greater part of that third party in the state,

which, as uniting all shades of those who use the word Liberty as their war-cry, are generally called Liberalists. If these were divided from the king in the moment of his return, what remained to him save the swords of a few nobles and men of honour, the scattered and subdued bands of La Vendée, which had been put down by a convention with General Lamarque, and the inert wishes of the mass of the population, who might indeed cry *Vive le Roi*, but had plainly showed they loved their own barns better than the house of Bourbon. The bayonets of the allies, indeed, surrounded Paris, but Bonaparte was still in France and at large, the army of the Loire continued independent and unbroken, many garrisons held out, many provinces were still agitated; and the services of Fouché, who held in his hand the various threads of correspondence through the distracted kingdom, who knew the character and principles of each agitator, and the nature of the materials he had to work with; who possessed, in short, that extent of local and personal knowledge peculiar to one who had been long the head of the French police, were essentially necessary to the establishment of the royal authority, and to preventing a scene of blood and total confusion. That Fouché served the king with great address, cannot be doubted, and his admission into the high office of trust, which he has for some time enjoyed, was a great means of calming the public mind, and restoring to confidence those who, feeling themselves involved in the general defection, might otherwise have been rendered desperate by the fear of punishment. Talleyrand, also, whose loyalty to the house of Bourbon, during the last usurpation, was never doubted, is understood to have expressed his strong sense of the peremptory necessity of receiving Fouché and his party into power at least, if not into confidence. So much, therefore, for the propriety, or rather necessity, of a measure, which looked strange enough when viewed from a distance, which could not be agreeable to the king personally, and which had its political inconveniences; but, nevertheless, was at the time essential to the royal interest. The first benefit which resulted from this appointment was the close and vigilant pursuit that compelled Napoleon to surrender to the English. The same activity exercised by this experienced politician and his agents, decided and secured a bloodless counter-revolution in most of the towns in France. Upon the general interests of Europe, Fouché is well understood to have entertained such just and moderate views, as were acceptable to the ministers of the allied powers, and particularly to those of Britain.

Notwithstanding these advantages, it is not supposed that Fouché will keep his ground in the ministry, and it is believed the change will occasion the resignation of Talleyrand.* As the king's party appears better consolidated, and his power becomes more permanent, the faction of the *Royalistes pur et par excellence* acquires numbers and courage, and becomes daily more shocked with the incongruity of Fouché's high place in the administration. His influence is supposed to have one effect, which, if true, is a very bad one—that, namely, of delaying the selecting and bringing to punishment the more notorious agents of the last usurpation. All who know this nation must be aware of what importance it is that their ruler should not seem to fear them; and the king ought to know that his authority will seem little more than an idle pageant till he shall show he is possessed of the power of vindicating and maintaining it. On the other hand, nothing can be more impolitic than to keep up the memory of this brief usurpation, and the insecure and jealous feelings of all connected with it, by long hesitation on the choice of victims to the offended laws. The sooner that two or three principal criminals can be executed, some dangerous agitators banished, and a general amnesty extended to all the rest, without exception, the sooner and the firmer will the royal authority be established. We have as yet had only one example of severity, in the fate of Labedoyere, although no good reason can be given why others of superior consequence, such as Ney and Massena, should not share his fate. But the death of this comparatively subordinate agent has acted as a sedative upon the spirit of faction. Last week nothing was heard but threats and defiance and bold declarations, that the government would not, and dared not, execute the sentence. The rights of the Bourbons seemed to have been so long in *abeyance* that it was thought scarce possible to be guilty of treason against them, or that they should dare to regard and punish it as such. This is a popular feeling which the king must remove by a display of firmness, or it will most assuredly once more remove his throne. Accordingly, the execution of this criminal has had some effect, and the tone of mutiny and defiance is greatly lowered. The execution took place in the evening, and there was no remarkable concourse of people. Labedoyere died with great firmness, but his fate apparently made little impression on the by-standers. I met parties of them returning from the fatal scene, which had not a whit abated the usual vivacity of their prattle. One of the gens d'armes alone testified some sympathy with the sufferer: "*Quelle dommage!*" said he to an English gentleman, "*il n'avoit que vingt-huit ans.*" The handsome sufferer, however, finds the usual degree of favour in the eyes of the fair. One lady talked of his execution as *un horreur*, an atrocity unequalled in the annals of France. "Did Bonaparte never order such executions?"—"Who? the Emperor?—never."—"But the Duc d'Enghien, madam?" continued the persevering querist—"*Ah! parlez moi d'Adam et d'Eve*," was the reply. A retrospective of three or four years was like looking back to the fall of man; and the exclamation affords no bad key to the French character, to whom the past is nothing, and the present every thing.

The attacks upon Fouché in our English newspapers are said to have no small share in unsettling his power, as they are supposed to express the opinion of our nation against him. I have great reason to doubt whether his successor may not be appointed out of a class to whom we are, as a nation, less acceptable. For, with a few exceptions, I do not think, that the English are so much disliked even by the military men and imperialists, as they are by the nobility and pure royalists. This class of politicians, whatever may be thought of their bias to despotism, number among them so much of high honourable feeling and sincere principle, that I willingly look for some apology for their entertaining sentiments towards England and Englishmen, which, to say the least, are an indifferent requital for our former hospitality and our late effective assistance. I will, therefore, make every allowance for the natural prejudice which they entertain against us for having, as they may conceive, stopped short in the services which it was in our power to have rendered them, and declined to back their pretensions to complete restoration of the rights and property which they have forfeited in the king's cause. I will permit them to feel as Frenchmen as well as royalists, and to view with a mingled sensation, the victory of Waterloo and the capture of Paris, although their own interest and that of the king was immediately dependent on the success of the allies. I can suppose, that it is painful for them to see foreigners residing at Paris as lords of the ascendant; and it may be a laudable sensibility to the misfortunes of their country, which makes them at this moment retreat from the duties of hospitality, and shun mixing in society with those whose best blood has been so recently shed in the king's service. I can even forgive them, that, being conscious of their weakness in point of numbers and influence, (unless through that of the sovereign,) they are glad to snatch opportunities of making common cause with the bulk of their countrymen at the expense of foreigners, and are therefore fain to lead the cry against the allies, and especially against our country, in order to show, that whatever may be their interest, their hearts have always been French. But

* This anticipation was verified shortly after the writer left Paris.

while we pardon the motives, we must be allowed to smile at the expressions of this animosity. One would almost suppose, while hearing them, that our interference in the affairs of France was altogether gratuitous and unnecessary, and had only prevented a grand *reaction*, by which Napoleon would have been walked out of the kingdom as he had walked into it, and a counter-revolution accomplished, as nearly resembling that which concludes the Rehearsal, as the last usurpation seemed in ease and celerity to rival that of King Phys. and King Ush. in the same drama. They even extol the conduct of those commandants upon the frontier, who, in defiance of their sovereign's mandate, and with a brutal indifference to human life, maintain, without motive, or means, or hope, a senseless opposition to the allied troops. Some of these have been honourably acquitted when brought to trial; all are praised and caressed, as having maintained the frontiers of France against foreigners, instead of being shot or degraded for the bloodshed occasioned by their resistance both to their country and to the king's allies. Upon the same principle, I suppose the governor of Vincennes, who still holds out his old Donjon, is to be considered as a true patriot, although he, and those who think like him, have no object in view but to show a reckless and unavailing resistance to their victors. In one of the king's proclamations to his subjects on his restoration, he has been made to take credit, that not one of his own followers had been permitted to draw a sword in defence of his rights, &c. If the state of the royal army was indeed justly rated at twenty-four thousand men and forty pieces of cannon, as given in an order of the day, signed by the Duke of Feltre, on the 7th April, 1815, we may with right complain of the mistaken tenderness which withheld such a force from the conflict, and demand of the King of France a reckoning for the lives of forty thousand brave men killed in his quarrel, many of whom might have been saved by such a reinforcement. But if the attendants of the king consisted chiefly of a few hundred officers and gardes de corps, to whom the arrival of *cinq Cent Suisses*, (that is, not five hundred Swiss, as a sanguine Englishman was led to interpret the phrase, from the pleasure with which he heard the incident detailed, but five individuals of the corps called *les Cent Suisses*,) was hailed as a timely reinforcement, it should be considered, that, since the days of chivalry are ended, and since no single knight can now rout a legion of cuirassiers with his own good sword, the king must have owed his restoration to Wellington and Blucher; and those who only walked forward in the path which our swords hewed out for them, ought to bear with some patience the measures to which their own proved weakness, and the experienced art and strength of their powerful adversaries, compel us to have recourse. It was, I think, Edward I., who replied with scorn to a competitor for the Scottish crown, in whose cause he had invaded Scotland, when, after the victory at Dunbar, he ventured to remind him of his pretensions, *Ne avons nous autre chose a faire que a vous reaumeye gagner?** such an answer we might have returned to Louis XVIII., had we inclined to support any other competitor among the ample choice which the provisional government held out to us; and although we claim no merit for following the open path of faith and loyalty to an unfortunate ally, we ought at least to escape the censure of those who have been most benefited by our exertions, and who confessedly were unable or unwilling to assist themselves.

In the meanwhile, if it is meant to confine the king's choice of ministers to the faction of *royalistes pure*, we are afraid his choice will be limited; for, excepting a few individuals who have been employed in Russia, where strangers are more readily promoted to offices of confidence than elsewhere, we know few who have had the means of acquiring experience in state business. Brave, loyal, and gal-

* i. e. "Have we nothing to do but to conquer kingdoms for you?"

lant, the French noblesse are by their char the heat of temper which confounds frie foes; the presumption which pushes direc object without calculation of obstacles; a wrongs received, and a desire of vengeanc them dangerous counsellors at such a crisi present.

From the more violent portion of the oppo tion, (inclusive of the Imperialists, who hastily melting into the ranks of the genera tion,) the king can, I fear, look for little co and only for that degree of support which make it their interest to afford him. Still, there are many cases where ability withou ple may be successfully employed, when be unsafe to trust to principle unguided by ence and prudence; just as a proprietor wi times find it his interest to employ, in the ment of his affairs, a skilful knave rather honest fool. This is taking an extreme cas are many degrees between a *jacobin enra royaliste pur*, and some of the wisest and each party will perhaps at length see the of joining in an administration exclusive of which should have at once for its object rights of the throne, and the constitutional of the subject. To such a coalition, th name would be indeed a tower of streng founded upon a narrower basis, must run of falling itself, and bearing to the ground adhere to it.

It must be owned, nevertheless, that the rallying point of the *Liberalists* is an avowe to the present monarch and his immediate ions. They will sacrifice, they pretend, to the general inclinations of Europe, as a king from the Bourbon race; but he mus of their own choosing, and the Duke of O most familiar to their mouths. And thus th ticians, who assume the title of *Constitutio alists*, propose to begin their career by ing hereditary succession, the fundament ciple of a limited monarchy. In Brit know that the hereditary right of successi longer indeed accounted divine and indefes was the principle of *our* ancient *royalistes par excellence;* but the most sturdy whig ne tended that it could be defeated otherwise abdication or forfeiture, or proposed the tre measure of changing the succession purely of prevention or experiment. In the most times, and under the most peculiar circum the Exclusion Bill, although founded upon knowledged and plausible ground of inca and levelled against the person of a succe of an existing monarch, was rejected as a ous innovation on the constitution. It is to prevent, as far as possible, such violent zardous experiments, that we impute the monarchs not to themselves, but to their m and receive, in a political sense, the wel maxim, that the king can do no wrong. same reason, in the height of popular ind against James II., the word *abdication* was in preference to *desertion* or *forfeiture*, to ex manner in which the throne became vacan Revolution. But the doctrine now held in strikes at the very foundation of heredita being founded on no overt act of the soverei ing to affect the liberties of his subjects, b jealousies and fears that he has, or may counsellors around him, to attempt the re-e ment of the feudal rights of the nobility domination of the church. In this grand part to our constitutional maxim, it is not leged that the king *has* done wrong, but it med that he *will* do wrong, and proceedings grounded on this prediction as if the evil already existed. The fact seems to be, objections of this faction to the present line more a matter of taste or caprice than they ing to acknowledge. The vanity of the na especially of this class of statesmen, who the least share of it, is affronted at being c

to receive back from the conquering hand of the allies the legitimate monarch, in whose causeless expulsion they had assisted. They would willingly have had a bit of sugar with the wholesome physic which was forced upon them by English and Prussian bayonets, and they still long for something which may give them an ostensible pretext to say, that their own conduct had not been entirely inconsistent, nor their rebellion altogether fruitless. Hence the obstinacy of Bonaparte's two Chambers to the very last, in rejecting Louis XVIII. Hence the nicknames of *Le Prefet de l'Angleterre* and Louis *l'Inevitable*, which their wit attached to the restored monarch; and to this feeling of mortified vanity, less than to any real fears of aggression upon their liberties, may be traced their wish to have a king whose title should be connected with Revolution, and who might owe his crown more to their courtesy than to his own right. But who will warrant those that set such a dangerous stone rolling, where its course will stop? The body now united in one mass of opposition to the *royalistes purs*, comprehend among themselves a hundred various shades of difference, from the Constitutionalist of 1814 to the Republican of 1793, or the Imperialists of Bonaparte's time. It happened regularly in the French Revolution, that so soon as one point was gained or yielded, which the popular party represented as an ultimatum, new demands were set up by demagogues, who affected to plead still higher doctrines of freedom than those with which their predecessors had remained satisfied; the force of those who had been satisfied with the concessions being uniformly found insufficient to defend the breach they themselves had stormed, until all merged in anarchy, and anarchy itself in military tyranny. We have seen already the progress of an Orleans faction, as well as its fatal termination. We have no desire to give another whirl to the revolutionary E O table, or once more to shuffle the cards for the chance of turning up such trumps as will best suit the political gamblers of the Palais Royale.

Besides these two violent parties, one of which aims to restore the abrogated tyranny of priests and seigneurs, and the other to render an hereditary monarchy an elective one at a sweep, there are two classes of great importance, namely, the army and the mass of the people. Much must undoubtedly depend on the disposition of the former, which has been for some time accustomed to act as a deliberative body, and which, however mutilated and disjoined, will, like the several portions of a snake, continue long to writhe under the same impulses by which it was agitated when entire. Every effort is now making to place this formidable engine in the hands of the crown, by the dissolution and new-formation of the regiments, by recruits, and by the addition of separate corps, levied in the places most attached to the royal interest. But this is, in a great measure, counteracted by the insane policy which, as we have already noticed, applauds in military men the very conduct that indicates, as in the case of Huningen, and other places defended after the king's restoration, an opposition to his mandates; and if bravery alone shall be accounted a sufficient apology for rebellion, the French government will certainly have enough of both. Were a breach, therefore, to take place at this moment between the King and the Constitutionalists, I have little doubt that great part of the army would take part with the latter, though perhaps more out of pique than principle. The Royalists, with all their vehemence in words, have already shown how infinitely inferior they are to the opposite party in intrigue, as well as in audacity; and discontented soldiers may be seduced to declare for a change of dynasty, or for a republic, as readily as for a Bonaparte. Besides, distant and secure as is Napoleon's present place of exile, we have but scotched the snake, not killed him; but while life lasts, especially after his extraordinary return from Elba, there will not be wanting many to rely upon a third *avatar* of this singular emanation of the Evil Principle. This is an additional and powerful reason for the king to avoid, in though, act, and deed, the slightest innovation on the liberties of his subjects as ascertained by the constitutional charter, as a certain means to provoke a contest in which he would prove inferior.

If you ask me, then, what are the legitimate resources of this unfortunate monarch, placed between the extremes of two violent factions? I would answer, that, under God, I conceive them to rest upon the good-will of the mass of the people of France. The agitators and intriguers of both parties bear an exceedingly small proportion to the numbers of those who only desire peace, tranquillity, and the enjoyment of the fruits of their industry, under a mild and steady government. With this class of people Louis XVIII. is deservedly popular; their tears attended his expulsion, and their rejoicings his return. It is true, that this general feeling of good-will and affection was not strong enough to bring armies to the field, though it threw great obstacles in the way of the usurper. But it is also true, that this class of Loyalists were taken totally at unawares, and became only apprised of their danger when it was too late to take measures for encountering a veteran army, masters of all the fortresses in the kingdom. The general class of proprietors are also (for the present) disheartened, drained of the young and active spirits whom Bonaparte sacrificed in his wars, rendered callous by habit to the various changes of government, and more passive under each than it is possible for Englishmen to comprehend. But there is very generally among the middling orders in France, and among all, indeed, who are above the lowest vulgar, a kind and affectionate feeling towards the king, well deserved by his mild and paternal character, and which further experience of the blessings of peace, and of a settled government, will kindle into zealous attachment. The best policy of the monarch is, to repress the ardent tempers of the clergy and nobles; to teach them that their real interest depends upon the crown; and that they will themselves be the first sufferers, if they give pretext for a new attack upon the Bourbons, by setting up pretensions equally antiquated and ill adapted with a free government. At the same time it may be necessary for the king, by exhibiting vigour and decision in his measures, to convince the more violent of the opposite faction, that they cannot renew their attempts against the throne with the facility and impunity which heretofore have attended them. The very violence with which these parties oppose each other affords the king the means of mediating betwixt both. Let the people at length see clearly that the king desires no more than his own share in the constitution, but that he stands prepared to defend his own rights, as well as theirs. It may, perhaps, take some time to awaken the indifferent from that palsy of the mind which we have alluded to, and to put to rest the jealous fears of the proprietors of national property. But good faith and persevering steadiness on the part of the crown may accomplish both, and with these fears will subdue the hopes entertained by those who delight in change; revolution will become difficult in proportion as its chance of success shall disappear; the ardent spirits who have frequented its dangerous paths will seek more pacific avenues to wealth and distinction; and from being her own plague and the terror of her neighbours, France may again be happy in herself, and the most graceful ornament in the European commonwealth.

Upon the subject of awakening France to her true interests, use might surely be made of the principle uppermost in the heart of every Frenchman, and which is capable of guiding him to much good or evil, the interest, namely, which high and low take in the glory of their country. Through the abuse of this sentiment, (noble in itself, because disinterested,) Napoleon was enabled to consolidate his usurped government in such a manner that it required all his own rashness to undermine it. Did the people ask for bread?—he showed them a temple. Did they require of him the blood of their children?—he decoiled to them a victory,—and they retired, satis-

fied that, if they suffered or wept, France had been rendered illustrious and victorious. It cannot be, that so strong and disinterested a sentiment should be applicable to evil purposes alone; nor do I believe the French so void of reflection or common sense, as not to be made capable, by experience, of valuing themselves as much upon personal freedom, an equal system of laws, a flourishing state of finance, good faith to other nations, and those moral qualities which equally adorn a people and individuals, as they now esteem their country decorated by an unnecessary palace, or by a bloody and fruitless victory. It is true, that the reformation must begin where the corruption was first infused, and that, although converts may be gained gradually to the cause of sound reason, yet we must necessarily be obliged to wait the effects of a better education upon the rising race, before real and genuine patriotism can be generally substituted for what is at present merely national vanity.

This appetite for glory has of late been fed with such unsubstantial food, as has apparently rendered the French indifferent to the distinction betwixt what is unreal and what is solid. Any thing connected with show and splendour,—any thing, as Bayes says, calculated to elevate and surprise, is what they expect from their governors, as regularly as the children of London expect a new pantomime at Christmas. Bonaparte contrived to drown the murmurs which attended his return to Paris, in the universal speculation which he excited by announcing his purpose of holding a *Champ de Mai*, which is much the same as if William III. had paved the way to the throne by summoning a *Wittenagemot*. In England, some would have thought the Prince of Orange had lost his senses, and some, that he was speaking Dutch. But all in England knew the meaning of a National Convention, the denomination by which William distinguished the assembly which he convoked. In Paris, it was exactly the contrary—the people did not want to see a national convention, or a national assembly either—they knew, like Costard, "whereuntil that did amount;" but the Champ de Mai was something new, something not easily comprehended; and it would have been a motive with many against expelling Bonaparte prematurely, that they would have lost the sight of the Champ de Mai. And thus they sacrificed their good sense to their curiosity, and showed their minds were more bent on the form of the assembly than on its end and purposes. After all, the *fete* was indifferently got up, and gave little satisfaction, notwithstanding the plumes and trains of the principal actors. But still it had its use. The Bourbons have been compelled also to sacrifice to this idol; and the king is himself obliged, contrary to his own good sense and taste, to conform to this passion for theatrical effect. A man, for example, was condemned to death, to whom it had been resolved to extend the royal pardon, and the king imagined, *tout bonnement*, that he had nothing to do but issue one from his chancery. But no—that would have been to defraud the public of their share in the scene. So he was advised to go, (by pure accident,) in the course of his evening drive, into some remote corner of the city, where he was to meet (also accidentally) with the municipality, who were to fall on their knees and beg mercy for this delinquent, which the king was then to grant with characteristic grace and bounty, and all the by-standers were to shout *Vive le Roi*. It must not be supposed that a nation, so shrewd and ingenious as the French, are really blinded by these exhibitions *got up* for their amusement. But they are entertained for the time, and are no more disgusted with the want of reality in the drama, than with the trees upon the stage for being made of pasteboard. They consider the accompaniments as of more importance than the real object of the representation, and fall under the censure due to Prior's

"—— idle dreamer,
Who leaves the pye to gnaw the streamer."

To reclaim hawks which have been accustomed to so wild a flight, requires all the address of a falconer. Yet there is at the bottom a strong fund of disinterested patriotism to work upon; for who will deny its existence to a people, the bulk of whom have, on all occasions, thought always of the nation, and never of themselves individually? Should, therefore, the present king meet with a minister calculated, like Fabius, to arrest immediate dangers, and protract or evade angry discussions, until such a long train of quiet shall have elapsed, that men's minds have become estranged from all ideas of force and violence, he may, even in his own time, lay such a foundation of a better system, as will lead future Frenchmen to place their pride less in vain parade or military glory, than in the freedom, arts, and happiness of France.

The approaching meeting of the National Representatives, if they meet, as the time so peremptorily demands, in the spirit, not of partizans, but of conciliators, may do much to accelerate so desirable an issue. But it is too much to be feared, that it will be found very difficult to assemble such a body of representatives, as may be justly considered as the organ of the nation. Could such a senate be convoked, we should hear on every side the language of peace and moderation, nor would the debates be warmer or more obstinate, than is necessary for elucidation of the measure proposed. Such an assembly, in the name of the proprietors of France, would deprecate the senseless agitation of theoretical questions, would recommend brief sentence on a limited and narrow selection of the principal agents of the last usurpation, whose fate seems essential to the vindication of justice, and the intimidation of the disaffected; and when that painful duty was executed, would proceed with joy to the more agreeable task of promulgating such a general amnesty as would throw a perpetual veil over the crimes and errors of that unhappy period. I might add, that such a senate would proceed by secret committees to tent the wounds of the country, to turn their attention towards the state of religion and morals, and to ensure the means of bringing up the rising generation at least, free from the errors of their fathers. In their adjustment of foreign relations, such a council of state would recollect, that if the country had suffered reiterated humiliation, it was in consequence of reiterated aggression; and avoiding painful and irritating discussions concerning the past, they would offer by such moderation the surest guaranty for peace and amity in future. Such would be the language of the representatives of the people, did they really speak the sense of the proprietors of France—not that those proprietors are sufficiently enlightened to recommend the special measures for attaining peace and tranquillity, but because they are sighing for that state of good order to which the measures of an enlightened representation ought to conduct them. But I have doubts whether this calm and wise course can be expected from the senators to be shortly assembled, since we hear of nothing on all sides but the exertions made by the two political factions of Royalists and Liberalists to procure returns of their own partizans. We must, therefore, prepare to witness a warm, and, perhaps, a deadly war waged between two contending parties, of which one proposes a complete reaction and restoration of things, as they stood in the reign of Louis XV., with the advantages perhaps of new confiscations to avenge those by which they were themselves ruined, and the other proposing a gratuitous and uncalled-for alteration of the laws of succession, while each is content to hazard in the attempt a renewal of the horrors of the revolution.

You may wonder that a spirit should be expected to prevail among the representatives, so different from that of the mass of the people by whom they are chosen. The cause seems to be, that those gradations, not of rank only, but of education, intelligence, and habits of thinking upon political men and measures, which enable Englishmen both to choose representatives, and to watch their conduct when chosen, cannot at present be said to exist in France. Those who propose themselves as candi-

dates are men altogether distinct in their habits of thinking from the voters whom they are to represent. They are considered as politicians by profession, as men belonging to a class entitled exclusively to be chosen, and who, when chosen, relieve their electors from all further trouble in watching or directing their political conduct. The electors may assemble in their organic colleges, and may give their suffrages to a candidate for the Chamber of Representatives; but it will be in the same manner as they might choose a person to repair the town-clock, when almost all the voters are ignorant of the means which the artist is to adopt for its regulation, and probably some of them cannot tell the hour by the dial-plate when the machine is put in order. On the contrary, the class in England upon whom the election of parliament devolves, are trained to their task by long habit, by being freeholders, members of common councils, vestries, and other public bodies, or by hearing affairs of a public nature discussed upon all occasions, whether of business or pleasure, and are thereby habituated to consider themselves as members of the body politic. Though, therefore, many may be seduced by interest, biased by influence, or deluded by prejudice, there will be found among the mass of the British electors, taken generally over the kingdom, a capacity of judging of the fitness of their representatives, a distinct power of observing with attention their conduct in their high office; and they possess means also, collectively speaking, of making their own opinion heard and respected, when there is pressing occasion for it.

I do not mention this difference between the inhabitants of the two countries, as a reason for refusing to France the benefits of a free representation, but to show, that, for some time at least, it cannot have the salutary effect upon the political horizon of that country which arises from the like institution in our own, where there exists an intimate and graduated connexion between the representative and electors, a general diffusion of political knowledge, and a systematic gradation from the member of parliament to the lowest freeholder;—where, in short, there is a common feeling between the representative and his constituent, the one knowing the nature of the power delegated, as well as the other does that which he receives, and both, though differing in extent of information, having something like common views upon the same subject. It may be long ere this general diffusion of political information takes place in France. It will, however, follow, if time is allowed for it by years of peace, and of that good order which promotes quiet and general discussion of political rights. A freeholder, who suffered free-quarters from pandours and cossacks twice in one year, has scarce tranquillity of mind sufficient to attend to theoretical privileges and maxims of state. But if called upon repeatedly to exercise his right of suffrage, he will gradually begin to comprehend the meaning of it, and to interest himself in the conduct of the representative to whom he gives his voice. Thus, as freemen make a constitution, so a free constitution, if not innovated upon, and rendered ineffectual, will in time create a general and wholesome freedom of spirit amongst those who have to exercise the privileges which it bestows. Did such a general feeling now exist in France, we should not have to apprehend the desperate results which may attend the struggle of two parties only intent upon their own factious interests—a nobility and clergy, on the one hand, eager to resume privileges inconsistent with general freedom, and on the other, a turbulent oligarchy of considerable talent and little principle, prepared to run the race of the Brissotins in 1792, and to encounter all the risks with which it was proved to be attended.

To the dangers of this collision of steel and flint, is to be added that which arises from the quantity of tinder and touch-wood, which lies scattered around to catch and foster every spark of fire;—an army dishonoured and discontented, bands of royalists, half-organized soldiers, half-voluntary partisans, thousands whom Bonaparte had employed in his extended system of espionage and commercial regulation; hundreds, also, of a higher class, selected generally for talent, activity, and lack of principle, who have now lost their various posts, as Mauris, Prefets, Sous-prefets, Commis, and so forth—all of whom would find their interest in a civil war. And what will restrain the factions from pushing the crisis to this extremity? Only a jealous fear of the allies, whose occupation of the fortresses in the north of France will, in that case, prove her best security; or perhaps the slender chance, that the members of the representation may be wise enough to sacrifice their mutual feuds to the general weal, and remember that they are summoned to wage their contest with the arms of courtesy, and not to push political debate into revolutionary frenzy. I leave them, therefore, with a sincere wish that they may not forget, in the vehemence of their internal dissensions, the duty which they owe to a distracted public, which they may at pleasure involve in a civil war by their mutual violence, or save from that dreadful crisis by their temper and moderation.

You must not expect from me any general view of French manners, or habits of society; and it is the less necessary, as you will find ample means of forming your judgment in the very spirited and acute work of Mr. John Scott, published during the preceding year. I am inclined to think, that while he has touched the French vices and follies with enough of severity, he may not in some instances have *done* full justice to the gallant, amiable, and lively disposition, by which, in spite of an execrable education, and worse government, that people are still widely distinguished from other nations on the continent. But the ingenious author had prescience enough to discover the latent danger of the royal government of 1814, when it was disguised and disowned by the members of that government themselves; nor has he in these affairs omitted an opportunity to plead the cause of freedom, religion, and morality, against that of tyranny, infidelity, and licentiousness. I ought also to mention the Travels in France in the years 1814-15, the joint production of two young gentlemen, whose taste for literature is hereditary; and I am informed, that another ingenious friend, (Mr. S——n of Edinburgh,) whose extreme assiduity in collecting information cannot fail to render his Journal interesting, intends to give it to the public.* To such works I may safely refer you for an ample description of Paris, its environs, public places, and state of manners.

I should willingly have endeavoured to form my own views of the state of French society, as well as of their politics; but the time has been altogether unfavourable, as the persons of fashion in Paris have either retired to the country, or live in strict seclusion from foreigners, upon principles which it is impossible not to respect. The strangers, therefore, who now occupy this capital, form a class altogether distinct from the native inhabitants, and seek for society among each other. It was very different, I am told, upon the former entry of the allied troops, which for some time the Parisians regarded more as a pacification than a conquest. The Russian and Prussian officers were then eagerly sought after, and caressed by the French nobility; and the allied monarchs, on entering the Parisian theatres, were received with the same honours as in their own. But this is all over. The last cast was too absolute for victory or ruin, and the dye has turned up against France. One class of Frenchmen lament the event of the war as a national misfortune; and even those who have the advantage of it, feel that, in its cause, progress, and conclusion, it will be recorded as a national disgrace. "You own yourself," said I to a lively French friend, a great anti-imperialist, as he writhed his face and shrugged when he passed a foreign officer,—"you own yourself, that they only treated your countrymen as they have merited."—"Very true—and the man that is hanged has no

* This pledge has been amply redeemed by Mr. Simpson's lively and interesting "Visit to Flanders."

more than his deserts—but I don't like to look at the hangman."

Amid this dereliction, you must not suppose that we sojourners in Paris suffer solitude for want of good society. The extended hospitality of the Duke of Wellington, and of Lord and Lady Castlereagh, has afforded rallying points to the numerous English strangers, who have an opportunity of meeting, in their parties, with almost all the owners of those distinguished names, which for three years past have filled the trumpet of fame. Our minister, whose name will be read with distinction in this proud page of our annals, and to whose determined steadiness in council much of the success of 1814 is unquestionably due, occupies the palace of Pauline Bourghese, now that of the British embassy. The Duke of Wellington lives in a large hotel at the corner of the Rue des Champs Elysées, furnished most elaborately by some wealthy courtier of Napoleon. Among its chief ornaments, is a very fine picture of the ex-emperor, and a most excellent bust of the same personage. It is a thing to remember, that I have seen in that hotel, so ornamented, the greatest and the bravest whom Europe can send forth, from Petersburgh to Cadiz, assembled upon the invitation of the British General, and yielding to him, by general assent, the palm of military pre-eminence. In mentioning those whose attentions rendered the residence of the British at Paris pleasant and interesting, I ought not to forget Lord Cathcart, whose situation as ambassador to the Russian court gave him opportunities of gratifying the curiosity of his countrymen, by presenting them to the Emperor, who has of late played such a distinguished part in European history, and by making them known to such men as Barclay de Tolli, Platoff, Czernicheff, and other heroes of Kalouga and Beresina, where the spear of the mighty was first broken. Besides the notice of these public characters, my stay in Paris was made happy by the society of many friends, both in the civil and military departments. You know my inherent partiality for the latter class, when they add gentle manners and good information to the character of their profession; and I can assure you, that as there never was a period when our soldiers were more respected for discipline and bravery, so the character of the British officers for gallantry and humanity, for general information, and for the breeding of gentlemen, never stood higher than at the capture of Paris. In such society, whatever secret discontents might in reality exist, Paris was to us like a frozen lake, over whose secret and fathomless gulphs we could glide without danger or apprehension; and I shall always number the weeks I have spent here among the happiest of my life.

In a short time, it is imagined, the greater part of the foreign troops will be withdrawn towards their own countries, or to the occupation of the fortresses they are to hold in guaranty. It will then be seen whether the good intentions of the king, and the general desire of the country for peace, will be sufficient to maintain the public tranquillity of France amid the collision of so many angry passions; and there will, at the worst, remain this consolation, that if this restless people should draw the sword upon each other, effectual precautions have been taken by the allies to prevent them from again disturbing the peace of Europe.

With the hope of speedily rejoining the beloved circle round the fire-side, and acting, in virtue of my travelled experience, the referee in all political disputes, I am ever your affectionate friend, PAUL.

APPENDIX, NO. I.

RELATION

De ce que Napoleon Bonaparte a fait et dit dans la journée du 18 Juin, 1815, pendant et après la Bataille de Waterloo; rédigée sur les dépositions de Jean-Baptiste de Coster, qui lui servit de guide dans cette journée.

Jean-Baptiste De Coster, âgé d'environ 53 ans, né au village de Corbeek-loo près de Louvain, depuis 23 ans habite le pays Wallon. Il a 6 pieds 10 pouces, et est d'une complexion assez robuste. Il est intelligent, et répond avec une grande apparence de vérité aux questions qu'on lui fait. Il s'exprime avec facilité, et comprend très-bien le Français.

De Coster pourvoit, avant l'invasion de Napoléon, un petit cabaret, avec deux bouniers (environ six arpens) de terre. A l'approche de l'armée française, le 17, il se retira, avec sa famille, composée de sa femme et de 7 enfans, dans le bois de l'abbaye d'Auviers, où il passa la nuit du samedi au dimanche. A six heures du matin, il sortit du bois pour se rendre à l'église, et de là, à la maison de son frère, située à Planchenoit. Il y trouva trois généraux français qui lui demandèrent s'il habitait le pays depuis long-tems, et s'il connaissait bien les environs. Sur sa réponse affirmative, l'un d'eux l'envoya à Napoléon, accompagné d'un domestique, et avec une lettre.

Napoléon avait passé la nuit dans la ferme le Caillou et en était parti à six heures. De Coster le trouva dans la ferme nommée Rossum, où il arriva à 8 heures, et fut de suite présenté à Bonaparte, qui se tenait debout, dans une chambre d'environ 12 pieds de long sur 16 de large, au milieu d'un grand nombre d'officiers de son état-major. Bonaparte lui demanda s'il était bien instruit des localités du pays, et s'il voulait lui servir de guide. De Coster ayant répondu d'une manière satisfaisante, Napoléon lui dit qu'il l'accompagnerait, en ajoutant: "parlez-moi, mon ami, avec franchise, et comme si vous étiez avec vos enfans."

La ferme Rossum est située près de celle nommée la Belle Alliance. L'Empereur s'y arrêta jusqu'à près de midi. Pendant ce tems, De Coster était gardé à vue, dans la cour de la ferme, par un soldat de la garde, qui, en se promenant avec lui, l'instruisit des forces de l'armée, et lui dit qu'ils étaient, en passant les frontières, 150,000 hommes, dont 40,000 de cavalerie, parmi lesquels étaient 9000 cuirassiers, 7000 hommes de la jeune garde, et 8 à 9000 de la vieille. Ce même soldat louait beaucoup la bravoure que les Anglais avaient déployée aux Quatre Bras. Il admirait particulièrement l'intrépide sang-froid des Montagnards écossais, qui ne bougeaient, disait-il dans son langage militaire, que lorsqu'on leur mettait la balonnette au derrière.

Pendant que De Coster se tenait ainsi dans la cour de la ferme, Bonaparte le fit appeler, à trois reprises différentes, pour lui demander des renseignemens sur les cartes du pays, qu'il consultait constamment. Il le questionna principalement sur la distance des différentes villes du Brabant au champ de bataille, et lui fit dire quelles étaient les villes qu'il avait vues dans sa jeunesse. De Coster en nomma quatorze, ce qui parut faire plaisir à Bonaparte. Il témoigna aussi beaucoup de satisfaction d'apprendre que De Coster était flamand, et parlait également bien le flamand et le wallon. Il lui recommandait sur-tout de ne lui donner que des renseignemens certains, et de répondre aux choses dont il ne serait pas assuré, en haussant simplement les épaules. Il répétait souvent ces instructions, en ajoutant que s'il réussissait, sa récompense serait cent fois plus forte qu'il ne pouvait l'imaginer. Il l'affranchit aussi de toute marque particulière de respect, lui disant que sans ôter le bonnet de nuit qu'il portait, il n'avait qu'à saluer en mettant la main au front.

A midi Bonaparte sortit avec son état-major, et se plaça sur une hauteur à côté de la chaussée, à une très petite distance en arrière de la ferme, d'où il dominait tout le champ de bataille. On vint bientôt lui dire que l'attaque de la ferme et du château d'Hougoumont, qu'il avait fait commencer à 11 heures, n'avait pas eu de succès.*

A une heure la bataille devint générale. Bonaparte resta dans cette première station, avec tout son état-major, jusqu'à cinq heures. Il était à pied, et marchait constamment en long et en large, quelquefois les bras croisés, le plus souvent les mains derrière le dos, en tenant les pouces dans les poches de sa redingotte, couleur d'ardoise. Il avait les yeux fixés sur la bataille, et tirait alternativement sa montre et sa tabatière. De Coster, qui était à cheval près de lui, remarqua plusieurs fois sa montre. Bonaparte, s'apercevant qu'il prenait aussi du tabac, et qu'il n'en avait plus, lui en donna à plusieurs reprises.

Lorsqu'il vit que ses tentatives pour enlever la position du château d'Hougoumont avaient été vainement réitérées, il prit un cheval, quitta à cinq heures la ferme Rossum, et se portant en avant, vint se placer vis-à-vis de la maison de Coster, à une petite de demi de La Belle Alliance. Il resta dans cette seconde station jusqu'à sept heures. C'est dans ce moment, que le maréchal, il aperçut, au moyen de sa lunette, les Prussiens arriver. Il en fit part à son aide-de-camp qui, ayant également dirigé sa lunette de leur côté, les vit aussi. Quelques minutes après, un officier vint lui annoncer que le corps de Bulow approchait; Bonaparte lui répondit qu'il le savait bien, et donna des ordres pour que la Garde fît un mouvement sur le centre de l'armée Anglaise. Lui-même, se portant de nouveau en avant, et au galop, il alla se placer avec son état-major, dans un ravin formé par la chaussée, à moitié chemin de La Belle Alliance à La Haye Sainte. Cette position fut la troisième et la dernière.

Bonaparte et sa suite avaient couru de grands dangers pour arriver à ce ravin; un boulet emporta même le pommeau de la selle d'un de ses officiers, sans toucher, ni lui, ni son cheval. Bonaparte se contenta de lui dire froidement qu'il fallait se jeter dans le ravin.

Il y avait dans cet endroit, des deux côtés de la route, une batterie; s'aperçevant qu'un des canons de celle de gauche ne faisait pas bon feu, il descendit de cheval, monta sur la crête de chaussée, et s'avança jusqu'à la troisième pièce, dont il rectifia le feu, pendant que les boulets et les balles sifflaient autour de lui. Il monta tranquillement, les mains dans les poches de sa redingotte, se remettre au milieu de ses officiers.

Étant dans cette position, il vit les huit bataillons de la vieille Garde, à qui il avait donné ordre d'enfoncer le centre de l'armée Anglaise, se porter sur la Haye Sainte. Trois de ces bataillons furent détruits sous ses yeux, en traversant la chaussée, par le feu de la ferme et des batteries; néanmoins les Français s'en rendirent maîtres, et les Hanoviens qui l'occupaient, furent obligés de se rendre, faute de munition.

Pour soutenir la Garde à pied, Bonaparte fit avancer sa Garde à cheval, composée de huit à neuf regimens. Il attendait avec la plus vive anxiété le résultat de cette charge, lorsqu'il vit cette élite de son armée anéantie en un instant, en montant le coteau sur lequel est située la Haye Sainte. Cette tentative fut la dernière; on voyant sa vieille Garde détruite, il perdit tout espoir, et se tournant vers Bertrand, il lui dit: "à présent c'est fini; sauvons nous."

Il était huit heures et demie. Sans prendre aucune mesure, sans donner aucun ordre, et mettant tous ses soins à éviter les Prussiens, Bonaparte, accompagné de son état-major, se mit à galoper jusqu'à Genappe, en longeant la chaussée à une certaine distance dans les terres. Seulement en passant devant une batterie de 14 pièces, qui était près de l'observatoire, il ordonna qu'avant de l'abandonner, on tirât 14 coups de chaque pièce.

Lorsqu'il arriva à Genappe, il était neuf heures et demie. L'unique rue qui forme ce village, était tellement encombrée de caissons et de canons, qu'il lui fallut une heure entière pour la traverser lui et son état-major, en longeant les maisons qui ne contenaient plus d'habitans. Il n'y avait cependant pas d'autre chemin à prendre, à cause que la gauche était occupée par les Prussiens, et qu'il n'y avait pas d'autre pont que celui de Genappe pour traverser la rivière qui y passe.

De Genappe, il se dirigea sur les Quatre Bras, en pressant de nouveau le pas, toujours dans la crainte que les Prussiens ne le prévinssent. Il fut plus tranquille lorsqu'il eut passé ce dernier endroit, et même, arrivé à Gossely, il descendit de cheval et fit à pied le reste du chemin jusqu'à Charleroy; c'est-à-dire, à-peu-près une lieue. Il traversa Charleroy à cheval, à deux heures et demie environ, et entra dans une prairie nommée Marcenelle, de l'autre côté de la ville. Là, on lui fit un grand feu, et on lui apporta deux verres et deux bouteilles de vin, qu'il but avec ses officiers. Il ne prit aucune autre nourriture. On répandit sur la prairie un sac d'avoine que les chevaux mangèrent tout bridés. A cinq heures moins un quart, après avoir pris un autre guide, (à qui on donna le cheval dont s'était servi De Coster,) il remonta à cheval, fit à De Coster une inclination de tête, et partit. Bertrand remit à De Coster pour tout salaire, un Napoléon simple et disparut également, ainsi que tout l'état-major, laissant seul De Coster, qui fut obligé de revenir chez lui à pied.

Pendant tout le tems qu'il avait passé avec Bonaparte, De Coster ne fut aucunement mal traité; seulement, lorsque dans la fuite, ils furent arrivés aux Quatre Bras, un des officiers, s'étant aperçu qu'un second guide qu'ils avaient avec eux, s'était évadé, attacha, par mesure de precaution, la bride du cheval de De Coster à la selle du sien.

Depuis le moment qu'il avait commencé sa retraite jusqu'à son arrivée dans la prairie de Marcenelle, Bonaparte ne s'était arrêté nulle part, et n'avait parlé à personne. Il n'avait pris aucune nourriture depuis qu'il était sorti de la ferme Rossum, et même, à ce que pense De Coster, il n'avait rien pris depuis six heures du matin.

Les dangers de la bataille ne paraissaient nullement l'émouvoir. De Coster, que la peur agitait beaucoup, se baissait fréquemment sur le cou de son cheval pour éviter les boulets qu'il entendait siffler au-dessus de tête. Bonaparte lui en témoigna plusieurs fois du mécontentement, en lui disant que ces mouvemens faisaient

* De Coster pense que ce qui a empêché cette tentative de réussir, était un mur dont le château est intérieurement entouré, et qu'une haie, qui forme une première enceinte extérieure, cachait aux Français. 4000 hommes se trouvaient à l'abri derrière ce mur, contre lequel les balles Françaises venaient frapper.

toire à ses officiers, qu'il était atteint, il ajoutait qu'il n'éviterait pas les boulets en se couchant qu'en se tenant droit.

Pendant la bataille, il lui arriva souvent de rendre justice à la valeur de l'armée qui lui était opposée ; il loua principalement le Chevaux-Gris écossais, et exprimait du regret de les voir tant souffrir, pendant qu'ils manœuvraient si bien, et qu'ils maniaient si adroitement le sabre.

Jusqu'à cinq heures et demie, il avait conservé le meilleur espoir, et répétait à chaque instant que tout allait bien. Ses Généraux partageaient avec lui cet espoir. Au reste il a montré pendant toute l'action le même calme et le même sang-froid, sans manifester jamais d'humeur, et parlant toujours avec une grande douceur à ses officiers.

Il n'a été dans aucun moment en danger d'être pris, ayant eu, même à la troisième station, où il était le plus près de l'ennemi, 8 pièces de canon et 3000 grenadiers de sa garde autour de lui.

Il ne fit aucun usage de l'observatoire construit six semaines avant la bataille par les ingénieurs Hollandais.

Dans la fuite il recevait assez fréquemment des nouvelles de l'armée, par des officiers qui étaient parvenus à échapper à la poursuite des alliés.

La maison de De Coster ayant servi au bivouac des Français, les portes et les fenêtres, et tous le bois qu'elle contenait, furent brûlés. Le loyer qu'il payait était de 100 francs ; le propriétaire, près l'avoir réparée l'a louée à un autre pour 125 francs. De Coster demeure maintenant au hameau de Joli-Bois, sur la chaussée entre Waterloo et Mont Saint Jean.

Cette relation a été rédigée à Waterloo, le 8 Janvier, 1816, à l'auberge de Jean De Nivelles, d'après les réponses de De Coster aux questions qui lui furent faites. Elle lui a été relue le lendemain, et corrigée sur ses observations.

A Bruxelles, le 12 Janvier, 1816.

TRANSLATION OF APPENDIX NO. I.

RELATION

Of what was done and said by Napoleon Bonaparte in the course of the 18th of June, 1815, *during and after the battle of Waterloo :—Drawn up from the depositions of Jean Baptiste De Coster, who served him as guide on that day.*

JEAN BAPTISTE DE COSTER, aged about 53, born in the village of Corbec-loo, near Louvain, has resided in the Walloon country for 9 years. He is 5 feet 10 inches high, and of a robust appearance. He is intelligent, and answers the questions put to him with an air of great sincerity. He expresses himself with facility, and understands French very well.

Before the invasion of Bonaparte, De Coster occupied a little farm, with about six acres of ground. On the approach of the French army on the 17th, he retired with his family, composed of his wife and seven children, into the wood of the abbey of Awaiers, where he spent the night between the Saturday and Sunday. At six in the morning, he left the wood to go to church, and from thence to the house of his brother, situated at Planchenoir. He found there three French generals, who asked him if he had lived long in the country, and if he was well acquainted with the neighbourhood. On his answering in the affirmative, one of them sent him to Napoleon, accompanied by a domestic, and with a letter.

Napoleon had passed the night in the farm-house of Caillou, and had left it at six o'clock. De Coster found him in the farm-house called Rossum, where he arrived at eight o'clock, and was immediately presented to Bonaparte, who was standing in a room about 20 feet long and 16 broad, in the middle of a great many officers of his staff. Bonaparte asked him if he was well acquainted with the *localities* of the country, and if he was willing to act as his guide. De Coster having given a satisfactory answer, Napoleon told him that he should accompany him, adding, "Speak to me, my friend, with frankness, and as if you were among your children."

The farm of Rossum is situated near that called La Belle Alliance. The emperor stopped there till almost noon. During this time, De Coster was kept in view, in the court-yard of the farm, by a soldier of the guard, who, while walking with him, informed him of the strength of the army, telling him that it consisted, on passing the frontiers, of 150,000 men, of whom 40,000 were cavalry, among which latter troops were 9000 cuirassiers, 7000 of the young guard, and 8 to 9000 of the old guard. This soldier bestowed great praise on the bravery which the English had displayed at Quatre Bras. He particularly admired the intrepid *sang-froid* of "le Scotch Highlanders," who would not budge," said he, in his military phrase, "but when the bayonet was put to their posteriors."

While De Coster thus remained in the court-yard of the farm-house, Bonaparte made him be called three different times, to ask him information as to the maps of the country, which he was incessantly consulting. He questioned him chiefly on the distance of the different towns of Brabant from the field of battle, and made him say what were the towns he had seen in his youth. De Coster named fourteen, which seemed to please Bonaparte. He expressed also much satisfaction on hearing that De Coster was a Fleming, and that he spoke the Flemish and Walloon languages equally well. He recommended to him above all, to give nothing but certain information, and to answer to things of which he was not assured, merely by shrugging his shoulders. He frequently repeated these intimations, adding, that if he succeeded, his (De Coster's) reward should be a hundred times greater than he could imagine. He freed him also from any particular mark of respect, telling him, that, without taking off the night-cap which he wore, he had only to salute by putting his hand to his forehead.

At noon, Bonaparte went out with his staff, and placed himself on an eminence by the side of the causeway, at a very little distance in the rear of the farm, from whence he had a view of the whole field of battle. Persons very soon came to tell him, that the attack on the farm and chateau of Hougoumont, which he had ordered to commence at eleven o'clock, had not succeeded.*

At one o'clock the battle became general. Bonaparte remained in his first station, with all his staff, till five o'clock. He was on foot, and walked constantly backwards and forwards, sometimes with his arms crossed, but more frequently with his hands behind his back, and with his thumbs in the pockets of his slate-coloured great coat. He had his eyes fixed on the battle, and took out alternately his watch and snuff-box. De Coster, who was on horseback near him, frequently remarked his watch. Bonaparte, perceiving that he also took snuff, and that he had no nose, frequently gave him some.

When he saw that his attempts to carry the position of the chateau of Hougoumont had been vainly reiterated, he took a horse, quitted the farm of Rossum at five o'clock, and, moving forward, placed himself opposite to the house of De Coster, at the distance of a gun-shot from La Belle Alliance. He remained in the second station till seven o'clock. It was at that moment that he first perceived, by means of his glass, the arrival of the Prussians ; he mentioned it to his aid-de-camp, who, having directed his glass towards them, saw them also. Some minutes afterwards, an officer came to inform him that the corps of Bulow was approaching ; Bonaparte answered, that he knew it, and gave orders that his guards should make a movement on the centre of the English army. He himself, again moving forward at the gallop, went and placed himself, with his staff, in a ravine formed by the causeway, half way between La Belle Alliance and La Haye Sainte. This was his third and last position.

Bonaparte, and his suite had been in great danger before arriving at this ravine : a ball even carried away the pommel of the saddle of one of his officers, without either touching him or his horse. Bonaparte merely told him coldly, that he ought to keep within the ravine.

There were at this place batteries on both sides of the road. Perceiving that one of the guns of the battery on the left was not making a good fire, he alighted from his horse, mounted on the height at the side of the road, and advanced to the third gun, the firing of which he rectified, while cannon and musket balls were whistling around him. He returned with tranquillity, with his hands in the pockets of his great coat, and took his place among his officers.

In this position, he saw the eight battalions of the old guard, to whom he had given orders to penetrate the centre of the English army, advance upon La Haye Sainte. Three of these battalions were destroyed before his eyes, while crossing the causeway, by the fire from the farm-house and batteries ; nevertheless the French made themselves masters of them, and the Hanoverians who occupied them were obliged to surrender for want of ammunition.

To support his foot-guards, Bonaparte brought forward his horse-guards, composed of eight or nine regiments. He was waiting with the utmost anxiety the result of this charge, when he saw this *elite* of his army annihilated in an instant, while ascending the bank on which La Haye Sainte is situated. This was the last attempt : when he saw the old guard destroyed, he lost all hope ; and, turning to Bertrand, said, "All is now over—let us save ourselves."

It was half an hour past eight. Without taking any measure,—without giving any orders,—and thinking only of escaping the Prussians, Bonaparte, accompanied by his staff, set off at full speed for Genappe, following the line of the causeway at a certain distance in the fields. Once only, in passing a battery of fourteen guns, he ordered, before abandoning it, fourteen shots to be fired from each gun.

It was half past nine o'clock when he arrived at Genappe. The single street which forms this village was so choked up with caissons and cannon, that it took a whole hour for him and his staff to get through it, passing along the houses, which were now void of inhabitants. There was, however, no other road to take, because the left was occupied by the Prussians, and there was no other bridge but that of Genappe for crossing the river.

From Genappe he directed his course towards Les Quatre Bras, pressing on with renewed haste, and always in the apprehension of being prevented by the Prussians. When he had passed this last place he was more tranquil ; and when he arrived at Gossely, he even lighted from his horse, and went the rest of the way to Charleroi (that is to say, nearly a league) on foot. He passed through Charleroi on horseback, at about half past two in the morning, and went into a meadow called Marcenelle, beyond the town. There a large fire was made for him, and two chaises and two bottles of wine were brought, which he drank with his officers ; he took no other refreshment. A sack of oats was scattered on the ground, which the horses ate, bridled as they were. At a quarter before five, after having taken another guide, (who received the horse which De Coster had used,) Bonaparte again mounted his horse, made an inclination of his head to De Coster, and went away. Bertrand gave De Coster a single Napoleon, which was all he received, and disappeared likewise, as did the whole staff, leaving De Coster alone, who was obliged to return home on foot.

During the time that he had passed with Bonaparte, De Coster was not in any respect ill treated : only when, in their flight, they had arrived at Les Quatre Bras, one of the officers, who perceived that a second guide whom they had with them had made off, tied by way of precaution, the bridle of De Coster's horse to the saddle of his own.

Bonaparte, from the moment he began his retreat till he arrived in the meadow of Marcenelle, did not stop anywhere, and did not speak to anybody. He had taken no nourishment since leaving the farm of Rossum, and, as De Coster thinks, he had not even taken any thing since six o'clock in the morning.

* De Coster thinks, that what hindered this attempt from succeeding, was a wall which surrounds the chateau in the inside, and which was concealed from the French by a hedge which surrounds it on the outside. Four thousand men found shelter behind this wall, while it was struck by the French balls.

He did not appear at all moved by the dangers of the battle. De Coster, who was much afraid, often stooped on his horse's neck to shun the balls which he heard whistling over his head. Bonaparte repeatedly expressed his dissatisfaction at this, telling him, that these movements made the officers believe he was hit;—and added, that he would not shun the balls any better by stooping down than by keeping upright.

During the battle, he had frequent occasion to do justice to the bravery of the army which was opposed to him. He chiefly praised the Scotch Grays, and expressed regret at seeing them suffer so much, while they manœuvred so well, and handled the sabre so dexterously.

Till half past five he retained good hopes, and repeated every instant that all went well. His generals partook of these hopes. It may be added, that during the whole action he displayed the same calmness and *sang froid*, that he never manifested any ill-humour, and spoke always with great gentleness to his officers.

He never was at any time in danger of being taken; having had, even at the third station where he was nearest the army twelve pieces of cannon and three thousand grenadiers of his guard around him.

He made no use of the observatory constructed six weeks before the battle by the Dutch engineers.

During the flight, he received pretty frequently news of the army, from officers who had succeeded in escaping from the pursuit of the allies.

De Coster's house having been used by the French in their *bivouack*, the doors and windows, and all the wood it contained, were burnt. The rent which he paid for it was 100 francs; the proprietor, after having repaired it, has let it to another person for 125 francs. De Coster resides at present at the hamlet of Jolibois, on the high road between Waterloo and Mount St. Jean.

This relation was drawn up at Waterloo on the 8th of January, 1816, in the Inn of Jean De Nivelles, from De Coster's answers to the questions put to him. It was read to him next day, and corrected from his observations.

Brussels, 12th January, 1816.

APPENDIX, NO. II.

ACCOUNT OF THE DEFENCE OF HOUGOUMONT, DURING THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO, ON THE 18TH OF JUNE, 1815

BY THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN SINCLAIR, BART.

It appears to me, that the battle of Waterloo is the greatest event recorded in history. We all know the important results which have already taken place, owing to the victory we there obtained. Had it been the reverse, it is impossible to calculate the mischief that would have followed. It is not easy keeping together an unsuccessful alliance; and the expenses of a protracted war might have proved ruinous to the financial system of Great Britain, which at present experiences such difficulties, notwithstanding the immense savings which were effected, in consequence of the successful termination of that dreadful conflict.

The battle of Zama is the only event in history that can be put in comparison with that of Waterloo. There, two disciplined armies, under two great generals, were opposed to each other, and the conflict, it may be said, terminated the rivalship between Rome and Carthage. But the results of even that great battle were greatly inferior to those of Waterloo, on which depended, not only the fate of two rival nations, but of Europe, and of the world at large. It is singular that the modern, like the ancient Hannibal, should have laid the foundation of his military fame in Italy, and the modern Scipio in Spain.

Having visited the field of battle, I became anxious to collect detailed information regarding the transactions which had taken place there. The defence of Hougoumont, in particular, struck me as being of peculiar importance; and having applied to some distinguished officers who were employed in that service, by their aid, and from a personal inspection of the place, I have been enabled to draw up the following short account of the circumstances connected with its defence. I am happy in this opportunity of contributing to do justice to the British Guards, who there so gallantly maintained the character they have long enjoyed, for firmness, intrepidity, and valour.

THE ACCOUNT.

When the Duke of Wellington had fixed on the ground, where he resolved to await the attack of the French army, he found, on the right of his position, an old Flemish mansion, called Gomont, or Hougoumont, by defending which, it appeared to him that much advantage might be derived. The buildings consisted of an old tower and chapel, and a number of offices, partly surrounded by a farm-yard. There was also a garden, enclosed by a high and strong wall, and round the garden a wood, or orchard, and a hedge, by which the wall was concealed. The necessary steps were taken to strengthen these means of defence, by loop-holing, or perforating the walls, for the fire of musketry, and erecting scaffolding to give the troops within an opportunity of firing from the top of the wall. These judicious measures greatly assisted the successful defence that was afterwards made against such reiterated and desperate attacks.

On the evening of the 17th, the following troops were allotted for the defence.—1. The second brigade of guards, commanded by Major-General Sir John Byng; and, 2. The light companies of the first brigade. The force was disposed of as follows:—The light companies of the Coldstream and Third Guards, under Lieutenant Colonel Macdonnell, occupied the house and garden; these of the first regiment occupied the wood to the left; these were under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Lord Saltoun; the rest of the brigade was placed about 200 yards in the rear, in a commanding situation, and in readiness to support the garrison, if necessary. The whole amounted to from 1400 to 1500 men. To this force was added, immediately previous to the action, about 300 of the Nassau troops, some of whom, however, did not remain long, owing, it is said, to their not having been sufficiently supplied with ammunition.

The action commenced at thirty-five minutes past eleven o'clock, as appears from the information of an officer, who looked at his watch (which he was satisfied was correct as to time) as soon as the first gun was fired.

The force of the enemy employed in making the attack was very great. It consisted of the whole of the second corps, under the command of the Count de Reille. This corps, which amounted to 30,000 men, was formed into three divisions. The division commanded by Jerome Bonaparte commenced the attack, but was soon driven back (about half past twelve) with great loss. A most desperate attack was next made by the division of General Foy, who succeeded in gaining great part of the wood, and had nearly surrounded the house; but four companies of the Coldstream, and two of the third regiment, moving promptly down and attacking them, they were driven back with immense slaughter, and some prisoners were taken from them. Several other attempts were made by the enemy against this post during the course of the day, until their general retreat;* but they did not obtain any advantage. In a most determined and gallant attack, made between twelve and one o'clock, an officer and a few men got inside of the gate of the farm-yard, but they were all killed; and at no period of the day was the communication cut off. Re-enforcements of men and ammunition were sent in whenever they were requisite. The attack against the position of Hougoumont lasted, on the whole, from twenty-five minutes before twelve, until a little past eight at night.

At several periods during the day, re-enforcements from the Coldstream, and the third regiment of Guards, were sent down to the support of the light companies, employed in the defence of the house, garden, and wood.† The latter was repeatedly occa-

* Late in the evening, when the second corps had been as completely beaten, as the first corps had been on the left, Bonaparte ordered forward the Imperial Guards, and part of that fine body of men was directed against Hougoumont.

† When part of the third regiment of Guards was sent into the wood before one o'clock, Colonel Hepburn of that corps superseded Lord Saltoun, who, having but few men left, obtained permission to join his battalion, where he again distinguished himself. Colonel Woodford of the Coldstream, who went with the re-enforcement into the house, was senior to Colonel Macdonnell, but in consideration of that officer's gallant conduct, Colonel Woodford refused taking the command, and each undertook the defence of a particular portion of the post they occupied.

ded by the enemy, who were as often driven from it again, until at last these posts were occupied by the whole brigade, with the exception of two companies. About six in the evening, when the second line was brought forward, some Hanoverian battalions occupied the ground, where the second brigade of Guards had been placed at the commencement; and a Brunswick regiment was sent down to the wood more to the left than when the Guards had it.

The loss of the Guards, in killed and wounded, in the defence of Hougoumont, amounted to twenty-eight officers, and about 800 sergeants and rank and file. The foreign troops (Nassau and Brunswickers) might lose about 160.

The loss of the enemy was enormous. The division of General Foy alone lost about 2000 men; and the total loss of the enemy in the attack of this position is estimated at above 10,000 men in killed and wounded.

It is said that the enemy were ignorant of the strength of the position, the garden wall being concealed by the wood and hedge; but the wall was so protected by trees, that it would not have been easy to have brought cannon to play against it, and besides, it was of great thickness. The enemy brought guns to a height on the right of the position, which enfiladed it, and caused great loss; and they succeeded in setting fire to a hay-stack, and a part of the buildings, by means of shells;* but that did not prevent the garrison from occupying the remaining part.

It has been said that the inhabitants of the place were not friendly to the English; but this is quite a mistake. They left it with much trepidation, when the cavalry of the enemy appeared in the evening of the 17th. They returned, however, for a short time very early on the 18th, to take some things away. Their conduct on the whole rather implied, "friendship for the English, and terror of the French."

Such are the most interesting particulars regarding the defence of Hougoumont, which does such infinite credit to the determined courage of the troops employed in that service, and which certainly most essentially contributed to the ultimate success at the battle of Waterloo.†

It was very satisfactory to find, that nothing could surpass the high ideas entertained on the continent of the steadiness, valour, energy, and discipline of the British army.‡ It was remarked to me, that scarcely any other troops possessed that firmness and discipline, joined to what we would call *bottom*, or a happy union of strength of body, and resolution, or firmness of mind, sufficient to have resisted, for so many hours, the violent, desperate, and reiterated attacks of the French at the battle of Waterloo;§ where the force of an immense artillery,‖ of numerous bodies of cavalry, variously armed, and many of them protected by defensive armour; and from 50,000 to 60,000 infantry, the *élite* of the French army, were all combined for the destruction of an enemy numerically much inferior.¶ It was observed, however, that the discipline of the French had become too loose, whilst that of the Germans remained too mechanical; but that the discipline of the British army was distinguished by a happy medium, which, when joined to that military skill and coolness by which the hero of Waterloo is so eminently distinguished, almost ensured a victory.**

London, March 18, 1816.

* It was the tower that was burnt, and the fire penetrated to the chapel. The guide pointed out to me a crucifix of wood, which the fire had attacked, and as it was damaged only in a part of the foot, it was supposed to have been saved by a miraculous interposition of Providence.

† It has been observed that Ossian peculiarly excels in the description of battles; and in no poet, whether ancient or modern, can passages be found more applicable to the battle of Waterloo, than the following from the poem of Fingal, as translated by the Rev. Dr. Ross:—

"As roll a thousand waves to the shore, the troops of Swaran advanced: as meets the shore a thousand waves, so the sons of Erin stood firm. There were the groans of death! The hard crash of contending arms: shields and mails in shivers on the ground: swords like lightning gleaming in the air: the cry of battle from wing to wing: the loud bloody hot encounter: chief mixing his strokes with chief, and man with man.

"As the lightning of night on the hill: as the loud roar of the sea when roll the waves on high: as thunder behind the rocks, were the noise and fury of the battle. Though Cormac's hundred bards had been there to describe the scene in song, feeble had been their voice to relate the countless number of the slain, so many were the deaths of heroes, whose blood was poured upon the plain."

It was his description of battles that made Ossian so great a favourite with Bonaparte.

‡ I found that the Scotch corps were great favourites on the continent, and a respectable friend of mine, the Viscount Vanderfosse, at Brussels, having expressed himself with much feeling and eloquence on the subject, I requested him to send me in writing what he had stated in conversation, and the following is a literal translation of the letter he sent me:—

Brussels, January 5, 1816.

"Sir,

"You desire to have in writing, the eulogium which I made to you yesterday, on the Scotch regiments, which have so valiantly defended our country and our laws at the battle of Waterloo. I shall endeavour to make use of the same words as formerly, since a Scotchman, enlightened and patriotic as you are, has thought them worthy of remembrance.

Since the arrival of the English troops on the continent, their discipline was remarked by all those who had any communication with them, and in particular by those who, like myself, had had an opportunity of seeing them in this country, during the campaigns of 1793 and 1794. At that epoch, your warriors displayed the greatest bravery; but England had not yet accumulated those numerous laurels, acquired under the command of the great and immortal WELLINGTON.

"Among those respectable warriors, the Scotch deserve to be particularly commemorated; and this honourable mention is due to their discipline, their mildness, their patience, their humanity, and their bravery, almost without example.

"On the 16th and 18th of June, 1815, their valour was displayed in a manner the most heroic. Multiplied, constant, and almost unheard of proofs were given, I do not say merely of courage, but of a devotion to their country, quite extraordinary and sublime.

"Nor must we forget that these men, so terrible in the field of battle, were mild and tranquil out of it. The Scotch Grays, in escorting the French prisoners on the evening of the 18th, showed compassion to these unfortunate victims of war, while as yet the result of that decisive day was unknown, and perhaps uncertain.

"I am not afraid of giving myself up to those feelings of gratitude, which all the Belgians will ever retain towards those, without whom they would no longer have had a country; but even gratitude shall never carry me beyond truth. All that I have now said in praise of your excellent countrymen, would, I am sure, be confirmed, if necessary, by all the inhabitants of this kingdom; and the more you inquire into details and facts respecting their virtue and their glory, the more would the reality of what I have now repeated, at your desire, be established.

"Receive, sir, the renewed assurance of my esteem and gratitude towards your loyal nation; and permit me to join in the cry at the sound of which your excellent countrymen have braved the most imminent dangers, and have triumphed over them,—'*Scotland for ever!*'

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your very humble and obedient Servant,

(Signed) "VISCOUNT VANDERFOSSE,

"First Advocate at the Superior Court of Justice at Brussels."

§ In the Austrian account it is said, "That no infantry less practised, and less cool than the English, could have resisted such attacks."

‖ The French were greatly superior in the number of cannon in the action. They had above 200; the English only about 66.

¶ The French, in all, had about 75,000 men, and the British about 55,000, (including all the foreign troops,) at the battle of Waterloo.

** The Duke of Wellington retained the same presence of mind, during the dreadful conflict, as if it had been a common field-day; and a foreign officer, of great experience and merit, assured me, "that he had served with all the most distinguished generals on the continent, but that none of them possessed so many of the qualities essential for a great commander as the Duke of Wellington."

PARTICULARS REGARDING MARSHAL GROUCHY'S ARMY.

I was fortunate enough to meet at Brussels with some of the most distinguished officers who had served in Grouchy's army; and with great readiness they answered the several questions I put to them, regarding that part of the French force. I shall here give a translation of the questions sent and the answers they returned, which contain some interesting particulars.

1. At what time was the corps of Marshal Grouchy separated from the grand army?—*Answer.* On the morning of the 17th of June.

2. What was its force, and the generals by whom it was commanded?—*Answer.* The force consisted in all of 45,000 men; of whom 30,000 were infantry, and 6000 cavalry. The principal officers were Generals Vandamme, Gerard, and Excelmans.

3. What were the orders given to the marshal, and what progress did he make in their execution?—*Answer.* The orders of the marshal were to march upon the army of the enemy, so as to prevent the junction between Wellington and Blucher. He arrived to carry that object into effect at Gembloux on the 17th, which the Prussian army had quitted about twelve at noon for Wavre. The marshal left Gembloux with his army on the morning of the 18th, to find out the Prussians, and to fight them. The second corps of cavalry, consisting of 4000 men, commanded by General Excelmans, discovered the rear-guard of the Prussians near a place called Baraque, about ten o'clock in the morning. General Excelmans brought his cavalry to the Dyle, ready to pass that river, when about twelve the marshal arrived, with General Vandamme's corps, and gave orders to march upon Wavre; this they did, after we had defeated the rear-guard of the Prussian army, which were from eight to ten thousand men.

4. Did you hear at Wavre the firing at the battle of Waterloo, or Mount St. Jean?—*Answer.* About mid-day the cannonade was heard, and it was then that General Gerard, and several other officers, insisted strongly with the marshal to cross the Dyle, and to approach nearer to the emperor, leaving a small corps of observation before the Prussians, who had been beat, and had retired to Wavre. But the marshal constantly refused, and continued his route on Wavre. General Excelmans commanded the advanced guard, and would not have quitted the Dyle, had it not been in consequence of express orders given by the marshal in person, which he was compelled to obey.

5. To what circumstance was it owing that the army of Marshal Grouchy was of no use at the battle of Waterloo, or Mount St. Jean?—*Answer.* Because the marshal committed the fault of employing his whole army, whereas at the utmost, 10,000 men would have been sufficient to have kept the rear-guard of the Prussians in check.

6. Did Napoleon send any orders to Marshal Grouchy during the battle?—*Answer.* Several officers were sent before mid-day by

the emperor to search for Marshal Grouchy, but only one of them (Col. Stassewitz) arrived at Wavre, and not till about six o'clock in the evening. The marshal then resolved to pass the Dyle at Limale, with a part of his army; but it was then too late.

7. What became afterwards of Marshal Grouchy's army?—Answer. It was about eleven o'clock in the morning of the 19th, if at the marshal learnt that the emperor had been beaten. The attack which he intended to make on the road from Brussels to Louvain was therefore given up, and the army passed the Dyle at four points—Wavre, Limale, Limelet, and Ottigny. General Excelmans with his corps pushed on to Namur, where he arrived in the evening, and where the marshal arrived next day. The allies attacked the rear-guard, commanded by Vandamme. The contest was very obstinate, but the allies suffered so much that our retreat afterwards was unmolested.

These officers added, that in their opinion, "Si les ordres de l'Empereur eussent etes executes, par le Marechal Grouchy, les armees Anglaise et Prussienne etoient perdues sans resource." This cannot be admitted. It is said that Grouchy was over-persuaded by Vandamme to push on to Wavre, in the hopes of getting first to Brussels, and securing the plunder of that town to themselves.

THE END OF PAUL'S LETTERS.

ABSTRACT OF THE EYRBIGGIA-SAGA,

BEING THE

EARLY ANNALS OF THAT DISTRICT OF ICELAND LYING AROUND THE PROMONTORY CALLED SNÆFELLS.

ABSTRACT OF THE EYRBIGGIA-SAGA;

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EARLY ANNALS OF THAT DISTRICT OF ICELAND LYING AROUND THE PROMONTORY CALLED SNÆFELLS.

[This article first appeared in a work entitled Illustrations of Northern Antiquities, published under the charge of two distinguished Antiquaries, Robert Jamieson, Esquire, of Edinburgh, and the late Henry Weber. The extremely curious information, on the subject of Scandinavian Antiquities, which the volume contains, (it will be easily supposed the author is not speaking of his own slight share in it,) deserved a better reception than it met with, as the public gave no encouragement to continue the work.]

Of the various records of Icelandic history and literature, there is none more interesting than the Eyrbiggia-Saga, composed (as has been conjectured by the learned Thorkelin) before the year 1264, when Iceland was still subject to the dominion of Norway. The name of the author is unknown, but the simplicity of his annals seems a sufficient warrant for their fidelity. They contain the history of a particular territory of the Island of Iceland, lying around the promontory called Snæfells, from its first settlement by emigrants from Norway: and the chronicle details, at great length, the feuds which took place among the families by whom the land was occupied, the advances which they made towards a more regular state of society, their habits, their superstitions, and their domestic laws and customs. If the events which are commemorated in these provincial annals are not in themselves of great importance, the reader may, in recompense, derive, from the minuteness with which they are detailed, an acquaintance with the manners of the northern nations not to be acquired from the perusal of more general history. It is, therefore, presumed, that an abstract of the more interesting parts of the Eyrbiggia-Saga may be acceptable to the readers of the Northern Antiquities. The learned Thorkelin published a correct edition of this history in 1787, executed at the expense of Suhm, the illustrious and munificent patron of northern literature. A Latin version, supplied by the well known accuracy of the editor, assists the difficulties of those who are imperfectly acquainted with the original Icelandic.

In the year of God 883, a Norwegian nobleman, named Biorn, having been declared an exile by Harold, King of Norway, had recourse to the protection of Rolf, or Rollo, who united the qualities of a priest and a warrior, and kept the temple of Thor in the Island of Mestur. Biorn was kindly received, and furnished with a vessel to pursue his fortune in the spring. But finding that by this proceeding he had incurred the resentment of Harold, Rolf, or, as he was called from his sacred office, Thorolf, (quasi Thor's-Rolf,) resolved to abandon his habitation, and to set sail for Iceland, where, ten years before, a colony had been settled by Ingolf, the son of Arne. Thorolf made a very great sacrifice to Thor preparatory to his departure; and having received, or fabricated, an oracle authorizing his change of residence, he set sail, carrying with him the earth upon which the throne of Thor had been placed, the image of the Mace-Bearer itself, and the wooden work of his temple.

When the vessel of the adventurer approached Iceland, Thorolf cast the columns of the idol's sanctuary into the sea, and declared his purpose of establishing his new residence wherever they should be thrown on shore. Chance, and the current of the tides, directed the pillars to a promontory or peninsula, called from that circumstance Thorsness.* Here, therefore, Thorolf established himself and his followers, and, mindful of his tutelar deity, erected a temple for Thor, the ample scale of which testified the zeal of his devotion. An inner sanctuary contained the altar of the deity, on which was placed a silver ring, weighing two ounces, which was used in the ministration of every solemn oath, and which decorated the person of the priest of Thor upon all occasions of public meeting. Here also was deposited the vessel which contained the blood of the sacrifices, and the sacred implement for sprinkling it upon the altar and the worshippers. Idols, representing the various deities of Scandinavian mythology, were placed around the altar, and a tax was imposed upon all the settlers for the maintenance of the solemn rites and sacrifices by which they were to be propitiated; Thorolf reserving to himself the office of high-priest, with the duty of maintaining the temple and superintending the ritual.

A series of curious ordinances marked the foundation and extent of his authority. The whole promontory of Thorsness was under the protection of the deity, but a small eminence, entitled Helgafell, (i. e. the Holy Mount,) was so peculiarly sacred, that none of the settlers were to look upon it until they had performed their morning ablutions, and each living creature which should trespass upon its precincts was liable to be punished with death. To the terrors of religion were added the solemnities of legal authority. Near the Holy Mount was established the place of justice, where the popular assemblies were held.† This spot was also sacred, neither to be defiled by blood, nor polluted by any of the baser necessities of nature, for satisfying which a neighbouring rock was appointed. In these institu-

* Thorsness seems to have been that small peninsula, mentioned by Sir George Mackenzie in his survey of the Geldbringe Syssel of Iceland, which is itself a huge indented promontory on the south-western coast of that island. Near the peninsula the travellers saw the Helgafels, on which there is still a small hamlet, which, they observe, derives its name from the superstitious usages with which it was anciently connected.—*Travels in Iceland*, pp. 186, 187.

† Each little district of settlers had its provincial assembly, for the purpose of making laws, imposing punishments, and accommodating differences. At a later period, general assemblies of the whole Icelandic people, called Althing, were held at a place called Thingvalla, on the shores of a salt-water lake.—See *Mackenzie's Travels*. The word *thing* answers to the *negotium* of the Romans.

tions we recognise the rude commencement of social order and public law. The infant settlement of Thorolf was strengthened by the arrival of Biorn, the fugitive upon whose account he had incurred the indignation of King Harold, and by that of other northern chiefs, whom the fate of war, or the love of adventure, had banished from their respective homes. Each chose his habitation according to his pleasure, and the settlement began to be divided into three districts, called Eyrarvert, Alpta-fiord, and Breida-wick, all of which acknowledged the authority of the Pontiff Thorolf, and the sanctity of his institutions.

The death of Thorolf, however, led the way to internal dissension. A patriarch, called, from the number of his family, Barna-Kiallak, (rich in children,) was tempted to dispute the sanctity of the territory of Thorsness, which had been sedulously stipulated. His tribe, confident in their numbers, openly disputed the power of Thorstein, who had succeeded his father Thorolf as pontiff, and announced that when occasion pressed they would pay no more respect to the soil of the sacred territory than to unconsecrated ground, nor would they take the trouble to secede to the rock appointed for such purposes. With this foul intent they marched towards Thorsness, and were met by Thorstein at the head of his tribe, servants, and allies, who, after a sharp skirmish, was fortunately able to prevent the intended profanation of the sacred soil. But as neither party could boast decisive success, an armistice was agreed upon, and a congress opened under the mediation of an aged settler called Thordus. This ingenious referee at once removed the ostensible cause of dispute, by declaring, that the territory having been polluted by human blood shed in the conflict, it had lost its sanctity in future; and, to take away the secret cause of contention, he declared that Thorgrim, one of the sons of Kiallak, should be conjoined with Thorstein in the charge of the temple of Thor, with an equal share in the duties and revenues of the office of pontiff, and in the charge of protecting from sacrilege a new place of justice, which was now to be established. It is described as a circular range of upright stones, within which one more eminent marked the stone of Thor, where human victims were immolated to the Thunderer, by breaking or crushing the spine. And this description may confute those antiquaries who are disposed to refer such circles exclusively to the Celtic tribes, and their priests the Druids.

Thorstein, son of Thorolf, perished by shipwreck. His grandson Snorro became the most distinguished support of his family, and the following commencement of his history marks the singular system of laws which already prevailed in Iceland, as well as the high honour in which the female sex was held in that early period of society. The tutelage of Snorro, whose father died young, had developed upon Borko, the Fat, his father's brother, who had married Thordisa, his mother, and was thus at once his uncle and father-in-law. At the age of fourteen, Snorro, with two companions, went abroad to visit his relations in Norway, and returned to Iceland after the lapse of a year. His companion Thorlef was splendid in dress, arms, and equipment, being girded with a sword of admirable workmanship, and bearing a shield painted blue, and exquisitely gilded, and a spear, the handle of which was plated with gold. But Snorro was dressed in a dark garment, mounted upon a black mare, and his whole appearance intimated want and dejection. This assumed poverty rendered Snorro more acceptable at Helgafels, the abode of his uncle Borko. For, by the law of descent, Snorro was entitled to one half of the possessions of his grandfather, now administered by Borko; and his mean appearance gave the latter ground to think that he would sell them in his necessity for an inconsiderable price. He was, therefore, not displeased to see his nephew return in a condition which did not seem to supply to him the means of escaping from his tutelage. A singular incident, however, interrupted their family concord.

Shortly after Snorro had taken up his abode with his uncle, a party of twelve armed men, headed by Eyulf Gray, suddenly appeared at Helgafels, and their leader announced that he had lately slain a relative of Thordisa, the mother of Snorro. Borko, to whom the slaughter was indifferent, and who was connected with Eyulf, received him joyfully, and commanded his wife to make him good cheer. While she obeyed his commands with undisguised reluctance, Eyulf chanced to drop the spoon with which he was eating; as he stooped to recover it, the vindictive matron, unable to suppress her indignation, snatched his sword, and severely wounded him ere he could recover his erect posture. Borko, incensed at this attack upon his guest, struck his wife, and was about to repeat the blow, when Snorro, throwing himself between them, repelled his attack, and placing his mother by his side, announced haughtily his intention to protect her. Eyulf escaped with difficulty, and afterwards recovered from Borko a fine for the wound which he had sustained; and the uncle and nephew were obliged to have recourse to justice, to arrange their mutual claims, which were rendered yet more inextricable by this brawl.

When the litigants appeared before the assembled patriarchs of the settlement, Borko admitted that his nephew, in right of his father deceased, was entitled to one half of the territory of Helgafels, and he also agreed that they could not conveniently possess it in community. Wherefore he offered to purchase that property from Snorro, and to make payment of an adequate price. To this proposal Snorro replied, that his uncle ought first to fix the price to be given, and that he himself, as descended of the elder brother, should then have it in his option either to sell his own share in the property, or to purchase Borko's moiety at the price to be so named. Borko, confident in the supposed poverty of his nephew, estimated the half of the joint property at sixty ounces of silver, a sum far beneath the real value; when, to his astonishment, Snorro at once made payment of the stipulated sum, and obtained full possession of his paternal mansion and estate.

Nor did the vexations of Borko end here. For when he was about to depart from Helgafels, his wife Thordisa invoked witnesses to bear testimony that she solemnly divorced her husband Borko, alleging, as a sufficient reason, that he had raised his hand against her person. And such were the rights of an Icelandic Mater-familias, that the divorce and division of goods immediately took place between her and her husband, although one would have presumed that the attempt to murder a guest in his own presence, might have been admitted as a satisfactory apology for the violence of the husband. Snorro having thus at an easy rate obtained possession of his whole paternal inheritance of Helgafels, lost no time in assuming the sacred character of priest of Thor, and continued, from his boldness, craft, and dexterity, to act a conspicuous part in the various feuds which agitated the settlers in this sterile and dreary country, as fiercely as if they had been contending for the mines of Peru, or the vineyards of Italy; so that the subsequent part of this history may be considered as the annals of Snorro's pontificate.

Our annalist has not left the scene altogether unvaried. Wars and prosecutions before the assembly of the people are indeed the ground-work; but such spells and supernatural incidents, as the superstition of the age believed in, are introduced, like the omens and miracles of classic history. Such incidents, indeed, make an invariable part of the history of a rude age, and the chronicles which do not afford these marks of human credulity, may be grievously suspected as deficient in authenticity. The following account of a trial of skill between two celebrated sorceresses, occupies several pages of the Eyrbiggia-Saga.

"Tell me," said Katla, a handsome and lively widow, to Gunlaugar, an accomplished and gallant young warrior, "tell me why thou goest so oft to Mahfahlida?—Is it to caress an old woman?" "Thine own age, Katla," answered the youth incon-

siderately, "might prevent thy making that of Geirrida a subject of reproach."—"I little deemed," replied the offended matron, "that we were on an equality in that particular—but thou, who supposest that Geirrida is the sole source of knowledge, mayst find that there are others who equal her in science." It happened in the course of the following winter that Gunlaugar, in company with Oddo, the son of Katla, had renewed one of those visits to Geirrida, with which Katla had upbraided him. "Thou shalt not depart to-night," said the sage matron; "evil spirits are abroad, and thy bad destiny predominates."—"We are two in company," answered Gunlaugar, "and have therefore nothing to fear."—"Oddo," replied Geirrida, "will be of no aid to thee; but go, since thou wilt go, and pay the penalty of thy rashness."—In their way they visited the rival matron, and Gunlaugar was invited to remain in her house that night. This he declined, and passing forward alone, was next morning found lying before the gate of his father Thorbiorn, severely wounded, and deprived of his judgment. Various causes were assigned for this disaster, but Oddo, asserting that they had parted in anger that evening from Geirrida, insisted that his companion must have sustained the injury through her sorcery. Geirrida was accordingly cited to the popular assembly, and accused of witchcraft. But twelve witnesses, or compurgators, having asserted upon their oath the innocence of the accused party, Geirrida was honourably freed from the accusation brought against her.* Her acquittal did not terminate the rivalry between the two sorceresses, for Geirrida belonging to the family of Kiliakan, and Katla to that of the pontiff Snorro, the animosity which still subsisted between these septs became awakened by the quarrel.

It chanced that Thorbiorn, called Digri, (or the corpulent,) one of the family of Snorro, had some horses which fed in the mountain pastures, near to those of Thorarin, called the Black, the son of the enchantress Geirrida. But when autumn arrived, and the horses were to be withdrawn from the mountains, and housed for the winter, those of Thorbiorn could nowhere be found, and Oddo, the son of Katla, being sent to consult a wizard, brought back a dubious answer, which seemed to indicate that they had been stolen by Thorarin. Thorbiorn, with Oddo, and a party of armed followers, immediately set forth for Mahfahlida, the dwelling of Geirrida and her son Thorarin. Arrived before the gate, they demanded permission to search for the horses which were amissing. This Thorarin refused, alleging, that neither was the search demanded duly authorized by law, nor were the proper witnesses cited to be present, nor did Thorbiorn offer any sufficient pledge of security when claiming the exercise of so hazardous a privilege. Thorbiorn replied, that as Thorarin declined to permit a search, he must be held as admitting his guilt; and constituting for that purpose a temporary court of justice, by choosing out six judges, he formally accused Thorarin of theft before the gate of his own house. At this the patience of Geirrida forsook her. "Well," said she to her son Thorarin, "it is said of thee, that thou art more a woman than a man, or thou wouldst not bear these intolerable affronts." Thorarin, fired at the reproach, rushed forth with his servants and guests; a skirmish soon disturbed the legal process which had been instituted, and one or two of both parties were wounded or slain, before the wife of Thorarin, and the female attendants, could separate the fray, by flinging their mantles over the weapons of the combatants. Thorbiorn and his party retreating, Thorarin proceeded to examine the field of battle. Alas! among the reliques of the fight, was a bloody hand, too slight and fair to belong to any of the combatants. It was that of his wife Ada, who had met this misfortune in her attempts to separate the skirmish. Incensed to the uttermost, Thorarin threw aside his constitutional moderation, and mounting on horseback, with his allies and followers pursued the hostile party, and overtook them in a hay-field, where they had halted to repose their horses, and to exult over the damage they had done to Thorarin. At this moment he assailed them with such fury, that he slew Thorbiorn upon the spot, and killed several of his attendants; although Oddo, the son of Katla, escaped free from wounds, having been dressed by his mother in an invulnerable garment. After this action, more bloody than usually happened in an Icelandic engagement, Thorarin returned to Mahfahlida, and being questioned by his mother concerning the event of the skirmish, he answered in the improvisatory and enigmatical poetry of his age and country,—

> "From me the foul reproach be far,
> With which a female wasted the war,
> From me, who shunned not in the fray,
> Through foemen fierce to hew my way
> (Since meet it is the eagle's brood
> On the fresh corpse should find their food,)
> Then spared I not in fighting field,
> With stalwart hand my sword to wield;
> And well may claim at Odin's shrine,
> The praise that waits this deed of mine."

To which effusion Geirrida answered, "Do these verses imply the death of Thorbiorn?"—And Thorarin, alluding to the legal process which Thorbiorn had instituted against him, resumed his song:

> "Sharp bit the sword beneath the hood
> Of him whose zeal the cause pursued,
> And ruddy flow'd the stream of death,
> Ere the grim brand resumed the sheath;
> Now, on the buckler of the slain
> The raven sits his draught to drain,
> For gore-drench'd is his visage bold
> That hither came his courts to hold."

As the consequence of this slaughter was likely to be a prosecution at the instance of the pontiff Snorro, Thorarin had now recourse to his allies and kindred, of whom the most powerful were Arnkill, his maternal uncle, and Verimond, who readily promised their aid both in the field and in the Comitia, or popular meeting in spring, before which it was to be presumed Snorro would indict Thorarin for the slaughter of his kinsman. Arnkill could not, however, forbear asking his nephew how he had so far lost his usual command of temper. He replied in verse—

> "Till then, the master of my mood,
> Men call'd me gentle, mild, and good;
> But yon fierce dame's sharp tongue might wake
> In wintry den the frozen snake."

While Thorarin spent the winter with his uncle Arnkill, he received information from his mother Geirrida, that Oddo, a son of her old rival Katla, was the person who had cut off the hand of his wife Ada, and that he gloried in the fact. Thorarin and Arnkill determined on instant vengeance, and travelling rapidly, surprised the house of Katla. The undismayed sorceress, on hearing them approach, commanded her son to sit close beside her, and when the assailants entered they only beheld Katla, spinning coarse yarn from what seemed a large distaff, with her female domestics seated around her.—"Her son," she said, "was absent on a journey;" and Thorarin and Arnkill having searched the house in vain, were obliged to depart with this answer.

They had not, however, gone far, before the well known skill of Katla in optical delusion occurred to them, and they resolved on a second and stricter search. Upon their return they found Katla in the outer apartment, who seemed to be shearing the hair of a tame kid, but was in reality cutting the locks of her son Oddo. Entering the inner-room, they found the large distaff flung carelessly upon a bench. They returned yet a third time, and a third delusion was prepared for them; for Katla had given her son the appearance of a hog, which seemed to grovel upon the heap of ashes. Arnkill now seized and split the distaff which he had at first suspected, upon which Katla tauntingly observed, that if their visits had been unusually fre-

* This ceremony of compurgation formed, as is well known, the remote origin of the trial by jury. The compurgators were at first a kind of witnesses, who, upon their general knowledge of the character of the accused, gave evidence of his being incapable of committing the crime imputed, but gradually obtained the character of judges, who formed their opinion upon the evidence of others adduced in their presence.

quent that evening, they could not be said to be altogether ineffectual, since they had destroyed a dwarf.

They were accordingly returning completely baffled, when Geirrida met them, and upbraided them with carelessness in searching for their enemy. "Return yet again," she said, "and I will accompany you."—Katla's maidens, still upon the watch, announced to her the return of the hostile party, their number augmented by one who wore a blue mantle. "Alas!" cried Katla, "it is the sorceress Geirrida, against whom spells will be of no avail." Immediately rising from the raised and boarded seat which she occupied, she concealed Oddo beneath it, and covered it with cushions as before, on which she stretched herself, complaining of indisposition. Upon the entrance of the hostile party, Geirrida, without speaking a word, flung aside her mantle, took out a piece of seal-skin, in which she wrapped up Katla's head, and commanded that she should be held by some of the attendants, while the others broke open the boarded space beneath which Oddo lay concealed, seized upon him, bound him, and led him away captive with his mother. Next morning Oddo was hanged, and Katla stoned to death; but not until she had confessed that through her sorcery she had occasioned the disaster of Gunlaugar, which first led the way to these feuds. This execution is remarkable, because it seems to have taken place without any previous ceremony of judicial procedure, which, in general, we find the Icelanders considered as necessary preliminaries to the condemnation and execution of criminals.

Spring now approached, and it became necessary for Thorarin to take some resolution; for, although it seemed possible that the slaughter which had taken place on occasion of this unhappy feud might be atoned by a pecuniary imposition, yet so many persons had been slain, that the usual fines corresponding to their rank were more than sufficient to exhaust his fortune: And, to hasten his determination, Snorro, accompanied by a band of eighty horsemen, appeared before the house of Arnkill, for the purpose of citing Thorarin to answer for the slaughter of Thorbiorn. This citation was performed in obedience to the Icelandic law, which permitted no accusation to be brought against any party who had not been previously apprised of the charge by a summons delivered to him personally, or at his dwelling place.* The ceremony being peaceably performed, Thorarin, observing the strong party in attendance upon Snorro, broke forth into a poetical rhapsody:

> "No feeble force, no female band,
> Compels me from my native land;
> O'ermatch'd in numbers and in might,
> By headed beasts in armour bright,
> In vain attesting laws and gods,
> A guiltless man, I yield to odds."

Accordingly, ere the popular assembly met, Thorarin, with his relative Verimond, embarked in a vessel for Scandinavia. Of the former, the history tells us no more; but Verimond, who separated from him, and spent the subsequent winter at the court of Count Haco, son of Sigurd, then regent of Norway, continues to make a figure in the Eyrbiggia-Saga.

It seems that Haco had at his court two of those remarkable champions, called Berserkir; men, who, by moral or physical excitation of some kind or other, were wont to work themselves into a state of frenzy, during which they achieved deeds passing human strength, and rushed, without sense of danger, or feeling of pain, upon every species of peril that could be opposed to them. They used no defensive armour, and fought at times only covered with their under garments; hence, perhaps, their name, *Berserkir*, *Bare* but for the *Sark*, or shirt. Verimond contracted a sort of friendship with these champions, who, unless when seized with their fits of fury, were not altogether discourteous or evil-disposed. But as any contradiction was apt to excite their stormy passions, their company could not be called very safe or commodious. Verimond, however, who now desired to return to Iceland, conceived that in the feuds, to which he might be there exposed, the support of the two Berserkir would be of the greatest advantage to him. Acting upon this idea, when Haco at his departure offered him any reasonable boon which he might require, he prayed that he would permit these two champions to accompany him to his native country. The Count assented, but not without showing him the danger of his request. They are only accustomed, said Haco, to submit to men of great power and high rank, and will be reluctant and disobedient stipendiaries to a person of a meaner station.

Verimond, however, grasped at the permission of the Count, though reluctantly granted, and was profuse in promises to Halli and Leikner, providing they would accompany him to Iceland. They frankly objected to the poverty of the country, yet agreed to go thither, apprizing their conductor at the same time, that their friendship would not endure long if he refused them any boon which was in his power to grant, and which they might choose to demand. Verimond again assured them of his anxious wish to gratify them in every particular, and transported them to Iceland, where he was not long of discovering that he had burdened himself with a very difficult task. Halli's first request was, that he should be provided with a spouse, rich, nobly born, and beautiful. But, as it was not easy to find a maiden so gifted, who would unite her fate with a foreigner of mean birth, who was besides a Berserkar, Verimond was compelled to elude the request of his champion.

This was likely to occasion such enmity, that Verimond began to think of transferring his troublesome and ungovernable satellites to his brother Arngrim, a man of a stern, fierce, and active disposition, who had carried on numerous feuds, and in every case refused to make pecuniary compensation for the slaughters which he had committed. Thus he was usually called Styr, (*i. e.* the Stirring or Tumultuous;) as Verimond was termed Miöfi, or the Delicate. Styr, nevertheless, tumultuous as he was, could not be prevailed upon to accept of the patronage of the Berserkir. It was in vain that Verimond protested that he gifted him with two such champions as would enable him to become an easy victor in every quarrel he might engage in, and that he designed this present as a gage of their fraternal union. Styr, professing a sincere confidence in his brotherly affection, intimated, that he had heard enough of the disposition of these foreign warriors, to satisfy him that they would be rather embarrassing than useful dependants, and was fully determined never to admit them within his family.

Verimond was therefore obliged to change his tone, to acknowledge the dread in which he stood of the Berserkir, and request his brother's advice and assistance to rid him of them; "That," answered Styr, "is a different proposal. I could never have accepted them as a pledge of favour or friendship; but to relieve thee from danger and difficulty, I am content to encumber myself with the charge of thy associates." The next point was to reconcile the Berserkir, (who might resent being transferred like bondsmen from the one brother to the other,) to this change of masters.

The warlike and fierce disposition of Styr seemed, however, so much more suitable to their own, than that of Verimond, that they speedily acquiesced, and accompanying their new patron upon a nocturnal excursion, evinced their strength in breaking to pieces a strong wooden frame, or bed, in which his enemy had taken refuge, so that Styr had an opportunity of slaying him. The presumption of Halli, however, soon discomposed their union. The champion cast the eyes of affection on Asdisa, the daughter of his patron, a haughty, fiery, and robust damsel, well qualified to captivate the heart of a Berserkar. He formally announced to Styr that he

* This law of summons is often mentioned, and seems to have been regularly insisted upon. It was attended with some risk to the party who ventured to make the citation, and often ended in a skirmish.

demanded her hand in marriage, that a refusal would be a breach of their friendship, but that if he would accept of his alliance, he and his brother would render him the most powerful man in Iceland.

At this unexpected proposal Styr for a time remained silent, considering how best he might evade the presumptuous demand of this frantic champion, and at length observed, that the friends of his family must be consulted upon his daughter's establishment. "Three days' space," answered Halli, "will suffice for that purpose, and be mindful that our friendship depends on thine answer." Styr in great doubt and trouble journeyed to Helgafels, to consult the experience of the pontiff Snorro. When Snorro learned that he came to ask advice, "Let us ascend," he said, "the sacred mount; for such councils as are taken on that holy spot rarely prove unpropitious." They remained in deep conference on the mount of Thor until evening, nor did any one know the purpose which they agitated, but what followed sufficiently shows the nature of the counsels suggested upon the holy ground.

Styr, so soon as he returned home, announced to Halli his expectation, that since he could not redeem his bride by payment of a sum of money as was usual, he should substitute in lieu thereof, according to ancient right and custom, the performance of some unusual and difficult task. "And what shall that task be?" demanded the suitor. "Thou shalt form," said Styr, "a path through the rocks at Biarnarhaf, and a fence betwixt my property and that of my neighbours: also thou shalt construct a house for the reception of my flocks, and these tasks accomplished thou shalt have Asdisa to wife." "Though unaccustomed to such servile toil," replied the Berserkar, "I except of the terms thou hast offered." And by the assistance of his brother he accomplished the path required, a work of the greatest labour, and erected the bound-fence, of which vestiges remained in the days of our historian.

The Berserkir were now labouring at the stable for the flocks, while the servants of Styr were employed in the construction of a subterranean bath, so contrived that it could on a sudden be deluged with boiling water, or heated to a suffocating degree. On the last day, when the brethren were approaching the conclusion of their task, Asdisa, the daughter of Styr, passed by them splendidly arrayed. Then sung Halli,—

> "Oh whither dost thou wend thy way,
> Fair maiden, in such rich array,
> For never have I seen thee roam
> So gayly dressed, so far from home?—"

Then Leikner also sung,—

> "Till now that stole of purple rare
> Full seldom did the maiden wear,
> Why is she now attired so fair?
> The cause, O maid, benign display,
> Of that unwonted raiment gay,
> Nor thus disdainful pass us by,
> With silent lip and scornful eye."

But Asdisa, disliking either the bard or the poetry, or both, passed on without making any answer.

Evening now approached, and, the stipulated task being ended, the champions returned to the dwelling of Styr. The Berserkir were extremely exhausted, as was common with persons of their condition, whose profuse expenditure of strength and spirits induced a proportional degree of relaxation after severe labour. They, therefore, gladly accepted Styr's proposal, that they should occupy the newly-constructed bath. When they had entered, their insidious patron caused the trap-door to be blockaded, and a newly-stripped bullock's skin to be stretched before the entrance, and then proceeded to pour in scalding water through the aperture contrived for that purpose, and to heat the bath to an intolerable pitch. The unfortunate Berserkir endeavoured to break out, and Halli succeeded in forcing the door, but his feet entangling in the slippery hide, he was stabbed by Styr, ere he could make any defence: his brother attempting the entrance, was forced headlong back into the bath, and thus both perished. Styr caused their bodies to be interred in a narrow glen, of such depth that nothing but the sky was visible from its recesses. Then Styr composed this song concerning his exploit:—

> "These champions from beyond the main
> Of Iceland's sons I deem'd the bane,
> Nor fear'd I to endure the harm
> And frantic fury of their arm,
> But, conqueror, gave this valley's gloom,
> To be the grim Berserkir's tomb."

When the pontiff Snorro heard that the stratagem of Styr had proved successful, he paid him a visit, in which, after a day's consultation, Asdisa, the daughter of Styr, was betrothed to Snorro. The marriage was solemnized shortly afterwards, and the activity and intrepidity of Styr being aided by, and aiding in turn, the wisdom and experience of Snorro, the power of both was greatly extended and fortified by this alliance.

Passing some feuds of less interest, we come to the history of Thorolf Bægifot. This chief had in his youth defied to combat an aged champion called Ulfar, for the sake of acquiring his territory. Ulfar, though old and dim of sight, preferred death to dishonour, and met Thorolf in single combat. Ulfar fell, but Thorolf received a wound in the leg, of which he ever after halted, and thus acquired the name of Bægifot, or the Crook-footed. Thorolf had one son, the same Arnkill who figured in the history of Thorarin the Black, and two daughters, one of whom was the enchantress Geirrida. As Thorolf waxed aged, he became of a cankered and savage disposition, and as crooked in his mind as in his limbs. Many causes of discord occurred betwixt him and his son Arnkill, until at length they were in a state of utter enmity.

The nearest neighbour of Thorolf Bægifot was Ulfar, a freedman of Thorbrand, possessed of a fair property. It was said of this cultivator, that he understood the art of making hay better than any man in Iceland, and that his crop was never injured by rain, or his cattle by storms. Thorolf went to consult this sage upon the management of the hay-crop on a field which they possessed in common. "This week," said Ulfar, "will be rainy; let us use it in cutting the hay; it will be followed by a fortnight of dry weather, which we will employ in drying it." Thorolf, however, became impatient, and, dubious of a change of weather, ordered his hay to be carried to his yard, and ricked up, while that of Ulfar was yet lying in the swathe; and at the same time, whether impelled by cupidity, caprice, or jealousy, does not appear, he carried home also that part of the crop which belonged to the weather-wise Ulfar. The latter reclaimed his property; but, after some altercation, saw no means of redress so effectual as to appeal to the justice of Arnkill, the son of Thorolf. Arnkill, after vain applications for justice to his father, was at length contented to indemnify Ulfar, by making payment to him of the value of the hay, a proposal to which his father had refused to accede, saying, in the plentitude of oppressive power, "That the churl was already too wealthy." Arnkill, however, indemnified himself of the price of the hay by driving off twelve fat oxen belonging to his father, which he alleged were compensated by the money thus advanced to Ulfar.

It was now the feast of Jol, and Thorolf, who had drank freely, and circulated much liquor among his bondsmen, was so incensed against Ulfar, that he offered liberty to any of his serfs who would burn his house, and consume him among the flames. Six of his bondsmen set out upon this neighbourly exploit; but the flames, as they began to rise, became visible to Arnkill, who hastened with his followers to the house of Ulfar, extinguished the fire, and made prisoners the incendiaries. These he transported to his own house, and hanged them next morning without ceremony, to the great increase of his father's discontent. Ulfar, on the other hand, rejoiced at having acquired so active and powerful a protector, chose Arnkill for his immediate patron, to the displeasure of the family of his original master Thorbrand, who viewed with resentment the

chance of losing the inheritance of their father's freedman.

In consequence of this transaction, the wrath of Thorolf grew so high against his son, that he went to the pontiff Snorro, to prevail on him to prosecute Arnkill to the uttermost, for the slaughter of his six bondsmen. Snorro, at first, declined to have any interference with the matter, alleging the good character of Arnkill, and the foul treason in which the serfs of Thorolf had been engaged when seized and executed. "I wot well the cause of thy regard for Arnkill," answered Thorolf; "thou thinkest he will pay for thy support in the assembly more freely than I. But hearken: I know thy desire to possess the fair woods of Krakaness, which pertain to me. I will bestow them on thee, if thou wilt prosecute the cause arising from the slaughter of my bondsmen with the utmost severity, without sparing, on account of Arnkill's relation to me, or his friendship to thyself." Snorro could not resist the prospect of gain thus artfully held out to him, and agreed to prosecute the cause to the uttermost.

The pleadings were ingenious on both sides, the age and country considered, and show some progress in the intricate punctilios of municipal jurisprudence. The death of the bondsmen was urged by Snorro as inflicted without legal process. The accused defended himself upon the fact of their being apprehended in the act of burning Ulfar's habitation. It was replied, that though this might have justified their being slain on the spot, yet it gave those who seized them no right to execute them elsewhere after a day's interval. At length the matter was referred to the award of the two brethren, Styr and Verimond, who appointed Arnkill to pay a fine of twelve ounces of silver for the death of each domestic. Thorolf, incensed to the highest pitch at this lenient imposition, broke forth into complaints against Snorro, whom he considered as having betrayed his cause, and retired from the convention to meditate a bloody revenge against all his enemies.

Ulfar the most helpless and inoffensive, was the first to experience Thorolf's resentment. He had been feasting with his patron Arnkill, and had departed loaded with arms and other presents, when he was waylaid and assassinated by Spagil, a villain whom Thorolf had hired to do the deed by an ample bribe. Arnkill, who chanced to be abroad that evening, observed a man at a distance bearing the shield which he had so lately bestowed on Ulfar. "That buckler," said he, "Ulfar hath not parted from willingly; pursue the bearer of it, and if, as I dread, he has slain my client through my father's instigation, bring him not before my sight, but slay him instantly." A part of his followers instantly pursued Spagil, and having seized and compelled him to avow his crime, and confess by whom it was prompted, they killed him on the spot, and brought back to Arnkill the spoils of the unhappy Ulfar.

The disputes concerning the inheritance of Ulfar now augmented the dissensions of the settlement. It was claimed by the family of Thorbrand, as Ulfar had been his freedman, and by Arnkill as his immediate patron and protector. The former, however, proved the weaker party; and on having recourse to Snorro, received little encouragement to cope with Arnkill: "You share only," said the wily pontiff, "the general lot of the tribe, which, while Arnkill lives, must put up with such aggressions unavenged." "Most truly spoken," replied the sons of Thorbrand, "nor can we complain of thee, Snorro, for refusing to advocate our cause, who art so tame and cold in asserting thine own." With these words of reproach, they left the assembly in great discontent.

Thorolf Bægifot began now to repent having bestowed upon Snorro the woods of Krakaness without obtaining the stipulated gratification of his resentment. He went to the pontiff and demanded restitution, alleging, that he had transferred the woods in loan, not as a gift. But Snorro refused to listen to his demand, and appealed to the testimony of those who witnessed the transaction, that he had received the woods in full property. In the warmth of passion, Thorolf now had recourse to his son, and proposed to him to renew their natural alliance, and that the pledge of their friendship should be the union of their forces, to recover from Snorro the woods of Krakaness. "It was not for love of me," said Arnkill, "that thou gavest Snorro possession of these woods; and although I know he has no just title to them, I will not enter into feud with the pontiff to gratify thy resentment by quarrelling with him."—"Thy cowardice," said Thorolf, "rather than any other motive, causes thy affected moderation."—"Think on the matter what thou wilt," said Arnkill, "but I will not enter into feud with Snorro on that subject."

Thus repulsed at every hand, and in all the agony of impotent fury, Thorolf Bægifot returned to his own house. He spoke to no one, partook not of the evening meal, but, sitting in silence at the highest part of the table, suffered his domestics to retire to rest without quitting his chair. In the morning he was found dead in the same place and posture.

A message instantly conveyed to Arnkill the news of his father's death. When he came, the corpse remained seated in the posture in which Thorolf had expired, and the terrified family hinted that he had fallen by the mode of death of all others the most dreaded by the Icelanders.* Arnkill entered the apartment, but in such a manner as to approach the body from behind; and he cautioned the attendants that no one should look upon the face of the corpse until the due propitiatory rites were performed. It was not without application of force that the corpse could be removed from the seat which it occupied; the face was then veiled, and the customary ceremonies paid to the dead body. This done, Arnkill commanded the wall of the apartment to be broken down behind the spot where Thorolf had died, and the corpse being raised up with difficulty, and transported through the breach,† was deposited in a grave strongly built.

But these meet honours, and this grave, however fortified, could not appease or retain the restless spirit of Thorolf Bægifot. He appeared in the district by night and day, slew men and cattle, and harrowed the country so much by his frequent apparition and mischievous exploits, that his son Arnkill, on the repeated complaints of the inhabitants, resolved to change the place of his father's sepulture. Some opposition was threatened by the sons of Thorbrand, who refused to permit the corpse to be carried through their domains, until reminded by their father, that it was illegal to refuse passage to those who were travelling in discharge of a duty imposed by law, and such was the burial of the dead. The body of Thorolf was found on opening the tomb, but his aspect was fearful and grisly to a preternatural degree. He was placed on a bier between two strong oxen, which, nevertheless, were worn out by fatigue ere they had transported him a few miles. Others were substituted in their room, but when they attained the summit of a hill, at some distance from the destined place of sepulture, the harnessed steers became frantic, and breaking their yokes, rushed down the precipice and perished. The corpse, too, became of such ponderous weight, that it could by no means be transported any further, so that Arnkill was fain to consign it to the earth on the ridge of the hill where it lay, and which took its name henceforth from that of Bægifot. Arnkill caused a mound of immense height to be piled above the grave, and Thorolf, during the lifetime of his son, remained quiet in his new abode, although, as will be hereafter shown, he gave further disturbance after Arnkill's death.

After the death of Thorolf, Arnkill engaged in various disputes with the pontiff Snorro for the recovery of the woods of Krakaness, and with the

* Suicide seems to be indicated.

† It is still an article of popular superstition in Scotland, that the corpse of a suicide ought not to be carried out of the apartment by the door, but lowered through a window, or conveyed through a breach in the wall. Neglect of this observance is supposed to expose the house to be haunted.

sons of Thorbrand, on account of their old feud. He had the better in many skirmishes, and in many debates before the national convention. Nor was Snorro for a length of time successful in his various efforts to remove this powerful rival;—for, although a priest, he was not in any respect nice in his choice of means on such occasions, and practised repeatedly against Arnkill's life by various attempts at assassination. At length, however, irritated to the highest pitch, by a conversation in which he heard strangers extol the power and courage of Arnkill above his own, the pontiff resolved to employ in his revenge the sons of Thorbrand. To Thorlef Kimbi, the strongest of these champions, he gave a choice war axe, and, bidding him observe the length of the handle, added, "Yet it is scarce long enough to reach the head of Arnkill while making hay at the farm of Ulfar." It must be observed, that Arnkill durst not occupy the farm of Ulfar, which had been so fiercely disputed between him and the sons of Thorbrand, otherwise than by sending labourers there in the day, and withdrawing them before night-fall. In the hay-season, however, he also employed his wains by moonlight to transport the hay from these possessions to his own domain. The sons of Thorbrand, embracing the hint of the pontiff, watched his motions; and learning that one moonlight night Arnkill had himself accompanied three of his bondsmen for the above purpose, they despatched a messenger to inform Snorro, that "the old eagle had taken his flight towards Orligstad." The pontiff instantly rose, and accompanied by nine armed followers, traversed the ice to Altifiord, where he joined the party of the sons of Thorbrand, six in number. Arnkill, who descried his enemies advancing towards him, despatched his unarmed attendants to his dwelling, to summon his servants to his assistance. "I meantime," said he, "will defend myself on the heap of hay, nor will I afford an easy victory to my foemen." But of these messengers, one perished in crossing a torrent, the other loitered by the way. Meantime Arnkill, after defending himself valiantly, was finally overpowered and slain. Of which sings the Scald Thormoda Ulfilson:—

> A noble meal the pontiff strew'd
> For the wild eagle's hungry brood;
> A noble corpse hath filled the tomb,
> When valiant Arnkill met his doom.

Arnkill is regretted by the annalist as a model of the qualities most valued in an Icelandic chief. He excelled all in accurate observance of ancient rites and customs, was stout-hearted and brave in enterprise, and so prudent and eloquent, that he was always successful in the causes which he prosecuted in the popular assemblies—qualities which drew upon him the envy that occasioned his death. His sepulchral mound, raised upon the sea-shore, was still conspicuous in the time of the historian. The property of Arnkill, and the charge of exacting vengeance for his blood, passed to females, and hence the duty was but indifferently discharged. Thorolf Kimbi, who had struck the deadly blow, was banished for three years from Iceland, a poor atonement for the slaughter of such a champion. And hence, says the annalist, it was enacted that neither a woman, nor a youth under sixteen years, should prosecute in a cause for avenging of blood. Arnkill was slain in the year 993.

Omitting a desperate feud between the sons of Thorbrand and those of Thorlak, we shall only notice the accuracy with which the *compensatio injuriarum* was weighed in the Comitia of Helgafels, when the quarrel was accommodated. Every disaster which had been sustained by the one party, was weighed against one of a similar nature inflicted upon the other. Life for life, wound for wound, eye for eye, and tooth for tooth, were adjusted with the utmost precision, and the balance arising in favour of one of the contending septs was valued and atoned for by a pecuniary mulct. This compact, which was followed by an internal peace of unusual duration, took place in the year 999.

In the year 1000, the Christian religion was introduced into Iceland by her apostles Gizur the White, and Hialto.* Snorro became a convert, and lent the greatest assistance in extending the new faith.† It is not easy to see what motive the priest of Thor could have for exchanging a worship, over which he himself presided, for a new religion, since the unprincipled cunning and selfish conduct of Snorro seem to deprive him of the credit of having acted upon conviction. He procured the erection, nevertheless, of a Christian church at Helgafels, upon the site of the temple dedicated to Thor, and acted in every other respect as a sincere convert. As this was the third attempt to preach Christianity in the island, it seems probable that the good sense of the Icelanders had already rejected in secret the superstitions of panganism, and that the worship of Thor had declined in the estimation of the people. Snorro, therefore, in consistence with his character, placed himself at the head of the revolution in religion, which he saw could not be resisted.

The same year is assigned as the date of a very curious legend. A ship from Iceland chanced to winter in a haven near Helgafels. Among the passengers was a woman named Thorgunna, a native of the Hebrides, who was reported by the sailors to possess garments and household furniture of a fashion far surpassing those used in Iceland. Thurida, sister of the Pontiff Snorro, and wife of Thorodd, a woman of a vain and covetous disposition, and, as was believed, of licentious manners, attracted by these reports, made a visit to the stranger, but could not prevail upon her to display her treasures. Persisting, however, in her inquiries, she pressed Thorgunna to take up her abode at the house of Thorodd. The Hebridean reluctantly assented, but added, that as she could labour at every usual kind of domestic industry, she trusted in that manner to discharge the obligation she might lie under to the family, without giving any part of her property, in recompense of her lodging. As Thurida continued to urge her request, Thorgunna accompanied her to Froda, the house of Thorodd, where the seaman deposited a huge chest and cabinet, containing the property of her new guest, which Thurida viewed with curious and covetous eyes. So soon as they had pointed out to Thorgunna the place assigned for her bed, she opened the chest, and took forth such an embroidered bed coverlid, and such a splendid and complete set of tapestry hangings, and bed furniture of English linen, interwoven with silk, as had never been seen in Iceland. "Sell to me," said the covetous matron, "this fair bed furniture." —"Believe me," answered Thorgunna, "I will not lie upon straw in order to feed thy pomp and vanity;" an answer which so greatly displeased Thurida, that she never again repeated her request.

Thorgunna, to whose character subsequent events added something of a mystical solemnity, is described as being a woman of a tall and stately appearance, of a dark complexion, and having a profusion of black hair. She was advanced in age; assiduous in the labours of the field and of the loom; a faithful attendant upon divine worship, after the Christian rites; grave, silent, and solemn in domestic society. She had little intercourse with the household of Thorodd, and showed particular dislike to two of its inmates. These were Thorer, who having lost a

* Hialto was an Icelander by birth, but had been banished for composing a song in disparagement of the heathen deities, of which the following is a literal version:—

> "I will not serve an idol log.
> For me, I care not which,
> But either Odin is a dog,
> Or Freya is a bitch."
>
> *Historia Ecclesiastica Islandiæ*. vol. I. p. 97.

† We learn from another authority, that the heathen priests and nobles held a public conference with the Christian missionaries in the general assembly of the tribes of Iceland. While the argument was yet in discussion, news arrived that an irruption of lava was laying waste a neighbouring district. "It is the effect of the wrath of our offended deities," exclaimed the worshippers of Odin and Thor. "And what excited their wrath," answered Snorro, the hero of the Eyrbiggia-Saga, though still himself a heathen, "what excited their wrath when these rocks of lava, which we ourselves tread, were themselves a glowing torrent?" This ready answer silenced the advocates of heathenism.—*Historia Ecclesiastica Islandiæ*, vol. I. p. 92.

ag in the skirmish between Thorbion and Thorarin the Black, was called Thorer-Widlegr, (wooden-leg,) from the substitute he had adopted; and his wife, Thorgrima, called Galldra-Kinna, (wicked sorceress,) from her supposed skill in enchantments. Kiartan, a boy of excellent promise, was the only person of the household to whom Thorgunna showed much affection; and she was much vexed at times when the childish petulance of the boy made an indifferent return to her kindness.

We must here digress a little upon the subject of Kiartan. He was the son of Thurida, sister of the pontiff Snorro, and also passed for the son of her husband Thorodd, but this was not so certain. Biorn, a stranger, who had acquired the name of the Hero of Bradwick, had been assiduous in his visits to Thurida in the year preceding the birth of Kiartan. The jealousy of the husband was awakened, and he employed a sorceress to raise a nocturnal tempest to destroy Biorn on his way to his mistress. This attempt proved in vain, as well as several others, to take his life by violence. At length, while Snorro was about to surround Biorn with a body of norse, conceiving his own honour interested in that of his sister Thurida, the champion perceiving their purpose, suddenly seized on the pontiff, and, holding a dagger to his throat, compelled him to a treaty, by which Snorro agreed to withdraw his followers; and Biorn, on his part, consented to remove all further stain upon Thurida's reputation, by departing from Iceland. Biorn kept his word, and for a long time was not heard of. Many years afterwards, however, an Icelandic vessel, while on the western coast of Iceland, was surprised by a storm, which drove her beyond the knowledge of the pilot, into the Atlantic Ocean. After sailing far to the west they reached an unknown land, occupied by a savage people, who immediately seized on the merchants and crew of the vessel, and began to dispute whether they should reduce them to a state of slavery, or kill them on the spot. At this moment there came up a body of horsemen, headed by a leader of eminent stature and distinguished appearance, whom the assembled natives seemed to respect as their chief. He addressed the merchants in the Norse language, and learning that they came from Iceland, made many inquiries concerning the pontiff Snorro and his sister Thurida, but especially concerning her son Kiartan. Being satisfied on these points, he intimated his intention to set them at liberty, cautioning them never to return to that country, as the inhabitants were hostile to strangers. The merchants ventured to inquire the name of their benefactor. This he refused to communicate, lest his Icelandic friends, coming to seek him, should encounter the danger from which his present guests had been delivered, without his having the same power to protect them; for in this region there were chiefs, he said, more powerful than he himself. When they were about to depart, he requested them to present, on his behalf, a sword to Kiartan, and a ring to Thurida, as coming from one who loved the sister of Snorro better than the pontiff himself. These words were supposed to indicate Biorn, the Hero of Bradwick, and father of Kiartan, by his clandestine intrigue with Thurida; and the whole story serves to show that the Icelanders had some obscure tradition, either founded on conjecture, or accidental intercourse, concerning the existence of land to the westward of the Atlantic.

We now return to Thorgunna, the guest, as we have seen, of Thorodd and his wife. After this mysterious stranger had dwelt at Froda for some time, and while she was labour[illegible] in the hay-field with other members of the family, [illegible]dden cloud from the northern mountain led Thorodd to anticipate a heavy shower. He instantly commanded the hay-workers to pile up in ricks the quantity which each had been engaged in turning to the wind. It was afterwards remembered that Thorgunna did not pile up her portion, but left it spread on the field. The cloud approached with great celerity, and sunk so heavily around the farm, that it was scarce possible to see beyond the limits of the field. A heavy shower next descended, and so soon as the clouds broke away, and the sun shone forth, it was observed that it had rained blood. That part of the portentous shower which fell upon the ricks of the other labourers soon dried up, but the hay which Thorgunna had wrought upon remained wet with gore.

The unfortunate Hebridean, appalled at the omen, betook herself to her bed, and was seized with a mortal illness. On the approach of death she summoned Thorodd, her landlord, and intrusted to him the disposition of her property and effects. "Let my body," said she, "be transported to Skalholt, for my mind presages that in that place shall be founded the most distinguished church in this island. Let my golden ring be given to the priests who shall celebrate my obsequies, and do thou indemnify thyself for the funeral charges out of my remaining effects. To thy wife I bequeath my purple mantle, in order that, by this sacrifice to her avarice, I may secure the right of disposing of the rest of my effects at my own pleasure. But for my bed, with its coverings, hangings, and furniture, I entreat they may be all consigned to the flames. I do not desire this, because I envy any one the possession of these things after my death, but because I wish those evils to be avoided which I plainly forsee will happen if my will be altered in the slightest particular."

Thorodd promised faithfully to execute this extraordinary testament in the most pointed manner.

Accordingly, so soon as Thorgunna was dead, her faithful executor prepared a pile for burning her splendid bed. Thurida entered, and learned with anger and astonishment the purpose of these preparations. To the remonstrances of her husband she answered, that the menaces of future danger were only caused by Thorgunna's selfish envy, who did not wish that any one should enjoy her treasures after her decease. Then, finding Thorodd inaccessible to argument, she had recourse to caresses and blandishments, and at length extorted permission to separate from the rest of the bed-furniture, the tapestried curtains and coverlid: the rest was consigned to the flames, in obedience to the will of the testator.

The body of Thorgunna being wrapt in new linen, and placed in a coffin, was next to be transported through the precipices and morasses of Iceland to the distant district she had assigned for the place of sepulture. A remarkable incident occurred on the way. The transporters of the body arrived at evening late, weary, and drenched with rain, in a house called Nether-Ness, where the niggard hospitality of the proprietor only afforded them house-room, without any supply of food or fuel. But so soon as they entered, an unwonted noise was heard in the kitchen of the mansion, and the figure of a woman, soon recognised to be the deceased Thorgunna, was seen busily employed in preparing victuals. Their inhospitable landlord being made acquainted with this frightful apparition, readily agreed to supply every refreshment which was necessary, on which the vision instantly disappeared. The apparition having become public, those who accompanied the body had no reason to ask twice for hospitality, as they proceeded on their journey, and arrived safely at Skalholt, where Thorgunna, with all due ceremonies of religion, was deposited quietly in the grave. But the consequences of the breach of her testament were felt severely at Froda.

The author, for the better understanding of the prodigies which happened, describes the manner of living at Froda; a simple and patriarchal structure, built according to the fashion used by the wealthy among the Icelanders. The eating apartment was very large, and a part boarded off contained the beds of the family. On either side was a sort of store-room, one of which contained meal, the other dried fish. Every evening large fires were lighted in this apartment, for dressing the victuals; and the domestics of the family usually sat around them for a considerable time, until supper was prepared. On the night when the conductors of Thorgunna's funeral returned to Froda, there appeared, visible to all who

were present, a meteor, or spectral appearance, resembling a half-moon, which glided around the boarded walls of the mansion in an opposite direction to the course of the sun,* and continued to perform its revolutions until the domestics retired to rest. This apparition was renewed every night during a whole week, and was pronounced by Thorer with the wooden leg, to presage pestilence or mortality. Shortly after a herdsman showed signs of mental alienation, and gave various indications of having sustained the persecution of evil demons. This man was found dead in his bed one morning, and then commenced a scene of ghost-seeing unheard of in the annals of superstition.

The first victim was Thorer, who had presaged the calamity. Going out of doors one evening, he was grappled by the spectre of the deceased shepherd as he attempted to re-enter the house. His wooden-leg stood him in poor stead in such an encounter; he was hurled to the earth, and so fearfully beaten, that he died in consequence of the bruises. Thorer was no sooner dead, than his ghost associated itself to that of the herdsman, and joined him in pursuing and assaulting the inhabitants of Froda. Meantime an infectious disorder spread fast among them, and several of the bondsmen died one after the other. Strange portents were seen within doors, the meal was displaced and mingled, and the dried fish flung about in a most alarming manner, without any visible agent. At length, while the servants were forming their evening circle round the fire, a spectre, resembling the head of a seal-fish, was seen to emerge out of the pavement of the room, bending its round black eyes full on the tapestried bed-curtains of Thorgunna. Some of the domestics ventured to strike at this figure, but, far from giving way to their efforts, it rather erected itself further from the floor, until Kiartan, who seemed to have a natural predominance over these supernatural prodigies, seizing a huge forge-hammer, struck the seal repeatedly on the head, and compelled it to disappear, forcing it down into the floor, as if he had driven a stake into the earth.

This prodigy was found to intimate a new calamity. Thorodd, the master of the family, had some time before set forth on a voyage to bring home a cargo of dried fish; but, in crossing the river Enna, the skiff was lost, and he perished, with the servants who attended him. A solemn funeral feast was held at Froda, in memory of the deceased, when, to the astonishment of the guests, the apparitions of Thorodd and his followers seemed to enter the apartment dropping with water. Yet this vision excited less horror than might have been expected; for the Icelanders, though nominally Christians, retained, among other pagan superstitions, a belief that the spectres of such drowned persons as had been favourably received by the goddess Rana, were wont to show themselves at their funeral feast. They saw, therefore, with some composure, Thorodd, and his dripping attendants, plant themselves by the fire, from which all mortal guests retreated to make room for them.

It was supposed this apparition would not be renewed after conclusion of the festival. But so far were their hopes disappointed, that, so soon as the morning guests had departed, the fires being lighted, Thorodd and his comrades marched in on one side drenched as before with water; on the other entered Thorer, heading all those who had died in the pestilence, and who appeared covered with dust. Both parties occupied the seats by the fire, while the half-frozen and terrified domestics spent the night without either light or warmth. The same phenomenon took place the next night, though the fires had been lighted in a separate house, and at length Kiartan was obliged to compound matters with the spectres by kindling a large fire for them in the principal apartment, and one for the family and domestics in a separate hut. This prodigy continued during the whole feast of Jol. Other portents also happened to appal this devoted family. The contagious disease again broke forth, and when any one fell a sacrifice to it, his spectre was sure to join the troop of persecutors, who had now almost full possession of the mansion of Froda. Thorgrima Galldrakinna, wife of Thorer, was one of these victims, and, in short, of thirty servants belonging to the household, eighteen died, and five fled for fear of the apparitions; so that only seven remained in the service of Kiartan.

Kiartan had now recourse to the advice of his maternal uncle Snorro, in consequence of whose counsel, what will perhaps appear surprising to the reader, judicial measures were instituted against the spectres. A Christian priest was, however, associated with Thordo Kaussa, son of Snorro, and with Kiartan, to superintend and sanctify the proceedings. The inhabitants were regularly summoned to attend upon the inquest, as in a cause between man and man, and the assembly was constituted before the gate of the mansion, just as the spectres had assumed their wanton station by the fire. Kiartan boldly ventured to approach them, and snatching a brand from the fire, he commanded the tapestry belonging to Thorgunna to be carried out of doors, set fire to it, and reduced it to ashes, with all the other ornaments of her bed, which had been so inconsiderately preserved at the request of Thurida. A tribunal being then constituted with the usual legal solemnities,† a charge was preferred by Kiartan against Thorer with the wooden leg, by Thordo Kaussa against Thorodd, and by others chosen as accusers against the individual spectres present, accusing them of molesting the mansion, and introducing death and disease among its inhabitants. All the solemn rites of judicial procedure were observed on this singular occasion; evidence was adduced, charges given, and the cause formally decided. It does not appear that the ghosts put themselves on their defence, so that sentence of ejectment was pronounced against them individually in due and legal form.

When Thorer heard the judgment, he arose, and saying, "I have sate while it was lawful for me to do so," left the apartment by the door opposite to that at which the judicial assembly was constituted. Each of the spectres, as they heard their individual sentence, left the place, saying something which indicated their unwillingness, until Thorodd himself was solemnly appointed to depart. "We have here no longer," said he, "a peaceful dwelling, therefore will we remove."

Kiartan then entered the hall with his followers, and the priest with holy water, and celebration of a solemn mass, completed the conquest over the goblins, which had been commenced by the power and authority of the Icelandic law.

We have perhaps dwelt too long on this legend, but it is the only instance in which the ordinary administration of justice has been supposed to extend over the inhabitants of another world, and in which the business of exorcising spirits is transferred from the priest to the judge. Joined to the various instances in the Eyrbiggia-Saga, of a certain regard to the forms of jurisprudence, even amid the wildest of their feuds, it seems to argue the extraordinary influence ascribed to municipal law by this singular people, even in the very earliest state of society.

Snorro, who upon the whole may be considered as the hero of the history, was led into fresh turmoils and litigation by the death of his brother-in-law, Styr, slain by the inhabitants of a neighbouring district, for which slaughter neither Snorro's

* This is an important circumstance. Whatever revolved with the sun was reckoned a fortunate movement. Thus, the Highlanders in making the *deasil*, a sort of benediction which they bestow in walking round the party to be propitiated, always observe the course of the sun. And witches on the other hand, made their circles, *widdershins*, as the Scottish dialect expresses it, (*widder-sins*, Germ.) or in opposition to the course of the orb of light. The apparition of the half-moon reminds us of Hecate, of the mysteries of Isis in Apuleius, and of a passage in Lucian's "Wears," where the moon is forced down by magical invocation.

† It does not appear that the judges in Iceland were a separate order. On the contrary, every tribunal appears to have been constituted by a selection, *ex astantibus*, and so far every court of justice resembled a jury chosen to decide a special cause, and dissolved when that task was performed

eloquence in the popular assembly, nor his power in the field, were able to procure adequate vengeance. He came off with more credit in his feud with Ospaker.

This Ospakar, a man of huge stature, and great personal strength, surrounded always by satellites of the same description, differed from the other Icelandic chiefs, in the open disregard which he professed for the laws of property. He kept a stout vessel, always ready for piratical excursions, and surrounded his house with a mound so as to convert it into a kind of citadel. It happened that a whale had been cast ashore upon a part of the island, where the law assigned a part of it in property to the pontiff Snorro, and part to his neighbour Thorer. While, however, Thorer, and Alfar, called the Little, steward of the pontiff, were engaged in making the partition, Ospakar appeared at the head of his armed followers, and, after stunning Thorer with a blow of his war-axe, appropriated the whole whale to himself. Skirmish followed skirmish, and blood was spilled on both sides, until Snorro bestirred himself in invoking the justice of the Comitia against the lawless Ospakar, and obtained a sentence condemning him and his followers to banishment. They submitted to this doom for a time, and Snorro caused the effects of Ospakar to be divided among those who had sustained the greatest losses by his rapine, of which spoil Thorer and Alfar obtained the largest share. It was, however, a gift fatal to the former. Ospakar, who still followed his piratical profession, made a sudden descent on the coast, and seizing Thorer, put him to death before his own door. Alfar escaping with difficulty, fled to the protection of Snorro; and Ospakar, in defiance of the sentence pronounced against him, resumed possession of his fortified mansion, and furnished it with provisions to stand a siege. Snorro proceeded on this occasion with his characteristic caution. It has been seen that an ordinary hay-stack was accounted a strong post in Icelandic tactics, but a house surrounded with a bank of earth was a much more respectable fortification; nor did Snorro deem it safe to attempt storming the pirate's strong-hold, till he had assembled his most chosen friends and satellites.

Amongst these was Thrandar, who, before assuming the Christian faith, had been a Berserkar, and although he had lost the supernatural strength exercised by such persons, which the author states to have been the usual consequence of baptism, probably because the christened champion disused the intoxicating drugs which excited his fierce exertions, he nevertheless retained his natural vigour and prowess, which were very formidable.

On the slightest hint from Snorro's messenger, Thrandar attended the pontiff, armed as one who has a dangerous task in hand. Snorro's other allies being assembled, they made a hasty march to the fortress of Ospakar, and summoned him to surrender at discretion. The robber having refused compliance, the mound was valiantly assaulted on the one part, and stoutly defended on the other. Thrandar, by striking the steel of his battle-axe into the top of the rampart, actually scaled it, raising himself by the handle, and slew Rafen, a pirate of great fame, who assaulted him upon his ascent. Ospakar himself fell by a stroke of a lance, and his followers surrendered, upon the sole condition of escaping with life and limb. On this conflict, the Scald Thormodar composed his poem called Rafn-maal, or the Death of Rafen.

> The birds of Odin found their prey,
> When slaughter raged in Bitra's bay;
> There lay extended on the vale
> The three fierce plunderers of the whale,
> And all his toils of rapine past,
> Grim Rafen found repose at last.

After the death of the gallant Arnkill, the spirit of his father, Thorolf Bægifot, or the Crook-footed, began, as before hinted, again to be troublesome. He issued by night from the mound which had been heaped over them, and wandered through the country, blighting crops, laming cattle, and terrifying the inhabitants to the uttermost, so that there was risk of the whole country being rendered uninhabitable. General complaints on this subject being made to Thorodd, he resolved to take measures for putting to rest that sullen and implacable spirit.

Having carried a party of men along with him, Thorodd ascended the ridge on which Arnkill had entombed his father's body. The mound which was piled over it was next opened, and the body of Thorolf was found undecayed, but swollen to the size of an ox; with a countenance horrible to behold, and livid as the darkness of hell. As it was evident that the spirit of the resentful suicide, or some evil fiend in its place, made use of his mortal remains, like the Hungarian vampire, to commit his nightly enormities, Thorodd resolved to proceed on this supposition. Accordingly, he commanded the body to be removed from the tomb, which, such was its protentous weight, could only be done by means of levers. Next, he caused the accursed corpse to be removed to the sea-shore, and there laid upon a large pile of blazing wood, and consumed. It was long ere this could be accomplished, for the fire seemed for some time to have no influence over Thorolf. He was, however, at length reduced to ashes, which were partly dispersed in the wind, and partly thrown into the sea. After this, the Crook-footed Spectre was not again seen, and yet his reliques continued to occasion fresh prodigies.

"* It was milking-time, about nine in the evening, when Thorodd returned from the burning of Thorolf's body; and as he rode towards the stable, a cow, running before him, broke her foot. The cow, which was barren, was taken; and, being too lean to be slaughtered, Thorodd caused her foot to be bound up; and, as soon as it was strong enough, she was sent to Ulfarsfell to be fattened, as the pasture there was as good as on the holms. While at pasture there, the cow often went down to the sea-shore, where the funeral pile of Thorolf Bægifot had been built, and licked the stones on the sea-beach, on which the wind had scattered part of the ashes. There are some who say that the islanders, when carrying their dried fish to the inner part of the creek, saw with the cow, as she was feeding upon the side of the fell, a strange bull of a mouse-colour, that nobody knew. Next Autumn Thorodd thought of killing the cow; but those who were sent to fetch her could nowhere find her. After much search to no purpose, they at last gave her up for lost, supposing she must either have been dead or stolen. A little before the *Iol*-time, one morning as the neat-herd at Kœrstead was going as usual to the cow-house, he saw the broken-footed cow, that had been so industriously sought for, standing before the door. Turning her into the cow-house, and tying her up, he carried the news to Thorodd, who, entering the cow-house, and viewing and handling the cow, discovered that she was with calf, and therefore not fit for a mart, especially as he had flesh enough besides for his family. About the end of the following spring, she had a *quey*-calf, and shortly after a bull-calf, which was so large that the cow died soon after calving. This large bull-calf was brought into the house; it was of a mouse-colour, and seemed well worth preserving. When the calves were carried into the room, there happened to be present an old carline, who had been foster-mother to Thorodd, and was now become blind. In her younger days she had been reputed to have the second sight; but as she grew old, her predictions were regarded as the ravings of dotage, although many of them were verified by the events. The calf, with his legs bound, being laid on the floor, bellowed aloud, on which the carline, in the greatest terror, cried out, "That is the low of an Elf's Imp, and of no earthly creature; and you will do well to

* The following legend of the Elf Bull was omitted in the original sketch of this little work, because the story occurred in another part of the Northern Antiquities, in illustration of the curious Danish ballad of Rosmer Hafmand. It is now restored to the work of which it is a part, and it is proper to say, that the legend is given, with the exception of some of the rhymes, from the version of Mr. Robert Jamieson, by whom it was translated from the Icelandic.

destroy it immediately!" Thorodd said it would be a pity to kill such a fine calf, which, if properly taken care of, must turn out an excellent steer. The calf then lowed a second time; on which the carline threw away what she had in her hand, and said, "My bairn! let the calf be killed; for if he is brought up, we shall all one day have great cause to rue it."—"Well, nurse, since you will have it so," said Thorodd, "he shall be killed." Both calves were then taken out of the room, and Thorodd gave orders to kill the *quey*, and carry the bull into the barn, to be brought up, with strict injunctions that nobody should undeceive the old nurse.

"This bull-calf grew so fast, that before spring he was full as large as those that had been calved several months before him. When let out, he ran very much about the meadow, and roared like a full-grown bull, so loud that it was heard in the house. Then the carline said, "As this monster is not killed, he will assuredly do us more mischief than words can express!"—The calf grew apace, and that summer was turned into a field of saved grass; and by autumn, he was so large that few year-olds could match him. He was well-horned, and of all the cattle the most sleek and beautiful to see, and was thence called *Glæsir*. Before he was two years old he was as large as a five-year-old ox; fed mostly among the cows, not far from the house; and as often as Thorodd went into the fold, Glæsir went up and smelled him, and licked his clothes, and Thorodd patted him. He was gentle as a lamb both to men and cattle; but when he roared, it was tremendous, and the old woman never heard it without expressing the greatest consternation and horror. When Glæsir was four years old, if women, or children, or striplings, went near him, he took no notice of them; but if men passed, he chafed and threatened, and was so surly and unruly that he would hardly suffer himself to be driven out of the way.

"Glæsir continuing to be unmanageable, and to roar as terribly as ever, Thorodd, moved by the continual warnings and apprehensions of his nurse, promised in good earnest to slaughter him next autumn, as soon as he should be fat enough. But the old spae-wife tells him that it will be too late; and again hearing him bellow fiercely, she broke forth, as usual among the Icelanders, into a sort of poetic rapture—

> "The horned monarch of the herd
> Threats death to men of middle eard;
> He bends his brows and shakes his head,
> Betokening blood that he shall shed.
> To thee these hideous bellowings say,
> That ere the winning of the hay,
> The sullen monster dooms thy death—
> Sooth are the words the spae-wife saith."

"You doat, nurse," replied Thorodd, "instead of prophesying." To which she replied—

> "Ay, if her tongue the old wife wag,
> They'll call her but a doating hag.
> But on thy bloody breast I see
> A wound unseen, unfelt by thee.
> This bull looks harmfully on men,
> And I—a doating woman—ken,
> That while the hay is in the swathe,
> Glæsir shall do thee unto death."

"So it fell out, that same summer, that one day after Thorodd had got the hay in the hay-field raked together, and made up into cocks, there fell a great deal of rain. Next morning the servants going out, observed Glæsir in the hay-field, disencumbered from the board which, since he became vicious, had been fastened upon his horns, running about, overturning the cocks, and scattering the hay all over the field, which he had never been accustomed to do; at the same time that his roarings and bellowings so terrified the servants, that no one durst venture to go and drive him away. On their telling Thorodd what Glæsir was doing, he ran out, and snatching up a large birchen stake by the two forks, hastened into the field, with that weapon over his shoulder, to attack the bull. Glæsir, seeing this, desisted from the havoc which he was making, and advanced to meet his master, regardless of his threats, and the noise he made to intimidate him. On this Thorodd struck him so hard between the horns, that the stake broke short close by the forks. Glæsir then rushed upon Thorodd, who, seizing him by the horns, turned his head aside; and in this manner they struggled for some time; Glæsir always pushing, and Thorodd avoiding, till the latter began to be fatigued. Then Thorodd leaping upon his neck, and leaning over between his horns, clasped his hands under his throat, which he griped with all his might, in hopes of stifling him, or turning him out; and in this manner the bull ran about the field, carrying him upon his neck.

"The servants seeing their master in such danger, and, being weaponless, not daring to interfere, ran home to arm themselves, and returned with spears and other weapons. When the bull saw that, he stooped his head between his legs, and shook it till he got one of his horns under Thorodd, then raised it with a jerk so suddenly, that he threw up Thorodd's legs, so that he stood almost upon his head upon the bull's neck. When his legs fell down again, Glæsir stooped his head once more, and struck him with his other horn in the belly, goring him so dreadfully that he let go his hold, and the bull, roaring tremendously, ran along the meadow towards the river. The servants pursued him through a ravine of the mountain called Geirvaur, till he reached a fen below the farm-stead of Hello, where he ran into a pool, dived, and never after came up again; and ever since, the fen has been called Glæsiskelda.—Returning to the house, they found Thorodd dead of his wound."*

The Annals proceed to inform us of the death of Snorro, during the winter after the death of St. Olave, leaving a powerful and flourishing family to support the fame which he had acquired. He was buried in the church at Tunga, which he himself had founded; but when it was removed, his bones were transported to its new site. From these relics the celebrated Snorro seemed to have been a man of ordinary stature; nor, indeed, does it any where appear that he attained the ascendency which he possessed in the island by personal strength, but rather by that subtlety of spirit which he displayed in conducting his enterprises, and by his address and eloquence in the popular assembly. Although often engaged in feuds, his valour seems to have been duly mingled with discretion, and the deeds of war for which he was celebrated in poetry, were usually achieved by the strong arm of some ally or satellite. He was so equal in his demeanour, that it was difficult to observe what pleased or displeased him; slow and cautious in resolving upon revenge, but tenacious and implacable in pursuing it; an excellent counsellor to his friends, but skilful in inducing his enemies to take measures which afterwards proved fatal to them. In fine, as the ecclesiastical historian of Iceland sums up his attributes, if Snorro were not a good and pious man, he was to be esteemed wise, prudent, and sagacious, beyond the usual pitch of humanity. This pontiff, or prefect, is mentioned with great distinction in other Icelandic chronicles, as well as in the Eyrbiggia-Saga.

In the LANDNAMA BOK, part II., chapter 13, many of the foregoing incidents are alluded to, and also in the LAXDŒLA-SAGA, and the SAGA of OLUF TRYGGASON.

That such a character, partaking more of the jurisconsult or statesman than of the warrior, should have risen so high in such an early period, argues the preference which the Icelanders already assigned to mental superiority over the rude attributes of

* Referring the curious to the notes of Mr. Jamieson, it is only necessary to say here, that no tradition is so universal in the Scottish highlands and lowlands, as well as in Ireland, as the belief in a water-bull; a creature in some degree supernatural, but yet in part supposed to be a creature of this world. In their belief of its qualities and habits, the people among whom the legend is current, agree with wonderful correctness; so that it would almost seem that these reports have been founded on the existence, at a very distant period, of some species of amphibious animal, which has now become extinct.

strength and courage, and furnishes another proof of the early civilization of this extraordinary commonwealth. In other respects, the character of Snorro was altogether unamiable, and blended with strong traits of the savage. Cunning and subtlety supplied the place of wisdom, and an earnest and uniform attention to his own interests often, as in the dispute between Arnkill and his father, superseded the ties of blood and friendship. Still, however, his selfish conduct seems to have been of more service to the settlement in which he swayed, than would have been that of a generous and high-spirited warrior who acted from the impulse of momentary passion. His ascendency, though acquired by means unworthy of praise, seems, in his petty canton, to have had the effect produced by that of Augustus in the Roman Empire; although, more guiltless than the emperor of the world, the pontiff of Helgafels neither subverted the liberties of his country, nor bequeathed the domination he had acquired to a tyrannical successor. His sons succeeded to the paternal property, but not to the political power of their father, and his possessions being equally divided amongst them, they founded several families, long respected in Iceland as descendants of the pontiff Snorro.

ABBOTSFORD, OCTOBER 13, 1813.

AN ESSAY

ON

CHIVALRY, ROMANCE, AND THE DRAMA.

AN ESSAY ON CHIVALRY.

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The primitive sense of this well-known word, derived from the French *Chevalier*, signifies merely cavalry, or a body of soldiers serving on horseback; and it has been used in that general acceptation by the best of our poets, ancient and modern, from Milton to Thomas Campbell.

But the present article respects the peculiar meaning given to the word in Modern Europe, as applied to the order of knighthood, established in almost all her kingdoms during the middle ages, and the laws, rules, and customs, by which it was governed. Those laws and customs have been long antiquated, but their effects may still be traced in European manners; and, excepting only the change which flowed from the introduction of the Christian religion, we know no cause which has produced such general and permanent difference betwixt the ancients and moderns, as that which has arisen out of the institution of chivalry. In attempting to treat this curious and important subject, rather as philosophers than as antiquaries, we cannot, however, avoid going at some length into the history and origin of the institution.

From the time that cavalry becomes used in war, the horseman who furnishes and supports a charger arises, in all countries, into a person of superior importance to the mere foot soldier. The apparent difficulty of the art of training and managing in the field of battle an animal so spirited and active, gave the ιππόδμος Ανηρ, or *Domitor equi*, in rude ages, a character of superior gallantry, while the necessary expense attending this mode of service attested his superior wealth. In various military nations, therefore, we find that horsemen are distinguished as an order in the state; and need only appeal to the *equites* of ancient Rome as a body interposed betwixt the senate and the people, or to the laws of the conquerors of New Spain, which assigned a double portion of spoil to the soldier who fought on horseback, in support of a proposition in itself very obvious. But, in the middle ages, the distinction ascribed to soldiers serving on horseback assumed a very peculiar and imposing character. They were not merely respected on account of their wealth or military skill, but were bound together by a union of a very peculiar character, which monarchs were ambitious to share with the poorest of their subjects, and governed by laws directed to enhance, into enthusiasm, the military spirit and the sense of personal honour associated with it. The aspirants to this dignity were not permitted to assume the sacred character of knighthood until after a long and severe probation, during which they practised, as acolytes, the virtues necessary to the order of Chivalry. Knighthood was the goal to which the ambition of every noble youth turned; and to support its honours, which (in theory at least) could only be conferred on the gallant, the modest, and the virtuous, it was necessary he should spend a certain time in a subordinate situation, attendant upon some knight of eminence, observing the conduct of his master, as what must in future be the model of his own, and practising the virtues of humility, modesty, and temperance, until called upon to display those of a higher order.

The general practice, of assigning some precise period when youths should be admitted into the society of the manhood of their tribe, and considered as entitled to use the privileges of that more mature class, is common to many primitive nations. The custom, also of marking the transition from the one state to the other, by some peculiar formality or personal ceremonial, seems so very natural, that it is quite unnecessary to multiply instances, or crowd our pages with the barbarous names of the nations by whom it has been adopted. In the general and abstract definition of Chivalry, whether as comprising a body of men whose military service was on horseback, and who were invested with peculiar honours and privileges, or with reference to the mode and period in which these distinctions and privileges were conferred, there is nothing either original or exclusively proper to our Gothic ancestors. It was in the singular tenets of Chivalry,—in the exalted, enthusiastic, and almost sanctimonious, ideas connected with its duties,—in the singular balance which its institutions offered against the evils of the rude ages in which it arose, that we are to seek those peculiarities which render it so worthy of our attention.

The original institution of Chivalry has been often traced to the custom of the German tribes recorded by Tacitus. "All business," says the historian, "whether public or private, is transacted by the citizens under arms. But it is not the custom that any one shall assume the military dress or weapons without the approbation of the state. For this purpose, one of the chief leaders, or the father or nearest relation of the youthful candidate, introduces him into the assembly, and confers on him publicly a buckler and javelin. These arms form the dress proper to manhood, and are the first honour conferred on youth. Before he receives them, the young man is but a member of his own family, but after this ceremony he becomes a part of the state itself." (*Germania* · Taciti.) The records of the northern nations, though we cannot rely upon their authenticity with the same unlimited confidence, because we conceive most of the legends relating to them have been written at a much later period than the times in which the scene is laid, may be referred to in confirmation of the Roman historians. The Scandinavian legends and *Sagas* are full of the deeds of those warriors whom they termed heroes or champions, and who appear to have been formed into an order somewhat resembling that of Chivalry, and certainly followed the principal and most characteristic employment of its profession; wandering from court to court and from shore to shore, bound on high adventure, and seeking, with equal readiness, their fortunes in love and in war. It would not be difficult to deduce from this very early period some of those peculiar habits and customs, which, brought by the Gothic conquerors into the provinces of the divided empire of Rome, subsisted and became engrafted upon the institutions of Chivalry. Tacitus, for example, informs us, that among the Germans, and especially among the Catti, every youthful champion permitted his beard and hair to grow, and did not shave them until he had performed some signal feat of arms. In the like manner, as the general reader may have learned from that irrefragable authority, Don Quixote de la Mancha, a knight who received his order was obliged to wear white armour, and a shield without a device, until, by some daring and distinguished achievement, he had acquired title to an honourable badge of distinction. If this correspondence of customs shall be thought too far fetched, and too general, the next, which we also derive from Tacitus, is too close to be disputed. The German warriors, who piqued themselves upon their bravery, used, at the commencement of a war, to assume an iron ring, after the fashion of a

shackle, upon their arm, which they did not remove until they had slain an enemy. The reader may be pleased to peruse the following instance of a similar custom from the French romance of *Jehan de Saintré*, written in the year 1459, and supposed to be founded, in a great measure, upon real incidents.* The hero, with nine companions at arms, four of whom were knights, and five squires, vowed to carry a helmet of a particular shape, that of the knights having a visor of gold, and that of the squires a visor of silver. Thus armed, they were to travel from court to court for the space of three years, defying the like number of knights and squires, wherever they came, to support the beauty of their mistresses with sword and lance. The emblems of their enterprise were chained to their left shoulders, nor could they be delivered of them until their vow was honourably accomplished. Their release took place at the court of the Emperor of Germany, after a solemn tournament, and was celebrated with much triumph. In like manner, in the same romance, a Polish knight, called the Seigneur de Loiselench, is described as appearing at the court of Paris wearing a light gold chain attached to his wrist and ankle in token of a vow, which emblem of bondage he had sworn to wear for five years, until he should find some knight or squire without reproach, by encountering with whom he might be *delivered* (such was the phrase) of his vow and enterprise. Lord Herbert of Cherbury mentions, in his Memoirs, that when he was made Knight of the Bath, a tassel of silken cordage was attached to the mantle of the order, which, doubtless, had originally the same signification as the shackle worn by the German champion. The rule was, however, so far relaxed, that the knot was unloosed so soon as a lady of rank gaged her word that the new Knight of the Bath would do honour to the order; and Lord Herbert, whose punctilious temper set great store by the niceties of chivalrous ceremony, fails not to record, with becoming gratitude, the name of the honourable dame who became his security on this important occasion.

Other instances might be pointed out, in which the ancient customs of the Gothic tribes may be traced in the history of Chivalry; but the above are enough to prove that the seeds of that singular institution existed in the German forests, though they did not come to maturity until the destruction of the Roman empire, and the establishment of the modern states of Europe upon its ruins.

Having thus given a general view of the origin of Chivalry, we shall, I. briefly notice the causes from which it drew its peculiar characters, and the circumstances in which it differs so widely from the martial character, as it existed, either among the ancient Greeks and Romans, or in other countries and nations. II. We shall attempt a general abstract of its institutions. III. The rise and progress of Chivalry,—its effects upon the political state of Europe,—and its decay and extinction, will close the article.

I. Agreeably to this general division, the general nature and spirit of the institution of chivalry falls first under our consideration.

In every age and country valour is held in esteem, and the more rude the period and the place, the greater respect is paid to boldness of enterprise and success in battle. But it was peculiar to the institution of Chivalry, to blend military valour with the strongest passions which actuate the human mind, the feelings of devotion and those of love. The Greeks and Romans fought for liberty or for conquest, and the knights of the middle ages for God and for their ladies. Loyalty to their sovereigns was a duty also incumbent upon these warriors; but although a powerful motive, and by which they often appear to have been strongly actuated, it entered less warmly into the composition of the chivalrous principle than the two preceding causes. Of patriotism, considered as a distinct predilection to the interests of one kingdom, we find comparatively few traces in the institutions of knighthood. But the love of personal freedom, and the obligation to maintain and defend it in the persons of others as in their own, was a duty particularly incumbent on those who attained the honour of Chivalry. Generosity, gallantry, and an unblemished reputation, were no less necessary ingredients in the character of a perfect knight. He was not called upon simply to practise these virtues when opportunity offered, but to be sedulous and unwearied in searching for the means of exercising them, and to push them without hesitation to the brink of extravagance, or even beyond it. Founded on principles so pure, the order of Chivalry could not, in the abstract at least, but occasion a pleasing, though a romantic development of the energies of human nature. But ah, in actual practice, every institution becomes deteriorated and degraded, we have too much occasion to remark, that the devotion of the knights often degenerated into superstition,—their love into licentiousness,—their spirit of loyalty or of freedom into tyranny and turmoil,—their generosity and gallantry into hair-brained madness and absurdity.

We have mentioned devotion as a principal feature in the character of Chivalry. At what remote period the forms of Chivalry were first blended with those of the Christian religion, would be a long and difficult inquiry. The religion which breathes nothing but love to our neighbour and forgiveness of injuries, was not, in its primitive purity, easily transferable into the warlike and military institutions of the Goths, the Franks, and the Saxons. At its first infusion, it appeared to soften the character of the people among whom it was introduced so much, as to render them less warlike than their heathen neighbours. Thus the pagan Danes ravaged England when inhabited by the Christian Saxons,—the heathen Normans conquered Neustria from the Franks,—the converted Goths were subdued by the sword of the heathen Huns,—the Visigoths of Spain fell before the Saracens. But the tide soon turned. As the necessity of military talent and courage became evident, the Christian religion was used by its ministers (justly and wisely, so far as respected self-defence) as an additional spur to the temper of the valiant. Those books of the Old Testament which Ulphilas declined to translate, because they afforded too much fuel for the military zeal of the ancient Goths, were now commented upon to animate the sinking courage of their descendants. Victory and glory on earth, and a happy immortality after death, were promised to those champions who should distinguish themselves in battle against the infidels. And who shall blame the preachers who held such language, when it is remembered that the Saracens had at one time nearly possessed themselves of Aquitaine, and that but for the successful valour of Charles Martel, Pepin, and Charlemagne, the crescent might have dispossessed the cross of the fairest portion of Europe? The fervent sentiments of devotion which direct men's eyes toward heaven, were then justly invoked to unite with those which are most valuable on earth,—the love of our country and its liberties.

But the Romish clergy, who have in all ages possessed the wisdom of serpents, if they sometimes have fallen short of the simplicity of doves, saw the advantage of converting this temporary zeal, which animated the warriors of their creed against the invading infidels, into a permanent union of principles, which should blend the ceremonies of religious worship with the military establishment of the ancient Goths and Germans. The admission of the noble youth to the practice of arms was no longer a mere military ceremony, where the sword or javelin was delivered to him in presence of the prince or elders of his tribe; it became a religous rite, sanctified by the forms of the church which he was in future to

* We may here observe, once for all, that we have no hesitation in quoting the romances of Chivalry as good evidence of the laws and customs of knighthood. The authors, like the painters of the period, invented nothing, but, copying the manners of the age in which they lived, transferred them, without doubt or scruple, to the period and personages of whom they treated. But the romance of *Jehan de Saintre* is still more authentic evidence, as it is supposed to contain no small measure of fact, though disguised and distorted. Probably the achievement of the Polish knights may have been a real incident.

fend. The novice had to watch his arms in a church or chapel, or at least on hallowed ground, the night before he had received the honour of knighthood. He was made to assume a white dress, in imitation of the neophytes of the church. Fast and confession were added to vigils; the purification of the bath was imposed on the military acolyte, in imitation of the initiatory rite of Christianity; and he was attended by godfathers, who became security for his performing his military vows, as sponsors had formerly appeared for him at baptism. In all points of ceremonial, the investiture of Chivalry was brought to resemble, as nearly as possible, the administrations of the sacraments of the church. The ceremony itself was performed, where circumstances would admit, in a church or cathedral, and the weapons with which the young warrior was invested were previously blessed by the priest. The oath of Chivalry bound the knight to defend the rights of the holy church, and to respect religious persons and institutions, and to obey the precepts of the gospel. Nay, more, so intimate was the union betwixt chivalry and religion esteemed to be, that the several gradations of the former were seriously considered as parallel to those of the church, and the knight was supposed to resemble the bishop in rank, duties, and privileges, while the squire and page corresponded to the priest and deacon. At what period this infusion of religious ceremonial into an order purely military first commenced, and when it became complete and perfect, would be a curious but a difficult subject of investigation. Down to the reign of Charlemagne, and somewhat lower, the investiture was of a nature purely civil; but long before the time of the crusades, it had assumed the religious character we have described.

The effect which this union of religious and military zeal was likely to produce in every other case, save that of defensive war, could not but be unfavourable to the purity of the former. The knight, whose profession was war, being solemnly enlisted in the service of the gospel of peace, regarded infidels and heretics of every description as the enemies whom, as God's own soldier, he was called upon to attack and slay wherever he could meet with them, without demanding or waiting for any other cause of quarrel than the difference of religious faith. The duties of morality were indeed formally imposed on him by the oath of his order, as well as that of defending the church, and extirpating heresy and misbelief. But, in all ages, it has been usual for men to compound with their consciences for breaches of the moral code of religion, by a double portion of zeal for its abstract doctrines. In the middle ages, this course might be pursued on system: for the church allowed an exploit done on the infidels as a merit which might obliterate the guilt of the most atrocious crimes.

The genius alike of the age and of the order tended to render the zeal of the professors of Chivalry fierce, burning, and intolerant. If an infidel, says a great authority, impugn the doctrines of the Christian faith before a churchman, he should reply to him by argument; but a knight should render no other reason to the infidel than six inches of his falchion thrust into his accursed bowels. Even courtesy, and the respect due to ladies of high degree, gave way when they chanced to be infidels. The renowned Sir Bevis of Hamptoun, being invited by the fair Princess Josiane to come to her bower, replies, to the Paynims who brought the message,

> "I will ne gou oné foot on ground
> For to speke with an heathen hound;
> Unchristian houndes, I rede ye flee,
> Or I your heart's blood will see."

This intemperate zeal for religion the knights were expected to maintain at every risk, however imminent. Like the early Christians, they were prohibited from acquiescing, even by silence, in the rites of idolatry, although death should be the consequence of their interrupting them. In the fine romance of *Huon of Bourdeaux*, that champion is represented as having failed in duty to God and his faith, because he had professed himself a Saracen for the temporary purpose of obtaining entrance into the palace of the Amial Gaudifer. "And when Sir Huon passed the third gate, he remembered him of the lie he had spoken to obtain entrance into the first. Alas! said the knight, what but destruction can betide one who has so foully falsified and denied his faith towards Him who has done so much for me!" His mode of repentance was truly chivalrous. When he came to the gate of the last interior enclosure of the castle, he said to the warder, "Pagan, accursed be thou of God, open the gate." When he entered the hall where the pagan monarch was seated in full state, he struck off, without ceremony, the head of the pagan lord who sat next in rank to him, exclaiming at the same time with a loud voice, "God, thou hast given me grace well to commence my emprise; may our Redeemer grant me to bring it to an honourable conclusion!" Many such passages might be quoted to show the outrageous nature of the zeal which was supposed to actuate a Christian knight. But it is needless to ransack works of fiction for this purpose. The real history of the Crusades, founded on the spirit of Chivalry, and on the restless and intolerant zeal which was blended by the churchmen with this military establishment, are an authentic and fatal proof of the same facts. The hair-brained and adventurous character of these enterprises, not less than the promised pardons, indulgences, and remissions of the church, rendered them dear to the warriors of the middle ages; the idea of re-establishing the Christian religion in the Holy Land, and wresting the tomb of Christ from the infidels, made kings, princes, and nobles, blind to its hazards; and they rushed, army after army, to Palestine, in the true spirit of Chivalry, whose faithful professors felt themselves the rather called upon to undertake an adventure, from the peculiar dangers which surrounded it, and the numbers who had fallen in previous attempts.

It was after the conquest of the Holy Land that the union between temporal and spiritual Chivalry (for such was the term sometimes given to monastic establishments) became perfect, by the institution of the two celebrated military orders of monks, the Knights Templar and Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, who, renouncing (at least in terms) the pomp, power, and pleasures of the world, and taking upon themselves the monastic vows of celibacy, purity, and obedience, did not cease to remain soldiers, and directed their whole energy against the Saracens. The history of these orders will be found in its proper place in this work; but their existence is here noticed as illustrating our general proposition concerning the union of devotion and chivalry. A few general remarks will close this part of the subject.

The obvious danger of teaching a military body to consider themselves as missionaries of religion, and bound to spread its doctrines, is, that they are sure to employ in its service their swords and lances. The end is held to sanctify the means, and the slaughter of thousands of infidels is regarded as an indifferent, or rather as a meritorious action, providing it may occasion the conversion of the remnant, or the peopling their land with professors of a purer faith. The wars of Charlemagne in Saxony, the massacres of the Albigenses in the south of France, the long-continued wars of Palestine, all served to illustrate the dangers resulting from the doctrine, which inculcated religion not as a check upon the horrors and crimes of war, but as itself its most proper and legitimate cause. The evil may be said to have survived the decay of Chivalry, to have extended itself to the New World, and to have occasioned those horrors with which is was devastated for ages after its first discovery. The Spanish conquerors of South America were not, indeed, knights-errant, but the nature of their enterprises, as well as the mode in which they were conducted, partook deeply of the spirit of Chivalry. In no country of Europe had this spirit sunk so deeply and spread so wide as in Spain. The extravagant positions respecting the point of honour, and the romantic summons which Chivalry proclaimed to deeds of danger

and glory, suited the ardent and somewhat oriental character of the Spaniards, a people more remarkable for force of imagination, and depth of feeling, than for wit or understanding. Chivalry, in Spain, was embittered by a double proportion of intolerant bigotry, owing to their constant and inveterate wars with the Moorish invaders. The strain of sentiment, therefore, which Chivalry inspired, continued for a long time to mark the manners of Spain after the decay of its positive institutions, as the beams of the sun tinge the horizon after the setting of its orb. The warriors whom she sent to the New World sought and found marvels which resembled those of romance; they achieved deeds of valour against such odds of numbers as are only recorded in the annals of knight-errantry; and, alas! they followed their prototypes in that indifference for human life, which is the usual companion of intolerant zeal. Avarice, indeed, brought her more sordid shades to complete the gloomy picture; and avarice was unknown to the institutions of Chivalry. The same intolerance, however, which overthrew the altars of the Indians by violence, instead of assailing their errors by reason, and which imputed to them as crimes their ignorance of a religion which had never been preached to them, and their rejection of speculative doctrines of faith propounded by persons whose practice was so ill calculated to recommend them—all these may be traced to the spirit of Chivalry, and the military devotion of its professors.

The religion of the knights, like that of the times, was debased by superstition. Each champion had his favourite saint, to whom he addressed himself upon special occasions of danger, and to whom, after the influence of his lady's eyes, he was wont to ascribe the honour of his conquest. St. Michael, the leader of banded Seraphim, and the personal antagonist of Satan,—St. George, St. James, and St. Martin, all of whom popular faith had invested with the honours of Chivalry,—were frequently selected as the appropriate champions of the militant adventurers yet on earth. The knights used their names adjected to their own, as their insignia, watch-word, or signal for battle. Edward III., fighting valiantly in a night skirmish before the gates of Calais, was heard to accompany each blow he struck with the invocation of his tutelar saints, Ha! Saint Edward! ha! St. George! But the Virgin Mary, to whom their superstition ascribed the qualities of youth, beauty, and sweetness, which they prized in their terrestrial mistresses, was an especial object of the devotion of the followers of Chivalry, as of all other good Catholics. Tournaments were undertaken, and feats of arms performed in her honour, as in that of an earthly mistress; and the veneration with which she was regarded seems occasionally to have partaken of the character of romantic affection. She was often held to return this love by singular marks of her favour and protection. During an expedition of the Christians to the coast of Africa, Froissart informs us that a large black dog was frequently seen in their camp, which barked furiously whenever the infidels approached it by night, and rendered such service to the Christian adventurers by its vigilance, that with one consent they named it "The Dog of our Lady."

But although, as is incidental to human institutions, the mixture of devotion in the military character of the knight degenerated into brutal intolerance and superstition in its practical effects, nothing could be more beautiful and praiseworthy than the theory on which it was grounded. That the soldier drawing the sword in defence of his country and its liberties, or of the oppressed innocence of damsels, widows, and orphans, or in support of religious rights, for which those to whom they belonged were disqualified by their profession to combat in person,—that he should blend with all the feelings which these offices inspired, a deep sense of devotion, exalting him above the advantage and even the fame which he himself might derive from victory, and giving dignity to defeat itself, as a lesson of divine chastisement and humiliation; that the knight on whose valour his countrymen were to rely in danger should set them an example in observing the duties and precepts of religion,—are circumstances so well qualified to soften, to dignify, and to grace the profession of arms, that we cannot but regret their tendency to degenerate into a ferocious propensity to bigotry, persecution, and intolerance. Such, however, is the fate of all human institutions, which, however fairly framed in theory, are in practice too often corrupted by our evil passions, until the results which flow from them become the very reverse of what was to have been expected and desired.

The next ingredient in the spirit of Chivalry, second in force only to the religious zeal of its professors, and frequently predominating over it, was a devotion to the female sex, and particularly to her whom each knight selected as the chief object of his affection, of a nature so extravagant and unbounded as to approach to a sort of idolatry.

The original source of this sentiment is to be found, like that of Chivalry itself, in the customs and habits of the northern tribes, who possessed, even in their rudest state, so many honourable and manly distinctions, over all the other nations in the same stage of society. The chaste and temperate habits of these youth, and the opinion that it was dishonourable to hold sexual intercourse until the twentieth year was attained, was in the highest degree favourable not only to the morals and health of the ancient Germans, but must have contributed greatly to place their females in that dignified and respectable rank which they held in society. Nothing tends so much to blunt the feelings, to harden the heart, and to destroy the imagination, as the worship of the Vaga Venus in early youth. Wherever women have been considered as the early, willing, and accommodating slaves of the voluptuousness of the other sex, their character has become degraded, and they have sunk into domestic drudges and bondswomen among the poor,—the captives of a harem among the more wealthy. On the other hand, the men, easily and early cloyed with indulgences, which soon lose their poignancy when the senses only are interested, become first indifferent, then harsh and brutal, to the unfortunate slaves of their pleasures. The sated lover,—and perhaps it is the most brutal part of humanity,—is soon converted into the capricious tyrant, like the successful seducer of the modern poet.

> "Hard! with their fears and terrors to behold
> The cause of all, the faithless lover cold,
> Impatient grown at every wish denied,
> And barely civil, soothed and gratified."
>
> CRABBE'S *Borough*, p. 213.

Habitual indulgence seeks change of objects to relieve satiety. Hence polygamy, and all its brutalizing consequences, which were happily unknown to our Gothic ancestors. The virtuous and manly restraints imposed on their youth were highly calculated to exalt the character of both sexes, and especially to raise the females in their own eyes and those of their lovers. They were led to regard themselves, not as the passive slaves of pleasure, but as the objects of a prolonged and respectful affection, which could only be finally gratified when their lovers had attained the age of mature reason, and were capable to govern and to defend the family which should arise around them. With the young man imagination and sentiment combined to heighten his ideas of a pleasure which nature instructed him to seek, and which the wise laws of his country prevented him from prematurely aspiring to share. To a youth so situated, the maiden on whom he placed his affections became an object of awe as well as of affection; the passion which he indulged for her was of a nature as timid and pure as engrossing and powerful; the minds of the parties became united before the joining of their hands, and a moral union preceded the mere intercourse of the sexes.

The marriages formed under these wise auspices

were, in general, happy and affectionate. Adultery was infrequent, and punished with the utmost rigour; nor could she who had undergone the penalty of such a crime find a second husband, however distinguished by beauty, birth, or wealth. (Taciti *Germania*.) The awe and devotion with which the lover had regarded his destined bride during the years in which the German youth were enjoined celibacy, became regard and affection in the husband towards the sharer of his labours and the mistress of his household. The matron maintained that rank in society which love had assigned to the maiden. No one then, says the Roman historian, dared to ridicule the sacred union of marriage, or to term an infringement of its laws a compliance with the manners of the age. The German wife, once married, seldom endeavoured to form a second union, but continued, in honoured widowhood, to direct and manage the family of her deceased husband. This habitual subjection of sensuality to sentiment, these plain, simple, virtuous, and temperate manners of the German women, placed the females in that high rank of society which the sex occupies when its conduct is estimable, and from which it as certainly declines in ages or climates prone to luxurious indulgence. The superintendence of the domestic affairs was assigned to the German women, a duty in which the men seldom interfered, unless when rendered by age or wounds incapable of warfare. They were capable of exercising the supreme authority in their tribe, and of holding the honours of the priesthood. But the influence of the women in a German tribe, as well as their duties in war, will be best understood from the words of Tacitus. "It is the principal incitement to the courage of the Germans, that in battle their separate troops or columns are not arranged promiscuously as chance directs, but consist each of a united family, or clan, with its relatives. Their most precious pledges are placed in the vicinity, whence may be heard the cries of their females, the wailings of their infants, whom each accounts the most sacred witnesses and the dearest eulogists of his valour. The wounded repair to their mothers and spouses, who hesitate not to number their wounds, and to suck the blood that flows from them. The females carry refreshment to those engaged in the contest, and encourage them by their exhortations. It is related, that armies, when disordered, and about to give way, have renewed the contest, at the instance of the women; moved by the earnestness of their entreaties, their exposed bosoms, and the danger of approaching captivity;—a doom which they dread more on account of their females than even on their own;—insomuch, that these German estates are most effectually bound to obedience, among the number of whose hostages there are noble damsels as well as men. They deem, indeed, that there resides in the female sex something sacred and capable of presaging the future; nor do they scorn their advice or neglect their responses. In the time of Vespasian we have seen Velleda long hold the rank of a deity in most of the German states; and, in former times, they venerated Aurinia and other females; neither, however, from mere flattery, nor yet in the character of actual goddesses."

The tales and *Sagas* of the north, in which females often act the most distinguished part, might also be quoted as proofs of the rank which they held in society. We find them separating the most desperate frays by their presence, their commands, or their mantles, which they threw over the levelled weapons of the combatants. Nor were their rights less extensive than their authority. In the *Eyrbiggia-Saga* we are informed, that Thordisa, the mother of the celebrated Pontiff Snorro, and wife of Biarko of Helgafels, received a blow from her husband. The provocation was strong, for the matron had, in the husband's house and at his table, attempted to stab his guest Eyalf Graie, on account of his having slain one of her relations. Yet so little did this provocation justify the offence, that, in the presence of the comitia, or public assembly of the tribe, Thordisa invoked witnesses to bear testimony, that she divorced her husband on account of his having raised his hand against her person. And such were the rights of a northern *mater familias*, that the divorce and a division of goods immediately took place between the husband and wife, although the violence of which Thordisa complained was occasioned by her own attempt to murder a guest.

We have traced the ideas of the Gothic tribes on this important point the more at length, because they show, that the character of veneration, sanctity, and inviolability, attached to the female character, together with the important part assigned to them in society, were brought with them from their native forests, and had existence long before the chivalrous institutions in which they made so remarkable a feature. They easily became amalgamated in a system so well fitted to adopt whatever was romantic and enthusiastic in manners or sentiment. Amid the various duties of knighthood, that of protecting the female sex, respecting their persons, and redressing their wrongs, becoming the champion of their cause, and the chastiser of those by whom they were injured, was represented as one of the principal objects of the institution. Their oath bound the new-made knights to defend the cause of all women without exception; and the most pressing way of conjuring them to grant a boon, was to implore it in the name of God and the ladies. The cause of a distressed lady was, in many instances, preferable to that even of the country to which the knight belonged. Thus, the Captal de Buche, though an English subject, did not hesitate to unite his troops with those of the Compte de Foix, to relieve the ladies in a French town, where they were besieged and threatened with violence by the insurgent peasantry. The looks, the words, the sign of a lady, were accounted to make knights at time of need perform double their usual deeds of strength and valour. At tournaments and in combats, the voices of the ladies were heard like those of the German females in former battles, calling on the knights to remember their fame, and exert themselves to the uttermost. "Think, gentle knights," was their cry, "upon the wool of your breasts, the nerve of your arms, the love you cherish in your hearts, and do valiantly, for ladies behold you." The corresponding shouts of the combatants were, "Love of ladies! Death of warriors! On, valiant knights, for you fight under fair eyes."

Where the honour or love of a lady was at stake, the fairest prize was held out to the victorious knight, and champions from every quarter were sure to hasten to combat in a cause so popular. Chaucer, when he describes the assembly of the knights who came with Arcite and Palemon to fight for the love of the fair Emilie, describes the manners of his age in the following lines,

> "For every knight that loved chivalry,
> And would his thankes have a passant name,
> Hath pray'd that he might ben of that game,
> And well was him that thereto chosen was.
> For if there fell to-morrow such a case,
> Ye knowen well that every lusty knight
> That loveth par amour, and hath his might,
> Were it in Engelloude, or elleswhere,
> They would hir thankes willen to be there.
> To fight for a lady! Ah! Benedicite,
> It was a lusty sight for to see."

It is needless to multiply quotations on a subject so trite and well known. The defence of the female sex in general, the regard due to their honour, the subservience paid to their commands, the reverent awe and courtesy, which, in their presence, forbear all unseemly words and actions, were so blended with the institution of Chivalry, as to form its very essence.

But it was not enough that the "very perfect, gentle knight," should reverence the fair sex in general. It was essential to his character that he should select, as his proper choice, "a lady and a love," to be the polar star of his thoughts, the mistress of his affections, and the directress of his actions. In her service, he was to observe the duties of loyalty, faith, secrecy, and reverence. Without such an emperess of his heart, a knight, in the phrase of the times

was a ship without a rudder, a horse without a bridle, a sword without a hilt; a being, in short, devoid of that ruling guidance and intelligence, which ought to inspire his bravery, and direct his actions.

The Dame des Belles Cousines, having cast her eyes upon the little Jean de Saintré, then a page of honour at court, demanded of him the name of his mistress and his love, on whom his affections were fixed. The poor boy, thus pressed, replied, that the first object of his love was the lady his mother, and the next his sister Jacqueline. "Jouvencel," replied the inquisitive lady, who had her own reasons for not being contented with this simple answer, "we do not now talk of the affection due to your mother and sister; I desire to know the name of the lady whom you love *par amours*." "In faith, madam," said the poor page, to whom the mysteries of chivalry, as well as of love, were yet unknown, "I love no one *par amours*."—"Ah, false gentleman, and traitor to the laws of chivalry," returned the lady, "dare you say that you love no lady? well may we perceive your falsehood and craven spirit by such an avowal. Whence were derived the great valour and the high achievements of Lancelot, of Gawain, of Tristrem, of Giron the Courteous, and of other heroes of the Round Table,—whence those of Panthus, and of so many other valiant knights and squires of this realm, whose names I could enumerate had I time,—whence the exaltation of many whom I myself have known to arise to high dignity and renown—except from their animating desire to maintain themselves in the grace and favour of their ladies, without which mainspring to exertion and valour, they must have remained unknown and insignificant? And do you, coward page, now dare to aver, that you have no lady, and desire to have none? Hence, false heart that thou art." To avoid these bitter reproaches, the simple page named as his lady and love, *par amours*, Matheline de Coucy, a child of ten years old. The answer of the Dame des Belles Cousines, after she had indulged in the mirth which his answer prompted, instructed him how to place his affections more advantageously; and as the former part of the quotation may show the reader how essential it was to the profession of chivalry, that every one of its professors should elect a lady of his affections, that which follows explains the principles on which his choice should be regulated. "Matheline," said the lady, "is indeed a pretty girl, and of high rank, and better lineage than appertains to you. But what good, what profit, what honour, what advantage, what comfort, what aid, what council for advancing you in the ranks of chivalry, can you derive from such a choice? Sir, you ought to choose a lady of high and noble blood, who has the talent and means to counsel, and aid you at your need, and her you ought to serve so truly, and love so loyally, that she must be compelled to acknowledge the true and honourable affection which you bear to her. For, believe, there is no lady, however cruel and haughty, but through length of faithful service will be brought to acknowledge and reward loyal affection with some portion of pity, compassion, or mercy. In this manner, you will attain the praise of a worthy knight; and till you follow such a course, I would not give an apple for you or your achievements." The lady then proceeds to lecture the acolyte of Chivalry at considerable length on the seven mortal sins, and the way in which the true amorous knight may eschew commission of them. Still, however, the saving grace inculcated in her sermon was fidelity and secrecy in the service of the mistress whom he should love *par amours*. She proves, by the aid of quotations from the Scripture, the fathers of the church, and the ancient philosophers, that the true and faithful lover can never fall into the crimes of Pride, Anger, Envy, Sloth, or Gluttony. From each of these his true faith is held to warrant and defend him. Nay, so pure was the nature of the flame which she recommended, that she maintained it to be inconsistent even with the seventh sin of Chambering and Wanonness, to which it might seem too nearly allied. The least dishonest thought or action was, according to her doctrine, sufficient to forfeit the chivalrous love and the favour of his lady. It seems, however, that the greater part of her charge concerning incontinence is levelled against such as haunted the receptacles of open vice; and that she reserved an exception (of which, in the course of the history, she made liberal use) in favour of the intercourse which, in all love, honour, and secrecy, might take place, when the favoured and faithful knight had obtained, by long service, the boon of amorous mercy from the lady whom he loved *par amours*. The last encouragement which the Dame des Belles Cousines held out to Saintré, in order to excite his ambition, and induce him to fix his passion upon a lady of elevated birth, rank, and sentiment, is also worthy of being quoted, since it shows that it was the prerogative of Chivalry to abrogate the distinctions of rank, and elevate the hopes of the knight, whose sole patrimony was his arms and valour, to the high-born and princely dame, before whom he carved as a sewer.

"How is it possible for me," replied poor Saintré, after having heard out the unmerciful long lecture of the Dame des Belles Cousines, "to find a lady, such as you describe, who will accept of my service, and requite the affection of such a one as I am?"—"And why should you not find her?" answered the lady preceptress. "Are you not gently born? Are you not a fair and proper youth? Have you not eyes to look on her—ears to hear her—a tongue to plead your cause to her—hands to serve her—feet to move at her bidding—body and heart to accomplish loyally her commands? And, having all these, can you doubt to adventure yourself in the service of any lady whatsoever?"

In these extracts are painted the actual manners of the age of Chivalry. The necessity of the perfect knight having a mistress, whom he loved *par amours*, the duty of dedicating his time to obey her commands, however capricious, and his strength to execute extravagant feats of valour, which might redound to her praise,—for all that was done for her sake, and under her auspices, was counted her merit, as the victories of their generals were ascribed to the Roman Emperors,—was not a wit less necessary to complete the character of a good knight than the Dame des Belles Cousines represented it.

It was the especial pride of each distinguished champion, to maintain, against all others, the superior worth, beauty, and accomplishments of his lady; to bear her picture from court to court, and support, with lance and sword, her superiority to all other dames, abroad or at home. To break a spear for the love of their ladies, was a challenge courteously given, and gently accepted, among all true followers of Chivalry; and history and romance are alike filled with the tilts and tournaments which took place upon this argument, which was ever ready and ever acceptable. Indeed, whatever the subject of the tournament had been, the lists were never closed until a solemn course had been made in honour of the ladies.

There were knights yet more adventurous, who sought to distinguish themselves by singular and uncommon feats of arms in honour of their mistresses; and such was usually the cause of the whimsical and extravagant vows of arms which we have subsequently to notice. To combat against extravagant odds, to fight amid the press of armed knights without some essential part of their armour, to do some deed of audacious valour in face of friend and foe, were the services by which the knights strove to recommend themselves, or which their mistresses (very justly so called) imposed on them as proofs of their affection.

On such occasions, the favoured knight, as he wore the colours and badge of the lady of his affections, usually exerted his ingenuity in inventing some device or cognisance which might express their love, either openly, as boasting of it in the eye of the world, or in such mysterious mode of indication as should only be understood by the beloved person, if circumstances did not permit an avowal of his passion. Among the earliest instances of the

se of the English language at the court of the Norman monarchs, is the distich painted in the shield of Edward III. under the figure of a white swan, being the device which that warlike monarch wore at a tourney at Windsor.

"Ha! ha! the white swan,
By God his soul, I am thy man."

The choice of these devices was a very serious matter; and the usurpation of such as any knight had previously used and adopted, was often the foundation of a regular quarrel, of which many instances occur in Froissart and other writers.

The ladies, bound as they were in honour to requite the passion of their knights, were wont, on such occasions, to dignify them by the present of a scarf, riband, or glove, which was to be worn in the press of battle and tournament. These marks of favour they displayed on their helmets, and they were accounted the best incentives to deeds of valour. The custom appears to have prevailed in France to a late period, though polluted with the grossness so often mixed with the affected refinement and gallantry of that nation. In the attack made by the Duke of Buckingham upon the Isle of Rhè, favours were found on the persons of many of the French soldiers who fell at the skirmish on the landing; but for the manner in which they were disposed, we are compelled to refer to Howel and Wilson.

Sometimes the ladies, in conferring these tokens of their favour, clogged them with the most extravagant and severe conditions. But the lover had this advantage in such cases, that if he ventured to encounter the hazard imposed, and chanced to survive it, he had, according to the fashion of the age, the right of exacting, from the lady, favours corresponding in importance. The annals of Chivalry abound with stories of cruel and cold fair ones, who subjected their lovers to extremes of danger, in hopes that they might get rid of their addresses, but were, upon their unexpected success, caught in their own snare, and, as ladies who would not have their name made the theme of reproach by every minstrel, compelled to recompense the deeds which their champion had achieved in their name. There are instances in which the lover used his right of reprisals with some rigour, as in the well-known *fabliau* of the three knights and the shift; in which a lady proposes to her three lovers, successively, the task of entering, unarmed, into the melée of a tournament, arrayed only in one of her shifts. The perilous proposal is declined by two of the knights and accepted by the third, who thrusts himself, in the unprotected state required, into all the hazards of the tournament, sustains many wounds, and carries off the prize of the day. On the next day the husband of the lady (for she was married) was to give a superb banquet to the knights and nobles who had attended the tourney. The wounded victor sends the shift back to its owner, with his request, that she would wear it over her rich dress on this solemn occasion, soiled and torn as it was, and stained all over with the blood of its late wearer. The lady did not hesitate to comply, declaring, that she regarded this shift, stained with the blood of her "fair friend, as more precious than if it were of the most costly materials." Jaques de Basin, the minstrel, who relates this curious tale, is at a loss to say whether the palm of true love should be given to the knight or to the lady on this remarkable occasion. The husband, he assures us, had the good sense to seem to perceive nothing uncommon in the singular vestment with which his lady was attired, and the rest of the good company highly admired her courageous requital of the knight's gallantry.

Sometimes the patience of the lover was worn out by the cold-hearted vanity which thrust him on such perilous enterprises. At the court of one of the German emperors, while some ladies and gallants of the court were looking into a den where two lions were confined, one of them purposely let her glove fall within the palisade which enclosed the animals, and commanded her lover, as a true knight, to fetch it out to her. He did not hesitate to obey, jumped over the enclosure; threw his mantle towards the animals as they sprang at him; snatched up the glove, and regained the outside of the palisade. But when in safety, he proclaimed aloud, that what he had achieved was done for the sake of his own reputation, and not for that of a false lady, who could, for her sport and cold-blooded vanity, force a brave man on a duel so desperate. And, with the applause of all that were present, he renounced her love for ever.

This, however, was an uncommon circumstance. In general, the lady was supposed to have her lover's character as much at heart as her own, and to mean by pushing him upon enterprises of hazard, only to give him an opportunity of meriting her good graces, which she could not with honour confer upon one undistinguished by deeds of chivalry. An affecting instance is given by Godscroft.

At the time when the Scotch were struggling to recover their country from the usurpation of Edward I., the Castle of Douglas was repeatedly garrisoned by the English, and these garrisons were as frequently surprised, and cut to pieces, by the good Lord James of Douglas, who, lying in the mountainous wilds of Cairntable, and favoured by the intelligence which he maintained among his vassals, took opportunity of the slightest relaxation of vigilance to surprise the fortress. At length, a fair dame of England announced to the numerous suitors who sought her hand, that she would confer it on the man who should keep the perilous Castle of Douglas (so it was called) for a year and a day. The knight who undertook this dangerous task at her request, discharged his duty like a careful soldier for several months, and the lady, relenting at the prospect of his continued absence, sent a letter to recall him, declaring she held his probation as accomplished. In the meantime, however, he had received a defiance from Douglas, threatening him, that, let him use his utmost vigilance, he would recover from him his father's castle before Palm-Sunday. The English knight deemed that he could not in honour leave the castle till this day was past; and on the very eve of Palm-Sunday was surprised and slain with his lady's letter in his pocket, the perusal whereof greatly grieved the good Lord James of Douglas.

We are left much to our own conjectures on the appearance and manners of these haughty beauties, who were wooed with sword and lance, whose favours were bought at the expense of such dear and desperate perils, and who were worshipped, like heathen deities, with human sacrifices. The character of the ladies of the ages of Chivalry was probably determined by that of the men, to whom it sometimes approached. Most of these heroines were educated to understand the treatment of wounds, not only of the heart, but of the sword; and in romance, at least, the quality of leechcraft (practised by the Lady Bountifuls of the last generation) was essential to the character of an accomplished princess. They sometimes trespassed on the province of their lovers, and actually took up arms. The Countess de Montfort in Bretagne is celebrated by Froissart for the gallantry with which she defended her castle, when besieged by the English; and the old Prior of Lochleven in Scotland is equally diffuse in the praise of Black Agnes, Countess of March, who, in the reign of Edward III., held out the castle of Dunbar against the English. She appeared on the battlements with a white handkerchief in her hands, and wiped the walls in derision where they had been struck by stones from the English engines. When Montagu, Earl of Salisbury, brought up to the walls a military engine, like the Roman *testudo*, called a sow, she exclaimed in rhyme,

Beware, Montagou,
For farrow shall thy sow,

A huge rock discharged from the battlements dashed the sow to pieces, and the English soldiers who escaped from its ruins were called by the Countess, in derision, Montagu's pigs.

The nature of the conferences between these high minded heroines and their lovers, was somewhat peculiar. Their delectations were in tales of warlike

exploits, and in discourse of hunting and hawking. But when these topics were exhausted, they found in metaphysical discussions of nice questions concerning the passion of love, an endless source of interesting disquisition. The idea and definition of a true and pure passion, illustrated by a hundred imaginary cases devised on purpose, were managed in the same manner in which the schoolmen of the day agitated their points of metaphysical theology. The Scotists and the Thomists, whose useless and nonsensical debates cumbered the world with so many volumes of absurd disquisition upon the most extravagant points of polemical divinity, saw their theological labours rivalled in the courts of love, where the most abstracted reasoning was employed in discussing subtle questions upon the exaggerated hopes, fears, doubts, and suspicions of lovers, the circumstances of whose supposed cases were often ridiculous, sometimes criminal, sometimes licentious, and almost always puerile and extravagant. It is sufficient to state, that the discussions in the Courts of Love regarded such important and interesting questions, as, Whether his love be most meritorious who has formed his passion entirely on hearing, or his who has actually seen his mistress? with others of a tendency equally edifying.

Extremes of every kind border on each other; and as the devotion of the knights of Chivalry degenerated into superstition, the Platonic refinements and subtleties of amourous passion which they professed, were sometimes compatible with very coarse and gross debauchery. We have seen that they derived from the Gothic tribes that high and reverential devotion to the female sex, which forms the strongest tint in the manners of Chivalry. But with the simplicity of those ancient times they lost their innocence; and woman, though still worshipped with enthusiasm as in the German forests, did not continue to be (in all cases at least) the same pure object of regard. The marriage-tie ceased to be respected; and, as the youthful knights had seldom the means or inclination to encumber themselves with wives and families, their lady-love was often chosen among the married ladies of the court. It is true, that such a connexion was supposed to be consistent with all respect and honour, and was regarded by the world, and sometimes by the husband, as a high strain of Platonic sentiment, through which the character of its object in no respect suffered. But nature vindicated herself for the violence offered to her; and while the metaphysical students and pleaders in the Courts of Love professed to aspire but to the lip or hand of their ladies, and to make a merit of renouncing all further intrusion on their bounties, they privately indulged themselves in amours which had very little either of delicacy or sentiment. In the romance of the *Petit Jehan de Saintré*, that self-same Lady des Belles Cousines, who lectures so learnedly upon the seven mortal sins, not only confers on her deserving lover, "le don d'amoureux merci," but enters into a very unworthy and disgraceful intrigue with a stout broad-shouldered abbot, into which no sentiment whatever can be supposed to enter. The romance of *Tirante the White*, praised by Cervantes as a faithful picture of the knights and ladies of his age, seems to have been written in an actual brothel, and, contrasted with others, may lead us to suspect that their purity is that of romance, their profligacy that of reality. This license was greatly increased by the Crusades, from which the survivors of these wild expeditions brought back the corrupted morals of the east, to avenge the injuries they had inflicted on its inhabitants. Joinville has informed us of the complaints which Saint Louis made to him in confidence of the debaucheries practised in his own royal tent, by his attendants, in this holy expedition. And the ignominious punishment to which he subjected a knight, detected in such excesses, shows what severe remedies he judged necessary to stem the increase of libertinism.

Indeed, the gross license which was practised during the middle ages, may be well estimated by the vulgar and obscene language that was currently used in tales and fictions addressed to the young and noble of both sexes. In the romance of the *Round Table*, as Ascham sternly states, little was to be learned but examples of homicide and adultery, although he had himself seen it admitted to the anti-chamber of princes, when it was held a crime but to be possessed of the Word of God. In the romance of *Amadis de Gaul*, and many others, the heroines, without censure or imputation, confer on their lovers the rights of a husband before the ceremony of the church gave them a title to the name. These are serious narrations, in which decorum, at least, is rarely violated. But the comic tales are of a far more indelicate cast.

The *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer contain many narratives, of which, not only the diction, but the whole turn of the narrative, is extremely gross. Yet it does not seem to have occurred to the author, a man of rank and fashion, that they were improper to be recited, either in the presence of the Prioress, and her votaries, or in that of the noble Knight who

> ——— of his port was meek as is a maid,
> And never yet no villany he said.

And he makes but a light apology for including the disasters of the *Miller of Trompington*, or of *Absalom the Gentle Clerk*, in the same series of narrations with the *Knight's Tale*. Many of Bandello's most profligate novels are expressly dedicated to females of rank and consideration. And, to conclude, the *Fabliaux*, published by Barbazan and Le Grand, are frequently as revolting, from their naked grossness, as interesting from the lively pictures which they present of life and manners. Yet these were the chosen literary pastimes of the fair and the gay, during the times of Chivalry, and listened to, we cannot but suppose, with an interest considerably superior to that exhibited by the yawning audience who heard the theses of the Courts of Love attacked and supported in logical form, and with metaphysical subtlety.

Should the manners of the times appear inconsistent in these respects which we have noticed, we must remember that we are ourselves variable and inconsistent animals, and that, perhaps, the gravest mode of introducing and encouraging any particular vice, is to rank the corresponding virtue at a pitch unnatural in itself, and beyond the ordinary attainment of humanity. The vows of celibacy introduced profligacy among the Catholic clergy, as the high-flown and overstrained Platonism of the professors of Chivalry favoured the increase of license and debauchery.

After the love of God and of his lady, the preux chevalier was to be guided by that of glory and renown. He was bound by his vow to seek out adventures of risk and peril, and never to abstain from the quest which he might undertake, for any unexpected odds of opposition which he might encounter. It was not indeed the sober and regulated exercise of valour, but its fanaticism, which the genius of Chivalry demanded of its followers. Enterprises the most extravagant in conception, the most difficult in execution, the most useless when achieved, were those by which an adventurous knight chose to distinguish himself. There were solemn occasions also, on which these displays of chivalrous enthusiasm were especially expected and called for. It is only sufficient to name the tournaments, single combats, and solemn banquets, at which vows of chivalry were usually formed and proclaimed.

The tournaments were uniformly performed and frequented by the choicest and noblest youth in Europe, until the fatal accident of Henry II., after which they fell gradually into disuse. It was in vain that, from the various dangers to which they gave rise, these perilous amusements were prohibited by the heads of the Christian church. The Popes, infallible as they were deemed, might direct, but could not curb, the military spirit of Chivalry; they could excite crusades, but they could not abolish tournaments. Their laws, customs, and regulations, will fall properly under a separate article. It is here sufficient to observe, that these military

sons were of two kinds. In the most ancient, meaning "nothing in hate, but all in humour," the adventurous knights fought with sharp blades and lances, as in the day of battle. Even then, however, the number of blows was usually regulated, or, in cases of a general combat, some rules were laid down to prevent too much slaughter. The regulations of Duke Theseus for the tournament in Athens, as narrated by Chaucer in the *Knight's Tale*, may give a good example of these restrictions. When the combatants fought on foot, it was prohibited to strike otherwise than at the head or body; the number of strokes to be dealt with the sword and battle-axe were carefully numbered and limited, as well as the careers to be run with the lance. In these circumstances alone, the combats at *outrance*, as they were called, differed from encounters in actual war.

In process of time, the dangers of the solemn justs, held under the authority of princes, were modified by the introduction of arms of courtesy, as they were termed; lances, namely, without heads, and with round braces of wood at the extremity called *rockets*, and swords without points, and with blunted edges. But the risk continued great, from bruises, falls, and the closeness of the defensive armour of the times, in which the wearers were often smothered. The weapons at *outrance* were afterwards chiefly used when knights of different and hostile countries engaged by appointment, or when some adventurous gallants took upon them the execution of an enterprise of arms (*pas d'armes*) in which they, as challengers, undertook, for a certain time, and under certain conditions, to support the honour of their country, or their mistresses, against all comers. These enterprises often ended fatally; but the knights who undertook them were received in the foreign countries which they visited in accomplishment of their challenge, with the highest deference and honour; their arrival was considered as affording a subject of sport and jubilee to all ranks; and when any mischance befell them, such as that of De Lindsay, who, in a tournament at Berwick, had his helmet nailed to his skull, by the truncheon of a lance which penetrated both, and died, after devoutly confessing himself, in the casque from which they could not disengage him, the knights who were spectators prayed that God would vouchsafe them in his mercy a death so fair and so honourable. Stories of such challenges, with the minute details of the events of the combat, form frequent features in the histories of the age.

The contests of the tournament and the pas d'armes were undertaken merely in sport, and for thirst of honour. But the laws of the period afforded the adventurous knight other and more serious combats, in which he might exercise his valour. The custom of trying all doubtful cases by the body of a man, or, as it was otherwise expressed, by the judgment of God—in plain words, by referring the decision to the issue of a duel, prevailed universally among the Gothic tribes, from the highest antiquity. A *salvo* was devised, for the obvious absurdity of calling upon the weak to encounter the strong, a churchman to oppose a soldier, or age to meet in the lists with activity and youth. It was held, that either party might appear personally, or by his champion. This sage regulation gave exercise for the valour of the knights, who were bound by their oaths to maintain the cause of those who had no other protector. And, indeed, there is good reason to think, that the inconveniences and injustice of a law so absurd in itself as that of judicial combat, were evaded and mitigated by the institutions of Chivalry, since, among the number of knights who were eagerly hunting after opportunities of military distinction, a party incapable of supporting his own cause by combat could have little difficulty in finding a formidable substitute; so that no one, however bold and confident, could prosecute an unjust cause to the uttermost, without the risk of encountering some champion of the innocent party, from among the number of hardy knights who traversed every country seeking ostensible cause of battle.

Besides these formal combats, it was usual for the adventurous knight to display his courage by stationing himself at some pass in a forest, on a bridge, or elsewhere, compelling all passengers to avouch the superiority of his own valour, and the beauty of his mistress, or otherwise to engage with him in single combat. When Alexius Comnenus received the homage of the crusaders, seated upon his throne, previous to their crossing the Hellespont, during the first crusade, a French baron seated himself by the side of the Emperor of the East. Upon being reproved by Baldwin, he answered in his native language, "What ill-taught clown is this, [meaning Alexius,] who dares to keep his seat when the flower of the European nobility are standing around him?" The Emperor, dissembling his indignation, desired to know the birth and condition of the audacious Frank. "I am," replied the baron, "of the noblest race of France. For the rest, I only know that there is near my castle a spot where four roads meet, and near it a church, where men, desirous of single combat, spend their time in prayer till some one shall accept their challenge. Often have I frequented that chapel, but never met I one who durst accept my defiance." Thus the Bridge of Rodomont, in the Orlando Furioso, and the valiant defiance which the Knight of La Mancha hurled against the merchants of Toledo, who were bound to the fairs of Murcia, were neither fictions of Ariosto nor Cervantes, but had their prototypes in real history. The chivalrous custom of defying all and sundry to mortal combat, subsisted in the borders until the days of Queen Elizabeth, when the worthy Bernard Gilpin found in his church of Houghton le Spring a glove hung over the altar, which he was informed indicated a challenge to all who should take it down. The remnants of the judicial combats, and the enterprises of arms, may be found in the duels of the present day. In former times they still more resembled each other; for, in the seventeenth century, not only the seconds on each side regularly engaged, but it was usual to have more seconds, even to the number of five or six; a custom pleasantly ridiculed by Lord Chesterfield, in one of the papers of *The World*. It is obvious that a usage, at once so ridiculous, and so detrimental to the peace and happiness of society, must give way, in proportion to the progress of common sense. The custom is in general upon the wane, even as far as respects single combat between men who have actually given or taken offence at each other. The general rules of good-breeding prevent causes of such disagreement from arising in the intercourse of society, and the forward duellist, who is solicitous in seeking them out, is generally accounted a vulgar and ferocious, as well as a dangerous character. At the same time, the habits derived from the days of Chivalry still retain a striking effect on our manners, and have fully established a graceful as well as useful punctilio, which tends on the whole to the improvement of society. Every man enters the world under the impression, that neither his strength, his wealth, his station, nor his wit, will excuse him from answering, at the risk of his life, any unbecoming encroachment on the civility due to the weakest, the poorest, the least important, or the most modest member of the society in which he mingles. All, too, in the rank and station of gentlemen, are forcibly called upon to remember, that they must resent the imputation of a voluntary falsehood as the most gross injury; and that the rights of the weaker sex demand protection from every one who would hold a good character in society. In short, from the wild and overstrained courtesies of Chivalry has been derived our present system of manners. It is not certainly faultless, and it is guarded by penalties which we must often regret as disproportionably severe. Yet it has a grace and dignity unknown to classic times, when women were slaves, and men coarse and vulgar, or overbearing and brutal, as suited their own humour, without respect to that of the rest of their society.

II. Such being the tone and spirit of Chivalry, derived from love, devotion, and valour,—we have next to notice the special forms and laws of the

order, which will be found to correspond in every respect to the spirit which they were designed to foster.

The education of the future knight began at an early period. The care of the mother, after the first years of early youth were past, was deemed too tender, and the indulgences of the parental roof too effeminate, for the future aspirant to the honours of Chivalry. "Do you not bless God," said the Lady Mabel to her husband, the noble Duke Guerin of Montglaive, as on a solemn feast they looked on their four hopeful sons, "do you not bless God that has given you such a promising issue?"—"Dame," replied Guerin, in the true spirit of the age, "so help me God and Saint Martin! nothing can do me greater despite than to look on these four great lurdanes, who, arrived at such an age, yet do nothing but eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and spend their time in idle amusement."* To counteract these habits of indulgence, the first step to the order of knighthood was the degree of PAGE.

The young and noble stripling, generally about his twelfth year, was transferred from his father's house to that of some baron or gallant knight, sedulously chosen by the anxious parent as that which had the best reputation for good order and discipline. The children of the first nobles and high crown-vassals were educated by the royal court. And, however the reins of discipline might be in particular cases relaxed, or become corrupted in latter days, the theory was uniformly excellent. The youth who was to learn modesty, obedience, and address in arms and horsemanship, was daily exercised in the use of his weapons, beginning with such as were suited to his strength. He was instructed how to guide a horse with grace and dexterity; how to use the bow and the sword; how to manage the lance, an AR which was taught by making him ride a career against a wooden figure holding a buckler called a quintaine. This quintaine turned on an axis; and as there was a wooden sword in the other hand of the supposed opponent, the young cavalier, if he did not manage his horse and weapon with address, was liable to receive a blow when the shock of his charge made the quintaine spin round.

Besides these exercises, the noble youth was required to do the work which, in some respects, belonged to a menial; but the task was not imposed on him as in a servile capacity. He attended his lord during the chase, the rules of which, as an image of war, and as held the principal occupation of a gentleman during peace, were carefully inculcated. He was taught the principal blasts or notes of *venerie*, to be sounded when the hounds were uncoupled, when the prey was on foot, when he was brought to bay, and when he fell. This art did not tend solely to amusement. "The gentle damosel," to use the language of the times, learned to bear the fatigue, the hunger, and thirst, which huntsmen are exposed to. By the necessity of encountering and despatching a stag, a boar, or a wolf, at bay, he acquired promptitude and courage in the use of his weapons. The accuracy with which he was required to mark the track of the hunted animal's course gave him habits of attention and reflection. In the days and nights spent in the chase, amid wide and pathless forests, he acquired the art, so necessary to a soldier, of remarking and studying the face of the country. When benighted, he was taught to steer his course by the stars, if they were visible; if not, to make his couch with patience on the withered leaves, or in a tree. Had he lost his way by day-time, he distinguished the points of the compass by remarking which side of the trees were most covered with moss, and from which they threw their branches most freely, circumstances which, compared with the known course of the prevailing wind, afforded him the necessary information.

The ceremonial of the chase was to be acquired, as well as its arts. To brittle or break the deer, (in French, *faire la curee*,) in plain terms, to flay and disembowel the stag, a matter in which much precision was required, and the rules of which were ascribed to the celebrated Sir Tristrem of Lionesse, was an indispensable requisite of the page's education. Nor did his concern with the venison end here; he placed it on the table, waited during the banquet, and carved the ponderous dishes, when required or permitted to do so. Much grace and delicacy, it was supposed, might be displayed on these occasions; and, in one romance, we read of the high birth and breeding of a page being ascertained, by his scrupulously declining to use a towel to wipe his hands, when washed, before he began to carve, and contented himself with waving them in the air till they dried of themselves. It is, perhaps, difficult to estimate the force of this delicacy, unless by supposing that he had not a towel or napkin appropriated to his own separate use.

Amidst these various instructions, the page was often required to wait upon the ladies, rather as attending a sort of superior beings, to whom adoration and obsequious service were due, than as ministering to the convenience of human creatures like himself. The most modest demeanour, the most profound respect, was to be observed in the presence of these fair idols. Thus the veneration due to the female character was taught to the acolyte of chivalry, by his being placed so near female beauty, yet prohibited the familiarity which might discover female weakness. Love frequently mingled with this early devotion, and the connexion betwixt some lady of distinction and her gallant knight, is often, in romantic fiction, supposed to have originated from such early affection. In a romance called *The Golden Thread* (of which we have only seen a modern edition in German, but which has many features of originality,) when the daughter of the Count bestows her annual gifts on her father's household, she gives the page Leofried, in derision, a single thread of gold tissue. To show the value which he places upon the most minute memorial, coming from such a hand, the youth opens a wound in his bosom, and deposites the precious thread in the neighbourhood of his heart. The Dame des Belles Cousines, whom we have already mentioned, was assuredly not the only lady of high rank who was tempted to give a handsome young page the benefit of her experience in completing his education. This led the way to abuse; and the custom of breeding up youths as pages in the houses of the great, although it survived the decay of Chivalry, was often rather the introduction to indolence, mischief, and debauchery, than to useful knowledge and the practice of arms. The proper purposes of this preliminary part of chivalrous education, are well given by oneof the characters in Ben Johnson's *New Inn*, and he is answered by another, who alleges, with satire resembling that of Juvenal, the modern corruptions of the order of pages. Lord Lovel has requested mine Host to give him his son for a page. The Host answers, by declaring, he would rather hang his child with his own hand,

> "Than damn him to that desperate course of life.
> *Lovel.* Call you that desperate, which, by a line
> Of institution from our ancestors,
> Hath been derived down to us, and received
> In a succession, for the noblest way
> Of breeding up our youth in letters, arms,
> Fair mien, discourses, civil exercises,
> And all the blazon of a gentleman?
> Where can he learn to vault, to ride, to fence,
> To mar his body gracefully, to speak
> His language purer, or to turn his mind
> Or manners more to the harmony of nature
> Than in those nurseries of nobility?
> *Host.* Ay, that was when the nursery's self was noble,
> And only virtue made it, not the market."

And he replies, by enumerating instances of the decay of honour among the nobles, and of the debauchery of their household pages. In La Noue's *Political and Military Discourses*, is a similar complaint of the hazards to which the morals of youths of rank were exposed while acting in this domestic capacity. Nevertheless, the custom of having young gentlemen thus bred, continued, in a certain degree, down to the last century, although those destined to such employments became, by degrees, of a lower quality. In some few instances,

* *L'Hystoire de Guerin de Montglaive.*

he institution was maintained in its purity, and the age, when leaving the family in which he was educated, usually obtained a commission. The last instance we know, was that of a gentleman bred a page in the family of the Dutchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, who died during the reign of George III., a general-officer in his Majesty's service.

When advancing age and experience in the use of arms had qualified the page for the hardships and dangers of actual war, he was removed from the lowest to the second gradation of Chivalry, and became an *Escuyer*, Esquire, or SQUIRE. The derivation of this phrase has been much contested. It has been generally supposed to be derived from its becoming the official duty of the esquire to carry the shield (*Escu*) of the knight his master, until he was about to engage the enemy. Others have fetched the epithet (more remotely certainly) from *Scuria*, a stable, the charger of the knight being under the special care of the squire. Others, again, ascribe the derivation of the word to the right which the squire himself had to carry a shield, and to blazon it with armorial bearings. This, in latter times, became almost the exclusive meaning attached to the appellative esquire; and, accordingly, if the phrase now means any thing, it means a gentleman having a right to carry arms. There is reason, however, to think, this is a secondary meaning of the word, for we do not find the word Escuyer, applied as a title of rank, until so late as the Ordonnance of Blois, in 1579.

The candidate for the honours of Chivalry, now an immediate attendant on the knight or nobleman, was withdrawn from the private apartments of the ladies, and only saw them upon occasions of stated ceremony. In great establishments, there were squires of different ranks, and destined for different services; but we shall confine ourselves to those general duties which properly belonged to the office. The squire assisted his master in the offices at once of a modern valet de chambre and groom—he attended to dress and undress him, trained his horses to the menage, and kept his arms bright and burnished. He did the honours of the household to the strangers who visited it, and the reputation of the prince or great lord whom he served, was much exalted by the manner in which these courteous offices were discharged. In the words of Chaucer, describing the character of the squire,

> "Curteis he was, lowly and servisable,
> And carf before his fader at the table."

The squire was also expected to perfect himself in the accomplishments of the period, and not only to be a master of the ceremonial of the feast, but to be capable of enlivening it by his powers of conversation. He was expected to understand chess, draughts, and other domestic games. Poetry and music, if he had any turn for these beautiful arts, and whatever other accomplishments could improve the mind or the person, were accounted to grace his station. And accordingly, Chaucer's squire, besides that he was "singing or fluting all the day,"

> "—— Could songs make, and well indite,
> Just, and eke dance, and well pourtray and write."

Unquestionably, few possessed all these attributes; but the poet, with his usual precision and vivacity, has given us the picture of a perfect esquire.

To understand the squires' mode of life more particularly, it is necessary to consider that which was led in the courts and castles of the middle ages. Froissart has given us a very striking account of the mode of house-keeping in the family of Gaston, Earl of Foix, a prince whose court was considered as a first-rate nursery for the noble youth; and, from his lively description, we may, in some measure, conceive the mode in which the esquires spent their time. Froissart abode in his house above twelve weeks, much recommended to the favourable notice of the Earl, by his having brought with him a book containing all the songs, ballads, and virilays, which Wenceslaus of Bohemia, the gentle Duke of Brabant, had made, and the historian himself had compiled or transcribed. "Every night, after supper," says Froissart, "I read thereon to him, and while I read there was none durst speak any thing to interrupt me, so much did the Earl delight in listening." The quotation necessary to describe the Earl of Foix, and the economy of his household, must necessarily be a long one, but it is a picture, by the hand of an inimitable artist, of a school of Chivalry when Chivalry was at its highest pitch, and we are unwilling to destroy the likeness by abridging it.

"This Erle Gascone of Foix, with whom I was, at that tyme, he was of a fyftie yere of age and nyne; and, I say, I have in my tyme, sene many knights, kynges, princes, and others, but I neuer saw none like him of personage, nor of so fayre forme, nor so well made; his vysage fayre, sanguyne, and smylyng, his eyen gray and amorous, wher as he lyst to set his regarde; in euery thing he was so parfite that he can not be praised to moche; he loued that ought to be beloued, and hated that ought to be hated: he was a wyse knyght, of highe enterprise, and of good counsayle; he neuer had myscreant with hym: he sayd many orisons every day, a nocturn of the psalter, matyns of our Lady, of the Holy Ghost, and of the Crosse, and dirigè euery day; he gaue fyue florins, in small monies, at his gate to poore folkes for the loue of God; he was large and courtesse in gyftes; he could ryght well take where it parteyned to hym, and to delyuer agayne wher as he ought; he loued houdes of all beestes, wynter and somer he loued huntyng; he neuer loued folly, outrage, nor foly larges: euery moneth he wolde knowe what he spended; he tooke in his countre to receyue his reuenwes, and to serue him, notable persons, that is to saye, xii. recyuours, and euer fro 11. monethes to two monethes, two of them shulde serue for his receyte; for, at the two monethes ende, he wolde change and put other two into that offiyce; and one that he trusted best shulde be his comptroller, and to hym all other shulde accompt, and the comptroller shulde accopt to hym by rolles and bokes written, and the comptes to remayne still with therle: he had certeyne cofers in his chambre, out of the whiche oftetymes he wolde take money to gyve to lordes, knyhtes, and squyers, such as came to hym, for none shulde departe from him without some gift, and yet dayly he multiplyed his treasure, to resyst the aductuers and fortunes that he doubted; he was of good and easy acquayntance with every man, and amorously wolde speke to thē; he was short in counsayle, and answers; he had four secretaries, and at his rising, they must ever be redy at his hande, without any callynge; and whan any letter were delyuered him, and that he had reed it, than he wolde calle them to write agayne, or els for some other thynge. In this estate therle of Foix lyued. And at mydnight, whan he came out of his chambre into the hall to supper, he had ever before hym xii. torches brennying, borne by xii. varlettes standyng before his table all supper; they gaue a gret light, and the hall ever full of knightes and squyers, and many other tables dressed to suppe who wolde; ther was none should speke to hym at his table, but if he were called; his meate was lightlye wylde foule, the legges and wynges alonely, and in the day he dyd but lytell eate and drinke; he had great pleasure in armony of instrumētes; he coude do it right well hymself, he wolde have songes song before him, he wolde gladlye se conseytes and fantesies at his table. And or I came to his court, I had ben in many courtes of kynges, dukes, princes, erles, and great ladyes, but I was neuer in none y so well liked me, nor ther was none more reioysed in dedes of armes, than the erle dyde: ther was sene in his hall, chābre and court, knightes and squyers of honour going up and downe, and talking of armes and amours; all honour ther was found, all maner of tidynges of every realme and countre ther might be herde, for out of every cōtre there was resort, for the valyantnesse of this erle."*

While the courage of the young aspirant to the honours of knighthood was animated, and his emulation excited, by the society in which he was placed, and the conversation, to which he listened,—while

* Froissart's *Chronicles*, translated by Lord Berners.

every thing was done which the times admitted to refine his manners, and, in a certain degree, to cultivate his understanding; the personal exercises to which he had been trained, while a page, were now to be pursued with increasing assiduity, proportional to the increase of his strength. "He was taught," says a historian, speaking of Boucicaut, while a squire, "to spring upon a horse, while armed at all points; to exercise himself in running, to strike for a length of time with the axe or club; to dance and throw somersets, entirely armed, excepting the helmet; to mount on horseback behind one of his comrades, by barely laying his hands on his sleeve; to raise himself betwixt two partition walls to any height, by placing his back against the one, and his knees and hands against the other; to mount a ladder, placed against a tower, upon the reverse or under side, solely by the aid of his hands, and without touching the rounds with his feet; to throw the javelin, to pitch the bar," to do all, in short, which could exercise the body to feats of strength and agility, in order to qualify him for the exploits of war. For this purpose, the esquires had also their tourneys, separate and distinct from those of the knights. They were usually solemnized on the eve of the more formal and splendid tournaments, in which the knights themselves displayed their valour; and lighter weapons, than those of the knights, though of the same kind, were employed by the esquires. But, as we shall presently notice, the most distinguished among the esquires were (notwithstanding the high authority of the knight of La Mancha to the contrary) frequently admitted to the honours and dangers of the more solemn encounter.

In actual war the page was not expected to render much service, but that of the squire was important and indispensable. Upon a march he bore the helmet and shield of the knight, and led his horse of battle, a tall heavy animal fit to bear the weight of a man in armour, but which was led in hand in marching, while the knight rode an ambling hackney. The squire was also qualified to perform the part of an armourer, not only lacing his master's helmet and buckling his cuirass, but also closing with a hammer the rivets by which the various pieces were united to each other. This was a point of the utmost consequence; and many instances occur of mischances happening to celebrated warriors when the duty was negligently performed. In the actual shock of battle, the esquire attended closely on the banner of his master, or on his person if he were only a knight bachelor, kept pace with him during the melée, and was at hand to remount him when his steed was slain, or relieve him when oppressed by numbers. of the knight made prisoners, they were the charge of the esquire; if the esquire himself fortuned to make one, the ransom belonged to his master.

On the other hand, the knights who received these important services from their esquires, were expected to display towards them that courteous liberality which made so distinguished a point of the chivalrous character. Lord Audley led the van of the Black Prince's army at the battle of Poitiers, attended by four squires who had promised not to fail him. They distinguished themselves in the front of that bloody day, leaving such as they overcame to be made prisoners by others, and ever pressing forward where resistance was offered. Thus they fought in the chief of the battle, until Lord James Audley was sorely wounded, and his breath failed him. At the last, when the battle was gained, the four faithful esquires bore him out of the press, disarmed him, and stanched and dressed his wounds as they could. As the Black Prince called for the man to whom the victory was in some measure owing, Lord Audley was borne before him in a litter, when the Prince, after having awarded to him the praise and renown above all others who fought on that day, bestowed on him five hundred marks of yearly revenue, to be assigned out of his heritage, in England. Lord Audley accepted of the gift with due demonstration of gratitude; but no sooner was he brought to his lodging, than he called before him the four esquires by whom he had been so gallantly seconded, and the nobles of his lineage, and informed his kinsmen, "Sire, it hath pleased my Lord the Prince to bestow on me five hundred marks of heritage of which I am unworthy, for I have done him but small service. Behold, sirs, these four squires, which have always served me truly, and specially this day, the honour that I have is by their valour; therefore I resign to them and their heirs for ever, in like manner as it was given to me, the noble gift which the Prince hath assigned me." The lords beheld each other, and agreed it was a proof of great chivalry to bestow so royal a gift, and gladly undertook to bear witness to the transfer. When Edward heard these tidings, he sent for Lord Audley, and desired to know why he had bestowed on others the gift he had assigned him, and whether it had not been acceptable to him: "Sir," said Lord Audley, "these four squires have followed me well and truly in several severe actions, and at this battle they served me so well, that had they done nothing else, I had been bound to reward them. I am myself but a single man, but, by aid of their united strength and valour, I was enabled to execute the vow which I had made, to give the onset in the first battle in which the King of England or his sons should be present, and had it not been for them, I must have been left dead on the field. This is the reason I have transferred your Highness's bounty, as to those by whom it was best deserved." The Black Prince not only approved of and confirmed Lord Audley's grant, but conferred upon him, not to be outdone in generosity, a yearly revenue of six hundred marks more, for his own use.* The names of the esquires, who thus distinguished themselves, and experienced such liberality at the hands of their leader, were Delves of Doddington, Dutton of Dutton, Fowlishurst of Crewe, and Hawkeston of Wreynehill, all Cheshire families. This memorable instance may suffice to show the extent of gratitude which the knights entertained for the faithful service of their squires. But it also leads us to consider some other circumstances relating to the order of esquire.

Although, in its primitive and proper sense, the state of esquire was merely preparatory to that of knighthood, yet it is certain that many men of birth and property rested content with attaining that first step; and, though greatly distinguished by their feats of arms, never rose, nor apparently sought to rise, above the rank which it conferred. It does not appear that any of the esquires of Lord Audley were knighted after the battle of Poitiers, although there can be no doubt that their rank, as well as their exploits, entitled them to expect that honour. The truth seems to be, that it may frequently have been more convenient, and scarcely less honourable, to remain in the unenvied and unpretending rank of esquire, than to aspire to that of knighthood, without a considerable fortune to supply the expenses of that dignity. No doubt, in theory, the simplest knight bachelor was a companion, and in some degree equal, with princes. But, in point of fact, we shall presently see, that, where unsupported by some sort of income to procure suitable equipment and retainers, that dignity was sometimes exposed to ridicule. Many gallant gentlemen, therefore, remained esquires, either attached to the service of some prince or eminent nobleman, or frequently in a state of absolute independence, bringing their own vassals to the field, whom, in such cases, they were entitled to muster under a *Pendncele*, or small triangular streamer, somewhat like the naval pendant of the present day. The reader of history is not, therefore, to suppose, that, where he meets with an esquire of distinguished name, he is therefore, necessarily, to consider him as a youthful candidate for the honour of knighthood, and attending upon some knight or noble. This is, indeed, the primitive, but not the uniform meaning of the title. So many men of rank and gallantry appear to have remained esquires, that, by degrees, many of the leading distinctions between them and the knights were relaxed or abandoned. In Froissart's *Chronicles*, we find

* Froissart. Barne's *History of Edward III.*

hat esquires frequently led independent bodies of men, and, as we have before hinted, mingled with the knights in the games of Chivalry; the difference chiefly consisting in title, precedence, the shape of the flag under which they arrayed their followers, and the fashion of their armour. The esquires were permitted to bear a shield, emblazoned, as we have already seen, with armorial bearings. There seems to have been some difference in the shape of the helmet; and the French esquire was not permitted to wear the complete hauberk, but only the hist of mail, without hood or sleeves. But the principal distinction between the independent esquire (meaning him such who was attached to no knight's service) and the knight, was the spurs, which the esquire might wear of silver, but by no means gilded.

To return to the esquires most properly so termed, their dress was, during their period of probation, simple and modest, and ought regularly to have been made of brown or some other uniform and simple colour. This was not, however, essential. The garment of Chaucer's squire was embroidered like a meadow. The petit Jehan de Saintré was supplied with money by his mistress to purchase a silken doublet and embroidered hose. There is also a very diverting account, in the *Memoirs of Bertrand le Guesclin*, of the manner in which he prevailed on his uncle, a covetous old churchman, to assign him money for his equipment on some occasion of splendour. We may therefore hold, that the sumptuary laws of squirehood were not particularly attended to, or strictly enforced.

A youth usually ceased to be a page at fourteen, or a little earlier, and could not regularly receive the honour of knighthood until he was one-and-twenty. But, if their distinguished valour anticipated their years, the period of probation was shortened. Princes of the blood-royal, also, and other persons of very high eminence, had this term abridged, and sometimes so much so as to throw a ridicule upon the order of knighthood, by admitting within "the temple of honour," as it was the fashion of the times to call it, children, who could neither understand nor discharge the duties of the office to which they were thus prematurely called.

The third and highest rank of Chivalry was that of Knighthood. In considering this last dignity, we shall first inquire, how it was conferred; secondly, the general privileges and duties of the order; thirdly, the peculiar ranks into which it was finally divided, and the difference betwixt them.

Knighthood was, in its origin, an order of a republican, or at least an oligarchic nature; arising, as has been shown, from the customs of the free tribes of Germany, and, in its essence, not requiring the sanction of a monarch. On the contrary, each knight could confer the order of knighthood upon whomsoever preparatory novitiate and probation had fitted to receive it. The highest potentates sought the *accolade*, or stroke which conferred the honour, at the hands of the worthiest knight whose achievements had dignified the period. Thus Francis I. requested the celebrated Bayard, the *Good Knight without reproach or fear*, to make him; an honour which Bayard valued so highly, that, on sheathing his sword, he vowed never more to use that blade, except against Turks, Moors, and Saracens. The same principle was carried to extravagance in a romance, where the hero is knighted by the hand of Sir Lancelot of the Lake, when dead. A sword was put into the hand of the skeleton, which was so guided as to let it drop on the neck of the aspirant. In the time of Francis I. it had already become customary to desire this honour at the hands of greatness rather than valour, so that the King's request was considered as an appeal to the first principles of Chivalry. In theory, however, the power of creating knights was supposed to be inherent in every one who had reached that dignity. But it was natural that the soldier should desire to receive the highest military honour from the general under whose eye he was to combat, or from the prince or noble at whose court he passed as page and squire through the gradations of his novitiate. It was equally natural, on the other hand, that the prince or noble should desire to be the immediate source of a privilege so important. And thus, though no positive regulation took place on the subject, ambition on the part of the aspirant, and pride and policy on that of the sovereign princes and nobles of high rank, gradually limited to the latter the power of conferring knighthood, or drew at least an unfavourable distinction between the knights dubbed by private individuals, and those who, with more state and solemnity, received the honoured title at the hand of one of high rank. Indeed, the change which took place respecting the character and consequences of the ceremony, naturally led to a limitation in the right of conferring it. While the order of knighthood merely implied a right to wear arms of a certain description, and to bear a certain title, there could be little harm in intrusting to any one who had already received the honour, the power of conferring it on others. But when this highest order of Chivalry conferred not only personal dignity, but the right of assembling under the banner, or pennon, a certain number of soldiers, when knighthood implied not merely personal privileges, but military rank, it was natural that sovereigns should use every effort to concentrate the right of conferring such distinction in themselves, or their immediate delegates. And latterly it was held, that the rank of knight only conferred those privileges on such as were dubbed by sovereign princes.

The times and place usually chosen for the creation of knights, were favourable to the claim of the sovereigns to be the proper fountain of Chivalry. Knights were usually made either on the eve of battle, or when the victory had been obtained; or they were created during the pomp of some solemn warning or grand festival. In the former case, the right of creation was naturally referred to the general or prince who led the host; and, in the latter, to the sovereign of the court where the festival was held. The forms in these cases were very different.

When knights were made in the actual field of battle, little solemnity was observed, and the form was probably the same with which private individuals had, in earlier times, conferred the honour on each other. The novice, armed at all points, but without helmet, sword, and spurs, came before the prince or general, at whose hands he was to receive knighthood, and kneeled down, while two persons of distinction, who acted as his godfathers, and were supposed to become pledges for his being worthy of the honour to which he aspired, buckled on his gilded spurs, and belted him with his sword. He then received the accolade, a slight blow on the neck, with the flat of the sword, from the person who dubbed him, who, at the same time, pronounced a formula to this effect: "I dub thee knight, in the name of God and St. Michael, (or in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.) Be faithful, bold, and fortunate." The new-made knight had then only to take his place in the ranks of war, and endeavour to distinguish himself by his forward gallantry in the approaching action, when he was said to win his spurs. It is well known, that, at the battle of Cressy, Edward III. refused to send succours to the Black Prince, until he should hear that he was wounded or dismounted, being determined he should, on that memorable day, have full opportunity to *win his spurs*. It may be easily imagined, that on such occasions, the courage of the young knights was wound up to the highest pitch, and, as many were usually made at the same time, their gallantry could not fail to have influence on the fortune of the day. At the siege of Tholouse, (1189,) Henry II. of England made thirty knights at once, one of whom was Malcolm IV. King of Scotland. Even on these occasions, the power of making knights was not understood to be limited to the commander in chief. At the fatal battle of Homildown, in 1401, Sir John Swinton, a warrior of distinguished talents, observing the slaughter made by the English archery, exhorted the Scots to rush on to a closer engagement. Adam Gordon, between whose family and that of Swinton a deadly feud

existed, hearing this sage counsel, knelt down before Swinton, and prayed him to confer on him the honour of knighthood, which he desired to receive from the wisest and boldest knight in the host. Swinton conferred the order; and they both rushed down upon the English host, followed only by a few cavalry. If they had been supported, the attack might have turned the fate of the day. But none followed their gallant example, and both champions fell. It need hardly be added, that the commander, whether a sovereign prince or not, equally exercised the privilege of conferring knighthood. In the old ballad of the battle of Otterburn, Douglas boasts, that since he had entered England, he had

"With brand dubb'd many a knight."

But it was not in camps and armies alone that the honours of knighthood were conferred. At the *Cour Pleniere*, a high court, to which sovereigns summoned their crown vassals at the solemn festivals of the church, and the various occasions of solemnity which occurred in the royal family, from marriage, birth, baptism, and the like, the monarch was wont to confer on novices in chivalry its highest honour, and the ceremonies used on such investiture added to the dignity of the occasion. It was then that the full ritual was observed, which, on the eve of battle, was necessarily abridged or omitted. The candidates watched their arms all night in a church or chapel, and prepared for the honour to be conferred on them, by vigil, fast, and prayer. They were solemnly divested of the brown frock, which was the appropriate dress of the squire, and having been bathed, as a symbol of purification of heart, they were attired in the richer garb appropriate to knighthood. They were then solemnly invested with the appropriate arms of a knight; and it was not unusual to call the attention of the novice to a mystical or allegorical explanation of each piece of armour as it was put on. These exhortations consisted in strange and extravagant parallels betwixt the temporal and spiritual state of warfare, in which the metaphor was hunted down in every possible shape. The under dress of the knight was a close jacket of chamois leather, over which was put the mail shirt, composed of rings of steel artificially fitted into each other, as is still the fashion in some parts of Asia. A suit of plate armour was put on over the mail shirt, and the legs and arms were defended in the same manner. Even this accumulation of defensive armour, was by some thought insufficient. In the combat of the Infantes of Carrion with the champions of the Cid, one of the former was yet more completely defended, and to little purpose.

Onward into Ferrand's breast, the lance's point is driven
Full upon his breastplate, nothing would avail;
Two breastplates Ferrand wore, and a coat of mail,
The two are riven in sunder, the third stood him in stead,
The mail sunk in his breast, the mail and the spear head;
The blood burst from his mouth, that all men thought him dead.*

The novice being accoutred in his knightly armour, but without helmet, sword, and spurs, a rich mantle was flung over him, and he was conducted in solemn procession to the church or chapel in which the ceremony was to be performed, supported by his godfathers, and attended with as much pomp as circumstances admitted. High mass was then said, and the novice, advancing to the altar, received from the sovereign the accolade. The churchman present, of highest dignity, often belted on his sword, which, for that purpose, had been previously deposited on the altar, and the spurs were sometimes fastened on by ladies of quality. The oath of Chivalry was lastly taken, to be loyal to God, the king, and the ladies. Such were the outlines of the ceremony, which, however, was varied according to circumstances. A king of Portugal knighted his son in presence of the dead body of the Marquis of Marialva, slain in that day's action, and impressively conjured the young prince to do his duty in life and death like the good knight who lay dead before him.

* See Translations from the Spanish Metrical Romance on the subject of the Cid, appended to Mr. Southey's Cid.

Alms to the poor, largesses to the heralds and minstrels, a liberal gift to the church, were necessary accompaniments to the investiture of a person of rank. The new-made knight was conducted from the church with music and acclamations, and usually mounted his horse and executed some curvets in presence of the multitude, couching his lance, and brandishing it as if impatient to open his knightly career. It was at such times, also, that the most splendid tournaments were executed, it being expected that the young knights would display the utmost efforts to distinguish themselves.

Such being the solemnities with which knighthood was imposed, it is no wonder that the power of conferring it should, in peace as well as in war, become more and more confined to sovereign princes, or nobles who nearly equalled them in rank and independence. By degrees these restrictions were drawn gradually closer, until at length it was held that none but a sovereign, or a commander in chief, displaying the royal banner, and vested with plenary and vice-regal authority, could confer the degree of knighthood. Queen Elizabeth was particularly jealous of this part of her prerogative, and nothing more excited her displeasure and indignation against her favourite Essex, than the profuseness with which he distributed the honour at Cadiz, and afterwards in Ireland. These anecdotes, however, belong to the decay of Chivalry.

The knight had several privileges of dignity and importance. He was associated into a rank wherein kings and princes were, in one sense, only his equals. He took precedence in war and in counsel, and was addressed by the respectful title of *Messire* in French, and *Sir* in English, and his wife by that of Madame and Dame. A knight was also, in point of military rank, qualified to command any body of men under a thousand. His own service was performed on horseback and in complete armour, of many various fashions, according to the taste of the warriors and the custom of the age. Chaucer has enumerated some of these varieties:—

"With him ther wenten knights many on.
Som wol ben armed in an habergeon,
And in a brest plate, and in a gipon;
And som wol have a pair of plates large;
And som wol have a pruse sheld, or a targe;
Some wol ben armed on his legges wele,
And have an axe, and some a mace of stele.
Ther n'is no newe guise, that it n'as old.
Armed they weren, as I have you told,
Everich after his opinion."

The weapons of offence, however, most appropriate to knighthood, were the lance and sword. They had frequently a battle-axe or mace at their saddle-bow, a formidable weapon even to men sheathed in iron like themselves. The knight had also a dagger, which he used when at close quarters. It was called the dagger of mercy, probably because, when unsheathed, it behoved the antagonist to crave mercy or to die. The management of the lance, and of the horse was the principal requisite of knighthood. To strike the foeman either on the helmet or full upon the breast with the point of the lance and at full speed, was accounted perfect practice; to miss him, or to break a lance across, *i.e.* athwart the body of the antagonist, without striking him with the point, was accounted an awkward failure; to strike his horse, or to hurt his person under the girdle, was conceived a foul or felon action, and could only be excused by the hurry of a general encounter. When the knights, from the nature of the ground, or other circumstances, alighted to fight on foot, they used to cut some part from the length of their spears, in order to render them more manageable, like the pikes used by infantry. But their most formidable onset was when mounted and "in host." They seem then to have formed squadrons not unlike the present disposition of cavalry in the field,—their squires forming the rear-rank, or performing the part of serrefiles. As the horses were trained in the tourneys and exercises to run upon each other without flinching, the shock of two such bodies of heavy-armed cavalry was dreadful, and the event usually decided the battle; for, until the

Swiss showed the superior steadiness which could be exhibited by infantry, all great actions were decided by the men-at-arms. The yeomanry of England, indeed, formed a singular exception; and, from the dexterous use of the long-bow, to which they were trained from infancy, were capable of withstanding and destroying the mail-clad chivalry both of France and Scotland. Their shafts, according to the exaggerating eloquence of a monkish historian, Thomas of Walsingham, penetrated steel coats from side to side, transfixed helmets, and even splintered lances, and pierced through swords! But, against every other pedestrian adversary, the knights, squires, and men-at-arms, had the most decided advantage, from their impenetrable armour, the strength of their horses, and the fury of their onset. To render success yet more certain, and attack less hazardous, the horse, on the safety of which the rider's so much depended, was armed en-barbe, as it was called, like himself. A masque made of iron covered the animal's face and ears; it had a breast-plate, and armour for the croupe. The strongest horses were selected for this service; they were generally stallions, and to ride a mare was reckoned base and unknightly.

To distinguish him in battle, as his face was hidden by the helmet, the knight wore above his armour a surcoat, as it was called, like a herald's coat, on which his arms were emblazoned. Others had them painted on the shield, a small triangular buckler of light wood, covered with leather, and sometimes plated with steel, which, as best suited him, the knight could either wield on his left arm, or suffer to hang down from his neck, as an additional defence to his breast, when the left hand was required for the management of the horse. The shape of these shields is preserved, being that on which heraldic coats are most frequently blazoned. But it is something remarkable, that no one of those *heater** shields has been preserved in the Tower, or, so far as we know, in any English collection. The helmet was surmounted by a crest, which the knight adopted after his own fancy. There was deadly offence taken if one knight, without right, assumed the armorial bearings of another; and history is full of disputes on that head, some of which terminated fatally. The heralds were the persons appealed to on these occasions, when the dispute was carried on in peace, and hence flowed the science, as it was called, of Heraldry, with all its fantastic niceties. By degrees the crest and device became also hereditary, as well as the bearings on the shield. In addition to his armorial bearings, the knight distinguished himself in battle by shouting out his war-cry, which was echoed by his followers. It was usually the name of some favourite saint, united with that of his own family. If the knight had followers under his command, they re-echoed his war-cry, and rallied round his pennon or flag at the sound. The pennon differed from the penoncel, or triangular streamer, which the squire was entitled to display, being double the breadth, and indented at the end like the tail of a swallow. It presented the appearance of two penoncels united at the end next the staff, a consideration which was not perhaps out of view in determining its shape. Of course, the reader will understand that those knights only displayed a pennon who had retainers to support and defend it; the mounting this ensign being a matter of privilege, not of obligation.

Froissart's heart never fails to overflow when he describes the encounter of a body of men-at-arms, arrayed in the manner we have described; he dwells with enthusiasm on the leading circumstances. The waving of banners and pennons, the dashing of spurs into the sides of chargers, and their springing forward to battle; the glittering of armour, the dancing of plumes, the headlong shock and splintering of the lances, the swords flashing through the dust over the heads of the combatants, the thunder of the horses' feet and the clash of armour, mingled with the war-cry of the combatants and the groans of the dying, form the mingled scene of tumult, strife, and death, which the Canon has so frequently transferred to his chivalrous pages.

It was not in war alone that the adventurous knight was to acquire fame. It was his duty, as we have seen, to seek adventures throughout the world, whereby to exalt his own fame and the beauty of his mistress, which inspired such deeds. In our remarks upon the general spirit of the institution, we have already noticed the frantic enterprises which were seriously undertaken and punctually executed by knights desirous of a name. On those occasions, the undertaker of so rash an enterprise often owed his life to the sympathy of his foes, who had great respect for any one engaged in the discharge of a vow of chivalry. When Sir Robert Knowles passed near Paris, at the head of an English army, in the reign of Edward III., the following remarkable incident took place.

"Now it happened, one Tuesday morning, when the English began to decamp, and had set fire to all the villages wherein they were lodged, so that the fires were distinctly seen from Paris, a knight of their army, who had made a vow, the preceding day, that he would advance as far as the barriers and strike them with his lance, did not break his oath, but set off with his lance in his hand, his target on his neck, and completely armed except his helmet, and, spurring his steed, was followed by his squire on another courser, carrying his helmet. When he approached Paris, he put on the helmet, which his squire laced behind. He then galloped away, sticking spurs into his horse, and advanced prancing to strike the barriers. They were then open, and the lords and barons within imagined he intended to enter the town; but he did not so mean, for having struck the gates according to his vow, he checked his horse and turned about. The French knights, who saw him thus retreat, cried out to him, 'Get away! get away! thou hast well acquitted thyself.' As for the name of this knight, I am ignorant of it, nor do I know from what country he came; but he bore for his arms gules à deux fousses noir, with une bordure noir non endentée.

"However, an adventure befell him, from which he had not so fortunate an escape. On his return, he met a butcher on the pavement in the suburbs, a very strong man, who had noticed him as he had passed him, and who had in his hand a very sharp and heavy hatchet with a long handle. As the knight was returning alone, and in a careless manner, the valiant butcher came on one side of him, and gave him such a blow between the shoulders, that he fell on his horse's neck: he recovered himself, but the butcher repeated the blow on his head, so that the axe entered it. The knight, through excess of pain, fell to the earth, and the horse galloped away to the squire, who was waiting for his master in the fields at the extremity of the suburbs. The squire caught the courser, but wondered what was become of his master; for he had seen him gallop to the barriers, strike them, and then turn about to come back. He therefore set out to look for him; but he had not gone many paces before he saw him in the hands of four fellows, who were beating him as if they were hammering on an anvil. This so much frightened the squire, that he dared not advance further, for he saw he could not give him any effectual assistance; he therefore returned as speedily as he could.

"Thus was this knight slain: and those lords who were posted at the barriers had him buried in holy ground. The squire returned to the army, and related the misfortune which had befallen his master. All his brother warriors were greatly displeased thereat." (Johnes's *Froissart*, vol. II. p. 63.)

An equally singular undertaking was that of Galeazzo of Mantua, as rehearsed by the venerable Doctor Paris de Puteo, in his treatise *De Duello et re Militari*, and by Brantome in his *Essay on Duels*. Queen Joan of Naples, at a magnificent feast given in her castle of Gaeta, had presented her hand to Galeazzo, for the purpose of opening the ball. The dance being finished, the gallant knight kneeled down before his royal partner, and, in order to make

* So called because resembling in shape the heater of a smoothing-iron.

fitting acknowledgment of the high honour done him, took a solemn vow to wander through the world wherever deeds of arms should be exercised, and not to rest until he had subdued two valiant knights, and had presented them prisoners at her royal foot-stool, to be disposed of at her pleasure. Accordingly, after a year spent in visiting various scenes of action in Brittany, England, France, Burgundy, and elsewhere, he returned like a falcon with his prey in his clutch, and presented two prisoners of knightly rank to Queen Joan. The queen received the gift very graciously; and, declining to avail herself of the right she had to impose rigorous conditions on the captives, she gave them liberty without ransom, and bestowed on them, over and above, several marks of liberality. For this she is highly extolled by Brantome and Dr. Paris, who take the opportunity of censuring the very opposite conduct of the Canons of Saint Peter's Church at Rome, upon whom a certain knight had bestowed a prisoner taken in single combat. These ungracious churchmen received the gift as if it had been that of a wild beast for a menagerie, permitting the poor captive the freedom of the church indeed, but prohibiting him to go one step beyond the gate. In which condition, worse than death, they detained the vanquished knight for some time, and were justly blamed, as neither understanding Christian charity nor gentleman-like courtesy.

We return to consider the duties of a knight. His natural and proper element was war. But in time of peace when there was no scope for the fiery spirit of chivalry, the knights attended the tourneys proclaimed by different princes, or, if these amusements did not occur, they themselves undertook feats of arms, to which they challenged all competitors. The nature of these challenges will be best understood from an abridged account of the *pas d'armes*, called the *Justs* of Saint Inglebert, or Sandyng Fields. This emprise was sustained by three gallant knights of France, Boucicaut, Reynold de Roy, and Saint Py or Saimpi. Their articles bound them to abide thirty days at Saint Inglebert, in the marches of Calais, there to undertake the encounter of all knights and squires, Frenchmen, or strangers, who should come hither, for the breaking of five spears, sharp, or with rockets, at their pleasure. On their lodgings they hung two shields called of peace, and war, with their armorial blazons on each. The stranger desiring to just was invited to come or send, and touch which shield he would. The weapons of courtesy were to be employed if he chose the shield of peace, if that of war, the defenders were to give him the desired encounter with sharp weapons. The stranger knights were invited to bring some nobleman with them, to assist in judging the field, and the proclamation concludes with an entreaty to knights and squires strangers, that they will not hold this offer as made for any pride, hatred, or ill-will; but only that the challengers do it to have their honourable company and acquaintance, which, with their whole heart, they desire. They were assured of a fair field, without fraud or advantage; and it was provided, that the shields used should not be covered with iron or steel. The French king was highly joyful of this gallant challenge, (although some of his council doubted the wisdom of permitting it to go forth,) and exhorted the challengers to regard the honour of their prince and realm, and spare no cost at the solemnity, for which he was willing to contribute ten thousand franks. A number of knights and squires came from England to Calais to accept this gallant invitation; and at the entrance of the "fresh and jolly month of May," the challengers pitched three green pavilions in a fair plain between Calais and the Abbey of Saint Inglebert. Two shields hung before each pavilion, with the arms of the owner.

"On the 21st of the month of May, as it had been proclaimed, the three knights were properly armed and their horses properly saddled according to the laws of the tournament. On the same day, those knights who were in Calais sallied forth, either as spectators or tilters, and, being arrived at the spot, drew up on one side. The place of the tournament was smooth and green with grass.

"Sir John Holland was the first who sent his squire to touch the war-target of Sir Boucicant, who instantly issued from his pavilion completely armed. Having mounted his horse, and grasped his spear, which was stiff and well-steeled, they took their distances. When the two knights had for a short time eyed each other, they spurred their horses, and met full gallop with such a force that Sir Boucicaut pierced the shield of the Earl of Huntingdon, and the point of his lance slipped along his arm, but without wounding him. The two knights, having passed, continued their gallop to the end of the list. The course was much praised. At the second course, they hit each othey slightly, but no harm was done; and their horses refused to complete the third.

"The Earl of Huntingdon, who wished to continue the tilt, and was heated, returned to his place, expecting that Sir Boucicaut would call for his lance; but he did not, and showed plainly he would not that day tilt more with the earl. Sir John Holland, seeing this, sent his squire to touch the war-target of the Lord de Saimpi. This knight, who was waiting for the combat, sallied out from his pavilion, and took his lance and shield. When the Earl saw he was ready, he violently spurred his horse as did the Lord de Saimpi. They couched their lances, and pointed them at each other. At the onset, their horses crossed; notwithstanding which, they met; but by this crossing, which was blamed, the earl was unhelmed. He returned to his people, who soon rehelmed him; and having resumed their lances, they met full gallop, and hit each other with such a force in the middle of their shields, they would have been unhorsed, had they not kept tight seats by the pressure of their legs against their horses' sides. They went to the proper places, where they refreshed themselves, and took breath.

"Sir John Holland, who had a great desire to shine at this tournament, had his helmet braced, and regrasped his spear; when the Lord de Saimpi, seeing him advance on the gallop, did not decline meeting, but, spurring his horse on instantly, they gave blows on their helmets, that were luckily of well-tempered steel, which made sparks of fire fly from them. At this course, the Lord de Saimpi lost his helmet; but the two knights continued their career, and returned to their places.

"This tilt was much praised, and the English and French said, that the Earl of Huntingdon, Sir Boucicaut, and the Lord de Saimpi, had excellently well justed, without sparing or doing themselves any damage. The Earl wished to break another lance in honour of his lady, but it was refused him. He then quitted the lists to make room for others, for he had run his six lances with such ability and courage as gained him praise from all sides." (Johnes's *Froissart*, vol. IV. p. 143.)

The other justs were accomplished with similar spirit; Sir Peter Courtney, Sir John Russell, Sir Peter Sherburn, Sir William Clifton, and other English knights, sustaining the honour of their country against the French, who behaved with the greatest gallantry; and the whole was regarded as one of the most gallant enterprises which had been fulfilled for some time.

Besides these dangerous amusements, the unsettled and misruled state of things during the feudal times, found a gentle knight anxious to support the oppressed and to put down injustice, and agreeably to his knightly vow, frequent opportunities to exercise himself in the use of arms. There were every where to be met with oppressors to be chastised, and evil customs to be abolished, and the knight's occupation not only permitted, but actually bound him to volunteer his services in such cases. We shall err greatly if we suppose that the adventures told in romance, are as fictitious as its magic, its dragons, and its fairies. The machinery was indeed imaginary, or rather, like that of Homer, it was grounded on the popular belief of the times. But the turn of incidents resembled, in substance, those which passed almost daily under the eye of the nar-

ator. Even the stupendous feats of prowess displayed by the heroes of these tales, against the most overwhelming odds, were not without parallel in the history of the times. When men fought hand to hand, the desperate exertions of a single champion, well mounted and armed in proof, were sometimes sufficient to turn the fate of a disputed day, and the war-cry of a well-known knight struck terror further than his arms. The advantage possessed by such an invulnerable champion over the half-naked infantry of the period, whom he might pursue and cut down at his pleasure, was so great, that, in the insurrection of the peasants called the *Jacquerie*, the Earl of Foix and the Captal de Buche, their forces not being nearly as one to ten, hesitated not to charge these disorderly insurgents with their men-at-arms, and were supposed to have slain nearly seven thousand, following the execution of the fugitives, with as little mercy as the peasants had showed during the brief success of their rebellion.

The right which crown-vassals claimed and exercised, of imposing exorbitant tolls and taxes within their domains, was often resisted by the knights-errant of the day, whose adventures, in fact, approached much nearer to those of Don Quixote than perhaps our readers are aware of. For although the Knight of La Mancha was, perhaps, two centuries too late in exercising his office of redresser of wrongs, and although his heated imagination confounded ordinary objects with such as were immediately connected with the exercise of Chivalry, yet at so great distance from the date of the inimitable romance of Cervantes, real circumstances occurred, of a nature nearly as romantic as the achievements which Don Quixote aspired to execute. In the more ancient times, the wandering knight could not go far without finding some gentleman oppressed by a powerful neighbour, some captive immured in a feudal dungeon, some orphan deprived of his heritage, some traveller pillaged, some convent or church violated, some lady in need of a champion, or some prince engaged in a war with a powerful adversary,—all of which incidents furnished fit occasion for the exercise of his valour. By degrees, as order became more generally established, and the law of each state began to be strong enough for the protection of the subject, the interference of these self-authorized and self-dependent champions, who besides were, in all probability, neither the most judicious or moderate, supposing them to be equitable, mediators, became a nuisance rather than an assistance to civil society; and undoubtedly this tended to produce those distinctions in the order of knighthood which we are now to notice.

The most ancient, and originally the sole order of knighthood, was that of the Knight-Bachelor. This was the proper degree conferred by one knight on another, without the interference either of prince, noble, or churchman, and its privileges and duties approached nearly to those of the knight-errant. Were it possible for human nature to have acted up to the pitch of merit required by the statutes of Chivalry, this order might have proved for a length of time a substitute for imperfect policy,—a remedy against feudal tyranny,—a resource for the weak when oppressed by the strong. Unquestionably, in many individual instances, knights were all that we have described them. But the laws of Chivalry, like those of the ascetic orders, while announcing a high tone of virtue and self-denial, unfortunately afforded the strongest temptations to those who professed its vows to abuse the character which they assumed. The degree of knighthood was easily attained, and did not subject the warrior on whom it was bestowed to any particular tribunal in case of his abusing the powers which it conferred. Thus the knight became, in many instances, a wandering and licentious soldier, carrying from castle to castle, and from court to court, the offer of his mercenary sword, and frequently abusing his character, to oppress those whom his oath bound him to protect. The license and foreign vices imported by those who had returned from the crusades, the poverty also to which noble families were reduced by those fatal expeditions, all aided to throw the quality of knight-bachelor lower in the scale of honour, when unsupported by birth, wealth, or the command of followers.

The poorest knight-bachelor, however, long continued to exercise the privileges of the order. Their title of bachelor (or *Bas Chevalier*, according to the best derivation) marked that they were early held in inferior estimation to those more fortunate knights, who had extensive lands and numerous vassals. They either attached themselves to the service of some prince or rich noble, and were supported at their expense, or they led the life of mere adventurers. There were many knights, who, like Sir Gaudwin in the romance of *Partenopex de Blois*, subsisted by passing from one court, camp, and tournament, to another, and contrived even, by various means open to persons of that profession, to maintain at least for a time, a fair and goodly appearance.

> "So riding, they o'ertake an errant—knight
> Well horsed, and large of limb, Sir Gaudwin hight
> He nor of castle nor of land was lord,
> Houseless he reap'd the harvest of the sword:
> And now, not more on fame than profit bent,
> Rode with blythe heart unto the tournament;
> For cowardice he held it deadly sin,
> And sure his mind and bearing were akin,
> The face an index to the soul within.
> It seem'd that he, such pomp his train bewray'd,
> Had shaped a goodly fortune by his blade;
> His knaves were point device, in livery dight,
> With sumpter-nags, and tents for shelter in the night."

These bachelor-knights, as Mr. Rose has well described Sir Gaudwin, set their principal store by valour in battle; and perhaps it was the only quality of Chivalry, which they at all times equally prized and possessed. Their boast was to be the children of war and fight, living in no other atmosphere but what was mingled with the dust of conflict and the hot breath of charging steeds. A "gentle bachelor" is so described in one of the *Fabliaux* translated by Mr. Way:

> "What gentle bachelor is he,
> Sword-begot in fighting field,
> Rock'd and cradled in a shield,
> Whose infant food a helm did yield."

His resistless gallantry in tournament and battle,—the rapidity with which he traversed land and sea, from England to Switzerland, to be present at each remarkable occasion of action,—with his hardihood in enduring every sort of privation,—and his generosity in rewarding minstrels and heralds,—his life of hazard and turmoil,—and his deeds of strength and fame,—are all enumerated. But we hear nothing of his redressing wrongs, or of his protecting the oppressed. The knight-bachelor, according to this picture, was a valiant prize-fighter, and lived by the exercise of his weapons.

In war the knight-bachelor had an opportunity of maintaining, and even of enriching himself, if fortunate, by the ransom of such prisoners as he happened to make in fight. If, in this way, he accumulated wealth, he frequently employed it in levying followers, whose assistance, with his own, he hired out to such sovereigns as were willing to set a sufficient price on his services. In time of peace, the tournaments afforded, as we have already observed, a certain means of income to these adventurous champions. The horses and arms of the knights who succumbed on such occasions, were forfeited to the victors, and these the wealthy were always willing to reclaim by a payment in money. At some of the achievements in arms, the victors had the right, by the conditions of the encounter, to impose severe terms on the vanquished, besides the usual forfeiture of horse and armour. Sometimes the unsuccessful combatant ransomed himself from imprisonment, or other hard conditions, by a sum of money; a transaction in which the knight-bachelors, such as we have described them, readily engaged. These adventurers called the sword which they used in tourneys, their *gagne-pain*, or bread-winner, as itinerant fiddlers of our day denominate their instruments.

> "Dont i est gaigne-pain nommes,
> Car par li est gagnies li pains."
> *Pelerinage des Monde*, par Guiguerville.

Men of such roving and military habits, subsisting by means so precarious, and lying under little or no restraint from laws, or from the social system, were frequently dangerous and turbulent members of the commonwealth. Every usurper, tyrant, or rebel, found knights-bachelors to espouse his cause in numbers proportioned to his means of expenditure. They were precisely the "landless resolutes," whom any adventurer of military fame or known enterprise could easily collect,

> "For food and diet, to some enterprise
> That hath a stomach in't."

Sometimes knights were found who placed themselves directly in opposition to all law and good order, headed independent bands of depredators, or, to speak plainly, of robbers, seized upon some castle as a place of temporary retreat, and laid waste the country at their pleasure. In the disorderly reigns of Stephen and of King John, many such leaders of banditti were found in England. And France, in the reign of John and his successors, was almost destroyed by them. Many of these leaders were knights, or squires, and almost all pretended that in their lawless license they only exercised the rights of Chivalry, which permitted, and even enjoined, its votaries to make war without any authority but their own, whenever a fair cause of quarrel occurred.

These circumstances brought the professors of knight-bachelor into suspicion, as, in other cases, the poverty of those who held the honour exposed it to contempt in their person. The sword did not always reap a good harvest; an enterprise was unfortunate, or a knight was discomfited. In such circumstances, he was obliged to sell his arms and horse, and endure all the scorn which is attached to poverty. In the beautiful lay of Lanval, and in the corresponding tale of Gruelan, the story opens with the picture of the hero reduced to indigence, dunned by his landlord, and exposed to contempt by his beggarly equipment. And when John de Vienne and his French men-at-arms returned from Scotland, disgusted with the poverty and ferocity of their allies, without having had any opportunity to become wealthy at the expense of the English, and compelled before their departure to give satisfaction for the insolences which they committed towards the inhabitants, "divers knights and squires had passage and so returned, some into Flanders, and as wind and weather would drive them, without horse and harness, right poor and feeble, cursing the day that ever they came into Scotland, saying that never man had so hard a voyage." (Berners's *Froissart*, vol. II., reprint, p. 32.) The frequent prohibition of tournaments, both by the church and by the more peaceful sovereigns, had also its necessary effect in impoverishing the knights-bachelors, to whom, as we have seen, these exhibitions afforded one principal means of subsistence. This is touched upon in one of the French *fabliaux*, as partly the cause of the poverty of a chevalier, whose distresses are thus enumerated:

> "Listen, gentles, while I tell
> How this knight in fortune fell:
> Lands nor vineyards had he none,
> Justs and wars his living won;
> Well on horseback could he prance,
> Boldly could he break a lance,
> Well he knew each warlike use;
> But there came a time of truce,
> Peaceful was the land around,
> Nowhere heard a trumpet sound;
> Rust the shield and falchion hid,
> Just and tourney were forbid;
> All his means of living gone,
> Ermine mantle had he none,
> And in pawn had long been laid
> Cap and mantle of brocade,
> Harness rich and charger stout,
> All were eat and drunken out."*

As the circumstances which we have mentioned, tended to bring the order of knight-bachelor in many instances into contempt, the great and powerful attempted to entrench themselves within a circle which should be inaccessible to the needy adventurers whom we have described. Hence the institution of Knights-Banneret was generally received.

The distinction betwixt the knight-banneret and the knight-bachelor was merely in military rank and precedence, and the former may rather be accounted an institution of policy than of Chivalry. The bachelor displayed, or was entitled to display, a pennon or forked ensign. The knight-banneret had the right of raising a proper *banner*, from which his appellation was derived. He held a middle rank, beneath the barons or great feudatories of the Crown, and above the knights-bachelors. The banner from which he took his title was a flag squared at the end, which, however, in strictness was oblong, and not an exact square on all the sides, which was the proper emblem of a baron. Du Tillet reports, that the Count de Laval challenged Sir Roul de Coueques right to raise a square banner, being a banneret, and not a baron, and adds, that he was generally ridiculed for this presumption, and called the knight with the square ensign. The circumstance of the encroachment plainly shows, that the distinction was not absolutely settled, nor have we found the ensign of the bannerets any where described except as being generally a square standard. Indeed, it was only the pennon of the knight a little altered; for he who aspired to be a banneret received no higher gradation in Chivalry, as attached to his person, and was inducted into his new privileges, merely by the commander in chief, upon the eve of battle, cutting off the swallow-tail or forked termination of the pennon.

In the appendix to Joinville's *Memoirs*, there is an essay on the subject of the bannerets, in which the following account of them is quoted from the ancient book of Ceremonies:

"Comme un bachelier peut lever banniere, et devenir banneret.

"Quant un bachelier a grandement servi et suivy la guerre, et que il a assez terre, et que 'il puisse avoir gentilshommes, ses hommes, et pour accompagner sa banniere, il peut licitement lever banniere, et non autrement. Car nul homme ne doit porter, ne lever banniere en bataille, s'il n'a du moins cinquante hommes d'armes, tous ses hommes et les archiers et arbalestriers qui y appartiennent. Et s'il les a 'il doit à la premiére battaille, ou il se trouvera, apporter un pennon de ses armes, et doit venir au connestable, ou aux marischaux, ou à celui qui sera lieutenant de l'ost pour le prince, requirer qu'il porte banniere; et s'il lui octroient, doit sommer les heraux pour tesmoignage, et doivent couper la queue du pennon, et alors le doit porter et lever avant les autres bannieres, au dessoubs des autres barons."

There is this same ceremonial, in a chapter respecting the banneret, in these terms:

"Comme se doit maintenir un banneret en bataille.

"Le banneret doit avoir cinquante lances, et les gens de trait qui y appartiennent: c'est à savoir les xxv. pour lui, et sa banniere garder. Et doit estre sa banniere dessoubs des barons. Et s'il y a autres bannieres ils doivent mettre leurs bannieres à l'onneur, chacun selon son endroit, et pareillement tout homme qui porte banniere."

Froissart, always our best and most amusing authority, gives an account of the manner in which the celebrated Sir John Chandos was made banneret by the Black Prince, before the battle of Navarete. The whole scene forms a striking picture of an army of the middle ages moving to battle. Upon the pennons of the knights, penoncels of the squires, and banners of the barons and bannerets, the army formed, or, in modern phrase, dressed its line. The usual word for the attack was, "Advance banners, in the name of God and Saint George."

"When the sun was risen, it was a beautiful sight to view these battalions, with their brilliant armour glittering with its beams. In this manner, they nearly approached to each other. The Prince, with a few attendants, mounted a small hill, and saw very clearly the enemy marching straight towards them. Upon descending this hill, he extended his line of battle in the plain, and then halted.

* See the original in the republication of Barbazan's *Fabliaux*, vol. III. p. 410.

"The Spaniards, seeing the English had halted, did the same, in order of battle; then each man lightened his armour, and made ready as for instant combat.

"Sir John Chandos advanced in front of the battalions with his banner uncased in his hand. He presented it to the Prince, saying, 'My lord, here is my banner; I present it to you, that I may display it in whatever manner shall be most agreeable to you; for, thanks to God, I have now sufficient lands that will enable me so to do, and maintain the rank which it ought to hold.'

"The Prince, Don Pedro, being present, took the banner in his hands, which was blazoned with a sharp stake gules, on a field argent; after having cut off the tail to make it square, he displayed it, and, returning it to him by the handle, said, 'Sir John, I return you your banner, God give you strength and honour to preserve it.'

"Upon this, Sir John left the Prince, went back to his men, with the banner in his hand, 'Gentlemen, behold my banner and yours; you will, therefore, guard it as it becomes you.' His companions, taking the banner, replied with much cheerfulness, that 'if it pleased God and St. George, they would defend it well, and act worthily of it, to the utmost of their abilities.'

"The banner was put into the hands of a worthy English squire, called William Allestry, who bore it with honour that day, and loyally acquitted himself in the service. The English and Gascons soon after dismounted on the heath, and assembled very orderly together, each lord under his banner or pennon, in the same battle-array as when they passed the mountains. It was delightful to see and examine these banners and pennons, with the noble army that was under them."

It should not be forgotten, that Sir John Chandos exerted himself so much to maintain his new honour, that, advancing too far among the Spaniards, he was unhorsed, and, having grappled with a warrior of great strength, called Martin Ferrand, he fell undermost, and must have been slain had he not bethought him of his dagger, with which he stabbed his gigantic antagonist. (Johnes's *Froissart*, vol. I. p. 731.)

A banneret was expected to bring into the field at least thirty men-at-arms, that is, knights or squires mounted, and in complete order, at his own expense. Each man-at-arms, besides his attendants on foot, ought to have a mounted crossbow-man, and a horseman armed with a bow and axe. Therefore, the number of horsemen alone, who assembled under a banner, was at least three hundred, and, including followers on foot, might amount to a thousand men. The banneret might, indeed, have arrayed the same force under a pennon, but his accepting a banner bound him to bring out that number at least. There is no room, however, to believe, that these regulations were very strictly observed.

In the reign of Charles VII., the nobles of France made a remonstrance to the King, setting forth, that their estates were so much wasted by the long and fatal wars with England, that they could no longer support the number of men attached to the dignity of banneret. The companies of men-at-arms, which had hitherto been led by knights of that rank, and the distinction between knights-banerets and knights-bachelors, was altogether disused from that period.* In England the title survived, but in a different sense. Those who received knighthood in a field of battle, where the royal standard was displayed, were called knights-banneret. Thus, King Edward VI. notices in his *Journal*, that, after the battle of Pinkie, "Mr. Brian Sadler and Vane were made bannerets."

The distinction of banneret was not the only subdivision of knighthood. The special privileged fraternities, orders, or associations, of knights, using a particular device, or embodied for a particular purpose, require also to be noticed. These might, in part, be founded upon the union which knights were wont to enter into with each other as "companions in arms," than which nothing was esteemed more sacred. The partners were united for weal and wo, and no crime was accounted more infamous than to desert or betray a companion-at-arms. They had the same friends and the same foes; and as it was the genius of Chivalry to carry every virtuous and noble sentiment to the most fantastic extremity, the most extravagant proofs of fidelity to this engagement were often exacted or bestowed. The beautiful romance of *Ames and Amelien*, in which a knight slays his own child to make a salve with its blood to cure the leprosy of his brother-in-arms, turns entirely on this extravagant pitch of sentiment.

To this fraternity only two persons could, with propriety, bind themselves. But the various orders, which had in view particular objects of war, or were associated under the authority of particular sovereigns, were also understood to form a bond of alliance and brotherhood amongst themselves.

The great orders of the Templars and Knights-Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, as well as that of the Teutonic Knights, were military associations, created, the former for defence of the Holy Land, and the last for conversion (by the edge of the sword of course) of the Pagans in the north of Europe. They were managed by commanders or superintendents, and by a grand master, forming a sort of military republic, the individuals of which were understood to have no distinct property or interest from the order in general. But the system and history of these associations will be found under the proper heads.† It is here only necessary to notice them as subdivisions of the knighthood, or Chivalry of Europe.

Other subdivisions arose from the various associations, also called orders, formed by the different sovereigns of Europe, not only for the natural purpose of drawing around their persons the flower of knighthood, but often with political views of much deeper import. The romances which were the favourite reading of the time, or which, at least, like the servant in the comedy, the nobles "had read to them," and which were on all occasions quoted gravely, as the authentic and authoritative records of Chivalry, afforded the most respectable precedents for the formation of such fraternities under the auspices of sovereign princes; the Round Table of King Arthur, and the Paladins of Charlemagne, forming cases strictly in point. Edward III., whose policy was equal to his love of Chivalry, failed not to avail himself of these precedents, not only for the exaltation of military honour and exercise of warlike feats, but questionless that he might draw around him, and attach to his person, the most valiant knights from all quarters of Europe. For this purpose, in the year 1344, he proclaimed, as well in Scotland, France, Germany, Hainault, Spain, and other foreign countries, as in England, that he designed to revive the Round Table of King Arthur, offering free conduct and courteous reception to all who might be disposed to attend the splendid justs to be held upon that occasion at Windsor Castle. This solemn festival, which Edward proposed to render annual, excited the jealousy of Philip de Valois, king of France, who not only prohibited his subjects to attend the Round Table at Windsor, but proclaimed an opposite Round Table to be held by himself at Paris. In consequence of this interference, the festival of Edward lost some part of its celebrity, and was diminished in splendour and frequency of attendance. This induced King Edward to establish the memorable Order of the Garter. Twenty-six of the most noble knights of England and Gascony were admitted into this highly honourable association, the well-known motto of which (*Honi soit qui mal y pense*) seems to apply to the misrepresentations which the French monarch might throw out respecting the order of the Garter, as he had already done concerning the festival of the Round Table.

* See the works of Pasquier, Du Tillet, Le Gendre, and other French antiquaries.

† It may here and elsewhere be recollected, that this article was originally written for an Encyclopædia.

There was so much dignity, as well as such obvious policy, in selecting from the whole body of Chivalry a select number of champions, to form an especial fraternity under the immediate patronage of the sovereign; it held out such a powerful stimulus to courage and exertion to all whose eyes were fixed on so dignified a reward of ambition, that various orders were speedily formed in the different courts of Europe, each having its own peculiar badges, emblems, and statutes. To enumerate these is the task of the herald, not of the historian, who is only called upon to notice their existence and character. The first effect of these institutions on the spirit of Chivalry in general, was doubtless favourable, as holding forth to the knighthood a high and honourable prize of emulation. But when every court in Europe, however petty, had its own peculiar order and ceremonial, while the great potentates established several; these dignities became so common, as to throw into the shade the order of Knights-Bachelors, the parent and proper degree of Chivalry, in comparison to which the others were mere innovations. The last distinction introduced, when the spirit of Chivalry was almost totally extinguished, was the degree of Knight Baronet.

The degree of Baronet, or of hereditary knighthood, might have been, with greater propriety, termed an inferior rank of noblesse, than an order of Chivalry. Nothing can be more alien from the original idea of Chivalry, than that knighthood could be bestowed on an infant, who could not have deserved the honour, or be capable of discharging its duties. But the way had been already opened for this anomaly, by the manner in which the orders of foreign knighthood had been conferred upon children, and infants in nonage. Some of these honours were also held by right of blood; the Dauphin of France, for example, being held to be born a knight of the Holy Ghost, without creation; and men had already long lost sight of the proper use and purpose of knighthood, which was now regarded and valued only as an honorary distinction of rank, that imposed no duties, and required no qualifications, or period of preliminary novitiate. Still it was judged necessary in the terms of this new dignity, to avoid or rather elude the impropriety of declaring that a baronet's apparent heir should be a knight from the cradle. In the patent of baronetcy was therefore introduced a clause by which the King engaged for himself and his successors, to confer the degree of knighthood upon the eldest son of the baronet, so soon as he should attain the age of twenty-one years complete. Hence, if the father died while the son was in minority, it seems that the heir, though a baronet, was not properly a knight; and in like manner, if he claimed the right to be knighted during his father's life-time, he was a knight-bachelor only until his father's death. Hence, too, the old and strictly proper style of Knight and Baronet—and hence that, in the seventeenth century, we recognise so frequently the existence of two knights, father and son, in the same family. But this attention to form has been long disused; and while the child in the cradle immediately takes the title on his father's death, it has been of late unusual for the eldest son of a baronet to avail himself of the clause in the patent entitling him to the honour of knighthood during his father's life. The creation of this new dignity, as is well-known, was a device of James I. to fill those coffers which his folly and profusion had emptied; and although the pretext of a Nova Scotia, or of an Ulster settlement, was used as the apology for the creation of the order, yet it was perfectly understood, that the real value given was the payment of a certain sum of money. The cynical Osborne describes this practice of the sale of honours, which in their origin, were designed as the reward and pledge of chivalrous merit, with satirical emphasis.

"At this time the honour of knighthood, which antiquity reserved sacred, as the cheapest and readiest jewel to present virtue with, was promiscuously laid on any head belonging to the yeomanry, (made addle through pride and a contempt of their ancestor's pedigree,) that had but a court-friend, or money to purchase the favour of the meanest able to bring him into an outward roome, when the king, the fountaine of honour, came downe, and was uninterrupted by other businesse: in which case, it was then usuall for him to grant a commission for the chamberlaine, or some other lord, to do it."

Having related the manner in which knighthood was conferred, and the various subdivisions of the order in general, it is proper also to notice the mode in which a knight might be degraded from his rank. This forfeiture might take place from crimes either actually committed, or presumed by the law of arms. The list of crimes for which a knight was actually liable to degradation corresponded to his duties. As devotion, the honour due to ladies, valour, truth, and loyalty, were the proper attributes of Chivalry,—so heresy, insults or oppression of females, cowardice, falsehood, or treason, caused his degradation. And Heraldry, an art which might be said to bear the shield of Chivalry, assigned to such degraded knights and their descendants peculiar bearings, called in Blazonry abatements, though it may be doubted if these were often worn or displayed.

The most common case of a knight's degradation occured in the appeal to the judgment of God by the single combat in the lists. In the appeal to this awful criterion, the combatants, whether personally concerned, or appearing as champions, were understood, in martial law, to take on themselves the full risk of all consequences. And, as the defendant, or his champion, in case of being overcome, was subjected to the punishment proper to the crime of which he was accused, so the appellant, if vanquished, was, whether a principal or substitute, condemned to the same doom to which his success would have exposed the accused. Whichever combatant was vanquished, he was liable to the penalty of degradation; and, if he survived the combat, the disgrace to which he was subjected was worse than death. His spurs were cut off, close to his heels, with a cook's cleaver; his arms were baffled and reversed by the common hangman; his belt was cut to pieces, and his sword broken. Even his horse showed his disgrace, the animal's tail being cut off, close to the rump, and thrown on a dunghill. The death bell tolled, and the funeral service was said, for a knight thus degraded, as for one dead to knightly honour. And, if he fell in the appeal to the judgment of God, the same dishonour was done to his senseless corpse. If alive, he was only rescued from death to be confined in the cloister. Such, at least, were the strict rules of Chivalry, though the courtesy of the victor, or the clemency of the prince, might remit them in favourable cases.

Knights might also be degraded without combat, when convicted of a heinous crime. In Stowe's *Chronicle*, we find the following minute account of the degradation of Sir Andrew Harcley, created Earl of Carlisle, by Edward II., for his valiant defence of that town against the Scots, but afterwards accused of traitorous correspondence with Robert the Bruce, and tried before Sir Anthony Lucy.

"He was ledde to the barre as an earle worthily apparelled, with his sword girt about him, horsed, booted and spurred, and unto whom Sir Anthony spake in this manner. Sir Andrew, (quoth he,) the King for thy valiant service, hath done thee great honour, and made thee Earle of Carlisle; since which tyme, thou, as a traytor to thy Lord the King, leddest his people, that shoulde have holpe him at the battell of Heighland, awaie by the county of Copland, and through the earldom of Lancaster, by which meanes, our Lorde the King was discomfitted there of the Scottes, through thy treason and falsenesse; whereas, if thou haddest come betimes, he hadde had the victorie: and this treason thou committedst for ye great summe of golde and silver that thou receivedst of James Dowglasse, a Scot, the King's enemy. Our Lord the King will, therefore, that the order of knighthood, by the which thou receivedst all thine honour and worship upon thy bodie, be brought to nought, and thy state undone, that other knights, of lower degree, may

after thee beware, and take example truely to serve.

"Then commanded he to hewe his spurres from his heeles, then to break his sword over his head, which the King had given him to keepe and defend his land therewith, when he made him Earle. After this, he let unclothe him of his furred tabard, and of his hoode, of his coate of armes, and also of his girdle; and when this was done, Sir Anthony sayde unto him, Andrewe, (quoth he,) now art thou no knight, but a knave; and, for thy treason, the King will that thou shalt be hanged and drawne, and thyne head smitten off from thy bodie, and burned before thee, and thy bodie quartered; and thy head being smitten off, afterwarde to be set upon London bridge, and thy foure quarters shall be sent into foure good townes of England, that all other may beware by thee. And as Anthony Lucy hadde sayde, so was it done in all things, on the last daie of October."

III. We are arrived at the third point proposed in our arrangement, the causes, namely, of the decay and extinction of Chivalry.

The spirit of Chivalry sunk gradually under a combination of physical and moral causes; the first arising from the change gradually introduced into the art of war, and the last from the equally great alteration produced by time in the habits and modes of thinking in modern Europe. Chivalry began to dawn in the end of the tenth, and beginning of the eleventh century. It blazed forth with high vigour during the Crusades, which indeed may be considered as exploits of national knight-errantry, or general wars, undertaken on the very same principles which actuated the conduct of individual knights adventurers. But its most brilliant period was during the wars between France and England, and it was unquestionably in those kingdoms, that the habit of constant and honourable opposition, unembittered by rancour or personal hatred, gave the fairest opportunity for the exercise of the virtues required from him whom Chaucer terms "a very perfect gentle knight." Froissart frequently makes allusions to the generosity exercised by the French and English to their prisoners, and contrasts it with the dungeons to which captives taken in war were consigned, both in Spain and Germany. Yet both these countries, and indeed every kingdom in Europe, partook of the spirit of Chivalry in a greater or less degree; and even the Moors of Spain caught the emulation, and had their orders of knighthood as well as the Christians. But, even during this splendid period, various causes were silently operating the future extinction of the flame, which blazed thus wide and brightly.

An important discovery, the invention of gunpowder, had taken place, and was beginning to be used in war, even when Chivalry was in its highest glory. It is said Edward III. had field-pieces at the battle of Cressy, and the use of guns is mentioned even earlier. But the force of gunpowder was long known and used, ere it made any material change in the art of war. The long-bow continued to be the favourite, and it would seem the more formidable missile weapon, for almost two centuries after guns had been used in war. Still every successive improvement was gradually rendering the invention of firearms more perfect, and their use more decisive of the fate of battle. In proportion as they came into general use, the suits of defensive armour began to be less generally worn. It was found, that these cumbrous defences, however efficient against lances, swords, and arrows, afforded no effectual protection against these more forcible missiles. The armour of the knight was gradually curtailed to a light headpiece, a cuirass, and the usual defences of men-at-arms. Complete harness was only worn by generals and persons of high rank, and that rather, it would seem, as a point of dignity than for real utility. The young nobility of France, especially, became weary of the unwieldy steel coats in which their ancestors sheathed themselves, and adopted the slender and light armour of the German Reiters, or mercenary cavalry. They also discontinued the use of the lance; in both cases, contrary to the injunctions of Henry IV. and the opinion of Sully. At length, the arms of the cavalry were changed almost in every particular from those which were proper to Chivalry; and as, in such cases, much depends upon outward show and circumstance, the light-armed cavalier, who did not carry the weapons, or practise the exercises of knighthood, laid aside, at the same time, the habits and sentiments peculiar to the order.

Another change, of vital importance, arose from the institution of the bands of gens-d'armes, or men-at-arms in France, constituted, as we have observed, expressly as a sort of standing army, to supply the place of bannerets, bachelors, squires, and other militia of early times. It was in the year 1445, that Charles VII. selected from the numerous Chivalry of France fifteen companies of men-at-arms called Les Compagnies d'Ordonnance, which were to remain in perpetual pay and subordination, and for the purpose of enabling the sovereign to dispense with the services of the tumultuary forces of Chivalry, which, arriving and departing from the host at pleasure, collecting their subsistence by oppressing the country, and engaging in frequent brawls with each other, rather weakened than aided the cause they professed to support. The regulated companies, which were substituted for these desultory feudal levies, were of a more permanent and manageable description. Each company contained a hundred men-at-arms, and each man-at-arms was to be what was termed a *lance garnie*, that is, a mounted spearman, with his proper attendants, being four archers and a varlet, called *coustillier*, from the knife or dagger with which he was armed. Thus, each company consisted of six hundred horse, and the fifteen bands amounted to fifteen thousand cavalry. The charge of national defence was thus transferred from the Chivalry of France, whose bold and desperate valour was sometimes rendered useless by their independent wilfulness and want of discipline, to a body of regular forces, whose officers, (a captain, lieutenant, and an ensign in each company,) held command, not in virtue of their knighthood or banner-right, but as bearing direct commissions from the crown, as in modern times. At first, indeed, these bands of regulated gens-d'armes were formed of the same materials as formerly, though acting under a new system. The officers were men of the highest rank; the archers, and even the varlets, were men of honourable birth. When the Emperor Maximilian proposed that the French gens-d'armes should attempt to storm Padua, supported by the German lance-knechts or infantry, he was informed by Bayard, that, if the French men-at-arms were employed, they must be supported by those of the Germans, and not by the lance-knechts, because, in the French companies of ordonnance, every soldier was a gentleman. But, in the reign of Charles IX., we find the change natural to such a new order of things, was in complete operation. The king was content to seek, as qualifications for his men-at-arms, personal bravery, strength, and address in the use of weapons, without respect to rank or birth; and, probably, in many instances, men of inferior birth were preferred to fill up the ranks of these regulated bands. Monluc informs us in his *Commentaries*, that he made his first campaign, as an archer, in the Marechal de Foix's company of gens-d'armes; it was "a situation much esteemed in those days, when many nobles served in that capacity. At present, the rank is greatly degenerated." The complaints of the old noblesse, says Mezerai, were not without reason. Mean carabineers, they said, valets and lacqueys, were recruited in companies, which were put on the same footing with the ancient corps of gens-d'armes, whose officers were all barons of high rank, and almost every man-at-arms a gentleman by birth. These complaints, joined with the charge against Catharine of Medicis, that she had, by the creation of twenty-five new members of the order of Saint Michael, rendered its honours as common as the cockle-shells on the sea-shore, serve to show how early the first rude at-

tempt at establishing a standing and professional army operated to the subversion of the ideas and privileges of Chivalry. According to La Noue, it would seem that, in his time, the practice still prevailed of sending youths of good birth to serve as pages in the gens-d'armes; but, from the sort of society with whom they mixed in service of that sort, their natural spirit was rather debased, and rendered vulgar and brutal, than trained to honour and gallantry.

A more fatal cause had, however, been for some time operating in England as well as France, for the destruction of the system we are treating of. The wars of York and Lancaster in England, and those of the Huguenots and of the League, were of a nature so bitter and rancorous, as was utterly inconsistent with the courtesy, fair play, and gentleness, proper to Chivalry. Where different nations are at strife together, their war may be carried on with a certain degree of moderation. "During the foreign wars between France and Spain, especially in Piedmont," says La Noue, "we might often see a body of spears pass a village, where the peasants only interrupted their village dance to offer them refreshments; and, in a little after, a hostile troop receive, from the unoffending and unoffended inhabitants, the same courtesy. The two bodies would meet and fight gallantly, and the wounded of both parties would be transferred to the same village, lodged in the same places of accommodation, receive the same attention, and rest peaceably on each other's good faith till again able to take the field." He contrasts this generosity with the miserable oppression of the civil wars, carried on by murdering, burning, and plundering, friend and foe, armed and unarmed, alleging, all the while, the specious watch-words of God's honour, the King's service, the Catholic religion, the Gospel, our Country. In the end, he justly observes, "the soldiers become ravenous beasts, the country is rendered desert, wealth is wasted, the crimes of the great become a curse to themselves, and God is displeased." The bloody wars of the Rose in England, the execution of prisoners on each side, the fury and animosity which allowed no plea of mercy or courtesy, were scarce less destructive of the finer parts of the spirit of Chivalry in England, than those of the Huguenots in France.

The Civil Wars not only operated in debasing the spirit of Chivalry, but in exhausting and destroying the particular class of society from which its votaries were drawn. To be of noble birth was not, indeed, absolutely essential to receiving the honour of knighthood, for men of low descent frequently attained it. But it required a distinguished display of personal merit to raise such persons out of the class where they were born, and the honours of Chivalry were, generally speaking, appropriated to those of fair and gentle parentage. The noble families, therefore, were the source from which Chivalry drew recruits; and it was upon the nobles that the losses, proscriptions, and forfeitures of the Civil Wars chiefly fell. We have seen, that, in France, their poverty occasioned their yielding up the privilege of military command to the disposal of the crown. In England it was, fortunately, not so much the crown as the commons who rose on the ruins of the feudal Chivalry. But it is well known, that the Civil Wars had so exhausted the English nobility, as to enable Henry VII. to pass his celebrated statutes against those hosts of retainers, which struck, in fact, at the very root of their power. And, thus, Providence, whose ways bring good out of evil, laid the foundation of the future freedom of England, in the destruction of what had long been its most constitutional ground of defence, and, in the subjugation of that system of Chivalry, which, having softened the ferocity of a barbarous age, was now to fall into disuse, as too extravagant for an enlightened one.

In fact, it was not merely the changes which had taken place in the constitution of armies and fashion of the fight, nor the degraded and weak state of the nobles but also, and in a great degree, the more enlightened manners of the times, and the different channels into which enthusiasm and energy were directed, which gradually abolished the sentiments of Chivalry. We have seen, that the abstract principles of Chivalry were, in the highest degree, virtuous and noble, nay, that they failed by carrying to an absurd, exaggerated, and impracticable point, the honourable duties which they inculcated. Such doctrines, when they fail to excite enthusiasm, become exploded as ridiculous. Men's minds were now awakened to other and more important and complicated exercises of the understanding, and were no longer responsive to the subjects which so deeply interested their ancestors of the middle ages. Sciences of various kinds had been rekindled in the course of the sixteenth century; the arts had been awakened in a style of perfection unknown even to classical ages. Above all, religion had become the interesting study of thousands, and the innovating doctrines of the Reformers, while hailed with ecstacy by their followers, rejected as abominations by the Catholics, and debated fiercely by both parties, involved the nobility of Europe in speculations very different from the *arrets* of the Court of Love, and demanded their active service in fields more bloody than those of tilt and tournament. When the historians or disputants on either side allude to the maxims of Chivalry, it is in terms of censure and ridicule. Yet, if we judge by the most distinguished authorities on either side, the Reformers rejected as sinful what the Catholics were contented to brand as absurd. It is with no small advantage to the Huguenots,—to that distinguished party which produced Sully, D'Aubigné, Coligni, Duplessis-Mornay, and La Noue, that we contrast the moral severity with which they pass censure on the books of Chivalry with the licentious flippancy of Brantome, who ridicules the same works, on account of the very virtues which they inculcate. From the books of *Amadis de Gaul*, refining, as he informs us, upon the ancient vanities of Perceforest, Tristan, Giron, &c., La Noue contends the age in which he lived derived the recommendation and practice of incontinence, of the poison of revenge, of neglect of sober and rational duty, desperate blood-thirstiness, under disguise of search after honour, and confusion of public order. "They are the instructions," he says, "of Apollyon, who, being a murderer from the beginning, delighteth wholly in promoting murther." Of the tournaments, he observes, "that such spectacles, rendering habitual the sight of blows and blood, had made the court of France pitiless and cruel." "Let those," he exclaims, "who desire to feed their eyes with blood, imitate the manner of England, where they exercise their cruelty on brute beasts, bringing in bulls and bears to fight with dogs, a practice beyond comparison far more lawful than the justs of Chivalry."*

It is curious to contrast the opinions of La Noue, a stern and moral reformer, and a skilful and brave soldier as France ever produced, although condemning all war that did not spring out of absolute necessity, with those of Brantome, a licentious courtier, who mixed the popish superstitions, which stood him instead of religion, with a leaven of infidelity and blasphemy. From the opinions he has expressed, and from what he has too faithfully handed down as the manners of his court and age, it is plain that all which was valuable in the spirit of Chivalry had been long renounced by the French noblesse. To mark this declension, it is only necessary to run over the various requisites already pointed out as necessary to form the chivalrous character, and contrast them with the opinions held in the end of the sixteenth century, in the court of the descendants of Saint Louis.

The spirit of devotion which the rules of Chivalry inculcated, was so openly disavowed, that it was assigned as a reason for preferring the character of Sir Tristram to that of Sir Lancelot, that the former is described in romance as relying, like Mezentius, upon his own arm alone, whereas Lancelot, on engaging in fight, never failed to commend himself to

* *Discourses, Political and Military*, translated out of the French of La Noue, 1587.

God and the saints, which, in the more modern opinions of the gallants of France, argued a want of confidence in his own strength and valour.

The devotion with which the ancient knights worshipped the fair sex, was held as old-fashioned and absurd as that which they offered to Heaven. The honour paid to chastity and purity in the German forests, and transferred as a sacred point of duty to the sons of Chivalry, was as little to be found in the court of France, according to Brantome, as the chastity and purity to which it was due. The gross and coarse sensuality which we have seen engrafted upon professions of Platonic sentiment, became finally so predominant, as altogether to discard all marks of sentimental attachment; and from the time of Catharine of Medicis, who trained her maids of honour as courtezans, the manners of the court of France seem to have been inferior in decency to those of a well-regulated bagnio. The sort of respect which these ladies were deemed entitled to, may be conjectured from an anecdote given by Lord Herbert of Cherbury, whose own character was formed upon the chivalrous model which was now become obsolete. As he stood in the trenches before a besieged place, along with Balagny, a celebrated duellist of the period, between whom and Lord Herbert some altercation had formerly occurred, the Frenchman, in a bravade, jumped over the entrenchment, and, daring Herbert to follow him, ran towards the besieged place, in the face of a fire of grape and musketry. Finding that Herbert outran him, and seemed to have no attention of turning back, Balagny was forced to set the example of retreating. Lord Herbert then invited him to an encounter upon the old chivalrous point, which had the fairer and more virtuous mistress; to which proposition Balagny replied by a jest so coarse, as made the Englishman retort, that he spoke like a mean debauchee, not like a cavalier and man of honour. As Balagny was one of the most fashionable gallants of his time, and, as the story shows, ready for the most hair-brained achievements, his declining combat, upon the ground of quarrel chosen by Lord Herbert, is a proof how little the former love of Chivalry accorded with the gallantry of these later days.

Bravery, the indispensable requisite of the *preux chevalier*, continued, indeed, to be held in the same estimation as formerly; and the history of the age gave the most brilliant as well as the most desperate examples of it, both in public war and private encounter. But courage was no longer tempered with the good faith and courtesy,—*La bonta dei gli cavalieri antichi*, so celebrated by Ariosto. There no longer existed those generous knights, that one day bound the wounds of a gallant opponent, guided him to a place of refuge, and defended him on the journey, and who, on the next, hesitated not in turn to commit their own safety to the power of a mortal foe, without fear that he would break the faithful word he had pawned for the safety of his enemy. If such examples occur in the civil wars of France, they were dictated by the generosity of individuals who rose above the vices of their age, and were not demanded, as matters of right, from all who desired to stand well in public opinion. The intercourse with Italy, so fatal to France in many respects, failed not to imbue her nobility with the politics of Machiavel,—the coarse licentiousness of Aretin,—and the barbarous spirit of revenge, which held it wise to seek its gratification, not in fair encounter, but *per ogni modo*—in what manner soever it could be obtained. Duels, when they took place, were no longer fought in the lists, or in presence of judges of the field, but in lonely and sequestered places. Inequality of arms was not regarded, however great the superiority on one side. "Thou hast both a sword and dagger," said Quelus to Antraguet, as they were about to fight, "and I have only a sword."—"The more thy folly," was the answer, "to leave thy dagger at home. We came to fight, not to adjust weapons." The duel accordingly went forward, and Quelus was slain, his left hand (in which he should have had his dagger) being shockingly cut in attempting to parry his antagonist's blows without that weapon. The challenged person having a right to choose his weapons, often endeavoured to devise such as should give him a decidedly unfair advantage. Brantome records with applause the ingenuity of a little man, who, being challenged by a tall Gascon, made choice of a gorget so constructed, that his gigantic adversary could not stoop his neck, so as to aim his blows right. Another had two swords forged of a temper so extremely brittle, that, unless used with particular caution, and in a manner to which he daily exercised himself, the blade must necessarily fly in pieces. Both these ingenious persons killed their man with very little risk or trouble, and no less applause, it would seem, than if they had fought without fraud and covine. The seconds usually engaged, and when one of the combatants was slain, his antagonist did not hesitate to assist his comrade in oppressing by odds him who remained. The *Little French Lawyer* of Fletcher turns entirely on this incident. By a yet more direct mode of murder, a man challenged to a duel was not always sure that his enemy was not to assassinate him by the assistance of ruffians at the place of rendezvous, of which Brantome gives several instances without much censure. The plighted word of an antagonist by no means ensured against treachery to the party to whom it was given. De Rosne, a gentleman well skilled in the practice and discipline of the wars, receiving a challenge from De Fargy, through the medium of a young man, who offered to pledge his word and faith for the fair conduct of his principal—made an answer which Brantome seems to approve as prudential. "I should be unwilling," he replied, "to trust my life upon a pledge on which I would not lend twenty crowns."

In many cases no ceremony was used, but the nobles assassinated each other without scruple or hesitation. Brantome gives several stories of the Baron des Vitaux, whom he describes as the very mirror of gallantry, known as such not only in France, but in Italy, Spain, Poland, and England, and one whom strangers were desirous to see on account of his renown in arms. Most of this person's acts of gallantry, nevertheless, were mere assassinations, perpetrated by the assistance of his attendants, and especially of two brothers, called Boucicault, who were called Vitaux's Lions. The Baron had a quarrel with Monsieur du Gua, and Brantome, the friend of both parties, endeavoured to bring about a reconciliation, but in vain. "Vitaux," says the historian, "had thoughts of challenging his enemy, but did not do so, for certain reasons which I will not here enter into, and because it was not his best and surest course."—He left Paris, therefore, for six months, and returning suddenly, entered into Du Gua's lodgings, leaving two men to guard the door. He found his victim lying on his bed, owing to some indisposition. Du Gua had scarce time to start up and seize a lance, ere Vitaux rushed within his weapon, and, with a very sharp and short sword (which, in such cases, says Brantome, by way of parenthesis, "is more convenient than a long one,") ran him once or twice through the body, and left him wounded to death. This, with similar deeds of atrocity committed by the same ruffian, are termed by the historian, bold and worthy acts of revenge. Vitaux was himself slain in a duel with Millaud, another stabber of the age, who wore a flexible cuirass on his right side, so artificially painted like the natural skin, as to deceive the seconds who searched his person to ascertain that he wore no defensive armour.

Another instance of the total abolition of the rules of Chivalry, and a very brutal one, occurs in the same author. Matas, an experienced soldier, and of some fame in arms, had a quarrel at a royal hunting match, in the wood of Vincennes, with a young man called Achon, a nephew of the Mareschal de St. André. They rode apart into the wood, and, dismounting from their horses, began an engagement, in which young Achon's sword was soon struck out of his hand. The veteran, forbearing any further violence, said to him, with some scorn, "Go, young man. Learn another time to hold your sword faster

before you provoke such as I am—Go, take up your sword. I forgive you, and let there be no more words of the matter; but begone for a rash boy as you are." Achon, furious at this species of scorn, took up his sword, and running after Matas, who had by this time turned his back, run him through the body from behind, and killed him on the spot. "And there was no more said upon the matter," says Brantome, "because Achon was the nephew of the Mareschal St. André, and the slain man a relation of Madame de Valentinois, who, by the recent death of Prince Henry, had lost her credit at court. Much noise, however, was made for the death of Matas, who was both gallant and valiant. Nevertheless, he was much censured, and even by the great Duke of Guise, for having failed to use the advantage which he had obtained, and thus, by trifling with his own good fortune, having given him whom he spared an opportunity of taking his life."

It were needless, by multiplying examples, to illustrate the blood-thirsty and treacherous maxims and practices, which, during the sixteenth century, succeeded to the punctilious generosity exacted by the rules of Chivalry. It is enough to call to the reader's recollection the bloody secret of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, which was kept by such a number of the Catholic noblemen for two years, at the expense of false treaties, promises, and perjuries innumerable, and the execution which followed on naked, unarmed, and unsuspecting men, in which so many gallants lent their willing swords.

In England, the free tone of the government, and the advantage of equal laws, administered without respect of persons, checked similar enormities, which, however, do not appear to have been thought, in all cases, inconsistent with the point of honour, which, if not, as in France, totally depraved from the ancient practices of Chivalry, might probably have soon become so. Sir John Ayres did not hesitate to attack Lord Herbert with the assistance of his servants; and the outrage upon the person of Sir John Coventry, by the young officers belonging to the guards of Charles II., which gave rise to the Coventry act against cutting and maiming, evinced the same spirit of degenerate and blood-thirsty revenge. Lord Sanquhar, having lost an eye in a trial of skill with a master of defence, conceived that his honour required that he should cause the poor man to be assassinated by ruffians in his own school. But as this base action met its just reward at the gallows, the spirit of Italian revenge was probably effectually checked by such a marked example. At the gallows, the unfortunate nobleman expressed his detestation for the crime, which he then saw in all its enormity. "Before his trial," he said, "the devil had so blinded his understanding, that he could not understand that he had done amiss, or otherwise than befitting a man of high rank and quality, having been trained up to the court, and living the life of a soldier; which sort of men," he said, "stood more on a point of honour than religion." The feelings of Chivalry must have been indeed degraded, when so base an assassination was accounted a point of honour. In Scotland, at the same period, the manners of which country, as is well observed by Robertson, strongly resembled those of France, the number of foul murders often committed on persons of the most eminent rank, was almost incredible; and indeed assassination might be termed the most general vice of the sixteenth century.

From these circumstances, the total decay of chivalrous principle is sufficiently evident. As the progress of knowledge advanced, men learned to despise its fantastic refinements; the really enlightened undervaluing them, as belonging to a system inapplicable to the modern state of the world; the licentious, fierce, and subtle, desiring their abrogation, as throwing the barriers of affected punctilio betwixt them, and the safe, ready, and unceremonious gratification of their lust or their vengeance.

The system of Chivalry, as we have seen, had its peculiar advantages during the middle ages. Its duties were not, and indeed could not, always be performed in perfection, but they had a strong influence on public opinion; and we cannot doubt that its institutions, virtuous as they were in principle, and honourable and generous in their ends, must have done much good, and prevented much evil. We can now only look back on it as a beautiful and fantastic piece of frostwork, which has dissolved in the beams of the sun! But though we seek in vain for the pillars, the vaults, the cornices, and the fretted ornaments of the transitory fabric, we cannot but be sensible that its dissolution has left on the soil valuable tokens of its former existence. We do not mean, nor is it necessary to trace, the slight shades of Chivalry, which are yet received in the law of England. An appeal to combat in a case of treason, was adjudged, in the celebrated case of Ramsay and Lord Reay, in the time of Charles I. The personal combat offered in bar of an appeal of murder seems to have been admitted as legal some years since, and was only abolished of late by positive statute. But it is not in such issues, rare as they must be, that we ought to trace the consequences of Chivalry. We have already shown, that its effects are rather to be sought in the general feeling of respect to the female sex; in the rules of forbearance and decorum in society; in the duties of speaking truth and observing courtesy; and in the general conviction and assurance, that, as no man can encroach upon the property of another without accounting to the laws, so none can infringe on his personal honour, be the difference of rank what it may, without subjecting himself to personal responsibility. It will be readily believed that, in noticing the existence of duelling as a relic of Chivalry, we do not mean to discuss the propriety of the custom. It is our happiness that the excesses to which this spirit is liable, are checked by the laws which wisely discountenance the practice; for, although the severity of these laws sometimes gives way to the force of public opinion, they still remain an effectual restraint, in every case where the circumstances argue either wanton provocation or unfair advantage. It is to be hoped, that as the custom of appealing to this Gothic mode of settling disputes is gradually falling into disuse, our successors may possibly enjoy the benefit of the general urbanity, decency, and courtesy, which it has introduced into the manners of Europe, without the necessity of having recourse to a remedy, not easily reconciled to law or to Christianity.

AN ESSAY ON ROMANCE.

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Dr. Johnson has defined Romance, in its primary sense, to be "a military fable of the middle ages; a tale of wild adventures in love and chivalry." But although this definition expresses correctly the ordinary idea of the word, it is not sufficiently comprehensive to answer our present purpose. A composition may be a legitimate romance, yet neither refer to love nor chivalry—to war nor to the middle ages. The "wild adventures" are almost the only absolutely essential ingredient in Johnson's definition. We would be rather inclined to describe a *Romance* as "a fictitious narrative in prose or verse; the interest of which turns upon marvellous and uncommon incidents;" being thus opposed to the kindred term *Novel*, which Johnson has described as "a smooth tale, generally of love;" but which we would rather define as "a fictitious narrative, differing from the Romance, because the events are accommodated to the ordinary train of human events, and the modern state of society." Assuming these definitions, it is evident, from the nature of the distinction adopted, that there may exist compositions which it is difficult to assign precisely or exclusively to the one class or the other; and which, in fact, partake of the nature of both. But generally speaking, the distinction will be found broad enough to answer all general and useful purposes.

The word Romance, in its original meaning, was far from corresponding with the definition now assigned. On the contrary, it signified merely one or other of the popular dialects of Europe, founded (as almost all these dialects were) upon the Roman tongue, that is, upon the Latin. The name of Romance was indiscriminately given to the Italian, to the Spanish, even (in one remarkable instance at least*) to the English language. But it was especially applied to the compound language of France; in which the Gothic dialect of the Franks, the Celtic of the ancient Gauls, and the classical Latin, formed the ingredients. Thus Robert De Brunne:

> "All is caldé geste Inglis,
> That in this language spoken is—
> Frankis speech is caled *Romanis*,
> So says clerkis and men of France."

At a period so early as 1150, it plainly appears that the Romance Language was distinguished from the Latin, and that translations were made from the one into the other; for an ancient Romance on the subject of Alexander, quoted by Fauchet, says it was written by a learned clerk,

> "Qui *de Latin* la tiest, et *en Roman* la mit."

That is, "who translated the tale from the Latin, and clothed it in the *Romance* language."

The most noted metrical tales or chronicles of the middle ages were usually composed in the Romance or French language, which, being spoken both at the Court of Paris and that of London, under the kings of the Norman race, became in a peculiar degree the speech of love and Chivalry. So much is this the case, that such metrical narratives as are written in English always affect to refer to some French original, which usually, at least, if not in all instances, must be supposed to have had a real existence. Hence the frequent recurrence of the phrase,

> "As in romance we read;"

Or,

> "Right as the romaunt us telle;

and equivalent terms, well known to all who have at any time perused such compositions. Thus, very naturally, though undoubtedly by slow degrees, the very name of *romaunt*, or *romance*, came to be transferred from the language itself to that peculiar style of composition in which it was so much employed, and which so commonly referred to it. How early a transference so natural took place, we have no exact means of knowing; but the best authority assures us that the word was used in its modern and secondary sense so early as the reign of Edward III. Chaucer, unable to sleep during the night, informs us, that, in order to pass the time,

> "Upon my bed I sate upright,
> And bade one rechis me a boke,
> A Romaunce, and it me took
> To read and drive the night away."

The book described as a Romance, contained, as we are informed,

> "——————— Fables
> That clerkis had in old tyme,
> And other poets, put in rhyme."

And the author tells us, a little lower,

> "This book he spake but of such things,
> Of Queens' lives and of Kings."

The volume proves to be no other than Ovid's *Metamorphoses;* and Chaucer, by applying to that work the name of Romance, sufficiently establishes that the word was, in his time, correctly employed under the modern acceptation.

Having thus accounted for the derivation of the word, our investigation divides itself into three principal branches, though of unequal extent. In the first of these we propose to inquire into the general History and Origin of this peculiar species of composition, and particularly of Romances relating to European Chivalry, which necessarily form the most interesting object of our inquiry. In the second, we shall give some brief account of the History of the Romance of Chivalry in the different states of Europe. Thirdly, We propose to notice cursorily the various kinds of Romantic Composition by which the ancient Romances of Chivalry were followed and superseded, and with these notices to conclude the article.

I. In the views taken by Hurd, Percy, and other older authorities, of the origin and history of romantic fiction, their attention seems to have been so exclusively fixed upon the Romance of Chivalry alone, that they appear to have forgotten that, however interesting and peculiar, it formed only one species of a very numerous and extensive genus. The progress of Romance, in fact, keeps pace with that of society, which cannot long exist, even in the simplest state, without exhibiting some specimens of this attractive style of composition. It is not meant by this assertion, that in early ages such narratives were invented, as in modern times, in the character of mere fictions, devised to beguile the leisure of those who have time enough to read and attend to them. On the contrary, Romance and real history have the same common origin. It is the aim of the

* This curious passage was detected by the industry of Ritson in *Giraldus Cambrensis*, "*Ab aqua illa optima, quæ Scottice vocata est* Froth; *Britannice*, Waith; Romane vero *Scotte-Westre*." Here the various names assigned to the Frith of Forth are given in the Gaelic or Erse, the British or Welsh; and the phrase *Roman* is applied to the ordinary language of England. But it would be difficult to show another instance of the English language being termed Roman or Romance.

former to maintain as long as possible the mask of veracity; and indeed the traditional memorials of all earlier ages partake in such a varied and doubtful degree of the qualities essential to those opposite lines of composition, that they form a mixed class between them; and may be termed either romantic histories, or historical romances, according to the proportion in which their truth is debased by fiction, or their fiction mingled with truth.

A moment's glance at the origin of society will satisfy the reader why this can hardly be otherwise. The father of an isolated family, destined one day to rise into a tribe, and in further progress of time to expand into a nation, may, indeed, narrate to his descendants the circumstances which detached him from the society of his brethren, and drove him to form a solitary settlement in the wilderness, with no other deviation from truth, on the part of the narrator, than arises from the infidelity of memory, or the exaggerations of vanity. But when the tale of the patriarch is related by his children, and again by his descendants of the third and fourth generation, the facts it contains are apt to assume a very different aspect. The vanity of the tribe augments the simple annals from one cause—the love of the marvellous, so natural to the human mind, contributes its means of sophistication from another—while, sometimes, from a third cause, the king and the priest find their interest in casting a holy and sacred gloom and mystery over the early period in which their power arose. And thus altered and sophisticated from so many different motives, the real adventures of the founder of the tribe bear as little proportion to the legend recited among his children, as the famous hut of Loretto bears to the highly ornamented church with which superstition has surrounded and enchased it. Thus the definition which we have given of Romance, as a fictitious narrative turning upon the marvellous or the supernatural, might, on a large sense, be said to embrace

——— quicquid Græcia mendax
Audet in historia,

or, in fine, the mythological and fabulous history of all early nations.

It is also important to remark, that poetry, or rather verse—rhythm at least of some sort or other, is originally selected as the best vehicle for these traditional histories. Its principal recommendation is probably the greater facility with which metrical narratives are retained in the memory—a point of the last consequence, until the art of writing is generally introduced; since the construction of the verse itself forms an artificial association with the sense, the one of which seldom fails to recall the other to recollection. But the medium of verse, at first adopted merely to aid the memory, becomes soon valuable on account of its other qualities. The march or measure of the stanza is gratifying to the ear, and, like a natural strain of melody, can be restrained or accelerated, so as to correspond with the tone of feeling which the words convey; while the recurrence of the necessary measure, rhythm, or rhyme, is perpetually gratifying the hearer by a sense of difficulty overcome. Verse being thus adopted as the vehicle of traditional history, there needs but the existence of a single man of genius, in order to carry the composition a step higher in the scale of literature than that of which we are treating. In proportion to the skill which he attains in his art, the fancy and ingenuity of the artist himself are excited; the simple narrative transmitted to him by ruder rhymers is increased in length; is decorated with the graces of language, amplified in detail, and rendered interesting by description; until the brief and barren original bears as little resemblance to the finished piece, as the *Iliad* of Homer to the evanescent traditions, out of which the blind bard wove his tale of Troy Divine. Hence the opinion expressed by the ingenious Percy, and assented to by Ritson himself. When about to present to his readers an excellent analysis of the old romance of *Lybius Disconius*, and making several remarks on the artificial management of the story, the Bishop observes, that "if an Epic poem may be defined a fable related by a poet to excite admiration and inspire virtue, by representing the action of some one hero favoured by Heaven, who executes a great design in spite of all the obstacles that oppose him, I know not why we should withhold the name of *Epic Poem* from the piece which I am about to analyze."*

Yet although this levelling proposition has been laid down by Percy, and assented to by Ritson, (writers who have few opinions in common,) and although, upon so general a view of the subject, the *Iliad*, or even the *Odyssey*, of Homer, might be degraded into the class of Romances, as *Le Beau Deconnu* is elevated into that of epic poems, there lies in ordinary speech, and in common sense, as wide a distinction between these two classes of composition, as there is betwixt the rude mystery or morality of the middle ages, and the regular drama by which these were succeeded. Where the art and the ornaments of the poet chiefly attract our attention—where each part of the narrative bears a due proportion to the others, and the whole draws gradually towards a final and satisfactory conclusion—where the characters are sketched with force, and sustained with precision—where the narrative is enlivened and adorned with so much, and no more of poetical ornament and description, as may adorn, without impeding its progress—where this art and taste are displayed, supported, at the same time, by a sufficient tone of genius, and art of composition, the work produced must be termed an Epic Poem, and the author may claim his seat upon the high and honoured throne occupied by Homer, Virgil, and Milton. On the other hand, when a story languishes in tedious and minute details, and relies for the interest which it proposes to excite, rather upon the wild excursions of an unbridled fancy, than upon the skill of the poet—when the supernatural and the extraordinary are relied upon exclusively as the supports of the interest, the author, though his production may be distinguished by occasional flashes of genius, and though it may be interesting to the historian, as containing some minute fragments of real events, and still more so to the antiquary, from the light which it throws upon ancient manners, is still no more than an humble romancer, and his works must rank amongst those rude ornaments of a dark age, which are at present the subject of our consideration. Betwixt the extremes of the two classes of composition, there must, no doubt, exist many works, which partake in some degree of the character of both; and after having assigned most of them each to their proper class, according as they are distinguished by regularity of composition and poetical talent, or, on the contrary, by extravagance of imagination, and irregularity of detail, there may still remain some, in which these properties are so equally balanced, that it may be difficult to say to which class they belong. But although this may be the case in a very few instances, our taste and habits readily acknowledge as complete and absolute a difference betwixt the Epopeia and Romance, as can exist betwixt two distinct species of the same generic class.

We have said of Romance, that it first appears in the form of metrical history, professes to be a narrative of real facts, and is, indeed, nearly allied to such history as an early state of society affords; which is always exaggerated by the prejudices and partialities of the tribe to which it belongs, as well as deeply marked by their idolatry and superstition. These it becomes the trade of the romancers still more to exaggerate, until the thread of truth can scarce be discerned in the web of fable which involves it; and we are compelled to renounce all hope of deriving serious or authentic information from the materials upon which the compounders of fiction have been so long at work, from one generation to another, that they have at length obliterated the very shadow of reality or even probability.

The view we have given of the origin of Romance, will be found to agree with the facts which the researches of so many active investigators of this cu-

* *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, III. xxxvii. The Prelate is citing a discourse on Epic Poetry, prefixed to *Telemachus*

ous subject have been able to ascertain. It is found r example, and we will produce instances in view-ig the progress of Romance in particular countries, at the earliest productions of this sort, known to ist, are short narrations or ballads, which were robably sung on solemn or festival occasions, re-ording the deeds and praises of some famed cham-on of the tribe and country, or perhaps the history f some remarkable victory or signal defeat, calcu-ated to interest the audience by the associations hich the song awakens. These poems, of which ery few can now be supposed to exist, are not with-ut flashes of genius, but brief, rude, and often ob-cure, from real antiquity or affected sublimity of dic-on. The song on the battle of Brunanburgh, pre-erved in the *Saxon Chronicle*, is a genuine and curi-us example of this aboriginal style of poetry.

Even at this early period,* there may be observed distinction betwixt what may be called the *Tem-oral* and *Spiritual* Romances; the first destined to e celebration of worldly glory,—the second to re-ording the deaths of martyrs and the miracles f saints; both which themes unquestionably met ith an almost equally favourable reception from eir hearers. But although most nations possess, their early species of literature, specimens of both inds of Romance, the proportion of each, as was aturally to have been expected, differs according s the genius of the people amongst whom they oc-ur leaned towards devotion or military enterprise. hus, of the Saxon specimens of poetry, which anuscripts still afford us, a very large proportion is evotional, amongst which are several examples of he Spiritual Romance, but very few indeed of those especting warfare or chivalry. On the other hand, he Norman language, though rich in examples of oth kinds of Romances, is particularly abundant in hat which relates to battle and warlike adventure. he Christian Saxons had become comparatively acific, while the Normans were certainly accounted he most martial people in Europe.

However different the Spiritual Romance may be rom the temporal in scope and tendency, the nature f the two compositions did not otherwise greatly iffer. The structure of verse and style of composi-ion was the same; and the induction, even when he most serious subject was undertaken, exactly ssembled that with which minstrels introduced their ile tales, and often contained allusions to them. Warton quotes a poem on the Passions, which begins,

> I bereth one lutele tale, that ich eu wille telle,
> As wi vyndeth hit inwrite in the godspelle.
> Nuz hit nouht of Carlemeyne ne of the Duzpere,
> Ac of Criste's thruuynge, &c.

The Temporal Romances, on the other hand, of-en commenced by such invocations of the Deity, s would only have been in place when a much nore solemn subject was to be agitated. The ex-rdium of the Romance of *Ferumbras* may serve s an example of a custom almost universal:

> God in glorye of mightis moost
> That all things made in sagience,
> By virtue of Word and Holy Goeste,
> Giving to men great excellence, &c.

The distresses and dangers which the knight en-hured for the sake of obtaining earthly fame and his istress's favour, the saint or martyr was exposed for the purpose of securing his rank in heaven, nd the favour of some beloved and peculiar patron aint. If the earthly champion is in peril from mon-ters, dragons, and enchantments, the spiritual he-o is represented as liable to the constant assaults f the whole invisible world, headed by the ancient ragon himself. If the knight is succoured at need y some favouring fairy or protecting genius, the aint is under the protection not only of the whole eavenly host, but of some one divine patron or atroness who is his especial auxiliary. Lastly, the onclusion of the Romance, which usually assigns o the champion a fair realm, an abundant succes-ion, and a train of happy years, consigns to the artyr his fane and altar upon earth, and in heaven is seat among saints and angels, and his share in

* The religious romances of *Barlaam* and *Jehosaphat* were ritten by John of Damascus in the eighth century.

a blessed eternity. It remains but to say, that the style and language of these two classes do not greatly differ, and that the composers of both employ the same structure of rhythm and of language, and draw their ideas and their incidents from similiar sources; so that, having noticed the existence of the Spiritual Romance, it is unnecessary for the present to prosecute this subject any further.

Another early and natural division of these works of fiction seems to have arranged them into *Serious* and *Comical*. The former were by far the most numerous, and examples of the latter are in most countries comparatively rare. Such a class, however, existed, as proper Romances, even if we hold the Comic Romance distinct from the *Contes* and *Fabliaux* of the French, and from such jocular English narratives as the *Wife Lapt in Moril's Skin*, *The Friar and the Boy*, and similar humorous tales: of which the reader will find many examples in Ritson's *Ancient English Poetry*, and in other collections. The scene of these *gestes* being laid in low, or at least in ordinary life, they approach in their nature more nearly to the class of novels, and may perhaps be considered as the earliest specimens of that kind of composition. But the proper Comic Romance was that in which the high terms and knightly adventures of chivalry were burlesqued, by ascribing them to clowns, or others of a low and mean degree. Such compositions formed, as it were, a parody on the Serious Romance, to which they bore the same proportion as the antimask, studiously filled with grotesque, absurd, and extravagant characters, "entering," as the stage direction usually informs us, "to a confused music," bore to the mask itself, where all was dignified, noble, stately, and harmonious.

An excellent example of the Comic Romance is the *Tournament of Tottenham*, printed in Percy's *Reliques*, in which a number of clowns are introduced practising one of those warlike games, which were the exclusive prerogative of the warlike and noble. They are represented making vows to the swan, the peacock, and the ladies; riding a tilt on their clumsy cart horses, and encountering each other with plough-shares, and flails; while their defensive armour consisted of great wooden bowls and troughs, by way of helmets and cuirasses. The learned editor seems to have thought this singular composition was, like Don Quixote, with which he compares it, a premeditated effort of satire, written to expose the grave and fantastic manners of the Serious Romance. This is considering the matter too deeply, and ascribing to the author of the *Tournament of Tottenham*, a more critical purpose than he was probably capable of conceiving. It is more natural to suppose that his only ambition was to raise a laugh, by ascribing to the vulgar the manners and exercises of the noble and valiant; as in the well-known farce *High Life Below Stairs*, the ridicule is not directed against the manners described, but against the menials who affect those that are only befitting their superiors.

The *Hunting of the Hare*, published in the collection formed by the late industrious and accurate Mr. Weber, is a Comic Romance of the same order. A yeoman informs the inhabitants of a country hamlet that he has found a hare sitting, and inquires if there is any gentleman near who keeps greyhounds, for the purpose of coursing her. The villian to whom he communicates this information replies, there is no need of sending for a gentleman's assistance, and proceeds to enumerate the catalogue of ban-dogs, which are the property of himself and the other clowns of the village:

> "Hob Andrew Y thynke on now,
> He has a dogge wyll take a sow,
> And bryng hur to the cowtte;
> Ther is no thyng he wyll forsake,
> Ye schall se hym this hare take,
> And gnaw ate hur throwtte.
>
> "Parkyn the potter, hase iij that wyll not fayll;
> Short schonkes and neuer a tayll;
> No kalfe so greyt, as Y wene,
> So has Dykon and Jac Gryme,
> So has yonge Raynall and Sym,
> And all the schall hom sene."

When the chase is assembled, the yeoman puts up the hare, who with little difficulty makes her escape from the mongrel mastiffs, and breaks a ring which had been formed by the peasants, armed with their great clubs and bats. Great is the terror of the individual over whom she ran in her retreat, and who expected fully that she would have torn his throat out. The inexperienced curs and mastiffs, instead of pursuing the game, commence a battle royal amongst themselves,—their masters take part in the fray, and beat each other soundly. In short, the hunting of the hare, scarce less doleful than that of Cheviot, concludes like the latter, with the women of the village coming to carry off the wounded and slain.

It can hardly be supposed the satire is directed against the sport of hunting itself; since the whole ridicule arises out of the want of the necessary knowledge of its rules, incident to the ignorance and inexperience of the clowns, who undertook to practise an art peculiar to gentlemen.

The ancient poetry of Scotland furnishes several examples of this ludicrous style of romantic composition; as the *Tournament at the Drum*, and the *Justing of Watson and Barbour*, by Sir David Lindsay. It is probable that these mock encounters were sometimes acted in earnest; at least King James I. is accused of witnessing such practical jests; "sometimes presenting David Droman and Archie Armstrong, the King's fool, on the back of other fools, to tilt at one another till they fell together by the ears."—(Sir Antony Weldon's *Court of King James.*)

In hastily noticing the various divisions of the Romance, we have in some degree delayed our promised account of its rise and progress; an inquiry which we mean chiefly to confine to the Romance of the middle ages. It is indeed true that this species of composition is common to almost all nations, and that even if we deem the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* compositions too dignified by the strain of poetry in which they are composed to bear the name of Metrical Romances; yet we have the Pastoral Romance of *Daphnis and Chloe*, and the Historical Romance of *Theagenes and Chariclea*, which are sufficiently accurate specimens of that style of composition. The *Milesian fables* and the Romances of Antonius Diogenes, described by Photius, could they be recovered, would also be found to belong to the same class. It is impossible to avoid noticing that the Sybarites, whose luxurious habits seems to have been intellectual, as well as sensual, were peculiarly addicted to the perusal of the Milesian fables; from which we may conclude that the narratives were not of that severe kind which inspired high thoughts and martial virtues. But there would be little advantage derived from extending our researches into the ages of classical antiquity respecting a class of compositions, which, though they existed then, as in almost every stage of society, were neither so numerous nor of such high repute as to constitute any considerable portion of that literature.

Want of space also may entitle us to dismiss the consideration of the Oriental Romances, unless in so far as in the course of the middle ages they came to furnish materials for enlarging and varying the character of the Romances of knight-errantry. That they existed early, and were highly esteemed both among the Persians and Arabians, has never been disputed; and the most interesting light has been lately thrown on the subject by the publication of *Antar*, one of the most ancient, as well as most rational, if we may use the phrase, of the Oriental fictions. The Persian Romance of the *Sha-Nameh* is well known to Europeans by name, and by copious extracts; and the love-tale of *Mejnoun and Leilah* is also familiar to our ears, if not to our recollections. Many of the fictions in the extraordinary collection of the *Arabian Tales*, that of Codadad and his brethren, for example, approach strictly to the character of Romances of Chivalry; although in general they must be allowed to exceed the more tame northern fictions in dauntless vivacity of invention, and in their more strong tendency to the marvellous. Several specimens of the Oriental Romance are also to be found mingled with those which are serious; and we have the best and most positive authority that the recital of these inductive fictions is at this moment an amusement as fascinating and general among the people of the East, as the perusal of printed Romances and novels among the European public. But a minute investigation into this particular species of Romance would lead us from our present field, already sufficiently extensive for the limits to which our plan confines it.

The European Romance, wherever it arises, and in whatsoever country it begins to be cultivated, had its origin in some part of the real or fabulous history of that country; and of this we will produce, in the sequel, abundant proofs. But the simple tale of tradition had not passed through many mouths, ere some one, to indulge his own propensity for the wonderful, or to secure by novelty the attention of his audience, augments the meagre chronicle with his own apocryphal inventions. Skirmishes are elevated into great battles; the champion of a remote age is exaggerated into a sort of demi-god; and the enemies whom he encountered and subdued are multiplied in number and magnified in strength, in order to add dignity to his successes against them. Chanted to rhythmical numbers, the songs which celebrate the early valour of the fathers of the tribe become its war-cry in battle, and men march to conflict hymning the praises and the deeds of some real or supposed precursor who had marshalled their fathers in the path of victory. No reader can have forgotten, that, when the decisive battle of Hastings commenced, a Norman minstrel, Taillefer, advanced on horseback before the invading host, and gave the signal for onset, by singing the *Song of Roland*, that renowned nephew of Charlemagne, of whom Romance speaks so much, and history so little; and whose fall, with the chivalry of Charles the Great in the pass of Roncesvalles, has given rise to such clouds of romantic fiction, that its very name has been for ever associated with it. The remarkable passage has been often quoted from the *Brut of Wace*, an Anglo-Norman metrical Chronicle.

> Taillefer, qui moult bien chantoit
> Sur un cheval qi tost alont,
> Devant le Duc alont chantant
> De Karlemaigne et de Rollant,
> Et d'Oliver et des vassals,
> Qui moururent en Roncevals.

Which may be thus rendered:

> Taillefer, who sung both well and loud,
> Came mounted on a courser proud;
> Before the Duke the minstrel sprung,
> And loud of Charles and Roland sung,
> Of Oliver and champions mo,
> Who died at fatal Roncevaux.

This champion possessed the sleight-of-hand of the juggler, as well as the art of the minstrel. He tossed up his sword in the air, and caught it again as he galloped to the charge, and showed other feats of dexterity. Taillefer slew two Saxon warriors of distinction, and was himself killed by a third. Ritson, with less than his usual severe accuracy, supposed that Taillefer sung some part of a long metrical Romance upon Roland and his history; but the words *chanson*, *cantilena*, and *song*, by which the composition is usually described, seems rather to apply to a brief ballad or national song; which is also more consonant with our ideas of the time and place where it was chanted.

But neither with these romantic and metrical chronicles did the mind long remain satisfied. More details were demanded, and were liberally added by the invention of those who undertook to cater for the public taste in such matters. The same names of kings and champions, which had first caught the national ear, were still retained, in order to secure attention; and the same assertions of authenticity, and affected references to real history, were stoutly made, both in the commencement and in the course of the narrative. Each nation, as will presently be

men, came at length to adopt to itself a cycle of heroes like those of the *Iliad*; a sort of common property to all minstrels who chose to make use of them, under the condition always that the general character ascribed to each individual hero was preserved with some degree of consistency. Thus, in the Romances of *The Round Table*, Gawain is usually represented as courteous; Kay as rude and boastful; Mordred as treacherous; and Sir Launcelot as a true though a sinful lover, and in all other respects a model of chivalry. Amid the Paladins of Charlemagne, whose cycle may be considered as peculiarly the property of French in opposition to Norman-Anglo Romance, Gan, or Ganelon of Mayence, is always represented as a faithless traitor, engaged in intrigues for the destruction of Christianity; Roland as brave, unsuspicious, devotedly loyal, and somewhat simple in his disposition; Renaud, or Rinaldo, who possessed the frontier fortress, is painted with all the properties of a borderer, valiant, alert, ingenious, rapacious, and unscrupulous. The same conventional distinctions may be traced in the history of the Nibelung, a composition of Scandinavian origin, which has supplied matter for so many Teutonic Romances. Meister Hildebrand, Etzel, Theodorick, and the champion Hogan, as well as Chrimhilda and the females introduced, have the same individuality of character, which is ascribed, in Homer's immortal writings, to the wise Ulysses, the brave but relentless Achilles, his more gentle friend Patroclus, Sarpedon the favourite of the gods, and Hector the protector of mankind. It was not permitted to the invention of a Greek poet to make Ajax a dwarf, or Teucer a giant, Thersites a hero, or Diomedes a coward; and it seems to have been under similar restrictions respecting consistency, that the ancient romancers exercised their ingenuity upon the materials supplied them by their predecessors. But, in other respects, the whole store of romantic history and tradition was free to all as a joint stock in trade, on which each had a right to draw as suited his particular purposes. He was at liberty not only to select a hero out of known and established names which had been the theme of others, but to imagine a new personage of his own pure fancy, and combine him with the heroes of Arthur's Table or Charlemagne's Court, in the way which best suited his fancy. He was permitted to excite new wars against those bulwarks of Christendom, invade them with fresh and innumerable hosts of Saracens, reduce them to the last extremity, drive them from their thrones, and lead them into captivity, and again to relieve their persons, and restore their sovereignty, by events and agents totally unknown in their former story.

In the characters thus assigned to the individual personages of romantic fiction, it is possible there might be some slight foundation in remote tradition, as there were also probably some real grounds for the existence of such persons, and perhaps for a very few of the leading circumstances attributed to them. But these realities only exist as the few grains of wheat in the bushel of chaff, incapable of being winnowed out, or cleared from the mass of fiction with which each new romancer had in his turn overwhelmed them. So that Romance, though certainly deriving its first original from the pure fount of History, is supplied, during the course of a very few generations, with so many tributes from the Imagination, that at length the very name comes to be used to distinguish works of pure fiction.

When so popular a department of poetry has attained this decided character, it becomes time to inquire who were the composers of these numerous, lengthened, and once admired narratives which are called Metrical Romances, and from whence they drew their authority. Both these subjects of discussion have been the source of great controversy among antiquarians; a class of men who, be it said with their forgiveness, are apt to be both positive and polemical upon the very points which are least susceptible of proof, and which are least valuable if the truth could be ascertained; and which, therefore, we would gladly have seen handled with more diffidence, and better temper, in proportion to their uncertainty.

The late venerable Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore, led the way unwarily to this dire controversy, by ascribing the composition of our ancient heroic songs and metrical legends, in rather too liberal language, to the minstrels, that class of men by whom they were generally recited. This excellent person, to whose memory the lovers of our ancient lyre must always remain so deeply indebted, did not, on publishing his work nearly fifty years ago, see the rigid necessity of observing the utmost and most accurate precision either in his transcripts or his definitions. The study which he wished to introduce was a new one—it was his object to place it before the public in an engaging and interesting form; and, in consideration of his having obtained this important point, we ought to make every allowance, not only for slight inaccuracies, but for some hasty conclusions, and even exaggerations, with which he was induced to garnish his labour of love. He defined the minstrels, to whose labours he chiefly ascribed the metrical compositions on which he desired to fix the attention of the public, as "an order of men in the middle ages, who subsisted by the arts of poetry and music, and sung to the harp verses composed by themselves or others."* In a very learned and elegant essay upon the text thus announced, the reverend Prelate in a great measure supported the definition which he had laid down; although it may be thought that, in the first editions at least, he has been anxious to view the profession of the minstrels on their fairest and most brilliant side; and to assign to them a higher station in society than a general review of all the passages connected with them will permit us to give to a class of persons, who either lived a vagrant life, dependent on the precarious taste of the public for a hard-earned maintenance, or, at best, were retained as a part of the menial retinue of some haughty baron, and in a great measure identified with his musical band.

The late acute, industrious, and ingenious Mr. Joseph Ritson, whose severe accuracy was connected with an unhappy eagerness and irritability of temper, took advantage of the exaggerations occasionally to be found in the Bishop's *Account of Ancient Minstrelsy*, and assailed him with terms which are anything but courteous. Without finding an excuse, either in the novelty of the studies in which Percy had led the way, or in the vivacity of imagination which he did not himself share, he proceeded to arraign each trivial inaccuracy as a gross fraud, and every deduction which he considered to be erroneous as a wilful untruth, fit to be stigmatized with the broadest appellation by which falsehood can be distinguished. Yet there is so little room for this extreme loss of temper, that, upon a recent perusal of both those ingenious essays, we were surprised to find that the reverend Editor of the *Reliques*, and the accurate Antiquary, have differed so very little, as, in essential facts, they appear to have done. Quotations are, indeed, made by both with no sparing hand; and hot arguments, and, on one side at least, hard words, are unsparingly employed; while, as is said to happen in theological polemics, the contest grows warmer, in proportion as the ground concerning which it is carried on is narrower and more insignificant. But notwithstanding all this ardour of controversy, their systems in reality do not essentially differ.

Ritson is chiefly offended at the sweeping conclusion, in which Percy states the minstrels as subsisting by the arts of poetry and music, and reciting to the harp verses composed by themselves and others. He shows very successfully that this definition is considerably too extensive, and that the term minstrel comprehended, of old, not merely those who recited to the harp or other instrument romances and ballads, but others who were distinguished by their skill in instrumental music only; and, moreover, that jugglers, sleight-of-hand performers, dan-

* *Essay on Ancient Minstrels in England*, prefixed to the first volume of Bishop Percy's *Reliques*.

cers, tumblers and such like subordinate artists, who were introduced to help away the tedious hours in an ancient feudal castle, were also comprehended under the general term of minstrel. But although he distinctly proves that Percy's definition applied only to one class of the persons termed minstrels, those namely who sung or recited verses, and in many cases of their own composition; the bishop's position remains unassailable, in so far as relates to one general class, and those the most distinguished during the middle ages. All minstrels did not use the harp, and recite or compose romantic poetry; but it cannot be denied that such was the occupation of the most eminent of the order. This Ritson has rather admitted than denied; and the number of quotations which his industry has brought together, rendered such an admission inevitable.

Indeed, the slightest acquaintance with ancient Romances of the metrical class, shows us that they were composed for the express purpose of being recited, or, more properly, chanted, to some simple tune or cadence, for the amusement of a large audience. Our ancestors, as they were circumscribed in knowledge, were also more limited in conversational powers than their enlightened descendants; and it seems probable, that, in their public festivals, there was great advantage found in the presence of a minstrel, who should recite some popular composition on their favourite subjects of love and war, to prevent those pauses of discourse which sometimes fall heavily on a company, even of the present accomplished age, and to supply an agreeable train of ideas to those guests who had few of their own. It is, therefore, almost constantly insinuated, that the Romance was to be chanted or recited to a large and festive society, and in some part or other of the piece, generally at the opening, there is a request of attention on the part of the performer; and hence, the perpetual "Lythe and listen, lordings free," which in those, or equivalent words, forms the introduction to so many Romances. As, for example, in the old poem of *Guy and Colbrand*, the minstrel speaks of his own occupation:

> "When meat and drink is great plentye,
> Then lords and ladyes still will be,
> And sit and solace lythe.
> Then it is time for mee to speake,
> Of kem knights and kempes greate,
> Such carping for to kythe."

Chaucer, also, in his Ryme of Sir Thopas, assigns to the minstrels of his hero's household the same duty, of reciting Romances of spiritual or secular heroes, for the good knight's pastime while arming for battle:

> "Do cum," he sayd, "my minestrales,
> And jestours for to tellen tales
> Anon in min arming,
> Of romaunces that ben reales,
> Of popes and of cardinales,
> And eke of love-longing."

Not to multiply quotations, we will only add one of some importance, which must have escaped Ritson's researches; for his editorial integrity was such, as rendered him incapable of suppressing evidence on either side of the question. In the old Romance or legend of *True Thomas and the Queen of Elfland*, Thomas the Rhymer, himself a minstrel, is gifted by the Queen of the Faery with the faculties of music and song. The answer of Thomas is not only conclusive as to the minstrel's custom of recitation, but shows that it was esteemed the highest branch of his profession and superior as such to mere instrumental music:

> "To harp and carp, Thomas, wheresoever ye gon,
> Thomas take the these with the"——
> "Harping," he said, "ken I non,
> For tonge is chofe of Mynstralse."*

We therefore arrive at the legitimate conclusion, that although, under the general term minstrels, were comprehended many who probably entertained the public only with instrumental performances, with ribald tales, with jugglery, or farcical representations, yet one class amongst them, and that a numerous one, made poetical recitations their chief, if not their exclusive occupation. The memory of these men was, in the general case, the depository of the pieces which they recited; and hence, although a number of their Romances still survive, very many more have doubtless fallen into oblivion.

That the minstrels were also the authors of many of these poems, and that they altered and enlarged others, is a matter which can scarce be doubted, when it is proved that they were the ordinary reciters of them. It was as natural for a minstrel to become a poet or composer of Romances, as for a player to be a dramatic author, or a musician a composer of music. Whatsoever individual among a class, whose trade it was to recite poetry, felt the least degree of poetical enthusiasm in a profession so peculiarly calculated to inspire it, must, from that very impulse, have become an original author, or translator at least: thus giving novelty to his recitations, and acquiring additional profit and fame. —Bishop Percy, therefore, states the case fairly in the following passage:—"It can hardly be expected, that we should be able to produce regular and unbroken annals of the minstrel art and its professors, or have sufficient information, whether every minstrel or bard composed himself, or only repeated, the songs he chanted. Some probably did the one, and some the other; and it would have been wonderful, indeed, if men, whose peculiar profession it was, and who devoted their time and talents to entertain their hearers with poetical compositions, were peculiarly deprived of all poetical genius themselves, and had been under a physical incapacity of composing those common popular rhymes, which were the usual subjects of their recitation."* While, however, we acquiesce in the proposition, that the minstrels composed many, perhaps the greater part, of the metrical Romances which they sung, it is evident they were frequently assisted in the task by others, who, though not belonging to this profession, were prompted by leisure and inclination to enter upon the literary or poetical department as amateurs. These very often belonged to the clerical profession, amongst whom relaxation of discipline, abundance of spare time, and impatience of the routine of ceremonious duties, often led individuals into worse occupations than the listening to or composing metrical Romances. It was in vain that both the poems and the minstrels who recited them were, by statute, debarred from entering the more rigid monasteries. Both found their way frequently to the refectory, and were made more welcome than brethren of their own profession; as we may learn from a memorable *Gest*, in which two poor travelling priests, who had been received into a monastery with acclamation, under the mistaken idea of their being minstrels, are turned out in disgrace, when it is discovered that they were indeed capable of furnishing spiritual instruction, but understood none of the entertaining arts with which the hospitality of their hosts might have been repaid by itinerant bards.

Nay, besides a truant disposition to a forbidden task, many of the grave authors may have alleged, in their own defence, that the connexion between history and Romance was not in their day entirely dissolved. Some eminent men exercised themselves in both kinds of composition; as, for example, Maitre Wace, a canon of Caen, in Normandy, who, besides the metrical chronicle of *La Brut*, containing the earliest history of England, and other historical legends, wrote in 1155, the *Roman de Chevalier de Lyon*, probably the same translated under the title of *Ywain and Gawain*. Lambert li Cors, and Benoit de Saint-Maur, seem both to have been of the clerical order; and, perhaps, Chretien de Troyes,

* Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, vol. II. p. 27.

* *Essay on the Ancient Minstrels*, p. 30.

Another authority of ancient date, the *Chronicle* of Bertrand Guesclin, distinctly attributes the most renowned Romances to the composition of the minstrels by whom they were sung. As the passage will be afterwards more fully quoted, we must here only say, that after enumerating Arthur, Lancelot, Godfrey, Roland, and other champions, he sums up his account of them as being the heroes

"De quoi cils minestriers font les nobles romans."

a most voluminous author of Romance, was of the same profession. Indeed, the extreme length of many Romances being much greater than any minstrel could undertake to sing at one or even many sittings, may induce us to refer them to men of a more sedentary occupation than those wandering poets. The religious Romances were, in all probability, the works of such churchmen as might wish to reconcile an agreeable occupation with their religious profession. All which circumstances must be received as exceptions from the general proposition, that the Romances in metre were the compositions of the minstrels by whom they were recited or sung, though they must still leave Percy's proposition to a certain extent unimpeached.

To explain the history of Romance, it is necessary to digress a little further concerning the condition of the minstrels by whom these compositions were often made, and, generally speaking, preserved and recited. And here it must be confessed, that the venerable Prelate has, perhaps, suffered his love of antiquity, and his desire to ennoble the productions of the middle ages, a little to overcolour the importance and respectability of the minstrel tribe; although his opponent Ritson has, on the other hand, seized on all circumstances and inferences which could be adduced to prove the degradation of the minstrel character, without attending to the particulars by which these depreciating circumstances were qualified. In fact, neither of these excellent antiquarians has cast a general or philosophic glance on the necessary condition of a set of men, who were by profession the instruments of the pleasure of others during a period of society such as was presented in the middle ages.

In a very early period of civilization, ere the division of ranks has been generally adopted, and while each tribe may be yet considered as one great family, and the nation as a union of such independent tribes, the poetical art, so nearly allied to that of oratory or persuasion, is found to ascertain to its professors a very high rank. Poets are, then, the historians and often the priests of the society. Their command of language, then in its infancy, excites not merely pleasure, but enthusiasm and admiration. When separated into a distinct class, as was the case with the Celtic Bards, and, perhaps, with the Skalds of Scandinavia, they rank high in the scale of society, and we not only find kings and nobles listening to them with admiration, but emulous of their art, and desirous to be enrolled among their numbers. Several of the most renowned northern kings and champions valued themselves as much upon their powers of poetry as on their martial exploits; and of the Welsh princes, the Irish kings, and the Highland chiefs of Scotland, very many practised the arts of poetry and music. Llwarch Hen was a prince of the Cymraig,—Brian Boromhe, a harper and a musician,—and, without resorting to the questionable authenticity of Ossian, several instances of the same kind might be produced in the Highlands.

But, in process of time, when the classes of society come to assume their usual gradation with respect to each other, the rank of professional poets is uniformly found to sink gradually in the scale, along with that of all others whose trade it is to contribute to mere amusement. The professional poet, like the player or the musician, becomes the companion and soother only of idle and convivial hours; his presence would be unbecoming on occasions of gravity and importance; and his art is accounted at best an amusing but useless luxury. Although the intellectual pleasure derived from poetry, or from the exhibition of the drama, be of a different and much higher class than that derived from the accordance of sounds, or from the exhibition of feats of dexterity, still it will be found, that the opinions and often the laws of society, while individuals of these classes are cherished and held in the highest estimation, have degraded the professions themselves among its idle, dissolute, and useless appendages. Although it may be accounted ungrateful in mankind thus to reward the instruments of their highest enjoyments, yet some justification is usually to be drawn from the manners of the classes who were thus lowered in public opinion. It must be remembered, that, as professors of this joyous science, as it was called, the minstrels stood in direct opposition to the more severe part of the Catholics, and to the monks in particular, whose vows bound them to practise virtues of the ascetic order, and to look upon every thing as profane which was connected with mere worldly pleasure. The manners of the minstrels themselves gave but too much room for clerical censure. They were the usual assistants at scenes, not merely of conviviality, but of license; and, as the companions and encouragers of revelling and excess, they became contemptible in the eyes, not only of the aged and the serious, but of the libertine himself, when his debauch palled on his recollection. The minstrels, no doubt, like their brethren of the stage, sought an apology in the corrupted taste and manners of their audience, with which they were obliged to comply, under the true but melancholy condition, that

——— they who live to please must please to live.

But this very necessity, rendered more degrading by their increasing numbers and decreasing reputation, only accelerated the total downfall of their order, and the general discredit and neglect into which they had fallen. The statute of the 39th of Queen Elizabeth, passed at the close of the sixteenth century, ranks those dishonoured sons of song among rogues and vagabonds, and appoints them to be punished as such; and the occupation, though a vestige of it was long retained in the habits of travelling ballad-singers and musicians, sunk into total neglect and contempt. Of this we shall have to speak hereafter; our business being at present with those Romances, which, while still in the zenith of their reputation, were the means by which the minstrels, at least the better and higher class among them, recommended themselves to the favour of their noble patrons, and of the audiences whom they addressed.

It may be presumed, that, although the class of minstrels, like all who merely depend upon gratifying the public, carried in their very occupation the evils which first infected, and finally altogether depraved, their reputation; yet, in the earlier ages, their duties were more honourably estimated, and some attempts were made to introduce into their motley body the character of a regular establishment, subjected to discipline and subordination. Several individuals, both of France and England, bore the title of King of Minstrels, and were invested probably with some authority over the others. The Serjeant of Minstrels is also mentioned; and Edward IV. seems to have attempted to form a Guild or exclusive Corporation of Minstrels. John of Gaunt, at an earlier period, established (between jest and earnest, perhaps) a Court Baron of Minstrels, to be held at Tilbury. There is no reason, however, to suppose, that the influence of their establishments went far in restraining the license of a body of artists so unruly as well as numerous.

It is not, indeed, surprising that individuals, whose talents in the arts of music, or of the stage, rise to the highest order, should, in a special degree, attain the regard and affection of the powerful, acquire wealth, and rise to consideration; for in such professions, very high prizes are assigned only to pre-eminent excellence; while ordinary or inferior practisers of the same art may be said to draw in the lottery something worse than a mere blank. In the useful arts, a great equality subsists among the members, and it is wealth alone which distinguishes a tradesman or a mechanic from the brethren of his guild; in other points their respectability is equal. The worst weaver in the craft is still a weaver, and the best, to all but those who buy his web, is little more—as men they are entirely on a level. In what are called the fine arts, it is different; for excellence leads to the highest point of consideration; mediocrity, and marked inferiority, are the object of neglect and utter contempt. Garrick, in his chariot, and whose company was courted for his wit and talent,

was, after all, by profession, the same with the unfortunate stroller, whom the British laws condemn as a vagabond, and to whose dead body, other countries refuse even the last rites of Christianity. In the same manner it is easy to suppose, that when, in compliance with the taste of their age, monarchs entertained their domestic minstrels,* those persons might be admitted to the most flattering intimacy with their royal masters; sleep within the royal chamber,† amass considerable fortunes, found hospitals,‡ and receive rewards singularly over-proportioned to the perquisites of the graver professions;§ and even practise, in company with their royal masters, the pleasing arts of poetry and music, which all are so desirous of attaining;‖ whilst, at the same time, those who ranked lower in the same profession were struggling with difficulty to gain a precarious subsistence, and many of a rank still more subordinate, were incurring all the disgrace usually attached to a vagabond life and a dubious character. In the fine arts, we repeat, excellence is demanded, and mere mediocrity is held contemptible; and, while the favour with which the former is loaded, sometimes seems disproportioned to the utility of the art itself, nothing can exceed the scorn poured out on those who expose themselves by undertaking arts which they are unable to practise with success; and it follows, that as excellence can only be the property of a few individuals, the profession in general must be regarded as a degraded one, though these gifted persons are allowed to pass as eminent exceptions to the general rule. Self-conceit, however, love of an idle life, and a variety of combined motives, never fail to recruit the lower orders of such idle professions with individuals, by whose performances, and often by their private characters, the art which they have rashly adopted is discredited, without any corresponding advantage to themselves. It is not, therefore, surprising, that while such distinguished examples of the contrary appeared amongst individuals, the whole body of minstrels, with the Romances which they composed and sung, should be reprobated by graver historians in such severe terms as often occur in the monkish chronicles of the day.

Respecting the style of their composition Du Cange informs us, that the minstrels sometimes devoted their strains to flatter the great, and sing the praises of those Princes by whom they were protected; while he owns, at the same time, that they often recommended to their hearers the path of virtue and nobleness, and pointed out the pursuits by which the heroes of Romance had rendered themselves renowned in song.¶ He quotes from the Romance of *Bertrand Guesclin*, the injunction on those who would rise to fame in arms to copy the valiant acts of the Paladins of Charles, and the Knights of the Round Table, narrated in Romances; and it cannot be denied, that those high tales, in which the virtues of generosity, bravery, devotion to his mistress, and zeal for the Catholic religion, were carried to the greatest height of romantic perfection in the character of the hero, united with the scenes passing around them, were of the utmost importance in affecting the character of the age. The fabulous knights of Romance were so completely identified with those of real history, that graver historians quote the actions of the former in illustration of, and as a corollary to, the real events which they narrate.** The virtues recommended in Romance were, however, only of that overstrained and extravagant cast which consisted with the spirit of chivalry. Great bodily strength, and perfection in all martial exercises, was the universal accomplishment inalienable from the character of the hero, and which each romancer had it in his power to confer. It was also easily in the composer's power to devise dangers, and to free his hero from them by the exertion of valour equally extravagant. But it was more difficult to frame a story which should illustrate the manners as well as the feats of Chivalry; or to devise the means of evincing that devotion to duty, and that disinterested desire to sacrifice all to faith and honour;—that noble spirit of achievement which laboured for others more than itself—which form, perhaps, the fairest side of the system under which the noble youths of the middle ages were trained up. The sentiments of Chivalry, as we have explained in our article on that subject, were founded on the most pure and honourable principles, but unfortunately carried into hyperbole and extravagance; until the religion of its professors approached to fanaticism, their valour to frenzy, their ideas of honour to absurdity, their spirit of enterprise to extravagance, and their respect for the female sex to a sort of idolatry. All these extravagant feelings, which really existed in the society of the middle ages, were magnified and exaggerated by the writers and reciters of Romance; and these, given as resemblances of actual manners, became, in their turn, the glass, by which the youth of the age dressed themselves; while the spirit of Chivalry and of Romance thus gradually threw light upon and enhanced each other.

The Romances, therefore, exhibited the same system of manners which existed in the nobles of the age. The character of a true son of chivalry was raised to such a pitch of ideal and impossible perfection, that those who emulated such renown were usually contented to stop far short of the mark. The most adventurous and unshaken valour, a mind capable of the highest flights of romantic generosity, a heart which was devoted to the will of some fair idol, on whom his deeds were to reflect glory, and whose love was to reward all his toils,—these were attributes which all aspired to exhibit who sought to rank high in the annals of chivalry; and such were the virtues which the minstrels celebrated. But, like the temper of a tamed lion, the fierce and dissolute spirit of the age often showed itself through the fair varnish of this artificial system of manners. The valour of the hero was often stained by acts of cruelty, or freaks of rash desperation; his courtesy and munificence became solemn foppery and wild profusion; his love to his lady often demanded and received a requital inconsistent with the honour of the object; and those who affected to found their attachment on the purest and most delicate metaphysical principles, carried on their actual intercourse with a license altogether inconsistent with their sublime pretensions. Such were the real manners of the middle ages, and we find them so depicted in these ancient legends.

* Berdic, (*Regis Joculator*,) the jongleur or minstrel of William the Conqueror, had, as appears from the Doomsday record, three villa and five caracates of land in Gloucestershire without rent. Henry I. had a minstrel called Gaffrid who received an annuity from the Abbey of Hide.

† A minstrel of Edward I., during that prince's expedition to the Holy Land, slept within his tent, and came to his assistance when an attempt was made to assassinate him.

‡ The Priory and Hospital of St. Bartholomew, in London, was founded in the reign of Henry I. by Royer, or Raher, a minstrel of that prince.

§ In 1441, the monks of Maxlock, near Coventry, paid a donation of four shillings to the minstrels of Lord Clinton for songs, harping, and other exhibitions, while, to a doctor who preached before the community in the same year, they assigned only sixpence.

‖ The noted anecdote of Blondel and his royal master, Richard Cœur de Lion, will occur to every reader.

¶ MINISTERIALI dicti præsertim Scurræ, mimi, joculatores, quos etiamnum vulgo *Menestreux* vel *Menestriers*, appellamus.—Porro ejusmodi scurrarum erat Principes non suis duntaxat ludicris oblectare, sed et eorum aures variis avorum, adeoque ipsorum Principum laudibus, non sine assentatione, cum cantilenis et musicis instrumentis, demulcere.—Interdum etiam virorum insignium et heroum gesta, aut explicata et jucunda narratione commemorabant, aut suavi vocis inflectione, fidibusque decantabant, quo de dominorum, cæterorumque qui his intererant ludicris, nobilium animos ad virtutem capessendam et summorum virorum imitationem accenderent: quod fuit olim apud Gallos Bardorum ministerium, ut auctor est Tacitus. Neque enim ætas à *Ministrellis*, veterum Gallorum *Bardos* fuisse pluribus probat Henricus Valesius ad 15. Ammiani.—*Chronicon* Bertrandi Guesclini:

Qui veut avoir renom des bons et des vaillans
Il doit aler souvent a la pluie et au champ,
Et estre en la bataille, ainsy que fu Rollans,
Les quatre fils Haimon et Charlon li plus grans,
Li Dus Lions de Bourges, et Guion de Cornaus,
Perceval li Gallois, Lancelot et Tristans,
Alexandres, Artus, Godefroy li sachans,
De quoy cils Menestriers font les nobles Romans.

** Barbour, the Scottish historian, censures a Highland chief, when, in commending the prowess of Bruce in battle, he likened him to the Celtic hero, Fin Mac Coul, and says, he might in more mannerly fashion have compared him to Gawaine, a champion celebrated in the Romance of Alexander.

So high was the national excitation in consequence of the romantic atmosphere in which they seemed to breathe, that the knights and squires of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries imitated the wildest and most extravagant emprises of the heroes of Romance; and, like them, took on themselves the most extraordinary adventures, to show their own gallantry, and do most honour to the ladies of their hearts. The females of rank, erected into a species of goddesses in public, and often degraded as much below their proper dignity in more private intercourse, equalled in their extravagances the youth of the other sex. A singular picture is given by Knyghton of the damsels-errant who attended upon the solemn festivals of chivalry, in quest, it may reasonably be supposed, of such adventures as are very likely to be met with by such females as think proper to seek them. "These tournaments are attended by many ladies of the first rank and greatest beauty, but not always of the most untainted reputation. These ladies are dressed in party-coloured tunics, one-half of one colour, and the other half of another; their lirripipes, or tippets, are very short; their caps remarkably little, and wrapt about their heads with cords; their girdles and pouches are ornamented with gold and silver; and they wear short swords, called *daggers*, before them, a little below their navels; they are mounted on the finest horses, with the richest furniture. Thus equipped, they ride from place to place in quest of tournaments, by which they dissipate their fortunes, and sometimes ruin their reputation."—(Knyghton, quoted in Henry's *History*, vol. 8. p. 402.)

The minstrels, or those who aided them in the composition of the Romances, which it was their profession to recite, roused to rivalry by the unceasing demand for their compositions, endeavoured emulously to render them more attractive by subjects of new and varied interest, or by marvellous incidents which their predecessors were strangers to. Much labour has been bestowed, somewhat unprofitably, in endeavouring to ascertain the sources from which they drew the embellishments of their tales, when the hearers began to be tired of the unvaried recital of battle and tournament which had satisfied the simplicity of a former age. Percy has contended for the Northern *Sagas* as the unquestionable origin of the Romance of the middle ages; Warton conceived that the *Oriental fables*, borrowed by those minstrels who visited Spain, or who in great numbers attended the crusades, gave the principal distinctive colouring to those remarkable compositions; and a later system, patronised by later authors, has derived them, in a great measure, from the *Fragments of Classical Superstition*, which continued to be preserved after the fall of the Roman Empire. All those systems seem to be inaccurate, in so far as they have been adopted, exclusively of each other, and of the general proposition, That fables of a nature similar to the Romances of Chivalry, modified according to manners and state of society, must necessarily be invented in every part of the world, for the same reason that grass grows upon the surface of the soil in every climate and in every country. "In reality," says Mr. Southey, who has treated this subject with his usual ability, "mythological and romantic tales are current among all savages of whom we have any full account; for man has his intellectual as well as his bodily appetites, and these things are the food of his imagination and faith. They are found wherever there is language and discourse of reason; in other words, wherever there is man. And in similar stages of civilization, or states of society, the fictions of different people will bear a corresponding resemblance, notwithstanding the difference of time and scene."*

To this it may be added, that the usual appearances and productions of nature offer to the fancy, in every part of the world, the same means of diversifying fictitious narrative by the introduction of prodigies. If in any Romance, we encounter the description of an elephant, we may reasonably conclude that a phenomenon, unknown in Europe, must have been borrowed from the east; but whosoever has seen a serpent and a bird, may easily aggravate the terrors of the former by conferring on a fictitious monster the wings of the latter; and whoever has seen or heard of a wolf, or lion, and an eagle, may, by a similar exertion of invention, imagine a griffin or hippogriff. It is imputing great poverty to the human imagination, to suppose that the *speciosa miracula*, which are found to exist in different parts of the world, must necessarily be derived from some common source; and perhaps we should not err more grossly in supposing, that the various kinds of boats, skiffs, and rafts, upon which men have dared the ocean on so many various shores, have been all originally derived from the vessel of the Argonauts.

On the other hand, there are various romantic incidents and inventions of a nature so peculiar, that we may boldly, and at once, refer them to some particular and special origin. The tale of *Flora and Blanchefleur*, for example, could only be invented in the east, where the scene is laid, and the manners of which are observed with some accuracy. That of *Orfeo and Herodiis*, on the contrary, is the classical history of Orpheus and Euridice, with the Gothic machinery of the Elves or Fairies, substituted for the infernal regions. But notwithstanding these and many other instances, in which the subjects or leading incidents of Romance can be distinctly traced to British or Armorican traditions, to the tales and history of Classic Antiquity, to the wild fables and rich imagery of Arabia, or to those darker and sterner themes which were first treated of by the Skalds of the north, it would be assuming greatly too much upon such grounds, to ascribe the derivation of romantic fiction exclusively to any one of these sources. In fact, the foundation of these fables lies deep in human nature, and the superstructures have been imitated from various authorities by those who, living by the pleasure which their lays of chivalry afforded to their audience, were especially anxious to recommend them by novelty of every kind; and were undoubtedly highly gratified when the report of travellers, or pilgrims, or perhaps their own intercourse with minstrels of other nations, enabled them to vary their usual narrations with circumstances yet unheard in bower and hall. Romance, therefore, was like a compound metal, derived from various mines, and in the different specimens of which one metal or other was alternately predominant; and viewed in this light, the ingenious theories of those learned antiquaries, who have endeavoured to seek the origin of this style of fiction in one of these sources alone, to the exclusion of all others, seem as vain as that of travellers affecting to trace the proper head of the Nile to various different springs, all of which are allowed to be accessary to form the full majesty of his current.

As the fashion of all things passes away, the Metrical Romances began gradually to decline in public estimation, probably on account of the depreciated character of the minstrels by whom they were recited. Tradition, says Ritson, is an alchemy, which converts gold into lead; and there is little doubt, that, in passing from mouth to mouth, and from age to age, the most approved Metrical Romances became gradually corrupted by the defect of memory of some reciters and the interpolations of others; since few comparatively can be supposed to have had recourse to the manuscripts in which some have been preserved. Neither were the reciters in the latter, as in the former times, supplied with new productions of interest and merit. The composition of the Metrical Romance was gradually abandoned to persons of an inferior class. The art of stringing together in loose verse a number of unconnected adventures, was too easy not to be practised by many who only succeeded to such a degree as was discreditable to the art, by showing that mere mediocrity was sufficient to exercise it. And the licentious character, as well as the great number of those who, under the various names of gleemen, minstrels, and the like, traversed the country

* Preface to Southey's edition of the *Morte D'Arthur*, vol. II. Lond. 1817.

and subsisted by this idle trade, brought themselves and their occupation into still greater contempt and disregard. With them, the long recitations formerly made at the tables of the great, were gradually banished into more vulgar society.

But though the form of those narratives underwent a change of fashion, the appetite for the fictions themselves continued as ardent as ever; and the Prose Romances which succeeded, and finally superseded those composed in verse, had a large and permanent share of popularity. This was, no doubt, in a great degree owing to the important invention of printing, which has so much contributed to alter the destinies of the world. The Metrical Romances, though in some instances sent to the press, were not very fit to be published in this form. The dull amplifications which passed well enough in the course of a half-heard recitation, became intolerable when subjected to the eye; and the public taste gradually growing more fastidious as the language became more copious, and the system of manners more complicated, graces of style and variety of sentiment were demanded instead of a naked and unadorned tale of wonders. The authors of the Prose Romance endeavoured, to the best of their skill, to satisfy this newly awakened and more refined taste. They used, indeed, the same sources of romantic history which had been resorted to by their metrical predecessors; and Arthur, Charlemagne, and all their chivalry, were as much celebrated in prose as ever they had been in poetic narrative. But the new candidates for public favour pretended to have recourse to sources of authentic information, to which their metrical predecessors had no access. They refer almost always to Latin, and sometimes to Greek originals, which certainly had no existence; and there is little doubt that the venerable names of the alleged authors are invented, as well as the supposed originals from which they are said to have translated their narratives. The following account of the discovery of *La tres elegante delicieux melliflue et tres plaisante Hystoire du tres noble Roy Perceforest*, (printed at Paris in 1528 by Galliot du Pré,) may serve to show that modern authors were not the first who invented the popular mode of introducing their works to the world as the contents of a newly-discovered manuscript. In the abridgment to which we are limited, we can give but a faint picture of the minuteness with which the author announces his pretended discovery, and which forms an admirable example of the lie with a circumstance. In the year 1286, Count William of Hainault had, it is averred, crossed the seas in order to be present at the nuptials of Edward, and in the course of a tour through Britain, was hospitably entertained at an abbey situated on the banks of the Humber, and termed, it seems, Burtimer, because founded by a certain Burtimericus, a monarch of whom our annals are silent, but who had gained, in that place, a victory over the heathens of Germany. Here a cabinet, which was enclosed in a private recess, had been lately discovered within the massive walls of an ancient tower, and was found to contain a Grecian manuscript, along with a royal crown. The abbot had sent the latter to King Edward, and the Count of Hainault with difficulty obtained possession of the manuscript. He had it rendered from Greek into Latin by a monk of the abbey of Saint Landelain, and from that language it is said to have been translated into French by the author, who gives it to the world in honour of the Blessed Virgin, and for the edification of nobleness and chivalry.

By such details, the authors of the Prose Romances endeavoured to obtain for their works a credit for authenticity which had been denied to the rhythmical legends. But in this particular they did great injustice to their contemned predecessors, whose reputations they murdered in order to rob them with impunity. Whatever fragments or shadowings of true history may yet remain hidden under the mass of accumulated fable, which had been heaped on them during successive ages, must undoubtedly be sought in the Metrical Romances; and according to the view of the subject which we have already given, the more the works approach in point of antiquity to the period where the story is laid, the more are we likely to find those historical traditions in something approaching to an authentic state. But those who wrote under the imaginary names of Rustician de Puise, Robert de Borron, and the like, usually seized upon the subject of some old minstrel; and recomposing the whole narrative after their own fashion, with additional characters and adventurers, totally obliterated in that operation any shades which remained of the first, and probable authentic tradition, which was the original source of the elaborate fiction. Amplification was especially employed by the prose romancers, who, having once got hold of a subject, seem never to have parted with it until their power of invention was completely exhausted. The Metrical Romances, in some instances, indeed, ran to great length, but were much exceeded in that particular by the folios which were written on the same or similar topics by their prose successors. Probably the latter judiciously reflected, that a book which addresses itself only to the eyes, may be laid aside when it becomes tiresome to the reader; whereas it may not always have been so easy to stop the minstrel in the full career of his metrical declamation.

Who, then, the reader may be disposed to inquire, can have been the real authors of those prolix works, who, shrouding themselves under borrowed names, derived no renown from their labours, if successful, and who, certainly, in the infant state of the press, were not rewarded with any emolument? This question cannot, perhaps, be very satisfactorily answered; but we may reasonably suspect that the long hours of leisure which the cloister permitted to its votaries, were often passed away in this manner; and the conjecture is rendered more probable, when it is observed that matters are introduced into those works which have an especial connexion with sacred history, and with the traditions of the church. Thus, in the curious Romance of *Huon de Bourdeaux*, a sort of second part is added to that delightful history, in which the hero visits the terrestrial paradise, encounters the first murderer Cain, in the performance of his penance, with more matter to the same purpose, not likely to occur to the imagination of a layman; besides that the laity of the period were, in general, too busy and too ignorant to engage in literary tasks of any kind. The mystical portion of the Romance of the *Round Table* seems derived from the same source. It may also be mentioned, that the audacious and sometimes blasphemous assertions, which claimed for these fictions the credit due even to the inspired writings themselves, were likely to originate amongst Roman Catholic churchmen, who were but too familiar with such forgeries for the purpose of authenticating the legends of their superstition. One almost incredible instance of this impious species of imposture occurs in the history of the *Saint Graal*, which curious mixture of mysticism and chivalry is ascribed by the unfearing and unblushing writer to the Second Person of the Trinity.

Churchmen, however, were by no means the only authors of these legends, although the *Sires Clercs*, as they were sometimes termed, who were accounted the chronicles of the times in which they lived, were usually in orders; and although it appears that it was upon them that the commands of the sovereigns whom they served often imposed the task of producing new Romances, under the usual disguise of ancient chronicles translated from the learned languages, or otherwise collected from the ruins of antiquity. As education became improved, and knowledge began to be more generally diffused, individuals among the laity, and those of no mean rank, began to feel the necessity, as it may be called, of putting into a permanent form the "thick-coming fancies" which gleam along the imagination of men of genius. Sir Thomas Malony, who compiled the *Morte d'Arthur* from the French originals, was a person of honour and worship; and Lord Berners, the excellent translator of Froissart, and author of

Romance called *The Chevalier de la Cygne*, is an illustrious example that a nobleman of high estimation did not think his time misemployed on this species of composition. Some literary fame must therefore have attended these efforts; and perhaps less eminent authors might, in the later ages, receive some pecuniary advantages. The translator of *Perceforest*, formerly mentioned, who appears to have been an Englishman or Fleming, in his address to the warlike and invincible nobility of France, holds the language of a professional author, who expected some advantage besides that of pleasing those whom he addressed; and who expresses proportional gratitude for the favourable reception of his former feeble attempts to please them. It is possible, therefore, that the publishers, these lions of literature, had begun already to admit the authors into some share of their earnings. Other printers, like the venerable Caxton, compiled themselves, or translated from other languages, the Romances which they sent to the press; thus uniting in their own persons the three separate departments of author, printer, and publisher.

The Prose Romance did not, in the general conduct of the story, where digressions are heaped on digressions, without the least respect to the principal narrative, greatly differ from that of their metrical predecessors, being, to the full, as tedious and inartificial; nay, more so, in proportion as the new Romances were longer than the old. In the transference from verse to prose, and the amplification which the scenes underwent in the process, many strong, forcible, and energetic touches of the original author have been weakened, or altogether lost; and the reader misses with regret some of the redeeming bursts of rude poetry which, in the Metrical Romance, make amends for many hundred lines of bald and rude versification. But, on the other hand, the Prose Romances were written for a more advanced stage of society, and by authors whose language was much more copious, and who certainly belonged to a more educated class than the ancient minstrels. Men were no longer satisfied with hearing of hard battles and direful wounds; they demanded, at the hand of those who professed to entertain them, some insight into nature, or at least into manners; some description of external scenery, and a greater regard to probability both in respect of the characters which are introduced, and the events which are narrated. These new demands the Prose Romancers endeavoured to supply to the best of their power. There was some attention shown to relieve their story, by the introduction of new characters, and to illustrate these personages by characteristic dialogue. The lovers conversed with each other in the terms of metaphysical gallantry, which were used in real life; and, from being a mere rhapsody of warlike feats, the Romance began to assume the nobler and more artificial form of a picture of manners. It is in the prose folios of *Lancelot du Lac*, *Perceforest*, and others, that antiquarians find recorded the most exact accounts of fights, tournaments, feasts, and other magnificent displays of chivalric splendour; and as they descend into more minute description than the historians of the time thought worthy of their pains, they are a mine from which the painful student may extract much valuable information. This, however, is not the full extent of their merit. These ancient books, amid many pages of dull repetition and uninteresting dialect, and notwithstanding the languor of an inartificial, protracted, and confused story, exhibit from time to time passages of deep interest, and situations of much novelty, as well as specimens of spirited and masculine writing. The general reader, who dreads the labour of winnowing out these valuable passages from the steril chaff through which they are scattered, will receive an excellent idea of the beauties and defects of the Romance from Tressan's *Corps d'Extraits de Romans de Chevalrie*, from Mr. Ellis's *Specimens of Early English Romances*, and from Mr. Dunlop's *History of Fiction*.

These works continued to furnish the amusement of the most polished courts in Europe so long as the manners and habits of Chivalry continued to animate them. Even the sagacious Catharine of Medicis considered the Romance of *Perceforest* as the work best qualified to form the manners and amuse the leisure of a young prince; since she impressed on Charles IX. the necessity of studying it with attention. But by degrees the progress of new opinions in religion, the promulgation of a stricter code of morality, together with the important and animating discussions which began to be carried on by means of the press, diverted the public attention from these antiquated legends. The Protestants of England, and the Huguenots of France, were rigorous in their censure of books of chivalry, in proportion as they had been patronised formerly under the Catholic system; perhaps because they helped to arrest men's thoughts from more serious subjects of occupation. The learned Ascham thus inveighs against the Romance of *Morte d'Arthur*, and at the same time acquaints us with its having passed out of fashion: "In our forefathers' tyme, when Papistrie, as a standyng poole, covered and overflowed all *Englande*, fewe bookes were read in our tongue, savying certaine bookes of chevalrie, as they said for pastime and pleasure; which, as some say, were made in monasteries by idle monks, or wanton chanons. As for example, *La Morte d'Arthur*, the whole pleasure of which booke standeth in two speciall poyntes, in open manslaughter, and bold bawdrye: in which booke they are counted the noblest knightes that do kill most men without any quarrell, and commit fowlest adulteries by sutlest shiftes; as Sir *Launcelote*, with the wife of King *Arthur* his master; Sir *Tristram*, with the wife of King *Marke* his uncle; Sir *Lamerocke*, with the wife of King *Lote*, that was his own aunt. This is goode stuffe for wise men to laughe at, or honest men to take pleasure at; yet I know, when God's Bible was banished the court, and *La Morte d'Arthur* received into the prince's chamber."*

The brave and religious La Noue is not more favourable to the perusal of Romances than the learned Ascham; attributing to the public taste for these compositions the decay of morality among the French nobility. "The ancient fables whose relikes doe yet remaine, namely *Lancelot of the Lake*, *Pierceforest*, *Tristran*, *Giron the Courteous*, and such others, doe beare witnesse of this olde vanitie; herewith were men fed for the space of 500 yeeres, untill our language growing more polished, and our mindes more ticklish, they were driven to invent some nouelties wherewith to delight us. Thus came ye bookes of *Amadis* into light among us in this last age. But to say ye truth, *Spaine* bred thē, and *France* new clothed thē in gay garments. In ye daies of *Henrie the Second* did they beare chiefest sway, and I think if any man would then have reproved thē, he should have bene spit at, because they were of themselves playfellowes and maintainers to a great sort of persons; whereof some, after they had learned to amize in speech, their teeth watered, so desirous were they even to taste of some small morsels of the delicacies therein most livelie and naturally represented."† The gallant Marechal proceeds at considerable length to refute the arguments of those who contended, that these books were intended as a spur to the practice of arms and honourable exercises amongst youth, and labours hard to show that they teach dishonest practices both in love and in arms. It is impossible to suppress a smile when we find such an author as La Noue denouncing the introduction of spells, witchcrafts, and enchantments, into these volumes, not because such themes are absurd and nonsensical, but because the representing such beneficent enchanters as Alquife and Urganda, is, in fact, a vindication of those who traffic with the powers of darkness; and because those who love to read about sorceries and enchantments become, by degrees, familiarized with those devilish mysteries, and may at length be induced to have recourse to them in good earnest.

* *Works* of Roger Ascham, p. 254. Fourth edition.

† *The Politicks and Military Discourses* of the Lord De La Nowe, pp. 87, 88. Quarto, Lond. 1587.

The Romances of Chivalry did not, however, sink into disrepute under the stern rebuke of religious puritans or severe moralists, but became gradually neglected as the customs of chivalry itself fell into disregard; when, of course, the books which breathed its spirit, and were written under its influence, ceased to produce any impression on the public mind, and, superseded by better models of composition, and overwhelmed with the ridicule of Cervantes, sunk by degrees into utter contempt and oblivion.

Other works of amusement, of the same general class, succeeded the proper Romance of Chivalry. Of these we shall take some notice hereafter; since we must here close our general view of the history of Romance, and proceed briefly to give some account of those peculiar to the various European nations.

II. We can here but briefly touch upon a subject of great interest and curiosity, the peculiar character and tone, namely, which the Romance of Chivalry received from the manners and early history of the nations among whom it was found to exist; and the corresponding question, in what degree each appears to have borrowed from other countries the themes of their own minstrels, or to have made use of materials common to the whole.

Scandinavia, as was to be expected, may be safely considered as the richest country in Europe in ancient tales corresponding with the character of Romance; sometimes composed entirely in poetry or rhythm, sometimes in prose, and much more frequently in a mixture of prose, narrative, and lyrical effusions. Their well known Skalds or bards held a high rank in their courts and councils. The character of a good poet was scarce second to that of a gallant leader, and many of the most celebrated champions ambitiously endeavoured to unite both in their own persons. Their earlier sagas or tales approach to the credit of real history, and were unquestionably meant as such, though, as usual at an early period, debased by the intermixture of those *speciosa miracula*, which the love of the wonderful early introduces into the annals of an infant country. There are, however, very many of the sagas, indeed by far the greater number of those now known to exist, which must be considered as falling rather under the class of fictitious than of real narratives; and which, therefore, belong to our present subject of inquiry. The *Omeyinger Saga*, the *Heimskringla*, the *Saga* of Olaf Triggwason, the *Eyrbiggia-Saga*, and several others, may be considered as historical; whilst the numerous narratives referring to the history of the Nibilungen and Volsungen are as imaginary as the Romances which treat of King Arthur and of Charlemagne. These singular compositions, short, abrupt, and concise in expression, full of bold and even extravagant metaphor, exhibiting many passages of forceful and rapid description, hold a character of their own; and while they remind us of the indomitable courage and patient endurance of the hardy Scandinavians, at once the honour and the terror of Europe, rise far above the tedious and creeping style which characterized the minstrel efforts of their successors, whether in France or England. In the pine forests also, and the frozen mountains of the north, there were nursed, amid the relics of expiring Paganism, many traditions of a character more wild and terrible than the fables of classical superstition; and these the gloomy imagination of the Skalds failed not to transfer to their romantic tales. The late spirit of inquiry which has been so widely spread through Germany, has already begun to throw much light on this neglected storehouse of romantic lore, which is worthy of much more attention than has yet been bestowed upon it in Britain. It must, however, be remarked, that although the north possesses champions and Romances of its own, unknown to southern song, yet, in a later age, the inhabitants of these countries borrowed from the French minstrels some of their most popular subjects; and hence we find sagas on the subject of Sir Tristrem, Sir Percival, Sir Ywain, and others, the well-known themes of French and English Romance. These, however, must necessarily be considered later in date, as well as far inferior in interest, to the sagas of genuine northern birth. Mr. Ritson has indeed quoted their existence as depreciating the pretensions of the northern nations to the possession of poems of high antiquity of their own native growth. Had he been acquainted with the *Norman-Kiempe-Datur*, a large folio, printed at Stockholm in 1737, he would have been satisfied, that out of the numerous collection of legends respecting the achievements of Gothic champions, far the greater part are of genuine Norse origin; and although having many features in common with the Romances of southern chivalry, are, in the other marked particulars, distinctly divided from that class of fictitious composition.

The country of Germany, lying contiguous to France, and constantly engaged in friendly and hostile intercourse with that great seat of romantic fiction, became, of course, an early partaker in the stores which it afforded. The minnesingers of the Holy Empire were a race no less cherished than the troubadours of Provence, or the minstrels of Normandy; and no less active in availing themselves of their indigenous traditions, or importing those of other countries, in order to add to their stock of romantic fiction. Godfred of Strasburgh composed many thousand lines upon the popular subject of Sir Tristrem; and others have been equally copious, both as translators and as original authors, upon various subjects connected with French Romance; but Germany possessed materials, partly borrowed from Scandinavia, partly peculiar to her own traditional history, as well as to that of the Roman empire, which they applied to the construction of a cycle of heroes as famous in Teutonic song as those of Arthur and Charlemagne in France and Britain.

As in all other cases of the kind, a real conqueror, the fame of whose exploits survived in tradition, was adopted as the central object, around whom were to be assembled a set of champions, and with whose history was to be interwoven the various feats of courage which they performed, and the adventures which they underwent. Theodorick, King of the Goths, called in these romantic legends, Diderick of Bern, (*i. e.* Verona,) was selected for this purpose by the German minnesingers. Amongst the principal personages introduced are Ezzel, King of the Huns, who is no other than the celebrated Attila; and Gunter, King of Burgundy, who is identified with a Guntachar of history, who really held that kingdom. The good knight Wolfram de Eschenbach seems to have been the first who assembled the scattered traditions and minstrel tales concerning these sovereigns into one large volume of German verse, entitled *Helden-Buch*, or the Book of Heroes. In this the author has availed himself of the unlimited license of a romancer; and has connected with the history of Diderick and his chivalry a number of detached legends, which had certainly a separate and independent existence. Such is the tale of *Sigurd the Horny*, which has the appearance of having originally been a Norse Saga. An analysis of this singular piece was published by Mr. Weber, in a work entitled *Illustrations of Northern Antiquities, from the earlier Teutonic and Scandinavian Romances*; and the subject has been fully illustrated by the publications of the learned Von der Hagen in Germany, and those of the Honourable William Herbert.

It is here only necessary to say, that Theodorick, like Charlemagne and Arthur, is considered in the Romance as a monarch more celebrated for the valorous achievements of the brotherhood of chivalry whom he had drawn around him than for his own, though neither deficient in strength nor courage. His principal followers have each their discriminatory and peculiar attributes. Meister Hildebrand, the Nestor of the band, is, like the Maugis of Charlemagne's heroes, a magician as well as a champion. Hogan, or Hagan, begot betwixt a mortal and a sea-goblin, is the fierce Achilles of the confederation. It is the uniform custom of the romancers to conclude by a general and overwhelming catastro-

phe, which destroys the whole ring of chivalry whose feats they had commemorated. The ruin which Roncesvalles brought to the Paladins of Charlemagne, and the fatal battle of Camlan to the Knights of the Round Table, fell upon the warriors of Diderick through the revengeful treachery of Crimhilda, the wife of Ezzel; who, in revenge for the death of her first husband, and in her inordinate desire to possess the treasures of the Niflunga or Burgundians, brought destruction on all those celebrated champions. Mr. Weber observes, that these German fictions differ from the Romances of French Chivalry, in the greater ferocity and less refinement of sentiment ascribed to the heroes; and also in their employing to a great extent the machinery of the Duergar, or Dwarfs, a subterranean people to whom the *Helden-Buch* ascribes much strength and subtlety, as well as profound skill in the magic art; and who seem, to a certain extent, the predecessors of the European fairy. The same excellent authority affords us another curious Romance of German origin, entitled Duke Ernest of Bavaria, which appears deeply tinged with Oriental learning and imagination. The hero, at no greater distance than the Isle of Crete, has the good fortune, such at least he must have esteemed it, in his capacity of a knight-errant, to meet with a people having necks and heads like storks. He is in danger of being shipwrecked in a mountain of adamant—is carried away by a roc, and meets with sundry other adventures, which remind us of those of the celebrated Sinbad.

Italy, so long the seat of classical learning, and where that learning was first revived, seems never to have strongly embraced the taste for the Gothic Romance. They received, indeed, the forms and institutions of chivalry; but the Italians seem to have been in a considerable degree strangers to its spirit, and not to have become deeply enamoured of its literature. There is an old Romance of Chivalry proper to Italy, called *Guerino the Wretched*, but we doubt if even this be of indigenous growth. Indeed, when they did adopt from the French the fashionable tales of Charlemagne and his Paladins, they did not attract the attention of the classical Italians, until Boyardo, Berni, Pulci, and, above all, the divine Ariosto, condescended to use them as the basis of their well-known romantic poems; and thus the fictitious narratives originally composed in metre, and after re-written in prose, were anew decorated with the honours of verse. The romantic poets of Italy did not even disdain to imitate the rambling, diffuse, and episodical style proper to the old Romance; and Ariosto, in particular, although he torments the reader's attention by digressing from one adventure to another, delights us, upon frequent perusals, by the extreme ingenuity with which he gathers up th broken ends of his narrative, and finally weaves them all handsomely together in the same piece. But the merits and faults of romantic poetry form themselves the fruitful subject of a long essay. We here only notice the origin of those celebrated works, as a species of composition arising out of the old Romance, though surpassing it in regularity, as well as in all the beauties of style and diction.

With Spain the idea of Romance was particularly connected; and the associations which are formed upon perusing the immortal work of Cervantes, induce us for a long time to believe that the country of Don Quixote must be the very cradle of romantic fiction. Yet, if we speak of priority of date, Spain was among the last nations in Europe with whom Romance became popular. It was not indeed possible that, among a people speaking so noble and poetical a language, engaged in constant wars, which called forth at once their courage and their genius, there should not exist many historical and romantic ballads descriptive of their rencounters with the Moors. But their native poets seem to have been too much engaged with the events of their own age, or of that which had just preceded them, to permit of their seeking subjects in the regions of pure fiction; and we have not heard of a Spanish Metrical Romance, unless the poems describing the adventures of the Cid, should be supposed to have any affinity to that class of composition. The Peninsula, however, though late in adopting the prevailing taste for romantic fiction, gave origin to one particular class, which was at least as popular as any which had preceded it. *Amadis de Gaul*, the production, it would seem, of Vasco de Lobeira, a Portuguese knight, who lived in the fourteenth century, gave a new turn to the tales of chivalry; and threw into the shade the French Prose Romances, which, until the appearance of this distinguished work, had been the most popular in Europe.

The author of *Amadis*, in order, perhaps, to facilitate the other changes which he introduced, and to avoid rushing against preconceived ideas of events or character, laid aside the worn out features of Arthur and Charlemagne, and imagined to himself a new dynasty both of sovereigns and of heroes, to whom he ascribed a style of manners much more refined, and sentiments much more artificial, than had occurred to the authors of *Perceval* or *Perceforest*. Lobeira had also taste enough to perceive, that some unity of design would be a great improvement on the old romance, where one adventure is strung to another with little connexion from the beginning to the end of the volume; which thus concluded, not because the plot was winded up, but because the author's invention, or the printer's patience, was exhausted. In the work of the Portuguese author, on the contrary, he proposes a certain end, to advance or retard which all the incidents of the work have direct reference. This is the marriage of Amadis with Oriana, against which a thousand difficulties are raised by rivals, giants, sorcerers, and all the race of evil powers unfavourable to chivalry; whilst these obstacles are removed by the valour of the hero, and constancy of the heroine, succoured on their part by those friendly sages, and blameless sorceresses, whose intervention gave so much alarm to the tender conscienced De la Noue. Lobeira also displayed considerable attention to the pleasure which arises from the contrast of character; and to relieve that of Amadis, who is the very essence of chivalrous constancy, he has introduced Don Galaor, his brother, a gay libertine in love, whose adventures form a contrast with those of his more serious relative. Above all, the *Amadis* displays an attention to the style and conversation of the piece, which, although its effects are now exaggerated and ridiculous, was doubtless at the time considered as the pitch of elegance; and here were, for the first time, introduced those hyperbolical compliments, and that inflated and complicated structure of language, the sense of which walks as in a masquerade.

The *Amadis* at first consisted only of four books, and in that limited shape may be considered as a very well conducted story; but additions were speedily made, which extended the number to twenty-four; containing the history of Amadis subsequent to his obtaining possession of Oriana, and down to his death, as also of his numerous descendants. The theme was not yet exhausted; for, as the ancient romancers, when they commenced a new work, chose for their hero some newly invented Paladin of Charlemagne, or knight of King Arthur, so did their successors adopt a new descendant of the family of Amadis, whose genealogy was thus multiplied to a prodigious degree. For an account of *Esplandian*, *Florimond of Greece*, *Palmerin of England*, and the other Romancers of this class, the reader must be referred to the valuable labours of Mr. Southey, who has abridged both *Amadis* and *Palmerin* with the most accurate attention to the style and manners of the original. The books of *Amadis* became so very popular as to supersede the elder Romances almost entirely, even at the court of France, where, according to La Noue, already quoted, they were introduced about the reign of Henry II. It was against the extravagance of these fictions, in character and in style, that the satire of Cervantes was chiefly directed; and almost all the library of Don Quixote belongs to this class of Ro

mancers which, no doubt, his adventures contributed much to put out of fashion.

In every point of view, France must be considered as the country in which Chivalry and Romance flourished in the highest perfection; and the originals of almost all the early Romances, whether in prose or verse, whether relating to the history of Arthur or of Charlemagne, are to be found in the French language; and other countries possess only translations from thence. This will not be so surprising when it is recollected, that these earlier Romances were written, not only for the use of the French, but of the English themselves, amongst whom French was the prevailing language during the reigns of the Anglo-Norman monarchs. Indeed, it has been ingeniously supposed, and not without much apparent probability, that the fame of Arthur was taken by the French minstrels for the foundation of their stories in honour of the English kings, who reigned over the supposed dominions of that British hero; while, on the other hand, the minstrels who repaired to the court of France, celebrated the prowess of Charlemagne and his twelve peers as a subject more gratifying to those who sat upon his throne. It is, perhaps, some objection to this ingenious theory, that, as we have already seen, the battle of Hastings was opened by a minstrel, who sung the war song of Roland, the nephew of Charlemagne; so that the Norman duke brought with him to England, the tales that are supposed, at a much later date, to have been revived to soothe the national pride of the French minstrels.

How the French minstrels came originally by the traditional relics concerning Arthur and Merlin, on which they wrought so long and so largely, must, we fear, always remain uncertain. From the Saxons we may conclude they had them not; for the Saxons were the very enemies against whom Arthur employed his good sword Excalibar; that is to say, if there was such a man, or such a weapon. We know, indeed, that the British, like all the branches of the Celtic race, were much attached to poetry and music, which the numerous relics of ancient poetry in Wales, Ireland, and the Highlands of Scotland, sufficiently evince. Arthur, a name famous among them, with some traditions concerning the sage Merlin, may have floated either in Armorica, or among the half-British of the borders of Scotland, and of Cumberland; and, thus preserved, may have reached the ear of the Norman minstrels, either in their newly conquered dominions, or through their neighbours of Britanny. A theme of this sort once discovered, and found acceptable to the popular ear, gave rise, of course, to a thousand imitations; and gradually drew around it a cloud of fiction which, embellished by such poetry as the minstrels could produce, arranged itself by degrees into a system of fabulous history, as the congregated vapours, touched by the setting sun, assume the form of battlements and towers. We know that the history of Sir Tristrem, first versified by Thomas the Rhymer of Ercildoune, was derived from Welsh traditions, though told by a Saxon poet. In fact, it may be easily supposed, that the romancers of that early period were more eager to acquire popular subjects than delicately scrupulous of borrowing from their neighbours; and when the foundation stone was once laid, each subsequent minstrel brought his contribution to the building. The idea of an association of knights assembled around one mighty sovereign, was so flattering to all the ruling princes of Europe, that almost all of them endeavoured to put themselves at the head of some similar institution, and the various Orders of Chivalry are to be traced to this origin. The historical foundation of this huge superstructure is almost imperceptible. Mr. Turner has shown that the evidence rather inclines to prove the actual existence of King Arthur; and the names of Gawain, his nephew, and of Geneura, his faithful spouse, of Mordred, and Merlin, were preserved by Welsh tradition. To the same source may be referred the loves of Tristrem and Ysolde, which, although a separate story, has become, in the later Romances, amalgamated with that of Arthur. But there can be little doubt that all beyond the bare names of the heroes owes its existence to the imagination of the romancers.

It might be thought that the Romances referring to the feats of Charlemagne ought to contain more historical truth than those concerning Arthur; since the former relate to a well-known monarch and conqueror, the latter to a personage of a very doubtful and shadowy existence. But the Romances concerning both are equally fabulous. Charles had, indeed, an officer, perhaps a kinsman, named Roland, who was slain with other nobles in the field of Roncesvalles, fighting, not against the Saracens or Spaniards, but against the Gascons. This is the only point upon which the real history of Charlemagne coincides with that invented for him by romancers. Roland was Prefect of Bretagne, and his memory was long preserved in the war-song which bore his name. A fabulous chronicler, calling himself Turpin, compiled, in or about the eleventh century, a romantic history of Charlemagne; but it may be doubted whether, in some instances, he has not availed himself of the fictions already devised by the early romancers, while to those who succeeded them his annals afforded matter for new figments. The personal character of Charlemagne has suffered considerably in the hands of the romantic authors, although they exaggerated his power and his victories. He is represented as fond of flattery, irritable in his temper, ungrateful for the services rendered him by his most worthy Paladins, and a perpetual dupe to the treacherous artifices of Count Gan, or Ganelon, of Mayence; a renegade to whom the romancers impute the defeat at Roncesvalles, and all the other misfortunes of the reign of Charles. This unfavourable view of the Prince, although it may bear some features of royalty, neither resembles the real character of the conqueror of the Saxons and Lombards, nor can be easily reconciled with the idea, that he was introduced to flatter the personal vanity of the Princes of the Valois race, by a portrait of their great predecessor.

The circumstance, that Roland was a lieutenant of Brittany, and the certainty that Marie borrowed from that country the incidents out of which she composed her lays, seems to fortify the theory, that the French minstrels obtained from that country much of their most valuable materials; and that, after all that has been said and supposed, the history of Arthur probably reached them through the same channel.

The Latin writers of the middle ages afforded the French romancers the themes of those metrical legends which they have composed on subjects of classical fame.

The honour of the prose Romances of Chivalry, exclusive always of the books of Amadis, belongs entirely to the French, and the curious volumes which are now the object of so much research amongst collectors, are almost universally printed at Paris.

England, so often conquered, yet fated to receive an accession of strength from each new subjugation, cannot boast much of ancient literature of any kind; and, in the department of which we treat, was totally inferior to France. The Saxons had, no doubt, Romances, (taking the word in its general acceptation;) and Mr. Turner, to whose researches we are so much indebted, has given us the abridgment of one entitled *Caedmon*, in which the hero, whose adventures are told much after the manner of the ancient Norse Sagas, encounters, defeats, and finally slays an evil being called Grendel, who, except in his being subject to death, seems a creature of a supernatural description.* But the literature of the Saxons was destroyed by the success of William the Conqueror, and the Norman knights and barons, among whom England was in a great measure divided, sought amusement, not in the lays of the vanquished, but in those composed in their own language. In this point of view, England, as

* The English public are now made more fully acquainted with this ancient process, by the ample and more interesting analysis, furnished by Mr. Connybeare.

a country, may lay claim to many of the French Romances, which were written, indeed, in that language, but for the benefit of the court and nobles of England, by whom French was still spoken. When the two languages began to assimilate together, and to form the mixed dialect termed the Anglo-Norman, we have good authority for saying that it was easily applied to the purpose of romantic fiction, and recited in the presence of the nobility.

Robert de la Brunne, who composed his *History of England* about this time, has this remarkable passage, which we give, along with the commentary of the Editor of *Sir Tristrem*, as it is peculiarly illustrative of the subject we are inquiring into.

Als thai haf wryten and sayd
Haf I alle in myn Inglis layd,
In simple speche as I couthe,
That is lightest in manne's mouthe.
I made noght for no disouts,
Ne for no seggers, no harpours,
Bot for the luf of aymple men,
That strange Inglis cannot ken;
For many it ere that strange Inglis,
In ryme wate never what it is;
And bot thai wiet what it mente,
Ellis methought it were alle schente.
I made it not for to be praysed,
Bot at the lewed men were aysed.
If it were made in ryme couwee,
Or in strangere or entrelace,
That rede inglis it ere knowe
That couthe not have coupled a kowe.
That outher in cowee or in baston,
Bum wald haf ben fordon;
So that fele men that it herde
Suld not witte howe that it ferde.
I see in sowe in sedgering tale,
Of Erceldoune and of Kendale,
Non tham says as thai tham wroght,
And in thor saying it semes noght.
That may thou here in Sir Tristrem,
Over gestes it has the steem,
Over all that is or was,
If men it seyd as made Thomas;
Bot I bese it no man so say,
That of some couple sum is away
So there fayre saying bere bafome,
Is thare travaile nere forlorne:
Thai seyd it for pride and nobleye,
That were not suplyng at thed.
And alle that thai willed overwhere,
Alle that ilke will now forfare.
Thai seyd it in wo quaint Inglis,
That many wate not what it is.
Therfore heuyed wele the more
In strange ryme to travayle sore
And my wit was out thynne;
So strange speche to travayle in;
And forsoth I couth noght
So strange Inglis as thai wroght,
And men besoght me many a tyme
To turne it bot in light ryme.
They seyd if I in strange ryme it turn,
To here it many an suld skorne;
For in it are names fulle selcouthe,
That ere not used now in mouthe.
And therfore, for the commonalte,
That blythely wild listen to me,
On light lange. I it began,
For luf of the lewed man.

"This passage requires some commentary, as the sense has been generally mistaken. Robert de Brunne does not mean, as has been supposed, that the minstrels who repeated Thomas's Romance of *Sir Tristrem*, disguised the meaning by putting it into '*quainte Inglis*;' but, on the contrary, that Kendal and Thomas of Erceldoune did themselves use such '*quainte Inglis*,' that those who repeated the story were unable to understand it, or to make it intelligible to their hearers. Above all, he complains, that by writing an intricate and complicated stanza, as '*ryme cowee, strangere*,' or '*entrelacé*,' it was difficult for the *disours* to recollect the poem; and of *Sir Tristrem*, in particular, he avers, that he never heard a perfect recital, because of some one '*cupple*' or stanza, a part was always omitted. Hence he argues at length, that he himself, writing not for the minstrel or harper, nor to acquire personal fame, but solely to instruct the ignorant in the history of their country, does well in choosing a simple structure of verse, which they can retain correctly on their memory, and a style which is popular and easily understood. Besides which, he hints at the ridicule he might draw on his poem, should he introduce the uncouth names of his personages into a courtly or refined strain of verse. They were

Great mannes, but liard in verse to stand.

While he arrogates praise to himself for his choice he excuses Thomas of Erceldoune and Kendale for using a more ambitious and ornate kind of poetry 'They wrote,' he says, 'for pride (fame) and for nobles, not such as these my ignorant hearers.'"*

If the editor of *Sir Tristrem* be correct in his commentary, there existed in the time of Thomas de Brunne minstrels or poets who composed English poetry to be recited in the presence of the great, and who, for that purpose, used a singularly difficult stanza, which was very apt to be mutilated in recitation. *Sir Tristrem*, even as it now exists, shows likewise that considerable art was resorted to in constructing the stanza, and has, from beginning to end, a concise, quaint, abstract turn of expression, more like the Saxon poetry than the simple, bald, and diffuse details of the French minstrel. Besides *Sir Tristrem*, there remain, we conceive, at least two other examples of "gestes written in quainte Inglis," composed, namely, according to fixed and complicated rules of verse, and with much attention to the language, though the effect produced is far from pleasing. They are both of Scottish origin, which may be explained, by recollecting that in the Saxon provinces of Scotland, as well as at the court, Norman was never generally used; and therefore it is probable that the English language was more cultivated in that country at an early period than in England itself, where, among the higher classes, it was for a long time superseded by that of the French conquerors. These Romances, entitled *Sir Gawain*, and *Sir Gologras*, and *Sir Galeran of Galloway*, have all the appearance of being original compositions, and display considerable poetical effort. But the uncouth use of words dragged in for the sake of alliteration, and used in secondary and oblique meanings, renders them extremely harsh in construction, as well as obscure in meaning.

In England it would seem that the difficulties pointed out by De la Brunne early threw out of fashion this ornate kind of composition; and the English minstrels had no readier resource than translating from the French, who supplied their language at the same time with the phrases of chivalry which did not exist in English. These compositions presented many facilities to the minstrel. He could, if possessed of the slightest invention, add to them at pleasure, and they might as easily be abridged, when memory failed, or occasion required. Accordingly, translations from the French fill up the list of English Romance. They are generally written in short lines rhyming together; though often, by way of variety, the third and sixth lines are made to rhyme together, and the poem is thus divided into stanzas of three couplets each. In almost all of these legends, reference is made to "the Romance," that is, some composition in the French language, as to the original authority. Nay, which is very singular, tales where the subjects appear to be of English growth, seem to have yet existed in French ere they were translated into the language of the country to which the heroes belonged. This seems to have been the case with *Hornchild*, with *Guy of Warwick*, with *Bevis of Hamptoun*, all of which appear to belong originally to England; yet are their earliest histories found in the French language, or at least the vernacular versions refer to such for their authority. Even the Romance of *Richard*, England's own Cœur de Lion, has perpetual references to the French original from which it was translated. It must naturally be supposed that these translations were inferior to the originals; and whether it was owing to this cause, or that the composition of these rhymes was attended with too much facility, and so fell into the hands of very inferior composers, or that they were composed for the ruder and more illiterate part of the nation, it is certain, and is proved by the highest authority, that of Chau-

* *Sir Tristrem*, Introduction, pp. lxi. lxii. lxiii. lxiv. lxv. Edin. 1804.

ear himself, that even in his time these rhyming Romances had fallen into great contempt. The *Rime of Sir Thopas*, which that poet introduces as a parody, undoubtedly, of the rhythmical Romances of the age, is interrupted by mine host Harry Bailly with the strongest and most energetic expressions of total and absolute contempt. But though the minstrels were censured by De la Brunne for lack of skill and memory, and the poems which they recited were branded as "drafty rhymings," by the far more formidable sentence of Chaucer, their acceptation with the public in general must have been favourable, since, besides many unpublished volumes, the two publications of Ritson and Weber bear evidence of their popularity. Some original compositions doubtless occur among so many translations, but they are not numerous, and few have been preserved. The very curious poem of *Sir Eger and Sir Greme*, which seems of Scottish origin, has no French original; nor has any been discovered either of the *Squire of Low Degree*, *Sir Eglamour*, *Sir Pleindamour*, or some others. But the French derivation of the two last names renders it probable that such may exist.

The minstrels and their compositions seem to have fallen into utter contempt about the time of Henry VIII. There is a piteous picture of their condition in the person of Richard Sheale, which it is impossible to read without compassion, if we consider that he was the preserver at least, if not the author, of the celebrated heroic ballad of *Chevy Chace*, at which Sir Philip Sidney's heart was wont to beat as at the sound of a trumpet. This luckless minstrel had been robbed on Dunsmore Heath, and, shame to tell, he was unable to persuade the public that a son of the muses had ever been possessed of the twenty pounds which he averred he had lost on the occasion. The account he gives of the effect upon his spirits is melancholy, and yet ridiculous enough.

After my robbery my memory was so decayde,
That I colde neather syng nor talke, my wytte wer so dismayde.
My audacitie was gone, and all my myrry tawk,
Ther ys sum heare have sene me as myrry as a hawke;
But nowe I am so trublyde with phansie in my myndc,
That I cannot play the myrry knave, accordyng to my kynd.
Yet to tak thought, I perceve, ys not the next waye
To bring me out of det, my crediteres to paye.
I may well say that I hade but evil hape,
For to lose about threescore pounds at a chape.
The losse of my money did not greve me so sore,
But the talke of the pyple dyde greve me mooch moe.
Sum sayde I was not trible, I was but a lyeng knave,
Yt was not possyble for a mynstrell so much mony to have
In dede, to say the truthe, that ys right well knowene,
That I never had so mooche mony of myn Greene.
But I had frendes in Londoo, whos namye I can declare,
That at all tyme wold lende me cc.lds. worth of ware,
And sum arayn such friendship I founde,
That thei wold lend me in mony ayn or tene pownde.
The occasion why I cam in dete I shall make relacion,
My wyff in dede ys a sylk woman be her occupacion,
And lynen cloths most chefly was her greatyste trayd,
And at fairs and merkytis she solde sale-ware that she made;
As shertis, smockys, partlytts, hede clothes, and other thinggs,
As sylk thredd and eggynge, skirts, bandds, and strings.

From *The Chest* of Richard Sheale,
British Bibliographer, No. XIII. p. 101.

Elsewhere, Sheale hints that he had trusted to his harp, and to the well-known poverty attached to those who used that instrument, to bear him safe through Dunsmore Heath. From this time, the poor degraded minstrels seem literally to have merited the character imposed on them by the satirist Dr. Bull, and quoted with such glee by Ritson, whose enmity against Dr. Percy seems to have extended itself against the race.

"When Jesus went to Jairus house,
[Whose daughter was about to dye,]
He turn'd the minstrels out of doors,
Among the rascal company:
Beggars they are with one consent,
And rogues, by Act of Parliament."

At length the order of English minstrels was formally put down by the act 39th of Queen Elizabeth, classing them with sturdy beggars and vagabonds; in which disgraceful fellowship they only existed in the capacity of fiddlers, who accompanied their instrument with their voice. Such a character is introduced in the play of *Monsieur Thomas*, as the "poor fiddler who says his songs." Such, too, was Sheale, already mentioned: the "Minstrel's Farewell," by this unlucky child of the muses, intimates the degraded character of his profession, the professors of which now sung for their victuals.

Now for the good cheer that ye have had heare,
I gyve you harte thanks, with bowyng off my shanks.
Desyrying you be petyeyen to graunte me suche commission,
Because my name ys Sheale, that bothe by meat and meale
To you I maye resorte, sum tyme to mye comforte.
For I perceive here at all tymes is good chere,
Both ale, wyne, and beere, as hit dothe nowe apere.
I perceve wythoute fable, ye kepe a good table,
Sum tyme I wyll be your guesse, or els I were a beasse,
Knowynge off your mynde, yf I wolde not be so kynde,
Sumtyme to tast youre cappe, and wyth you dyne and suppe.
I can be contente, yf hit be oute of Lente,
A peace of byfe to take mye hunger to slake;
Bothe mutton and veile ys goode for Rycharde Sheale."

British Bibliographer, No. XIII. p. 102.

The Metrical Romances which they recited also fell into disrepute, though some of the more popular, sadly abridged and adulterated, continued to be published in *chap books*, as they are called. About fifty or sixty years since, a person acquired the nickname of *Roseval and Lilias*, from singing that Romance about the streets of Edinburgh, which is probably the very last instance of the proper minstrel craft.

If the Metrical Romances of England can boast of few original compositions, they can show yet fewer examples of the Prose Romance. Sir Thomas Malory, indeed, compiled, from various French authorities, his celebrated *Morte D'Arthur*, indisputably the best Prose Romance the language can boast. There is also *Arthur of Little Britain*; and the Lord Berners compiled the Romance of the *Knight of the Swan*. The books of Amadis were likewise translated into English; but it may be doubted whether the country in general ever took that deep interest in the perusal of these records of love and honour with which they were greeted in France. Their number was fewer; and the attention paid to them in a country where great political questions began to be agitated, was much less than when the feudal system still continued in its full vigour.

III. We should now say something on those various kinds of romantic fictions which succeeded to the Romance of Chivalry. But we can only notice briefly works which have long slumbered in oblivion, and which certainly are not worthy to have their slumbers disturbed.

Even in the time of Cervantes, the Pastoral Romance, founded upon the *Diana* of George of Monte Mayor, was prevailing to such an extent as made it worthy of his satire. It was, indeed, a system still more remote from common sense and reality than that of chivalry itself. For the maxims of chivalry, high-strained and absurd as they are, did actually influence living beings, and even the fate of kingdoms. If *Amadis de Gaule* was a fiction, the Chevalier Bayard was a real person. But the existence of an Arcadia, a pastoral region, in which a certain fantastic sort of personages, desperately in love, and thinking of nothing else but their mistresses, played upon pipes, and wrote sonnets from morning to night, yet were supposed all the while to be tending their flocks, was too monstrously absurd to be long credited or tolerated.

A numerous, and once most popular, class of fictions, was that entitled the *Heroic Romance of the Seventeenth Century*.

If the ancient *Romance of Chivalry* has a right to be called the parent of those select and beautiful fictions which the genius of the Italian poets has enriched with such peculiar charms, another of its direct descendants, *The Heroic Romance of the Seventeenth Century*, is, with few exceptions, the most dull and tedious species of composition that ever obtained temporary popularity. The old Romance of Heliodorus, entitled, *Theagenes and Chariclea*, supplied, perhaps, the earliest model of this style of composition; but it was from the Romances of Chivalry that it derives its most peculiar characteristics. A man of a fantastic imagination, Honoré d'Urfé,

led the way in this style of composition. Being willing to record certain love intrigues of a complicated nature which had taken place in his own family, and amongst his friends, he imagined to himself a species of Arcadia on the banks of the Legnon, inhabited by swains and shepherdesses, who live for love and for love alone. There are two principal stories, said to represent the family history of D'Urfé and his brother, with about thirty episodes, in which the gallantries and intrigues of Henry IV.'s court are presented under borrowed names. Considered by itself, this is but an example of the Pastoral Romance; but it was so popular, that three celebrated French authors, Gomperville, Calbrenede, and Madame Scuderi, seized the pen, and composed in emulation many interminable folios of Heroic Romance. In these insipid performances, a conventional character, and a set of family manners and features, are ascribed to the heroes and heroines, although selected from distant ages and various quarters of the world. The heroines are, without exception, models of beauty and perfection; and so well persuaded of it themselves, that to approach them with the most humble declaration of love was a crime sufficient to deserve the penalty of banishment from their presence; and it is well if the doom were softened to the audacious lover, by permission, or command to live, without which, absence and death were to be accounted synonymous. On the other hand, the heroes, whatsoever kingdoms they have to govern, or other earthly duties to perform, live through these folios for love alone; and the most extraordinary revolutions which can agitate the world are ascribed to the charms of a Mandane or a Statira acting upon the crazy understanding of their lovers. Nothing can be so uninteresting as the frigid extravagance with which these lovers express their passion; or, in their own phrase, nothing can be more freezing than their flames, more creeping than their flights of love. Yet the line of metaphysical gallantry which they exhibited had its date, and a long one, both in France and England. They remained the favourite amusement of Louis XIVth's court, although assailed by the satire of Boileau. In England they continued to be read by our grandmothers during the Augustan age of English, and while Addison was amusing the world with his wit, and Pope by his poetry, the ladies were reading Clelia, Cleopatra, and the Grand Cyrus. The fashion did not decay till about the reign of George I.; and even more lately, Mrs. Lennox, patronized by Dr. Johnson, wrote a very good imitation of Cervantes, entitled, *The Female Quixote*, which had those works for its basis. They are now totally forgotten.

The Modern Romance, so ennobled by the productions of so many master hands, would require a long disquisition. But we can here only name that style of composition in which De Foe rendered fiction more impressive than truth itself, and Swift could render plausible even the grossest impossibilities.*

* There was the less occasion to continue and complete this Essay, as the author has, in the lives of the British Novelists, expressed the opinions he entertains upon the subject of Modern Romance, and its connexion with the elder fictions by which it was preceded.

AN ESSAY ON THE DRAMA.

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A DRAMA (we adopt Dr. Johnson's definition, with some little extension) is a poem of fictitious composition in dialogue, in which the action is not related but represented.

A disposition to this fascinating amusement, considered in its rudest state, seems to be inherent in human nature. It is the earliest sport of children to take upon themselves some fictitious character, and sustain it to the best of their skill, by such appropriate gestures and language, as their youthful fancies suggest, and such dress and decoration as circumstances place within their reach. The infancy of nations is as prone to this pastime as that of individuals. When the horde emerges out of a nearly brutal state, so far as to have holydays, public sports, and general rejoicings, the pageant of their imaginary deities, or of their fabulous ancestors, is usually introduced as the most pleasing and interesting part of the show. But however general the predisposition to the assumption of fictitious character may be, there is an immeasurable distance betwixt the rude games in which it first displays itself, and that polished amusement which is numbered among the fine arts, which poetry, music, and painting have vied to adorn; to whose service genius has devoted her most sublime efforts; while philosophy has stooped from her loftier task, to regulate the progress of the action, and give probability to the representation and personification of the scene.

The history of Greece—of that wonderful country, whose days of glory have left such a never-dying blaze of radiance behind them—the history of Greece affords us the means of correctly tracing the polished and regulated Drama, the subject of severe rule, and the vehicle for expressing the noblest poetry, from amusements as rude in their outline, as the mimic sports of children or of savages. The history of the Grecian stage is that of the dramatic art in general. They transferred the Drama, with their other literature, to the victorious Romans, with whom it rather existed as a foreign than flourished as a native art. Like the other fine arts, the stage sunk under the decay of the empire, and its fall was accelerated by the introduction of the Christian religion. In the middle ages dramatic representation revived in the shape of the homely Mysteries and Moralities of our forefathers. The revival of letters threw light upon the scenic art, by making us acquainted with the pitch of perfection to which it had been carried by the genius of Greece. With this period commences the history of the modern stage, properly so called. Some general observations on the Drama, and the state in which it now exists in Britain, will form a natural conclusion to the present Article.

The account which we have of the origin of Grecian theatrical representations, describes them as the fantastic orgies of shepherds and peasants, who solemnized the rites of Bacchus by the sacrifice of a goat, by tumultuous dances, and by a sort of masquerade, in which the actors were disguised like the ancient *Morrice-dancers* of England, or the *Guisards* of Scotland, who have not as yet totally disused similar revels. Instead of masks, their faces were stained with the lees of wine, and the songs and jests corresponded in coarseness to the character of the satyrs and fauns, which they were supposed to assume in honour of their patron Bacchus. Music, however, always formed a part of this rude festivity, and to this was sometimes added the recitations of an individual performer, who, possessed of more voice or talent than his companions, was able to entertain an audience for a few minutes by his own unaided exertions.

Out of such rude materials, Thespis is supposed to have been the first who framed something like an approach to a more regular entertainment. The actors under this, the first of theatrical managers, instead of running about wild among the audience, were exalted upon a cart, or upon a scaffold formed of boards laid upon treasels. In modern phrase, they were exalted from mere mummers into a company of mountebanks. In these improvements, Thespis is supposed to have had the aid of one Susarion, whose efforts were more particularly directed to the comic Drama. But their fortunes have been unequal; for while the name of Thespis is still united with everything dramatic, that of Susarion has fallen into oblivion, and is only known to antiquaries.

The Drama, in Greece, as afterwards in Britain, had scarce began to develop itself from barbarism, ere, with the most rapid strides, it advanced towards perfection. Thespis and Susarion flourished about four hundred and forty or fifty years before the Christian æra. The battle of Marathon was fought in the year 490 before Christ; and it was upon Æschylus, one of the Athenian generals on that memorable occasion, that Greece conferred the honoured title of the Father of Tragedy. We must necessarily judge of his efforts, by that which he did, not by that which he left undone; and if some of his regulations may sound strange in modern ears, it is but just to compare the state in which he found the Drama, with that in which he left it.

Æschylus was the first, who, availing himself of the invention of a stage by Thespis, introduced upon the boards a plurality of actors at the same time, and converted into action and dialogue, accompanied or relieved at intervals by the musical performance of the Chorus, the dull monologue of the Thespian orator. It was Æschylus, also, who introduced the deceptions of scenery; stationary, indeed, and therefore very different from the decorations of our stage, but still giving a reality to the whole performance, which could not fail to afford pleasure to those, who beheld for the first time an effort to surround the player, while invested with his theatrical character, with scenery which might add to the illusions of the representation. This was not all: A theatre, at first of wood, but afterwards of stone, circumscribed, while it accommodated, the spectators, and reduced a casual and disorderly mob to the quality and civilization of a regular and attentive audience.

The most remarkable effect of the tragedy of Æschylus, was the introduction of the Chorus in a new character, which continued long to give a peculiar tone to the Grecian Drama, and still makes the broad and striking difference betwixt that original theatre, and those which have since arisen in modern nations.

The Chorus, who sung hymns in favour of Bacchus,—the musical part, in short, of the entertainment,—remained in the days of Thespis exactly such as it had been in the rude village gambols which he had improved, the principal part of the dramatic performance. The intervention of monologue, or recitation, was merely a relief to the musicians, and a variety to the audience. Æschylus, while he assigned a part of superior consequence to the actor in his improved dialogue, new-modelled the Chorus,

which custom still enjoined as a necessary and indispensable branch of the entertainment. They were no longer a body of vocal musicians, whose strains were as independent of what was spoken by the personages of the Drama, as those of our modern orchestra when performing betwixt the acts; the Chorus assumed from this time a different and complicated character, which, as we have already hinted, forms a marked peculiarity in the Grecian Drama, distinguishing it from the theatrical compositions of modern Europe.

The Chorus, according to this new model, was composed of a certain set of persons, priests, captive virgins, matrons, or others, usually of a solemn and sacred character, the contemporaries of the heroes who appeared on the stage, who remained upon the scene to celebrate in hymns set to music the events which had befallen the active persons of the Drama; to afford them alternately their advice or their sympathy; and, at least, to moralize in lyrical poetry, on the feelings to which their history and adventures, their passions and sufferings, gave rise. The Chorus might be considered as, in some degree, the representatives of the audience, or rather of the public, on whose great stage those events happen in reality, which are presented in the mimicry of the Drama. In the strains of the Chorus, the actual audience had those feelings suggested to them as if by reflection in a mirror, which the events of the scene ought to produce in their own bosom; they had at once before them the action of the piece, and the effect of that action upon a chosen band of persons; who, like themselves, were passive spectators, whose dignified strains pointed out the moral reflections to which the subject naturally gave rise. The Chorus were led or directed by a single person of their number, termed the Coryphæus, who frequently spoke or sung alone. They were occasionally divided into two bands, who addressed and replied to each other. But they always preserved the character proper to them, of spectators, rather than agents in the Drama.

The number of the Chorus varied at different periods, often extending to fifty persons, and sometimes restricted to half that number; and it is evident that the presence of so many persons on the scene officiating as no part of the *dramatis personæ*, but rather as contemporary spectators, involved many inconveniences and inconsistencies. That which the hero, however agitated by passion, must naturally have suppressed within his own breast, or uttered in soliloquy, was thus necessarily committed to the confidence of fifty people, less or more. And when a deed of violence was to be acted, the helpless Chorus, instead of interfering to prevent the atrocity to which the perpetrator had made them privy, could only, by the rules of the theatre, exhaust their sorrow and surprise in dithyrambics. This was well ridiculed by Bentley, in his farce called *The Wishes*, in one part of which strange performance he introduced a Chorus after the manner of the ancient Greeks, who are informed by one of the *dramatis personæ*, that a madman with a firebrand has just entered the vaults beneath the place which they occupy, and which contain a magazine of gunpowder. The Chorus, instead of stirring from the dangerous vicinity, immediately commence a long complaint of the hardship of their fate, exclaiming pathetically, "O, unhappy madman—or rather unhappy we, the victims of this madman's fury—or thrice, thrice unhappy the friends of the madman, who did not secure him, and restrain him from the perpetration of such deeds of frenzy—or three and four times hapless the keeper of the magazine, who forgot the keys of the door," &c. &c. &c.*

The real Choruses of the ancients, of whose apathy and passive observation of the enormities which pass on the stage, the above is a caricature, afford some instances not much less ridiculous. But still the union which Æschylus accomplished betwixt the didactic hymns of the Chorus, and the events which were passing upon the stage, was a most important improvement upon the earlier Drama. By this means, the two unconnected branches of the old Bacchanalian revels were combined together; and we ought rather to be surprised that Æschylus ventured, while accomplishing such a union, to render the hymns sung by the Chorus subordinate to the action or dialogue, than that he did not take the bolder measure of altogether discarding that which, before his time, was reckoned the principal object of a religious entertainment.

The new theatre and stage of Athens was reared, as we have seen, under the inspection of Æschylus. He also introduced dresses in character for his principal actors, to which were added embellishments of a kind which mark the wide distinction betwixt the ancient and modern stage. The personal disguise which had formerly been attained by staining the actor's face, was now, by what doubtless was considered as a high exertion of ingenuity, accomplished by the use of a mask, so painted as to represent the personage whom he represented. To augment the apparent awkwardness of this contrivance, the mouths of these masks were frequently fashioned like the extremity of a trumpet, which, if it aided the actor's voice to reach the extremity of the huge circuit to which he addressed himself, must still have made a ridiculous appearance upon the stage, had not the habits and expectations of the spectators been in a different tone from those of a modern audience. The use of the *cothurnus* or buskin, which was contrived so as to give to the performer additional and unnatural stature, would have fallen under the same censure. But the ancient and modern theatres may be said to resemble each other only in name, as will appear from the following account of the Grecian stage, abridged from the best antiquaries.

The theatres of the Greeks were immensely large in comparison to ours; and the audience sat upon rows of benches, rising above each other in due gradation. In form they resembled a horse-shoe. The stage occupied a platform, which closed in the flat end of the building, and was raised so high as to be on a level with the lowest row of benches. The central part of the theatre, or what we call the *pit*, instead of being filled with spectators, according to modern custom, was left for the occasional occupation of the Chorus, during those parts of their duty which did not require them to be nearer to the stage. This place was called the ORCHESTRA, and corresponded in some measure with the open space which, in the modern equestrian amphitheatres, is interposed betwixt the audience and the stage, for the display of feats of horsemanship. The delusion of the scene being thus removed to a considerable distance from the eye of the spectator, was heightened, and many of the objections offered to the use of the mask and the buskin were lessened, or totally removed. When the Chorus did not occupy the orchestra, they ranged themselves beside the THYMELE, a sort of altar, surrounded with steps, placed in front of their stage Orchestra. From this, as a post of observation, they watched the progress of the Drama, and to this point the actors turned themselves when addressing them. The solemn hymns and mystic dances of the Chorus, performed during their retreat into the orchestra, formed a sort of interludes, or interruptions of the action, similar in effect to the modern division into acts. But, properly speaking, there was no interruption of the representation from beginning to end. The piece was not, indeed, constantly progressive, but the illusion of the scene was always before the audience, either by means of the actors themselves, or of the Chorus. And the musical recitation and character of the dances traced by the Chorus in their interludes, were always in correspondence with the character of the piece, grave, majestic, and melancholy; in tragedy, gay and lively; in comedy, and during the representation of satirical pieces, wild, extravagant, and bordering on buffoonery. The number of these interludes, or interruptions of the action, seems to have varied from three to six, or even more, at the

* The author never read *The Wishes*, and quotes from the information of a friend.

we admire in an accomplished actor, was not, as some has supposed, sacrificed by the ancients for the assumption of these disguises. They never did, and, according to the plan of their theatres, never could, possess that source of enjoyment. The circuit of the theatre was immense, and the eyes of the thousands whom it contained were so far removed from the stage, that, far from being able to enjoy the minute play of the actor's features, the mask and buskin were necessary to give distinction to his figure, and to convey all which the ancients expected to see, his general resemblance, namely, to the character he represented.

The Grecian style of acting, so far as it has been described to us, corresponded to the other circumstances of the representation. It affected gravity and sublimity of movement and of declamation. Rapidity of motion, and vivacity of action, seem to have been reserved for occasions of particular emotion; and that delicacy of by-play, as well as all the aid which look and slight gesture bring so happily to the aid of an impassioned dialogue, were foreign to their system. The actors, therefore, had an easier task than on the modern stage, since it is much more easy to preserve a tone of high and dignified declamation, than to follow out the whirlwind and tempest of passion, in which it is demanded of the performer to be energetic without bombast, and natural without vulgarity.

The Grecian actors held a high rank in the republic, and those esteemed in the profession were richly recompensed. Their art was the more dignified, because the poets themselves usually represented the principal character in their own pieces,—a circumstance which corroborates what we have already stated concerning the comparative inferiority of talents required in a Grecian actor, who was only expected to move with grace, and declaim with truth and justice. His disguise hid all personal imperfections, and thus a Grecian poet might aspire to become an actor, without that extraordinary and unlikely union of moral and physical powers, which would be necessary to qualify a modern dramatist to mount the stage in person, and excel at once as a poet and as an actor.

It is no part of our present object to enter into any minute examination of the comparative merits of the three great tragedians of Athens, Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. Never, perhaps, did there arise, within so short a space, such a succession of brilliant talents. Sophocles, might, indeed, be said to be the contemporary of both his rivals, for his youthful emulation was excited by the success of Æschylus, and the eminence of his latter years was disturbed by the rivalry of Euripides, whom, however, he survived. To Æschylus, who led the van in dramatic enterprise, as he did in the field of Marathon, the sanction of antiquity has ascribed unrivalled powers over the realms of astonishment and terror. At his summons, the mysterious and tremendous volume of destiny, in which are inscribed the doom of gods and men, seemed to display its leaves of iron before the appalled spectators; the more than mortal voices of Deities, Titans, and departed Heroes, were heard in awful conference; heaven bowed, and its divinities descended; earth yawned, and gave up the pale spectres of the dead; and the yet more undefined and grisly forms of those infernal deities who struck horror into the gods themselves. All this could only be dared and done by a poet of the highest order, confident, during that early age of enthusiasm, that he addressed an audience prompt to kindle at the heroic scene which he placed before them. It followed almost naturally, from his character, that the dramas of Æschylus, though full of terrible interest, should be deficient in grace and softness; that his sublime conciseness should deviate sometimes into harshness and obscurity; that, finding it impossible to sustain himself at the height to which he had ascended, he should sometimes drop, "fluttering his pinions vain," into great inequalities of composition; and, finally, that his plots should appear rude and inartificial, contrasted with those of his successors in the dramatic art. Still, however, Æschylus led not only the way in the noble career of the Grecian drama, but out stripped, in point of sublimity at least, those whom he was followed.

Sophocles, who obtained from his countrymen the title of the *Bee* of Attica, rivalled Æschylus when in the possession of the stage, and obtained the first prize. His success occasioned the veteran's retreat to Sicily, where he died, commanding that his epitaph should make mention of his share in the victory of Marathon, but should contain no allusion to his dramatic excellencies. His more fortunate rival judiciously avoided the dizzy and tempestuous path which Æschylus had trod with so firm and daring a step. It was the object of Sophocles to move sorrow and compassion, rather than to excite indignation and terror. He studied the progress of action with more attention than Æschylus, and excelled in that modulation of the story by which interest is excited at the beginning of a drama, maintained in its progress, and gratified at its conclusion. His subjects are also of a nature more melancholy and less sublime than those of his predecessors. He loved to paint heroes rather in their forlorn than their triumphant fortunes, aware that the contrast offered new sources of the pathetic to the soul. Sophocles was the most fortunate of the Greek tragedians. He attained the age of ninety-one years, and in his eightieth, to vindicate himself from the charge of mental imbecility, he read to the Judges his *Œdipus Coloneus*, the most beautiful, at least the most perfect, of his tragedies. He survived Euripides, his most formidable rival, of whom, also, we must speak a few words.

It is observed by Schlegel, that the tone of the tragedies of Euripides approaches more nearly to modern taste than to the stern simplicity of his predecessors. The passion of love predominates in his pieces, and he is the first tragedian who paid tribute to that sentiment which has been too exclusively made the moving cause of interest on the modern stage,—the first who sacrificed to

Cupid, king of gods and men.

The dramatic use of this passion has been purified in modern times, by the introduction of that tender feeling, which, since the age of chivalry, has been a principal ingredient in heroic affection. This was unknown to the ancients, in whose society females, generally speaking, held a low and degraded place, from which few individuals emerged, unless those who aspired to the talents and virtues proper to the masculine sex. Women were not forbidden to become competitors for the laurel or oaken crown, offered to genius and to patriotism; but antiquity knew not a myrtle wreath, as a prize for the domestic virtues peculiar to the female character. Love, therefore, in Euripides, does not always breathe purity of sentiment, but is stained with the mixture of violent and degrading passions. This, however, was the fault of the age, rather than of the poet, for though he is generally represented as an enemy of the female sex; and his death was ascribed to a judgment of Venus.

When blood-hounds met him by the way,
And monsters made the bard their prey.

This great dramatist was less successful than Sophocles in the construction of his plots; and, instead of the happy expedients by which his predecessor introduces us to the business of the drama, he had too often recourse to the mediation of a prologue, who came forth to explain, in detail, the previous history necessary to understand the piece.

Euripides is also accused of having degraded the character of his personages, by admitting more alloy of human weakness, folly, and vice, than was consistent with the high qualities of the heroic age. Æschylus, it was said, transported his audience into a new and more sublime race of beings; Sophocles painted mankind as they ought to be, and Euripides as they actually are. Yet the variety of character introduced by the latter tragedian, and the interest of his tragedies, must always attract the modern reader, coloured as they are by a tone of sentiment,

and by his knowledge of the business, rules, and habits, of actual life, to which his predecessors, living as they did, in an imaginary and heroical world of their own, appear to have been strangers. And although the judgment of the ancients assigned the pre-eminence in tragedy to Æschylus or Sophocles, yet Euripides has been found more popular with posterity than either of his two great predecessors.

The division betwixt tragedy and comedy, for both sprung from the same common origin, the feasts, namely, in honour of Bacchus, and the disguises adopted by his worshippers, seems to have taken place gradually until the jests and frolics, which made a principal part of these revels, were found misplaced when introduced with graver matter, and were made by Susarion, perhaps, the subject of a separate province of the Drama. The Grecian comedy was divided into the ancient, the middle, and the modern, style of composition.

The ancient and original comedy was of a kind which may, at first sight, appear to derogate from the religious purposes which we have pointed out as the foundation of the Drama. The writings under this head frequently turn upon parodies, in which the persons and adventures of those gods and heroes who are the sublime subjects of the tragic Drama, are introduced for the purpose of buffoon-sport, and ridicule, as in Carey's modern farces of *Midas* and the *Golden Pippin*. Hercules appears in one of those pieces astonishing his host by an extravagant appetite, which the cook in vain attempts to satiate, by placing before him, in succession, all the various dishes which the ancient kitchen afforded. In another comedy, Bacchus (in whose honour the solemnity was instituted) is brought in only in order to ridicule his extreme cowardice.

At other times, allowing a grotesque fancy its wildest range, the early comic authors introduced upon the stage animals, and even inanimate things, as part of their *dramatis personæ*, and embodied forth on the stage, the fantastic imaginations of Lucian in his *True History*. The golden age was represented in the same ridiculous and bizarre mode of description as the *Pays de la Cocagne* of the French minstrels, or the popular ideas of *Lubberland* in England: and the poets furnished kingdoms of birds and worlds in the moon.

Had the only charm of these entertainments consisted in the fantastic display with which the eyes of the spectators were regaled at the expense of the over-excited imagination of the poet, they would soon have fallen into disuse; for the Athenians were too acute and judicious critics, to have been long gratified with mere extravagance. But these grotesque scenes were made the medium for throwing the most bold and daring ridicule upon the measures of the state, upon the opinions of individuals, and upon the religion of the country.

This propensity to turn into ridicule that which is most serious and sacred, had probably its origin in the rude gambols of the sylvan deities who accompanied Bacchus, and to whose petulant and lively demeanour rude jest was a natural accompaniment. The audience, at least the more ignorant part of them, saw these parodies with pleasure, which quelled the awe they felt at the performance of the tragedies, whose most solemn subjects were thus burlesqued; nor do they appear to have been checked by any sense that their mirth was profane. In fact, when the religion of a nation comes to consist chiefly in the practice of a few unmeaning ceremonies, it is often found that the populace, with whatever inconsistency, assume the liberty of profaning them by grotesque parodies, without losing their reverence for the superstitions which they thus vilify. Customs of a like tendency were common in the middle ages. The festival of the Ass in France, of the Boy-bishop in England, of the Abbot of Unreason in Scotland, and many other popular practices of the same kind, exhibited, in countries yet Catholic, daring parodies of the most sacred services and ceremonies of the Roman Church. And as these were practised openly, and under authority, without being supposed to shake the people's attachment to the rites which they thus ridiculed, we cannot wonder that similar profanities were well received among the Pagans, whose religion sat very loosely upon them, and who professed no fixed or necessary articles of faith.

It is probable, that, had the old Grecian comedy continued to direct its shafts of ridicule only against the inhabitants of Olympus, it would not have attracted the coercion of the magistracy. But its kingdom was far more extensive, and the poets claiming the privilege of laying their opinions on public affairs before the people in this shape, Cratinus, Eupolis, and particularly Aristophanes, a daring, powerful, and apparently unprincipled writer, converted comedy into an engine for assailing the credit and character of private individuals, as well as the persons and political measures of those who administered the state. The doctrines of philosophy, the power of the magistrate, the genius of the poet, the rites proper to the Deity, were alternately made the subject of the most uncompromising and severe satire. It was soon discovered, that the more directly personal the assault could be made, and the more revered or exalted the personage, the greater was the malignant satisfaction of the audience, who loved to see wisdom, authority, and religious reverence, brought down to their own level, and made subjects of ridicule by the powers of the merciless satirist. The use of the mask enabled Aristophanes to render his satire yet more pointedly personal; for, by forming it so as to imitate, probably with some absurd exaggeration, the features of the object of his ridicule, and by imitating the dress and manner of the original, the player stepped upon the stage, a walking and speaking caricature of the hero of the night, and was usually placed in some ludicrous position, amidst the fanciful and whimsical chimeras with which the scene was peopled.

In this manner, Aristophanes ridiculed with equal freedom Socrates, the wisest of the Athenians, and Cleon, the demagogue, when at the height of his power. As no one durst perform the latter part, for fear of giving offence to one so powerful, the author acted Cleon himself, with his face smeared with the lees of wine. Like the satire of Rabelais, the political and personal invective of Aristophanes was mingled with a plentiful allowance of scurril and indecent jests, which were calculated to ensure a favourable reception from the bulk of the people. He resembles Rabelais, also, in the wild and fanciful fictions which he assumes as the vehicle of his satire; and his comedy of The Birds may even have given hints to Swift, when, in order to contrast the order of existing institutions with those of a Utopian and fantastic fairy land, he carries Gulliver among giants and pigmies. Yet though his indecency, and the offensive and indiscriminate scurrility of his satire, deserve censure; though he merits the blame of the wise for his attack upon Socrates, and of the learned for his repeated and envenomed assaults on Euripides, Aristophanes has nevertheless added one deathless name to the deathless period in which he flourished; and, from the richness of his fancy, and gayety of his tone, has deserved the title of the Father of Comedy. When the style of his sarcasm possessed the rareness of novelty, it was considered of so much importance to the state, that a crown of olive was voted to the poet, as one who had taught Athens the defects of her public men. But unless angels were to write satires, ridicule cannot be considered as the test of truth. The temptation to be witty is just so much the more resistless, that the author knows he will get no thanks for suppressing the jest which rises to his pen. As the public becomes used to this new and piquant fare, fresh characters must be sacrificed for its gratification. Recrimination adds commonly to the contest, and those who were at first ridiculed out of mere wantonness of wit, are soon persecuted for resenting the ill usage; until literature resembles an actual personal conflict, where the victory is borne away by the strongest and most savage, who deals the most desperate wounds with the least sympathy for the feeling of his adversary.

The ancient comedy was of a character too licentious to be long tolerated. Two or three decrees having been in vain passed, in order to protect the citizens against libels of this poignant description, the ancient comedy was finally proscribed by that oligarchy, which assumed the sway over Athens, upon the downfall of the popular government towards the end of the Peloponnesian war. By order of these rulers, Anaxander, an actor, was punished capitally, for parodying a line of Euripides, so as to infer a slight of the government. He was starved to death, to which, as an appropriate punishment, the public has since his time often indirectly condemned both actors and dramatists. Aristophanes, who was still alive, bowed to the storm, and relinquished the critical and satirical scourge, which he had hitherto exercised in the combined capacity of satirist, reformer, and reviewer; and the use of the Chorus was prohibited to comic authors, as it seems to have been in their stanzas chiefly that the offensive satire was invested. To this edict Horace alludes in the well-known lines:

> "Successit vetus his comedia, non sine multâ
> Laude, sed in vitium libertas excidit, et vim
> Dignam lege regi: lex est accepta: Chorusque
> Turpiter obticuit, sublato jure nocendi."*

In the middle comedy, Thalia and her votaries seemed to have retraced their steps, and, avoiding personal satire, resorted once more to general subjects of burlesque raillery. We learn from history, real or fabulous, or from the works of the elder poets, that these plays had the fanciful wildness without the personal satire of the ancient comedy, for the authors were obliged to take care that there was no "offence" in their pleasantry. At most, they only ventured to touch on matters of instant interest in the way of innuendo, under feigned titles and oblique hints, and had no longer the audacity to join men's vices or follies to their names. Aristophanes re-cast several of his pieces in this manner. But the same food, without the poignant seasoning to which the audience had been accustomed, palled on their taste, and this cast of pieces soon gave place to that which the ancients called the New Comedy, so successfully cultivated by Menander and others.

Notwithstanding what modern critics have said to the contrary, and particularly the ingenious Schlegel, the new tone which comedy thus assumed, seems more congenial to true taste as well as to public decorum, and even to the peace and security of the community, than that of Aristophanes, whose satiric wit, like a furious bull, charged upon his countrymen without respect or distinction, and tossed and gored whatever he met with in his way.

The new comedy had for its object the ludicrous incidents of private life,—*celebrare domestica facta*, says Horace,—to detail those foibles, follies, and whimsical accidents, which are circumstances material and serious to the agents themselves, but, as very usually happens on the stage of the world, matters only of ludicrous interest to the on-lookers. The new comedy admitted also many incidents of a character not merely ludicrous, and some which, calling forth pathetic emotion, approached more nearly to the character of tragedy than had been admitted in the ancient comedies of Aristophanes, and in this rather resembled what the French have called *Tragedie Bourgeoise*. It is scarce necessary to remark, that the line cannot be always distinctly drawn betwixt the subjects which excite mirth and those which call forth sympathy. It often happens that the same incident is at once affecting and ludicrous, or admits of being presented alternately in either point of view. In a Drama, also, which treats of the faults and lighter vices, as well as of the follies of mankind, it is natural that the author should sometimes assume the high tone of the moralist. In these cases, to use the language of Horace, comedy exalts her voice, and the offended father, the pantaloon of the piece, swells into sublimity of language. A pleasant species of composition was thus attained, in which wit and humour were relieved by touches both of sentiment and moral instruction. The new comedy, taken in this enlarged point of view, formed the introduction to the Modern Drama; but it was neither so comprehensive in its plan, nor so various in character and interest.

The form which the Greeks, and in imitation of them the Romans, adopted, for embodying their comic effusions, was neither extended nor artificial. To avoid the charge of assaulting, or perhaps the temptation to attack private persons, the actors in their drama were rather painted as personifications of particular classes of society, than living individual characters. The list of these personages was sufficiently meagre. The principal character, upon whose devices and ingenuity the whole plot usually turns, is the Geta of the piece, a witty, roguish, insinuating, and malignant slave, the confidant of a wild and extravagant son, whom he aids in his pious endeavours to cheat a suspicious, severe, and griping father. When to these three are added, a wily courtezan, a procuress, a stolen virgin, who is generally a mute, or nearly such, we have all the stock characters which are proper to the classic comedy. Upon this limited scale of notes the ancients rung their changes, relieving them occasionally, however, by the introduction of a boastful soldier, a boorish clown, or a mild and good-natured old man, to contrast with the irascible Chremes of the piece, the more ordinary representative of old age.

The plot is in general as simple as the cast of the characters. A father loses his child, who falls into the hands of a procuress or slave-merchant. The efforts of the youth, who falls in love with this captive, to ransom her from her captivity, are seconded by the slave, who aids him in the various devices necessary to extort from his father the funds necessary for the purchase, and their tricks form the principal part of the intrigue. When it is necessary that the play shall close, the discovery of the girl's birth takes place, and the young couple are married. The plots, are, indeed, sometimes extended or enlarged by additional circumstances, but very seldom by any novelty of character or variety of general form.

It is a necessary consequence, that the ancient comic authors were confined within a very narrow compass. The vast and inexhaustible variety of knavery, folly, affectation, humour, &c. &c. as mingled with each other, or as modified by difference of age, sex, temper, education, profession, and habit of body, are all within the royalty of the modern comic dramatist, and he may summon them up under what limitations, and in what circumstances he pleases, to play their parts in his piece. The ancients were much more limited in their circle of materials, and, perhaps, we must look for the ruling cause, once more, in the great size of their theatres, and to the use of the mask; which, though it easily presented the general or generic character of the personage introduced, was incapable of the endless variety which can be given to ridicule of a more minute, refined, and personal kind, by the flexible organs of a modern actor.

But besides this powerful reason for refraining from any attempt to draw characters distinguished by peculiar habits, there is much reason to think that the mode of life pursued by the ancient Athenians was unfavourable to the formation of whimsical, original, or eccentric characters. Citizens of the same state, they lived in the habits of familiar intercourse with each other, and the differences of ranks did not make the same distinction in tastes and manners as in modern Europe. The occupation, also, of Grecian citizens had a uniform and national character. They were all public men, and had a common interest in the management of the state; and it probably followed, that, in men whose thoughts and pursuits were all bent the same way, the same general similarity of manners might be found to exist, which is remarked in those who fol-

* The ancient comedy next play'd its part,
Well famed, at first, for spirit and for art;
But Liberty o'erleaping decent awe,
Satiric rage required restraint from law.
The edict spoke,—dishonour'd silence bound
The Chorus, and forbade their ancient right to wound.

low the same profession. The differences of youth and age, of riches and poverty, of good or bad temper, &c. must have been much modified in Attica, where all free citizens were, to a certain degree, on a level,—discussed the same topics of state, and gave their votes in the same popular assemblies,—enjoyed without restriction the same public amusements,—and where the same general cast of manners might descend to the lowest of the citizens, for the very reason that even a poor herb-woman understood the delicacy of the Attic dialect so perfectly, as to distinguish a stranger by the first words he addressed to her.

The Chorus, silenced, as we have seen, owing to the license of the old comedy, made no appendage to that which was substituted in its place. The exhibition of the Grecian comedy did not, in other respects, in so far as we know, materially differ from that of the tragedy. Instead of the choral interludes, the representation was now divided, by intervals of cessation, into acts, as upon the modern stage. And the number five seems to have been fixed upon as the most convenient and best adapted for the purposes of representation. The plot, as we have seen, and the distinct and discriminated specification of character, were, in either case, subordinate considerations to the force of style and composition. It follows, of consequence, that we can better understand and enjoy the tragedies than the comedies of the ancients. The circumstances which excite sublime or terrific sensations are the same, notwithstanding the difference of age, country, and language. But comic humour is of a character much more evanescent. The force of wit depends almost entirely upon time, circumstance, and manners; in so much, that a jest which raises inextinguishable laughter in a particular class of society, appears flat or disgusting if uttered in another. It is, therefore, no wonder that the ancient comedy, turning upon manners so far removed from our own time, should appear to us rather dull and inartificial. The nature of the intercourse between the sexes in classic times was also unfavourable for comedy. The coquette, the fine lady, the romp, all those various shades of the female character, which occupy so many pleasant scenes on the modern stage, were totally unknown to ancient manners. The wife of the ancient comedy was a mere household drudge, the vassal, not the companion, of an imperious husband. The young woman whose beauty is the acting motive of the intrigue, never evinces the slightest intellectual property of any kind. And the only female character admitting of some vivacity, is that of the courtezan, whose wit is well as her charms appear to have been professional.

After substracting the large field afforded by female art or caprice, female wit, or folly, or affection, the realm of the ancient comedy will appear much circumscribed; and we have yet to estimate a large deduction to be made on account of the rust of antiquity, and the total change of religion and manners. It is no wonder, therefore, that the wit of Plautus and Terence should come forth diminished in weight and substance, after having been subjected to the alembic of modern criticism. That which survives the investigation, however, is of a solid and valuable character. If these Dramas do not entertain us with a display of the specific varieties of character, they often convey maxims evincing a deep knowledge of human passion and feeling; and are so admirably adapted to express, in few and pithy words, truths which it is important to remember, that even the Apostle Paul himself has not disdained to quote a passage from a Grecian dramatist. The situation, also, of their personages is often truly comic; and the modern writers who have borrowed their ideas, and arranged them according to the taste of their own age, have often been indebted to the ancients for the principal cause of their success.

Having dwelt thus long upon the Grecian Drama, we are entitled to treat with conciseness that of Rome, which, like the other fine arts, that people, whose national disposition was much more martial than literary, copied from their more ingenious neighbours.

The Romans were not, indeed, without a sort of rude dramatic representation of their own, of the same nature with that which, as we have already noticed, usually rises in an early period of society. These were called *Fabulæ Atellanæ;* farces, for such they were, which took their name from *Atella*, a town belonging to the *Osci* in Italy. They were performed by the Roman youth, who used to attack each other with satirical couplets during the intervals of some rude game, in which they seem to have represented the character of fabulous antiquity. But 361 years before the Christian era, the Romans, in the time of a great pestilence, as we learn from Livy, introduced a more regular species of theatrical entertainment, in order to propitiate the deities by a solemn exhibition of public games; after which, what had hitherto been matter of mere frolic and amusement, assumed, according to the historian, the appearance of a professional art; and the Roman youth, who had hitherto appeared as amateur performers, gave up the stage to regular actors.

These plays continued, however, to be of a very rude structure, until the Grecian stage was transplanted to Rome. Livius Andronicus, by birth a Grecian, led the way in this improvement, and is accounted her first dramatist.

Seneca, the philosopher, is the only Roman tragedian whose works have reached our time. His tragedies afford no very favourable specimen of Roman art. They are in the false taste which succeeded the age of Augustus, and debased the style of composition in that of Nero; bombastic, tedious, and pedantic; treating, indeed, of Grecian subjects, but not with Grecian art.

By a singular contrast, although we have lost the more valuable tragedies of Rome, we have been compelled to judge of the new Greek comedy, through the medium of the Latin translations. Of Menander we have but a few fragments, and our examples of his Drama are derived exclusively from Plautus and Terence. Of these, the former appears the more original, the latter the more elegant author. The comedies of Plautus are much more connected with manners,—much more full of what may be termed drollery and comic situation,—and are believed to exhibit a greater portion of Roman character. The Romans, indeed, had two species of comedy, the *Palliata*, where the scene and dress were Grecian; the *Togata*, where both were Roman. But besides this distinction, even the *Mantled*, or Grecian comedy, might be more or less of a Roman cast; and Plautus is supposed, to have infused a much stronger national tone into his plays than can be traced in those of Terence. They are also of a ruder cast, and more extravagant, retaining, perhaps, a larger portion of the rough horse-play peculiar to the *Fabulæ Atellanæ*. Terence, on the contrary, is elegant, refined, and sententious; decorous and regular in the construction of his plots; exhibiting more of wit in his dialogue, than of comic force in his situations; grave often and moral; sometimes even pathetic; and furnishing, upon the whole, the most perfect specimens of the Grecian comedy, both in action and character.

The alterations which the Romans made in the practice of the theatrical art do not seem to have been of great consequence. One circumstance, however, deserves notice. The orchestra, or, as we should say, the pit of the theatre, was no longer left vacant for the occasional occupation of the Chorus, but was filled with the senators, knights, and other more respectable citizens. The stage was thus brought more near to the eye of the higher class of the audience. It would also seem that the theatres were smaller; for we read of two so constructed, that each turned upon a pivot, so that, when placed back to back, they were separate theatres, yet were capable of being wheeled round, with all the audience, so as to bring their oblong ends together, then forming a single amphitheatre, in which the games

of the circus succeeded to dramatic representation. It is not easy to conceive the existence of such machinery; but the story, at any rate, seems to show, that their theatres must have been greatly smaller than those of Greece, to admit the supposition of such an evolution as being in any degree practicable. This diminution in the size of the house, and the occupation of the orchestra by the most dignified part of the audience, may have afforded a reason why masks were, at least occasionally, disused on the Roman stage. That they were sometimes disused is certain; for Cicero mentions Roscius Gallus as using a mask to conceal a deformity arising from the inequality of his eyes, which implies plainly that other comedians played with their faces disclosed. It is therefore probable, that the imperfections of the mask were felt, so soon as the distance was diminished between the performer and the spectators; and we may hazard a conjecture, that this disguise was first laid aside in the smaller theatres.

But the principal change introduced by the Romans into the Drama, and which continues to affect it in every country of Europe, respected the *status* or rank of the actors in society. We have seen that Athens, enthusiastic in her attachment to the fine arts, held no circumstances degrading which were connected with them. Æschylus and Sophocles were soldiers and statesmen, yet lost nothing in the opinion of their countrymen, by appearing on the public stage. Euripides, who was also a person of consequence, proved that "love esteems no office mean;" for he danced in a female disguise in his own Drama, and that not as the Princess Nauticlea, but as one of her handmaidens, or, in modern phrase, as a *figurante*. The Grecians, therefore, attached no dishonour to the person of the actor, nor esteemed that he who contributed to giving the amusement of the theatre, was at all degraded beneath those who received it. It was otherwise in Rome. The contempt which the Romans entertained for players might be founded partly upon their confounding this elegant amusement with the games of the Circus and Amphitheatre, performed by gladiators and slaves, the meanest, in short, of mankind. Hence, to use the words of St. Augustin, "the ancient Romans, accounting the art of stage-playing and the whole scene infamous, ordained that this sort of men should not only want the honour of other citizens, but also be disfranchised and thrust out of their tribe, by a legal and disgraceful censure, which the censors were to execute; because they would not suffer their vulgar sort of people, much less their senators, to be defamed, disgraced, or defiled with stage-players;" which act of theirs he styles "an excellent true Roman prudence, to be enumerated among the Roman's praises."

Accordingly, an edict of the prætor, stigmatized as infamous all who appeared on the stage, either to speak or act; but it is remarkable that from this general proscription the Roman youth were excepted; and they continued to enact the *Fabulæ Atellanæ*, namely, the farces or drolleries of ancient Italian origin, without incurring any stigma. This exception seems to indicate, that the edict originated in the national pride of the Romans, and their contempt for Grecian literature, and for foreigners of every description. Under any other view it is impossible they should have preferred the actors in these coarse farces, who, by the by, are supposed to have been the originals of no less persons than Harlequin and Punchinello, to those who possessed taste and talents sufficient to execute the masterly scenes borrowed from the Grecian Drama.

Injustice, however,—and we call that law unjust which devotes to general infamy any profession of which it nevertheless tolerates the practice,—is usually inconsistent. Several individual play-actors in Rome, rose to high public esteem, and to the enjoyment of great wealth. Roscius was the friend and companion of Piso and of Sylla, and, what was still more to his credit, of Cicero himself, who thus eulogises the scenic art, while commemorating the merit of his deceased friend:—*Quis nostrum tam animo agresti ac duro fuit, ut Roscii morte nuper non commoveretur? qui quum essed senex mortuus tamen, propter excellentem artem ac venustatem videbatur omnino mori non debuisse.*

Paris, another Roman actor, reached a height of celebrity as distinguished as Roscius, and exercised, as many of his profession have since done, an arbitrary authority over the unfortunate dramatic authors. It is recorded by the satirist, that Statius the epic poet might have starved, had he not given up to this favourite of the public, upon his own terms doubtless, the manuscript of an unacted performance. Paris was put to death by Domitian out of jealousy.

If the actors rose to be persons of importance in Rome, the dramatic critics were not less so. They had formed a code of laws for the regulation of dramatic authors, to which the great names of Aristotle and Horace both contributed their authority. But these will be more properly treated of when we come to mention the adoption of the ancient regulations by the French stage.

Having thus gone hastily through some account of the ancient stage, from its rise in Greece to its transportation to Rome, we have only to notice the circumstances under which it expired.

Christianity from its first origin was inimical to the institution of the stage. The Fathers of the Church inveigh against the profaneness and immodesty of the theatre. In the treatise of Tertullian *De Spectaculis*, he has written expressly upon the subject. The various authorities on this head have been collected and quoted by the enemies of the stage, from Prynne down to Collier. It ought, however, to be noticed, that their exprobration of the theatre is founded, first, upon its origin, as connected with heathen superstition; and secondly, on the beastly and abominable license practised in the pantomimes, which, although they made no part of the regular Drama, were presented nevertheless in the same place, and before the same audience. "We avoid your shows and games," says Tertullian, "because we doubt the warrant of their origin. They savour of superstition and idolatry, and we dislike the entertainment, as abhorring the heathen religion on which it is founded." In another place he observes, the temples were united to theatres, in order that superstition might patronise debauchery, and that they were dedicated to Bacchus and to Venus, the confederate deities of lust and intemperance.

It was not only the connexion of the theatre with heathen superstition, that offended the primitive church; but also the profligacy of some of the entertainments which were exhibited. There cannot be much objected to the regular Roman Drama in this particular, since even Mr. Collier allows them to be more decorous than the British stage of his own time; but, as we have already hinted, in the *Ludi Scenici*, the intrigues of the gods and the heroes were represented upon the stage with the utmost grossness. These obscene and scandalous performances thus far coincided with the Drama, that they were acted in the same theatres, and in honour of the same deities, and both were subjected to the same sweeping condemnation. They were not, however, absolutely or formally abolished, even when Christianity became the religion of the state. Tertullian and St. Austin both speak of the scenic representations of their own day, under the distinct characters of tragedy and comedy; and although condemned by the church, and abhorred by the more strict Christians, there is little doubt that the ancient theatre continued to exist, until it was buried under the ruins of the Roman empire.

MODERN DRAMA.

The same propensity to fictitious personification, which we have remarked as common to all countries, introduced, during the dark ages, a rude species of Drama, into most of the nations of Europe. Like the first effort of the ancients in that art, it had its foundation in religion; with this great difference, that as the rites of Bacchus before, and even after

the improvements introduced by Thespis, were well enough suited to the worship of such a deity, the religious Dramas, mysteries, or whatever other name they assumed, were often so unworthy of the Christian religion on which they were founded, that their being tolerated can be attributed only to the gross ignorance of the laity, and the cunning of the Catholic priesthood, who used them, with other idle and sometimes indecorous solemnities, as one means of amusing the people's minds, and detaining them in contented bondage to their spiritual superiors.

In the Empire of the East, religious exhibitions of a theatrical character, appear to have been instituted about the year 990, by Theophylact, patriarch of Constantinople, with the intention (Warton surmises) of weaning the minds of the people from the Pagan revels, by substituting Christian spectacles, partaking of the same spirit of license. His contemporaries give him little credit for his good intentions. "Theophylact," says Cedrenus, as translated by Warton, "introduced the practice, which prevails to this day, of scandalizing God and the memory of his saints, on the most splendid and popular festivals, by indecent and ridiculous songs, and enormous shoutings, even in the midst of those sacred hymns which we ought to offer to divine grace for the salvation of our souls. But he having collected a company of base fellows, and placing over them one Euthymicus surnamed Casnes, whom he also appointed the superintendent of his church, admitted into the sacred service diabolical dances, exclamations of ribaldry, and ballads borrowed from the streets and brothels."—The irregularities of the Greek clergy, who, on certain holidays, personated feigned characters, and entered even the choir in masquerade, are elsewhere mentioned. (Warton's *History of English Poetry*, vol. II. p. 370.) These passages do not prove that actual mysteries or sacred Dramas were enacted on such occasions; but probably the indecent revels alluded to bore the same relation to such representations as the original rites of Bacchus to the more refined exhibitions of Thespis and Susarion.

There has been some dispute among theatrical antiquaries, in which country of Europe dramatic representations of a religious kind first appeared. The liberal and ingenious editor of the *Chester Mysteries* has well remarked, (in his introduction to that curious and beautiful volume,) that a difficulty must always attend the inquiry, from the doubts that exist, whether the earliest recorded performances of each country were merely pantomimes, or were accompanied with dialogue.

The practice of processions and pageants with music, in which characters, chiefly of sacred writ, were presented before the public, is so immediately connected with that of speaking exhibitions, that it is difficult to discriminate the one from the other.

We are tempted to look first to Italy; as it is natural that the tragic art should have revived in that country in which it was last exercised, and where traditions, and perhaps some faint traces, of its existence were still preserved.

"The first speaking sacred Dramas," says Mr. Walker, "was *Della Passione di nostro Signore Gesu Christo*, by Giuliano Dati, Bishop of San Leo, who flourished about the year 1445." (Walker's *Essay on the Revival of the Drama in Italy*, p. 6.) This elegant author does, indeed, show that Italian scholars, and particularly Mussato, the Paduan historian, had composed two Latin Dramas upon something like the classical model, about the year 1300. Yet, although his play upon the tyranny and death of Ezzlino obtained him both reputation and honour, it does not appear to have been composed for representation on the stage, but rather to have been a dramatic poem, since the progress of the piece is often interrupted by the poet speaking in his own person.

The French Drama is traced by M. Le Grand as high as the thirteenth century; and he has produced one curious example of a pastoral, entitled, *Un Jeu*. He mentions also a farce, two devotional pieces, and two moralities, to each of which he ascribes the same title. It may be suspected, that these are only dialogues recited by the travelling minstrels and troubadours; such as Petrarch acknowledges having sometimes composed for the benefit of the strolling musicians. Such were probably the spectacles exhibited by Philip the Fair in 1313, in celebration of the honour of knighthood conferred on his children. Ricoboni, anxious for the honour of Italy, denies to these amusements the character of a legitimate Drama; with what justice we have no information that can enable us to decide.

Amidst this uncertainty, it is not unpleasant to record the fair claim which Britain possesses to be one of the earliest, if not the very first nation in which dramatic representation seems to have been revived. The *Chester Mysteries*, called the *Whitsun Plays*, appear to have been performed during the mayoralty of John Arneway, who filled that office in Chester from 1268 to 1276. The very curious specimen of these mysteries, which has been of late printed for private distribution by Mr. Markland of the Temple, furnishes us with the banes or proclamation, containing the history and character of the pageants which it announces.

Reverende lordes and ladyes all,
That at this tyme here assembled bee,
By this messuage understande you shall,
That sometymes there was mayor of this citie,
Sir John Arnway, Knyghte, who most worthilye
Contented hymselfe to sett out an playe
The devise of one Done Randal, moonke of Chester Abbey.

This moonke, moonke-like in scripture well seene,
In storyes travelled with the best sorte;
In pagentes set fourth, apparently to all eyne,
The Olde and Newe Testament with livelye comforte
Intermynglinge therewith, onely to make sporte,
Some things not warranted by any writt,
Which to gladd the hearers he woulde men to take yt.

This matter he abrevited into playes twenty-foure,
And every playe of the matter gave but a taste,
Leavinge for better learninge circumstances to accomplishe,
For his proceedinges maye appeare to be in haste:
Yet all together unprofitable his labour he did not waste,
For at this daye, and ever, he deserveth the fame
Which all moonkes deserves professinge that name.

This worthy Knyghte Arnway, then mayor of this citie,
This order take, as declare to you I shall,
That by twentye-fower occupations, artes, craftes, or misteries,
These pagentes shoulde be played after breeffe rehearsall;
For every pagente a carlage to be provyded withall,
In which sorte we purpose this Whitsontyde,
Our pagentes into three partes to devyde.

I. Now you worshippful TANNERS that of custome olde
The fall of Lucifer did set out,
Some writers awarrante your matter, therefore be boulde
Lustelye to playe the same to all the rowtte:
And yf any thereof stand in any doubte,
Your author his author hath, your shewe let bee,
Good speech, fyne players, with apparill comelye.
(*Chester Mysteries.*)

Such were the celebrated Mysteries of Chester. To Mr. Markland's extracts from them is prefixed a curious dissertation upon their age and author; and the subject has received yet further, and most interesting illustration, from a learned antiquarian dissertation on the subject by Thomas Sharpe, Esq., published at Coventry, in 1825. They were so highly popular as to be ranked in the estimation of the vulgar with the ballads of Robin Hood; for a character in one of the old moralities is introduced as boasting,

I can rhimes of Robin Hood, and Randal of Chester
But of our Lord and our Lady I can nought at all.

The poetical value of these mysteries is never considerable, though they are to be found among the dramatic antiquities of all parts of Europe. It was, however, soon discovered, that the purity of the Christian religion was inconsistent with these rude games, in which passages from Scripture were profanely and indecently mingled with human inventions of a very rude and sometimes an indecorous character. To the Mysteries, therefore, succeeded the Moralities, a species of dramatic exercise, which involved more art and ingenuity, and was

besides much more proper for a public amusement, than the imitations or rather parodies of Sacred History, which had hitherto entertained the public.

These Moralities bear some analogy to the old or original comedy of the ancients. They were often founded upon allegorical subjects, and almost always bore a close and poignant allusion to the incidents of the day. Public reformation was their avowed object, and, of course, satire was frequently the implement which they employed. Dr. Percy, however, remarks, that they were of two characters, serious and ludicrous; the one approaching to the tragedy, the other to the comedy, of classical times; so that they brought taste as it were to the threshold of the real Drama. The difference betwixt the Catholic and reformed religion was fiercely disputed in some of these Dramas; and in Scotland, in particular, a mortal blow was aimed at the superstitions of the Roman Church, by the celebrated Sir David Lindsay, in a play or Morality acted in 1539, and entitled *The Satire of the Three Estates*. The objects of this Drama were entirely political, although it is mixed with some comic scenes, and introduced by an interlude, in coarseness altogether unmatched. The spirit of Aristophanes, in all its good and evil, seems to have actuated the Scottish King-at-arms. It is a singular proof of the liberty allowed to such representations at the period, that James V. and his queen repeatedly witnessed a piece, in which the corruptions of the existing government and religion were treated with such satirical severity. The play, as acted, seems to have differed in some respects from the state in which it exists in manuscript.

In a letter to the Lord Privy Seal of England, dated 26th January, 1540, Sir William Eure (Envoy from Henry VIII.) gives the following account of the play, as it had then been performed "in the feast of Epiphanie at Lightgowe, before the king, queene, and the whole counsaile, spirituall and temporall.—In the firste entres come in Solace, (whose parte was but to make mery, sing ballets with his fellowes, and drink at the interluydes of the play,) whoe showed firste to all the audience the play to be played. Next come in a king, who passed to his throne, having nae speche to thende of the play, and then to ratify and approve, as in Parliament, all things done by the rest of the players, which represented The Three Estates. With him came his cortiers, Placebo, Picthank, and Flatterye, and sic alike gard; one swering he was the lustiest, starkeste, best proportionit, and most valyeant man that ever was; ane other swore he was the beste with long-bowe, crosse-bowe, and culverin, and so fourth. Thairafter there come a man armed in harness, with a swerde drawn in his hande, a Bushop, a Burgesman, and Experience, clede like a Doctor: who set them all down on the deis under the King. After them come a poor man, who did go up and down the scaffolde, making a hevie complainte that he was hereyet, throw the courtiers taking his fewe in one place, and his tackes in another; wherthrough he had sceyled his house, his wyfe and childrene beggyng thair brede, and so of many thousands in Scotland; saying thair was no remedy to be gotten, as he was neither acquainted with controller nor treasurer. And then he looked to the King, and said he was not King in Scotland, for there was ane other King in Scotland that hanged Johne Armstrang, with his fellowes, Sym the Laird, and mony other mae; but he had lefte ane thing undone. Then he made a long narracione of the oppression of the poor, by the taking of the corse-presaunte beists, and of the herrying of poor men by the consistorye lawe, and of many other abusions of the Spirituality and Church. Then the Bushop raise and rebuked him. Then the Man of Armes alleged the contraire, and commanded the poor man to go on. The poor man proceeds with a long list of the bushop's evil practices, the vices of cloisters, &c. This proved by Experience, who, from a New Testament, shows the office of a bushop. The Man of Armes and the Burges approve of all that was said against the clergy, and allegde the expediency of a reform, with the consent of Parliament. The Bushop dissents. The Man of Armes and the Burges said they were two, and he but one, wherefore their voice should have most effect. Thereafter the King, in the play, ratified, approved, and confirmed all that was rehersed."

The other nations of Europe, as well as England, had their Mysteries and Moralities. In France, Boileau, following Menestrier, imputes the introduction of these spectacles to travelling bands of pilgrims.

> Chez nos devots ayeux, le théâtre abhorré
> Fut long-temps dans la France un plaisir ignoré :
> Des pelerins, dit-on, une troupe grossière
> En public à Paris y monta la première ;
> Et sottement zelee, en sa simplicite
> Joua les saints, la Vierge, et Dieu par piete.
>
> *L'Art Poetique*, Chant III.

In Spain the *Autos Sacramentales*, which are analogous to the Mysteries of the middle ages, are still presented without shocking a nation whose zeal is stronger than their taste; and, it is believed, such rude and wild plays, founded on Scripture, are also occasionally acted in Flanders. In the *History of the Council of Constance*, we find that Mysteries were introduced into Germany by the English, about 1417, and were first performed to welcome the Emperor Sigismund, on his return from England; and, from the choice of the subjects, we should almost suppose, that they had transferred to that country the *Chester Mysteries* themselves. "Les Anglois," says the historian, "se signalèrent entre les autres par un spectacle nouveau, ou au moins inusité jusques alors en Allemagne. Ce fut une comédie sacrée que les Evêques Anglois firent représenter devant l'Empereur, le Dimanche 13 de Janvier, sur la Massacre des Innocens." (*Hist. du Concile de Constance*, par L'Enfant, lib. v.) The character of these rude dramatic essays renders them rather subjects for the antiquary, than a part of a history of the regular dramatic art.

We may also pass over, with brief notice, the Latin plays which, upon the revival of letters, many of the learned composed, in express imitation of the ancient Grecian and Roman productions. We have mentioned those of Mussato, who was followed by the more celebrated Cararo, in the path which he had opened to fame. In other countries the same example was followed. These learned prolusions, however, were only addressed to persons of letters, then a very circumscribed circle, and, when acted at all, were presented at universities or courts on solemn public occasions. They form no step in the history of the Drama, unless that, by familiarizing the learned with the form and rules of the ancient classical Drama, they gradually paved the way for the adoption of similar regulations into the revived vernacular Drama, which, adopted by Italy and France, and rejected by Britain, Spain, and other countries, has formed a frequent subject of debate amongst dramatic critics.

While the learned laboured to revive the Classical Drama in all its purity, the public at large, to which the treasures of the learned languages were as a fountain sealed, became addicted to a species of representation which properly neither fell under the denomination of comedy or tragedy, but was named History or Historical Drama. Charles Verardo, who, about 1492, composed a Drama of this sort, in Latin, upon the expulsion of the Moors from Granada, claims, for this production, a total emancipation from the rules of dramatic criticism.

> Requirat autem nullus hic comediæ
> Leges ut observantur aut tragediæ ;
> Agenda nempe est HISTORIA, non fabula.

"Let none expect that in this piece the rules of comedy or of tragedy should be observed; we mean to act a history, not a fable." From this expression it would seem, that, in an Historical Drama, the author did not think himself entitled to compress or alter the incidents as when the plot was fabulous, but was bound, to a certain extent, to conform to the actual course of events. In these histories, the subject often comprehended the life and death of a monarch, or some other period of history, containing several years of actual time, which, nevertheless,

were made to pass before the eyes of the audience during the two or three hours usually allotted for the action of a play. It is not to be supposed that, with so fair a field open before them, and the applause of the audience for their reward, the authors of these histories should long have confined themselves to the matter-of-fact contained in records. They speedily innovated or added to their dramatic chronicles, without regard to the real history. To those who plead for stage-plays, that they elucidate and explain many dark and obscure histories, and fix the facts firmly in the minds of the audience, of which they had otherwise but an imperfect apprehension, the stern Prynne replies with great scorn, "that play-poets do not explain but sophisticate and deform good histories, with many false varnishes and playhouse fooleries;" and that "the histories are more accurately to be learned in the original authors who record them, than in derivative playhouse pamphlets, which corrupt them." Prynne's *Histrio-Mastix*, p. 940.

The Dramatic chronicles, therefore, were a field in which the genius of the poet laboured to supply by character, sentiment, and incident, the meagre detail of the historian. They became so popular in England, that, during the short interval betwixt the revival of the stage and the appearance of Shakspeare, the most part of the English monarchs had lived and died upon the stage; and it is well-known, that almost all his historical plays were new written by him, upon the plan of old dramatic chronicles which already existed.

But the miscellaneous audience which crowded to the vernacular theatre at its revival in Europe, were of that rank and intellect which is apt to become tired of a serious subject, and to demand that a lamentable tragedy should be intermingled with very pleasant mirth. The poets, obliged to cater for all tastes, seldom failed to insert the humours of some comic character, that the low or grotesque scenes in which he was engaged, might serve as a relief to the graver passages of the Drama, and gratify the taste of those spectators who, like Christofero Sly, tired until the fool came on the stage again. Hence Sir Philip Sidney's censure on these dramatists, "how all their plays be neither right tragedies nor right comedies, mingling kings with clowns; not because the matter so carrieth it, but to thrust in the clown, by head and shoulders, to play a part in magestical matters, with neither decency nor discretion, so that neither the admiration and commiseration, nor the right sportfulness, is by their mongrel tragic comedy attained." (*Defence of Poesie*, Sidney's *Arcadia*, edit. 1627, p. 563.) "If we mark them well," he concludes, "funerals and horn-pipes seldom match daintily together."

The historical plays led naturally into another class, which may be called Romantic Dramas, founded upon popular poems or fictitious narratives, as the former were on real history. Some of these were borrowed from foreign nations, ready dramatized to the hand of the borrower; others were founded on the plans which occurred in the almost innumerable novels and romances which we had made our own by translation. "I may boldly say it," says Gosson, a recreant play-wright who attacked his former profession, "because I have seen it, that the *Palace of Pleasure*, the *Golden Asse*, the *Ethiopian History*, *Amadis of France*, the *Round Table*, *Bawdie Comedies in Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish*, have been thoroughly ransacked to furnish the playhouse in London." But it was not to be supposed that the authors would confine themselves to stricter rules in pieces founded upon Italian and Spanish novels, or upon romances of chivalry, than they had acted upon in the histories. Every circumstance which tended to loosen the reins of theatrical discipline, in the one case, existed in the other; and, accordingly, comedies of intrigue, and tragedies of action and show, every where superseded, at least in popular estimation, the severe and simple model of the Classical Drama.

It happened that in England and Spain, in particular, the species of composition which was most independent of critical regulation was supported by the most brilliant display of genius. Lopez de Vega and Calderon rushed on the stage with their hasty and high-coloured, but glowing productions, fresh from the mint of imagination, and scorning that the cold art of criticism should weigh them in her balance. The taste of the Spaniards has been proverbially inclined to the wild, the romantic, and the chivalrous; and the audience of their bards would not have parted with one striking scene, however inartificially introduced, to have gained for their favourites the praise of Aristotle and all his commentators. Lopez de Vega himself was not ignorant of critical rules; but he pleads the taste of his countrymen as an apology for neglecting those restrictions which he had observed in his earlier studies.

"Yet true it is I too have written plays,
The wiser few, who judge with skill, might praise;
But when I see how show and nonsense draws
The crowd's, and, more than all, the fair's applause,
Who still are forward with indulgent rage
To sanction every monster of the stage;
I, doom'd, to write the public taste to hit,
Resume the barbarous dress 'twas vain to quit;
I lock up every rule before I write,
Plautus and Terence banish from my sight,
Lest rage should teach these injured wits to join,
And their dumb books cry shame on works like mine.
To vulgar standards, then, I frame my play,
Writing at ease; for, since the public pay,
'Tis just, methinks, we by their compass steer,
And write the nonsense that they love to hear."

LORD HOLLAND'S *Life of Lope de Vega*, p. 103.

The Spanish comedies of intrigue also went astray, as far as their romantic tragedies, from the classical path. In fact, these new representations were infinitely more captivating from their vivacity, novelty, and, above all, from their reflecting the actual spirit of the time, and holding the mirror up to nature, than the cold imitations which the learned wrote in emulation of the Classic Drama. The one class are existing and living pictures of the times in which the authors lived; the others, the cold resurrection of the lifeless corpses which had long slumbered in the tomb of antiquity. The spirit of chivalry, which so long lingered in Spain, breathes through the wild and often-extravagant genius of her poets. The hero is brave and loyal, and true to his mistress:

A knight of love, who never broke a vow.

Lovers of this description, in whose minds the sexual passion is sublimated into high and romantic feeling, make a noble contrast with the coarse and licentious Greek or Roman, whose passion turns only on the difficulty of purchasing his mistress's person, but who never conceives the slightest apprehension concerning the state of her affections.

That the crowd might have their loud laugh, a *grazioso* or clown, usually a servant of the hero, is in the Spanish Drama uniformly introduced to make sport. Like Kemp or Tarleton, famous in the clown's part before the time of Shakspeare, this personage was permitted to fill up his part with extemporary jesting, not only on the performers, but with the audience. This irregularity, with others, seems to have been borrowed by the English stage from that of Spain, and is the license which Hamlet condemns in his instructions to the players: "And let those that be your clowns speak no more than is set down for them; for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too, though, in the meantime, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered:—that's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it."

The bald simplicity of the ancient plot was, in like manner, contrasted to disadvantage with the intricacies, involutions, suspense, and bustle of Spanish intrigue upon the stage. Hence the boast of one of their poets, thus translated by Lord Holland.

"Invention, interest, sprightly turns in plays,
Say what they will, are Spain's peculiar praise
Hers are the plots which strict attention seize,
Full of intrigue, and yet disclosed with ease,
Hence acts and scenes her fertile stage affords,
Unknown, unrival'd, on the foreign boards."

Life of Lope de Vega, p. 106.

While we admire the richness of fancy displayed in the Spanish pieces, it is impossible, in an age of refinement, to avoid being shocked by their wilful and extravagant neglect of every thing which can add probability to the action of their Drama. But the apology for this license is well pleaded by Lord Holland.

"Without dwelling on the expulsion of the Chorus, (a most unnatural and inconvenient machine,) the moderns, by admitting a complication of plot, have introduced a greater variety of incidents and character. The province of invention is enlarged; new passions, or at least new forms of the same passions, are brought within the scope of dramatic poetry. Fresh sources of interest are opened, and additional powers of imagination called into activity. Can we then deny what extends its jurisdiction, and enhances its interest, to be an improvement in an art whose professed object is to stir the passions by the imitation of human actions? In saying this, I do not mean to justify the breach of decorum, the neglect of probability, the anachronisms and other extravagances of the founders of the modern theatre. Because the first disciples of the school were not models of perfection, it does not follow that the fundamental maxims were defective. The rudeness of their workmanship is no proof of the inferiority of the material; nor does the want of skill deprive them of the merit of having discovered the mine. The faults objected to them form no necessary part of the system they introduced. Their followers in every country have either completely corrected or gradually reformed such abuses. Those who bow not implicitly to the authority of Aristotle, yet avoid such violent outrages as are common in our early plays. And those who pique themselves on the strict observance of his laws, betray, in the conduct, the sentiments, the characters, and the dialogue of their pieces, (especially of their comedies,) more resemblance to the modern than the ancient theatre; their code may be Grecian, but their manners, in spite of themselves, are Spanish, English, or French. They may renounce their pedigree, and even change their dress, but they cannot divest their features of a certain family likeness to their poetical progenitors."

In France the irregularities of the revived Drama were of a lower complexion; for, until her stage was refined by Corneille, and brought under its present strict *régime*, it was adorned by but little talent; a circumstance which, amongst others, may account for the ease with which she subjected herself to critical rules, and assumed the yoke of Aristotle. Until she submitted to the Grecian forms and restrictions, there is but little interesting in the history of her stage.

England adopted the historical and romantic Drama with ardour, and in a state scarce more limited by rules than that of Spain herself. Her writers seem early to have ransacked Spanish literature; for the union of the countries during the short reign of Mary, nay even their wars under Elizabeth and Philip, made them acquainted with each other. The Spaniards had the start in the revival of the Drama. *Ferrex and Perrex*, our earliest tragedy, was first presented in 1561; and *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, our first comedy, in 1575; whereas Lopez de Vega (who was not by any means the earliest Spanish dramatist) died in 1562, leaving his stage stocked with his innumerable productions, to which his contemporaries had not failed to add their share. Thus, so soon as the stage of Britain was so far advanced as to be in a capacity of borrowing, that of Spain offered a fund to which her authors could have recourse; and, in fact, the Spanish Drama continued to be a mine in which the British poets collected materials, often without acknowledgment, during all the earlier part of her dramatic history. From this source, as well as from the partialities of the audience, arose that earlier attempt at show and spectacle, at combats and marvellous incidents, which, though with very poor means of representation, our early dramatic poets loved to produce at the Bull or the Fortune playhouses. The extravagance of their plots, and the poor efforts by which they endeavoured to represent show and procession, did not escape the censure of Sir Philip Sidney, who, leaning to the critical reformation which was already taking place in Italy, would gladly have seen our stage reduced to a more classical model.

"It is faultie," says that gallant knight, "both in place and time, the two necessarie companions of all corporall actions. For the stage should alway present but one place; and the uttermost time presupposed in it should bee both by *Aristotle's* precept, and common reason, but one day; there are both many dayes and many places inartificially imagined. But if it be so in *Gerboduke*, how much more in all the rest? where you shall have *Asia* of the one side, and *Affricke* of the other, and so many other under kingdomes, that the plair when he comes in, must ever begin with telling where hee is, or else the tale will not be conceived. Now shall you have three ladies walke to gather flowers, and then wee must beleeve the stage to bee a garden. By and by wee heare newes of shipwracke in the same place, then wee are to blame if we accept it not for a rocke. Upon the backe of that comes out a hideous monster with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave; while, in the meantime, two armies flie in, represented with some five or six swordes and bucklers, and then what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field? Now of time they are much more liberall; for ordinarie it is, that two young princes fall in love. After many traverses, shee is got with childe, delivered of a faire boy; he is lost, groweth a man, falleth in love, and is readie to get another childe, and all this in two hours space; which how absurd it is in sense, even sense may imagine, and art hath taught, and all ancient examples justified, and at this day the ordinary players in *Italy* will not err in."

Italy, referred to by Sir Philip Sidney, as the cradle of the reformed Drama, had had her own age of liberty and confusion; her mysteries, her moralities, her historical, and her romantic Dramas. But the taste for the ancient and classical stage was still rooted in the country where it had flourished, and Trissino is acknowledged as the father of the regular Drama. The *Sophonisba* of this learned prelate is praised by Voltaire as the first regular tragedy which Europe had seen after so many ages of barbarism. Pope has added his tribute.

> When learning, after the long Gothic night,
> Fair o'er the western world renew'd its light
> With arts arising, Sophonisba rose,
> The tragic muse returning wept her woes;
> With her the Italian scene first learn'd to glow,
> And the first tears for her were taught to flow.

This tragedy was represented at Rome in the year 1515. The Greek model is severely observed, and the author has encumbered his scene with a Chorus. It has some poetic beauties, and is well calculated to recommend the new or rather revived system on which it was written. *La Rosmonda* of Rucellerí was written about the same time with *Sophonisba*; and, after these pieces, tragi-comédies, histories, and romantic Dramas, were discarded, and succeeded by tragedies upon a regular classical model; written in verse, having five acts, and generally a Chorus.

Notwithstanding their rigorous attention to the ancient model, the modern tragic poets of Italy have not been very successful in arresting the attention of their countrymen. They are praised rather than followed; and the stern and unbending composition of Alfieri, while it has given a tone of rude and stoical dignity to his Dramas, has failed in rendering them attractive. They frequently please in the closet; but the audience of modern days requires to be kept awake by something more active, more bustling, more deeply interesting, than the lessons of the schools; and a poet of high fancy has written in some measure in vain, because he has mistaken the spirit of his age. The tragic actors also, whatever excellence they may attain to in their art, do not attract the same consideration, attention, and respect, as in France or England; and they who are the direct authors of a pleasure so nearly connected with our noblest and best feelings, occupy a rank subordinate to the performers at the opera.

It is only as a modification of the Drama, that we here propose to touch upon that entertainment of Italian growth, but known by importation in every civilized kingdom of Europe. These kingdoms have often rivalled each other in the rewards held forth to musical performers, and encouraged their merit by a degree of profusion, which has had the effect of rendering the professors petulant, capricious, and unmanageable. Their high emoluments are not granted, or their caprices submitted to, without a degree of pleasure in some degree corresponding to the expense and the sufferance; and it is in vain for the admirers of the legitimate Drama to pretend that such is not obtained. Voltaire has with more justice confessed, that probably the best imitation of the ancient stage was to be found in the Italian tragic opera. The recitative resembled the musical declamation of the Athenians, and the choruses, which are frequently introduced, when properly combined with the subject, approach to those of the Greeks, as forming a contrast, by the airs which they execute, to the recitative, or modulated dialogue of the scene. Voltaire instances the tragic operas of Metastasio in particular, as approaching in beauty of diction, and truth of sentiment, near to the ancient simplicity; and finds an apology even for the detached airs, (so fatal to probability,) in the beauty of the poetry and the perfection of the music. And although, as a critic and man of cultivated taste, this author prefers the regular, noble, and severe beauties of the classic stage, to the effeminate and meretricious charms of the opera, still he concludes, that, with all its defects, the sort of enchantment which results from the brilliant intermixture of scenery, chorus, dancing, music, dress, and decoration, subjects even the genius of criticism; and that the most sublime tragedy, and most artful comedy, will not be so frequently revisited by the same individual as an indifferent opera. We may add the experience of London to the testimony of this great critic; and, indeed, were it possible that actors could frequently be procured, possessed of the powers of action and of voice, which were united in Grassini, it would be impossible to deny to the opera the praise of being an amusement as exquisite in point of taste, as fascinating from show and music. But as the musical parts of the entertainment are predominant, every thing else has been too often sacrificed to the caprice of a composer, wholly ignorant in every art save his own; and the mean and paltry dialogue, which is used as a vehicle for the music, is become proverbial to express nonsense and insanity.

The Italian comedy, as well as their tragedy, boasts its regular descent from classical times. Like the comedy of Menander, it introduces *dramatis personæ*, whose characters are never varied, and some of whom are supposed to be directly descended from the ancient *Mimi* of the *Atellanian* fables. Such an origin is claimed for the celebrated Harlequin, and for the no less renowned Puncinello, our English Punch, both of whom retain the character of jesters, cowards, wags, and buffoons, proper to the *Sannio* of the Romans. It is believed of these worthies, that they existed before the time of Plautus, and continued to play their frolics during the middle ages, when the legitimate Drama was unknown. For the former fact, sculpture, as well as tradition, is appealed to by Italian antiquaries, who have discovered the representation of these grotesque characters upon the Etruscan vases. In support of the latter averment, the grave authority of Saint Thomas Aquinas is appealed to, who, we rejoice to find, thought Harlequin and Punch no unlawful company in fitting time and place.* "*Ludus*," says that eminent person, with more consideration for human infirmity than some saints of our own day, "*est necessarius ad conversationem vitæ humanæ: ad omnia autem quæ sunt utilia conversationi humanæ deputari possunt aliqua officia licita: et ideo etiam officium histrionum quod ordinatur ad solatium hominibus exhibendum, non est secundum se illicitum, nec sunt histriones in statu peccati, dummodo moderat ludo utantur; id est, non utendo aliquibus illicitis verbis vel factis, ad ludum, et non adhibendo ludum negotiis et temporibus indebitis, unde illi qui moderate eis subveniunt, non peccant, sed juste faciunt mercedem ministeris eorum eis tribuendo. Et licet D. August. super. Joan. dicit quod donare res suas histrionibus vitium est immane, hoc intelligi debet de illis qui dant histrionibus qui in ludo utuntur illicitis, vel de illis qui superflue sua in ludos consumunt, non de illis histrionibus qui moderate ludo utuntur.*"

Saint Anthony gives his sanction to Saint Thomas on this point: "*Histrionalis ars, quia deservit humanæ recreationi quæ necessaria est vitæ hominis secundum D. Thomam, de se non est illicita, et de illa arte vivere non est prohibitum.*"† (S. Antonius in 3 part. *suæ Summæ*, tit. iii. cap. 4.) Saint Anthony, indeed, adds the reasonable restriction, that no clergymen should play Harlequin, and that Punch should not exhibit in the church.

Under this venerable authority these Mimi went on and flourished. Other characters enlarged their little Drama. The personages appeared in masks. "Each of these," says Mr. Walker, "was originally intended as a kind of characteristic representation of some particular Italian district or town. Thus *Pantalone* was a Venetian merchant; *Dottore*, a Bolognese physician; *Spavienta*, a Neapolitan braggadocio; *Pullicinella*, a wag of Apulia; *Giangurgolo* and *Coviello*, two clowns of Calabria; *Gelsomino*, a Roman beau; *Beltrame*, a Milanese simpleton; *Brighella*, a Ferrarese pimp; and *Arlecchino*, a blundering servant of Bergamo. Each of these personages was clad in a peculiar dress; each had his peculiar mask; and each spoke the dialect of the place he represented. Besides these, and a few other such personages, of which at least four were introduced in each play, there were the *Amorosos* or *Innamoratos*; that is, some men and women who acted serious parts, with Smeraldina, Colombina, Spilletta, and other females, who played the parts of servettas or waiting-maids. All these spoke Tuscan or Roman, and wore no masks." (*Essay on the Revival of the Drama in Italy*, p. 249.)

The pieces acted by this class of actors were called *Commedia dell' arte*, and were congenial to the taste of the Italians, with whom gesticulation and buffoonery are natural attributes. Their Drama was of the most simple kind. Each of the actors was already possessed of his dramatic character, which was as inalienable as his dress, was master of the dialect he was to use, and had his imagination and memory stored with all the characteristic jests, or *lazzi* as they were termed, peculiar to the personage he represented. All that the author had to do was to invent the skeleton of a plot, which should bring his characters into dramatic situation with respect to each other. The dialogue suited to the occasion was invented by the players, just as ours invest their parts with the proper gestures and actions. This skeleton had the name of *scenario*, and the precise action as well as the dialogue was filled up by the performers, either impromptu, or in consequence of previous arrangement and premeditation. This species of comedy was extremely popular, especially among the lower class of spectators. It was often adopted as an amusement in good society, and by men of genius; and Flamineo de la Scala has left

* "Sport is necessary to the usual intercourse of human life; and, whatever things are so necessary, have their lawful uses, and therefore, the occupation of stage-players intended for the solacement of mankind, is not in its self unlawful, nor are the actors in a state of sin, providing that they use their sport with moderation; that is, not using any unlawful words or actions in their diversion, and not producing their sport in unlawful times and circumstances. Hence, it follows that those who support them do not commit sin, but act honestly in paying them the reward of their service. And, although Saint Augustus hath said, in his Commentary on Saint John, that it is a great sin to give one's effects to stage-players, yet I understand it to be said exclusively of those who bestow their bounty on such actors as use unlawful expressions or actions in exercising their art, or of such as wantonly waste their substance on such expenditure; but not to be spoken of moderate rewards given to actors who exercise their art with propriety."

† The art of stage-playing, according to Saint Thomas, is not in itself unlawful, nor is it forbidden to live thereby, seeing that it tends to human recreation, which is necessary to human life.

about fifty such *scenarios* adapted for representation. The fashion even found its way into England, and probably the part of Master Punch, who first appeared in the character of the *Vice* of the English morality, was trusted to the improvisatory talents of the actor. Mr. D'Israeli, a curious as well as elegant investigator of ancient literature, has shown, that at least one scheme of a *Commedia dell' arte* has been preserved to us. It is published in the *Variorum* edition of Shakspeare, but remains unexplained by the commentators. Such comedies, it is evident, could require no higher merit in the composer than the imagining and sketching a few comic situations; the dialogue and diction was all intrusted to the players.

The Italians, however, became early possessed of a regular comedy, which engrossed the admiration of the more cultivated classes of society. Bibbiena's comedy, entitled *La Calandra*, is composed in imitation of the Dramas of Terence and Plautus. It was first acted in 1490. *La Calandra* is remarkable not only for being the first Italian comedy, but also for the perfection of scenic decoration with which it was accompanied in the representation. It was followed by the productions of Ariosto and Trissino, and other authors in the same line. But it appears from the efforts used to support this style of Drama, that it did not take kindly root in the soil, and lacked that popularity which alone can nurse it freely. Various societies were formed under the whimsical titles of *Gli Intronati*, *Gli Insensati*, and so forth, for the express purpose of bringing forward the regular Drama; exertions which would certainly have been unnecessary, had the legitimate stage received that support and encouragement which arises from general popularity.

Goldoni, in a later age, at once indulged his own fanciful genius and his natural indolence, by renouncing the classical rules, and endeavouring to throw into the old and native Italian *Mascherata* the variety and attributes of the proper comedy. He adopted Harlequin and the rest of his merry troop in the characters which they held, and endeavoured to enlist them in the more regular service of the Drama; just as free corps and partizans are sometimes new-modelled into battalions of the line. This ingenious and lively writer retained all the license of the *Commedia dell' arte*, and all the immunities which it claimed from regular and classical rules; but instead of trusting to the extempore jests and grotesque wit of the persons whom he introduced, he engaged them in dialogues as well as plots, of his own invention, which often display much humour and even pathos. It required, however, the richness of a fancy like Goldoni's to extract novelty and interest from a dramatic system in which so many of the actors held a fixed and prescriptive character, hardly admitting of being varied. Accordingly, we do not find that the Italian stage is at present in a more flourishing condition than that of other modern nations.

The revival of the regular Drama in France was attended with important consequences, owing to the nature of her government, the general use of her language throughout Europe, and the influence which, from her situation, she must necessarily hold over other nations. It is the boast of Paris that the regular classical Drama, banished from every other stage, found a safe and honourable refuge on her own. Yet France has reluctantly confessed that she also had her hour of barbarism. Her earlier Drama was borrowed, like that of other countries, from Spain, who, during the whole of the sixteenth and great part of the seventeenth century, held such a formidable predominance in the European republic. While the classical stage was reviving in Italy and the historical and romantic Drama was flourishing in Spain, France was torn to pieces by civil discord. The first French tragedy composed upon a regular plan was that of *Mairet*, imitated from the *Sophonisba* of Trissino; and Riccoboni boasts with justice, that whoever shall compare the Italian tragedy of the sixteenth century with that of the French of the same period, will find the latter extravagant and irregular, and the former already possessed of gravity, dignity, and regularity. The French, like the English, date the excellence of their stage from one great author; and the illustrious name of Pierre Corneille affords to their dramatic history the mighty landmark which Shakspeare gives to our own.

Cardinal Richelieu, who had succeeded in establishing upon a broad basis the absolute power of the French monarch, was not insensible to the graces and ornaments which the throne derived from being surrounded by the Muses. He was himself fond of poetry, and even a competitor for the honours of the buskin. He placed himself at the head of five dramatic writers, to whom, on that account, the public gave the title of *Les Cinq Auteurs*. All these are deservedly forgotten excepting Corneille, of whose successful talent the Cardinal had the meanness to evince no ordinary degree of jealousy. The malevolence of that minister was carried so far, that he employed the French Academy, whose complaisance must be recorded to their shame, to criticise severely the *Cid*, the first, and perhaps the finest of Corneille's tragedies. Scudéri, a favourite of the Cardinal, buoyed by Richelieu's favour, was able for some time to balance Corneille in the opinion of the public; but his name is now scarcely known by any other circumstance than his impudent and audacious rivalry. This great man was not only surrounded by the worst possible models, but unfortunately the authors of these models were also favourites of the public, and of the all-powerful Cardinal; yet Corneille vanquished the taste of his age, the competition of his rivals, and the envy of Richelieu.

Corneille, like his predecessors, and like Routrou in particular, borrowed liberally from the Spanish theatre; but his own taste, regulated probably upon his situation, dictated an adherence to the classical model. The French stage arose, it must be remembered, under the protection of an absolute monarch, for whose amusement the poet laboured, and in whose presence the Drama was performed. It followed as a natural consequence, that a more strict etiquette was exacted upon the scene than had hitherto been supposed applicable to a merely popular amusement. A departure from regularity in tragedy was no longer a bold flight. A violation of decorum in comedy was no longer a broad jest. When the audience was dignified by the presence of the monarch, the former became an impertinence, and the latter a gross and indecent insult. The muse of comedy was therefore bound over for her good behaviour; and even her grave sister was laid under such rules and restrictions as should ensure the decorum and dignity of her scene.

It was at this period that those classical fetters which are framed on the three unities were fashioned into form, and imposed on the French Drama. These are acknowledged by Corneille, in his *Essay upon Dramatic Poetry*, in the following short but emphatic sentence:—"*Il faut observer les unités d'action, de lieu, et de jour: personne n'en doute.*" The rule, as thus emphatically admitted by the fiery Corneille, was equally binding upon the elegant Racine, and has fettered the French stage until the present day. "La Motte," says Voltaire, "a man of wit and talent, but attached to paradoxes, has written in our time against the doctrine of the Unities, but that literary heresy had no success."

Upon these rules, adopted by the very first writer of eminence for the French stage, and subscribed to by all succeeding dramatists, depends the principal and long-disputed difference betwixt the Drama of France and those countries in which her laws of taste have been received; and the stages of Spain, England, and modern Germany, where those critical maxims have been controverted. In other words, the Unities proper to the Classical Drama have been found inapplicable to plays of an historical or romantic plan. It is, therefore, necessary to examine with accuracy the essence and effect of those laws so often disputed with more obstinacy than liberality.

The arbitrary forms to which the French thus

subjected their theatre are, in their general purport, founded on good and sound rules of the critical art. But, considered judicially and literally, the interpretation put upon those unities by the French critics must necessarily lay the dramatic author under restraints equally severe and unnecessary, without affording any corresponding addition to the value of his work. The pedantry by which they are enforced, reminds one of the extreme, minute, rigorous, and punctilious discipline, to which some regiments have been subjected by a pedantic commanding officer, which seldom fails to lower the spirit, and destroy the temper of the soldier, without being of the slightest service to him in the moment of danger or the day of battle.

The first dramatic unity is that of Action; and, rightly understood, it is by far the most important. A whole, says Aristotle, is that which has a beginning, middle, and end. In short, one strong concentrated interest, upon which all subordinate incidents depend, and to which they contribute, must pervade the piece. It must open with the commencement of the play, evolve itself, and be progressive with its progress,—must be perpetually in sight and ever stationary, until at length it arrives at a catastrophe, by which it is ended and extinguished. In this rule, abstractedly considered, there is nothing but what is consistent with good sense and sound criticism. The period allowed for dramatic representation is not long, and will not admit of the episodical ornaments which may be happily introduced into epic poetry. And as the restlessness or impatience of a theatrical audience is always one of its marked characteristics, it has been observed, that neither the most animated description, nor the most beautiful poetry, can ever reconcile the spectators to those inartificial scenes in which the plot or action of the piece stands still, that the performers may say fine things. The introduction of an interest, separate and distinct from the main action of the play, has a still worse effect; it diminishes the effect of the whole, and divides the attention of the audience; as a pack of hounds, when in full pursuit, are impeded and puzzled by starting a fresh object of chase.

Yet even this rule must be liberally considered, if we would allow dramatic authors that fair room and exercise for their talents, which gives rise to the noblest display of genius in the art. Modern dramatists are no longer, it must be remembered, limited to the simple and severe uniformity of the ancient Drama, which fixed on one single event as its object,—made it the subject of the moral reflections of the Chorus,—managed it by the intervention of three, or at most five persons, and consequently presented a picture so limited in size and subject, that there was no difficulty in avoiding the intermixture of a foreign interest. The modern taste has opened the stage to a wider range of topics, which are, at the same time, more complicated in detail, depending on the agency of a variety of performers, and on the result of a succession of events. Such Dramas have indeed a unity of action peculiar to themselves, which should predominate over and absorb every other. But although, like the oak, it should uplift itself over all the neighbouring underwood, its dignity is not injured by the presence and vicinity of that which it overshadows. On the contrary, a succession of events tending to the same end, if they do not divert the attention from the principal interest, cannot fail, by their variety and succession, to keep it fixed upon the business of the scene.

To take an example. In the tragedy of Macbeth, a chain of varied and important events is introduced, any one link of which might be hammered out into a Drama, on the severe and simple model of the Drama of ancient Greece. There is the murder of Duncan,—that of Banquo,—and the dethronement and death of the tyrant; all which are events complete of themselves, independent of each other, and yet included within one tragedy of five acts. But, nevertheless, this is never felt as a deficiency in the performance. It is to the character of Macbeth, to his ambition, guilt, remorse, and final punishment, that the mind attaches itself during the whole play; and thus the succession of various incidents, unconnected excepting by the relation they bear to the principal personage, far from distracting the attention of the audience, continues to sharpen and irritate curiosity till the curtain drops over the fallen tyrant. This is not, indeed, a unity of action according to the rule of Aristotle, or the observance of the French theatre; but, in a higher point of view, it has all the advantage which could possibly be derived from the severest adherence to the precept of Aristotle, with this additional merit, that the interest never stagnates in declamation, or is suspended by unnecessary dialogue.

It would in fact be easy to show, that the unity of action, in its strict sense, may frequently be an unnatural as well as a cumbrous restraint on the genius of the poet. In the course of nature, an insulated action seldom exists, of a nature proper to transfer to the stage. If, indeed, the play is founded on some single mythological fable, or if the scene is laid in some early stage of society, when man as yet remained separated from his kind, and connected only with his petty tribe or family, the subject of a plot may be chosen where the agency of a very few persons, and these naturally connected together, may, without foreign or extraneous assistance, afford matter for a tragedy. But, in the actual course of the peopled world, men are so crowded together, and their movements depend so much upon impulses foreign to themselves, that the action must often appear multiplied and complicated, and all that the author can do is, to preserve the interest uniform and undivided. Its progress may be likened to that of a brook through beautiful scenery. A judicious improver of the landscape would be certainly desirous to make its course visible, but not to cut off its beautiful undulations, or to compel it into a straight channel. He would follow the course of nature, and neither affect to conceal the smaller rills by which the stream was fed, nor bring them so much in view as to deprive the principal object of its consequence. We admit the difficulty inseparable from the dramatic art, and must grant, that the author runs some risk of losing sight of the main interest of the piece, by dwelling upon the subordinate accessories; but we contend, that the attention of the audience is still more likely to be fatigued by a bald and simple plot, to which, during the course of five acts, there must belong much speaking and little progress. And, in point of common sense and common feeling, that piece must always present unity of action which has unity of interest and feeling; which fixes the mind of the audience upon one train of thought and passion, to which every occurrence in the Drama verges; and which is consummated and wound up by the final catastrophe.

The second dramatic unity is that of Time, about which the critics of various nations have disagreed. If taken in its strict and proper sense, it means that the time occupied by the representation, should not exceed that supposed to be consumed in the action represented. But even Aristotle extends the duration of the action to one revolution of the sun, and Corneille extends it to thirty hours, which is, to the actual period of representation, as ten to one. Boileau, a supereminent authority, thus lays down the rule for the unities of time and place:—

> Que le lieu de la scene y soit fixe et marqué
> Un Rimeur, sans peril, delà les Pirenees,
> Sur la scene en un jour renferme des années.
> Là souvent le Heros d'un spectacle grossier,
> Enfant au premier acte, est barbon au dernier,
> Mais nous, que la Raison à ses regles engage,
> Nous voulons qu'avec art l'action se menage:
> Qu'en un lieu, qu'en un jour, un seul fait accomplit
> Tienne jusqu'à la fin le Theâtre rempli.

It has been triumphantly remarked, that in thus yielding up the strict letter of the precept—in allowing the three hours employed in acting a play to be multiplied into twenty-four or thirty—the critics have retained a great proportion of the inconvenience of this famous rule, while they sacrificed its principle, and any advantage attached to its observance. The only benefit supposed to be attached to this unity is that of probability. We shall not at present

inquire whether this is worth preserving, at the cost of imposing heavy restrictions on dramatic genius. But granting the affirmative, probability is as much violated by compressing the events of twenty-four hours into a period of only three, as if the author had exercised the still greater license of the English and Spanish theatres. There is no charm in the revolution of the sun, which circumscribes, within that particular period, the events of a Drama. When the magic circle drawn around the author by the actual date of representation is once obliterated, the argument grounded upon probability falls; and he may extend his narrative unconfined by any rule, except what may be considered as resolving itself into the unity of action. A week, a month, a year, years—may be included in the course of the Drama, provided always the poet has power so to rivet the attention of the audience on the passing scene, that the lapse of time shall pass unregarded. There must be none of those marked pauses which force upon the spectator's attention the breach of this unity. Still less ought the judicious dramatist to permit his piece to embrace such a space of time, as shall necessarily produce the change on the persons of the characters ridiculed by Boileau. The extravagant conduct of the plot in the *Winter's Tale* has gone far to depreciate that Drama, which, in passages of detached beauty, is inferior to none of Shakspeare's, in the opinion of the best judges. It might perhaps be improved in acting, by performing the three first acts as a play, and the fourth and fifth as an afterpiece. Yet, even as it is now acted, who is it that, notwithstanding the cold objection arising out of the breach of unity, witnesses, without delight, the exquisite contrast betwixt the court and the hamlet, the fascinating and simple elegance of Perdita, or the witty rogueries of Autolycus? The poet is too powerful for the critic, and we lose the exercise of our judgment in the warmth of our admiration.

The faults of Shakspeare, or of his age, we do not, however, recommend to the modern dramatist, whose modesty will certainly place him in his own estimation far beneath that powerful magician, whose art could fascinate us even by means of deformity itself. But if, for his own sake, the author ought to avoid such gross violations of dramatic rule, the public, for theirs, ought not to tie him down to such severe limitations as must cramp, at least, if they do not destroy, his power of affording them pleasure. If the whole five acts are to be compressed within the space of twenty-four hours, the events must, in the general case, be either so much crowded upon each other as to defeat the very probability which it is the purpose of this law to preserve; or, many of them, being supposed to have happened before the commencement of the piece, must be detailed in narrative, which never fails to have a bad effect on the stage.

The same objections apply to the rigid enforcement of the third unity, that of Place; and, indeed, the French authors have used respecting it the license of relaxing, in practice, the severity of their theory. They have frequently infringed the rule which they affirm to be inviolable; and their flexible creed permits the place to be changed, provided the audience are not transported out of the city where the scene is laid. This mitigation of doctrine, like that granted in the unity of time, is a virtual resignation of the principle contended for. Let us examine, however, upon what that principle is founded.

The rule, which prohibits the shifting the scene during the period of performance, was borrowed by the French from the ancients, without considering the peculiar circumstances in which it arose. First, We have seen already that, during the ancient Drama, there was no division into acts, and that the action was only suspended during the songs of the Chorus, who themselves represented a certain class of personages connected with the scene. The stage, therefore, was always filled; and a supposed change of place would have implied the violent improbability, that the whole Chorus were transported, while in the sight of the spectators, and employed in the discharge of their parts, to the new scene of action. Secondly, There is evidence that in the *Eumenides* of Æschylus, and the *Ajax* of Sophocles, the scene is actually changed, in defiance of the presence of the Chorus; and a much greater violation of probability is incurred than could have taken place in a modern theatre, where, before every change of scene, the stage is emptied of the performers. Thirdly, The ancients were less hardly pressed by this rule than the modern writers. From the dimensions of their theatres, and the size of their stages, the place of action was considerably larger, and might be held to include a wider extent than ours. The climate of Greece admitted of many things being transacted with propriety in the open air; and, finally, they had a contrivance for displaying the interior of a house or temple to the audience, which, if not an actual change of scene, was adapted to the same purpose.

If this long litigated question, therefore, is to be disposed of by precedent, we have shown that the rule of the ancients was neither absolute, nor did the circumstances of their stage correspond with those of ours; to which it may be added, that the simple and inartificial structure of their plots seldom required a change of scene. But, surely, it is of less consequence merely to ascertain what was the practice of the ancients, than to consider how far such practice is founded upon truth, good taste, and general effect. Granting, therefore, that the supposed illusion, which transports the spectator to the actual scene of action, really exists, let us inquire whether, in sacrificing the privilege of an occasional change of scene, we do not run the risk of shocking the spectator, and disturbing his delightful dreams, by other absurdities and improbabilities, attendant necessarily on a scrupulous adherence to this restriction.

If the action is always to pass in the scene, some place of general resort must be adopted, a hall, anteroom, or the like. It can seldom be so fortunately selected but that much must be necessarily discussed there, which, in order to preserve any appearance of probability, should be transacted elsewhere; that many persons must be introduced, whose presence in that particular place must appear unnatural; and that much must be done there, which the very circumstances of the piece render totally absurd. Dennis has applied these observations with great force, and at the same time with great bitterness, in his critique upon *Cato*, which Johnson has quoted at length in his *Life of Addison*. The scene, it must be remembered, is laid, during the whole Drama, with scrupulous attention to the classical rule, in the great hall of Cato's palace at Utica. Here the conspirators lay their plots, the lovers carry on their intrigues; and yet Sempronius, with great inconsistency, disguises himself as Juba, to obtain entrance into this vestibule, which was common to all. Here Cato retires to moralize, and chides his son for interrupting him, and, although he goes out to stab himself, it is to this place that he is brought back to die. All this affords a striking proof how genius and taste can be fettered and embarrassed by a too pedantic observance of rules. Let no one suppose that the inconveniences arising from the rigid observance of the unity of place, occur in the tragedy of *Cato* alone; they might, in that case, be attributed to the inexperience or want of skill in the author. The tragedies of Corneille and Racine afford examples enough that the authors found themselves compelled to violate the rules of probability and common sense, in order to adhere to those of Aristotle. In the tragedy of *Cinna*, for example, the scene is laid in the Emperor's cabinet; and, in that very cabinet, compelled, doubtless, by the laws of unity, Amelia shouts forth aloud her resolution to assassinate the Emperor. It is there, too, that Maximus and Cinna confide to each other all the secrets of their conspiracy; and it is there, where, to render the impropriety more glaring, Cinna suddenly reflects upon the rashness of his own conduct:—

> Amis, dans ce palais on peut nous écouter;
> Et nous parlons peut-être avec trop d'imprudence,
> Dans un lieu si mal propre à notre confidence.

It would be an invidious, but no difficult task, to show that several of the *chefs-d'œuvres* of the French Drama are liable to similar objections; and that the awkward dilemmas in which the unity of place involves them, are far more likely to destroy the illusion of the performance, than the mere change of scene would have done. But we refer the reader to the *Dramaturgie* of Lessing upon this curious topic.

The main question yet remains behind, namely, whether such an illusion is actually produced in the minds of the audience by the best acted play, as induces them to suppose themselves witnessing a reality;—an illusion, in short so complete, as to suffer interruption from the occasional extension of time, or change of place, in the course of the piece? We do not hesitate to say, that no such impression was ever produced on a sane understanding; and that the Parisian critic, in whose presence the unities are never violated, no more mistakes Talma for Nero, than a London citizen identifies Kemble with Coriolanus, or Kean with Richard III. The ancients, from the distance of the stage, and their mode of dressing and disguising their characters, might certainly approach a step nearer to reality; and, producing on their stage, the very images of the deities they worshipped, speaking the language which they accounted proper to them, it is probable that, to minds capable of high excitation, there might be a shade of this illusion in their representations. The solemn distance of the stage, the continuous and uninterrupted action, kept the attention of the Greeks at once more closely rivetted, and more abstracted from surrounding circumstances. But, in the modern theatre, the rapid succession of intervals for reflection; the well-known features of the actors; the language which they speak, differing frequently from that which belongs to the age and country where the scene is laid—interrupt, at every turn, every approximation to the fantastic vision of reality into which those writers who insist upon the strict observance of the unities, suppose the audience to be lulled. To use the nervous words of Johnson, "It is false, that any representation is mistaken for reality; that any dramatic fable in its materiality was ever credible, or, for a single moment, was ever credited." There is a conventional treaty between the author and the audience, that, upon certain suppositions being granted by the latter, his powers of imagination shall be exerted for the amusement of the spectators. The postulates which we demanded, even upon the French theatre, and under the strictest model, are of no ordinary magnitude. Although the stage is lighted with lamps, the spectator must say with the subjugated Cathaline,

"I grant it is the sun that shines so bright."

The painted canvass must pass for a landscape; the well known faces of the performers for those of ancient Greeks, or Romans, or Saracens, and the present time for many ages distant. He that submits to such a convention ought not scrupulously to mar his own enjoyment. That which is supposed to come in one act, may, in the next, be fancied Paris; and as for time, it is, to use the words of Dr. Johnson, "of all modes of existence, most obsequious to imagination; a lapse of years is as easily conceived as a passage of hours. In contemplation we easily contract the time of real actions, and, therefore, willingly permit it to be contracted when we only see their imitation."

If dramatic representation does not produce the impression of reality, in what, it may be asked, consists its power? We reply, that its effects are produced by the powerful emotions which it excites in the minds of the spectators. The professors of every fine art operate their impressions in the same manner, though they address themselves to different organs. The painter exhibits his scene to the eye; the orator pours his thunder upon the ear; the poet awakens the imagination of his reader by written description; but each has the same motive, the same hope, namely, of exciting in the reader, hearer, or spectator, a tone of feeling similar to that which existed in his own bosom, ere it was bodied forth by his pencil, tongue, or pen. It is the artist's object, in short, to tune the readers imagination to the same pitch with his own; and to communicate, as well as colours and words can do, the same sublime sensations which had dictated his own compositions. The tragedian attempts to attain this object still more forcibly, because his art combines those of the poet, orator, and artist, by storming, as it were, the imagination at once through the eye and the ear. Undoubtedly, a Drama with such advantages, and with those of dresses and costume, approaches more nearly to actual reality; and, therefore, has a better chance of attaining its object, especially when addressing the sluggish and inert fancies of the multitude; although it may remain a doubtful question, whether, with all these means and appliances, minds of a high poetic temperature may not receive a more lively impression from the solitary perusal, than from the representation, of one of Shakspeare's plays. But, to the most ignorant spectator, however unaccustomed to the trick of the scene, the excitement which his fancy receives, falls materially short of actual mental delusion. Even the sapient Partridge himself never thought of being startled at the apparition of the King of Denmark, which he knew to be only a man in a strange dress; it was the terror so admirably expressed by Garrick, which communicated itself to his feelings, and made him reverse the case of the fiends, and tremble without believing. In truth, the effects produced upon this imaginary character, as described by an excellent judge of human nature, exhibit, probably, the highest point of illusion to which theatrical exhibition can conduct a rational being. In an agony of terror which made his knees knock against each other, he never forgets that he is only witnessing a play. The presence of Mrs. Millar and his master assures him against the reality of the apparition, yet he is no more able to subdue his terrors by this comfortable reflection, than we have been to check our tears, although well aware that the Belvidera, with whose sorrows we sympathised, was no other than our own inimitable Mrs. Siddons. With all our passions and all our sympathies, we are still conscious of the ideal character of that which excites them; and it is probably this very consciousness of the unreality of the scene, that refines our sorrows into a melancholy, yet delicious emotion, and extracts from it that bitterness necessarily connected with a display of similar misery in actual life.

If, therefore, no allusion subsists of a character to be affected by a change of scene, or by the prolongation of the time beyond the rules of Aristotle, the very foundation of these unities is undermined: but, at the same time, every judicious author will use liberty with prudence.

If we are inclined to ascend to the origin of these celebrated rules, we ought not to be satisfied with the *ipse dixit* of a Grecian critic, who wrote so many centuries ago, and whose works have reference to a state of dramatic composition which has now no existence. Upon the revival of letters, indeed, the authority of Aristotle was considered as omnipotent; but even Boileau remonstrated against his authority when weighed with that of reason and common sense.

"Un pedant enjvré de sa vaine science,
Tout hérissé de Grec, tout bouffi d'arrogance,
Et qui de mille auteurs retenus mot pour mot,
Dans la teste entassez, n'a souvent fait qu' un sot,
Croit qu' un livre fait tout, et que sans Aristote
La raison ne voit goutte, et la bon sens radote."

The opinions of Aristotle must be judged of according to the opportunities and authorities which lay open before him; and from the high critical judgment he has displayed, we can scarce err in supposing he would have drawn different results in different circumstances. Dr. Drake, whose industry and taste have concentrated so much curious information respecting Shakspeare and his age, has quoted upon this topic a striking passage from Mr. Morgan's *Essay on the Character of Falstaff.*

Speaking, says Dr. Drake, of the magic influence which our poet almost invariably exerts over his auditors, Mr. Morgan remarks, that "on such an occasion, a fellow like *Rymer*,* waking from his trance, shall lift up his constable's staff, and charge this great magician, this daring *practiser of arts inhibited*, in the name of Aristotle to surrender; whilst Aristotle himself, disowning his wretched officer, would fall prostrate at his feet and acknowledge his supremacy.—O supreme of dramatic excellence! (might he say,) not to me be imputed the insolence of fools. The bards of *Greece* were confined within the narrow circle of the Chorus, and hence they found themselves constrained to practise, for the most part, the precision, and copy the details, of nature. I followed them, and knew not that a larger circle might be drawn, and the Drama extended to the whole reach of human genius. Convinced, I see that a more compendious *nature* may be obtained; a nature of *effects* only, to which neither the relation of place, or continuity of time, are always essential. Nature, condescending to the faculties and apprehensions of man, has drawn through human life a regular chain of visible causes and effects: But Poetry delights in surprise, conceals her steps, seizes at once upon the heart, and obtains the sublime of things without betraying the rounds of her ascent. True poetry is *magic* not *nature;* an effect from causes hidden or unknown. To the magician I prescribed no laws; his law and his power are one; his power is his law. If his end is obtained, who shall question his course? Means, whether apparent or hidden, are justified in poesy by success; but then most perfect and most admirable when most concealed.

"Yes, continues Mr. Morgan, whatever may be the neglect of some, or the censure of others, there are those who firmly believe, that this wild, this uncultivated *barbarian*, as he has been called, has not yet obtained one half of his fame; and who trust that some new Stagyrite will arise, who, instead of pecking at the surface of things, will enter into the inward soul of his compositions, and expel, by the force of congenial feelings, those foreign impurities which have stained and disgraced his page. And as to those *spots* which still remain, they may perhaps become invisible, to those who shall seek them through the medium of his beauties, instead of looking for those beauties, as is too frequently done, through the smoke of some real or imputed obscurity. When the hand of time shall have brushed off his present editors and commentators, and when the very name of Voltaire, and even the memory of the language in which he has written, shall be no more, the Apalachian mountains, the banks of the Ohio, and the plains of Sciola, shall resound with the accents of this *barbarian*. In his native tongue he shall roll the genuine passions of nature; nor shall the griefs of *Lear* be alleviated, or the charms and wit of *Rosalind* be abated by *time*."†

In adopting the views of those authors who have pleaded for the liberty of the poet, it is not our intention to deny, that great advantages may be obtained by the observance of the unities; not considering them as in themselves essential to the play; but only as points upon which the credibility and intelligibility of the action in some sort depend. We acknowledge, for example, that the author would be deficient in dramatic art, who should divide the interest of his piece into two or more separate plots, instead of combining it in one progressive action. We confess, moreover, that the writer, who more violently extends the time, or more frequently changes the place of representation, than can be justified by the necessity of the story, and vindicated by his exertion of dramatic force, acts unwisely, in so far as he is likely to embarrass a great part of the audience, who, from imperfect hearing, or slowness of comprehension, may find it difficult to apprehend the plot of his play. The latitude which we are disposed to grant, is regulated by the circumstances of the case, the interest of the plot, and, above all, the talents of the author. He that despises the praise of regularity which is attainable by study, cannot reckon on the indulgence of the audience, unless on the condition of indemnifying them by force of genius. If a definitive rule were to be adopted, we should say, that it would certainly be judicious to place any change of place or extension of time at the beginning of a new act; as the falling of the curtain and cessation of the action have prepared the audience to set off, as it were, upon a new score. But we consider the whole of these points of propriety as secondary to the real purposes of the Drama, and not as limitary of that gifted genius, who can, in the whirlwind of his scene, bear the imagination of his audience along with him over the boundaries of place,

"While panting Time toils after them in vain.

But it is not upon the observance of the unities alone that the French found their pretensions to a classical Theatre. They boast also to have discarded that intermixture of tragic and comic scenes, which was anciently universal upon the Spanish and English stages.

If it had been only understood by this reformation, that the French condemned and renounced that species of tragi-comedy, which comprehended two distinct plots, the one of a serious, the other of a humorous character, and these two totally unconnected, we give them full credit for their restriction. Dryden, in the *Spanish Friar*, and other pieces; and Southern, both in *Oroonoko* and *Isabella*, as well as many other authors of their age, have in this particular transgressed unpardonably the unity of action. For, in the cases we have quoted, the combination of the two plots is so slight, that the serious and comic scenes, separated, might each furnish forth a separate Drama: so that the audience appear to be listening not to one play only, but to two dramatic actions independent of each other, although contained in the same piece. So far, therefore, we heartily agree in the rule which excludes such an unhappy interchange of inconsistent scenes, moving upon opposite principles and interests.

When, however, the French critics carry this rule further, and proscribe the appearance of comic or inferior characters, however intimately connected with the tragic plot, we would observe, in the first place, that they run the risk of diminishing the reality of the scene; and secondly, that they exclude a class of circumstances essential to its beauty.

On the first point, it must be observed, that the rule which imposes upon valets and subordinate personages the necessity of talking as harmonious verse and as elegant poetry as their masters, entirely ruins the probability of the action. Where all is elegant, nothing can be sublime; where all is ornamented, nothing can be impressive; where all is tuned to the same smooth *falsetto* of sentiment, much or all may be ingenious, but nothing can be natural or real. By such an assimilation of manners and language, we stamp fiction on the very front of our dramatic representation. The touches of nature which Shakspeare has exhibited in his lower and gayer characters, like the chastened back-ground of a landscape, increase the effect of the principal group. The light and fanciful humour of Mercutio, serves, for example, to enhance and illustrate the romantic and passionate character of Romeo. Even the doating fondness and silly peevishness of the Nurse tend to relieve the soft and affectionate character of Juliet, and to place her before the audience in a point of view, which those who have seen Miss O'Neil perform Juliet, in the fifth scene of the second act, know how to appreciate. A contrast is effected, which a French author dared not attempt; but of which every bosom at once acknowledges the power and the truth. Let us suppose, that the gay and gallant Mercutio had as little character as the walking confidant of a French hero, who echoes the hexameters of his friend in hexameters of a lower level; or let us suppose the nurse of Juliet to be

* Rymer was a calumniator of Shakspeare.

† *Shakspeare and his Times*, by Nathan Drake, M. D. p. 553, 554 vol. II.

gentle Nora, as sublime in white linen as her principal in white satin; and let the reader judge whether the piece would gain in dignity or decorum, any thing proportioned to what it must lose in truth and interest. The audience at once sympathizes with the friendship of Romeo and Mercutio, rendered more natural and more interesting, by the very contrast of their characters; and each spectator feels as a passion, not as a matter of reflection, that desire of vengeance which impels Romeo against Tibalt; for we acknowledge as an amiable and interesting individual, the friend whom he has lost by the sword of the Capulet. Even the anilities of the Nurse give a reality to the piece, which, whatever French critics may pretend, is much more seriously disturbed by inconsistency of manners, than by breach of their dramatic unities. "God forbid," says Mr. Puff, in the *Critic*, "that, in a free country, all the fine words in the language should be engrossed by the higher characters of the piece." The French critics did not carry their ideas of equality quite so far; but they tuned the notes of their subalterns just one pitch lower than those of their principal characters, so that their language, similar in style, but lower in sentiment and diction, presents still that subordinate resemblance and correspondence to that of their superiors, which the worsted lace upon the livery of a servant bears to the embroidery upon the coat of his master.

It is not to mere expression which these remarks are confined; for if we consult the course of human life, we shall find that mirth and sorrow, and events which cause both, are more nearly allied than perhaps it is altogether pleasing to allow. Considered relatively to a spectator, an incident may often excite a mingled emotion, partaking at once of that which is moving, and that which is ludicrous; and there is no reader who has not, at some period of his life, met with events at which he hesitated whether to laugh or to cry. It remains to be proved, why scenes of this dubious, yet interesting description, should be excluded from the legitimate Drama, while their force is acknowledged in that of human life. We acknowledge the difficulty of bringing them upon the scene with their full and corresponding effect. It was, perhaps, under this persuasion, that the Fool, whose wild jests were too much the result of habit and practice to be subdued even by the terrors of the storm, has been banished from the terrific scene of King Lear. But, in yielding to this difficulty, the terrible contrast has been thus destroyed, in which Shakspeare exhibited the half-perceptions of the natural Fool, as contrasted with the assumed insanity of Edgar, and the real madness of the old King. They who prefer to this living variety of emotion, the cold uniformity of a French scene of passion, must be numbered among those who read for the pleasure of criticism, and without hope of partaking the enthusiasm of the poet.

While we differ from French criticism respecting the right to demand an accurate compliance with the unities, and decline to censure that casual intermixture of comic character which gives at once reality and variety to the Drama, we are no less disposed to condemn the impertinent love-scenes, which these authors have, as a matter of etiquette, introduced into all their tragedies, however alien from the passion on which they are grounded. The French Drama assumed its present form under the auspices of Louis XIV., who aimed at combining all the characters of a hero of romance. The same spirit which inspired the dull monotony of the endless *folios* of Scudery and Calprenede, seemed to dictate to Corneille, and even to Racine, those scenes of frigid metaphysical passion which encumber their best plays. We do not dispute the deep interest which attaches to the passion of love, so congenial to the human breast, when it forms the groundwork of the play; but it is intolerably nauseous to find a dull love tale mingled as an indispensable ingredient in every dramatic plot, however inconsistent with the rest of the piece. The *Amoureux* and *Amoureuse* of the piece come regularly forth to recite their common-places of gallantry, in language as cold as it is exaggerated, and as inconsistent with passion and feeling as with propriety and common sense. Even the horrid tale of Œdipus has the misplaced garnishment of a love intrigue between Theseus, brought there for no other purpose, and a certain Dircé, whom, in the midst of the pestilence, he thus gallantly compliments:

> "Quelque ravage affreux qu'étale ici la peste,
> L'absence aux vrais amans est encore plus funeste."

The predominance of a passion which expresses itself so absurdly, is all that the French have condescended to adopt from the age of chivalry, so rich in more dramatic stores; and they have borrowed it in all its pedantry, and without its tenderness and fire. Riccoboni has probably alleged the true reason for the introduction of these heavy scenes of love intrigue, which is, that at little expense of labour to the author, they fill up three quarters of the action of his play. We quote, from the French version, as that immediately before us, and most generally intelligible: "*Par exemple, otons de* NICOMEDE *les dix scenes de* LAODICE; *de* L'ŒDIPE, *les dix scenes de* DIRCE; *de* POLIEUCTE *les scenes d'amour de* SEVERE *de la* PHEDRE *de Monsieur Racine, les six scenes d'*ARICIE,—*et nous verrons que non seulement l'action ne sera point interrompuë, mais qu'elle en sera plus vive; en sorte que l'on verra manifestement, que ces scenes de tendresses n'ont servi qu'à ralentir l'action de la piéce, à la refroidir, et à rendre les heros moins grands. Si, après ces deux meilleurs Tragedies de la France, on examine tous les autres, on connoitra bien mieux cette verité. Lorsque l'amour fait le sujet de la tragedie, ce sentiment, si interessant par lui-meme, occupe la scene avec raison; j'aime l'amour de* PHEDRE, *mais de* PHEDRE *seule.*" Under this thraldom, the fathers of the French stage long laboured, notwithstanding the noble example of *Athalie*, the chef-d'œuvre of Racine. By the example of Voltaire, in one or two of his best pieces, they have of late ventured occasionally to discard their uninteresting Cupid, whose appearance on the stage as a matter of course and of ceremony, produced as little effect as when his altar and godhead are depicted on the semicircle of a fan.

We have already observed, that the refined, artificial, and affected character of the French tragedy, arose from its immediate connexion with the pleasures and with the presence of an absolute sovereign. From the same circumstance, however, the French stage derived several advantages. A degree of discipline, unknown in other theatres, was early introduced among the French actors; and those of a subordinate rank, who, on the English stage, sometimes exhibit intolerable, contemptuous, and wilful negligence, become compelled, on that of France, to pay the same attention to their parts as their superiors, and to exert what limited talents they possess in the subordinate parts to which they are adapted. The effect of this common diligence upon the scene, is a general harmony and correspondence in its parts, which never fails to strike a stranger with admiration

The Royal protection also, early produced on the Parisian stage, an improved and splendid style of scenery, decoration, and accompaniments. The scenes and machinery which they borrowed from Italy, they improved with their usual alert ingenuity. They were still further improved under the auspices of Voltaire, the first who had the merit of introducing natural and correct costume. Before his time, the actors, whether Romans or Scythians, appeared in the full dress of the French court; and Augustus himself was represented in a huge full-bottomed wig, surmounted by a crown of laurel. The strict national costume introduced by Voltaire is now observed. That author has also the merit of excluding the idle crowd of courtiers and men of fashion, who thronged the stage during the time of representation, and formed a sort of semicircle round the actors, leaving them thus but a few yards of an area free for performance, and disconcerting at once

the performers and the audience, by the whimsical intermixture of players and spectators. The nerves of those pedants who contended most strenuously for the illusion of the scene, and who objected against its being interrupted by an occasional breach of the dramatic unities, do not appear to have suffered from the singular presence of this Chorus.

It was not decoration and splendour alone which the French stage owed to Louis XIV. Its principal obligation was for that patronage which called forth in its service the talents of Corneille and Racine, the Homer and Virgil of the French Drama. However constrained by pedantic rules; however withheld from using that infinite variety of materials, which national and individual character presented to them; however frequently compelled by system to adopt a pompous, solemn, and declamatory style of dialogue—these distinguished authors still remain the proudest boast of the classical age of France, and a high honour to the European republic of letters. It seems probable that Corneille, if left to the exercise of his own judgment, would have approximated more to the romantic drama. The *Cid* possesses many of the charms of that species of composition. In the character of Don Gourmas, he has drawn a national portrait of the Spanish nobility, for which very excellence he was subjected to the censure of the Academy, his national court of criticism. In a general point of view, he seems to have been ambitious of overawing his audience by a display of the proud, the severe, the ambitious, and the terrible. Tyrants and conquerors have never sat to a painter of greater skill; and the romantic tone of feeling which he adopts in his more perfect characters is allied to that of chivalry. But Corneille was deficient in tenderness, in dramatic art, and in the power of moving the passions. His fame, too, was injured by the multiplicity of his efforts to extend it. Critics of his own nation have numbered about twenty of his Dramas, which have little to recommend them; and no foreign reader is very likely to verify or refute the censure, since he must previously read them to an end.

Racine, who began to write when the classical fetters were clinched and rivetted upon the French Drama, did not make that effort of struggling with his chains, which we observe in the elder dramatists; he was strong where Corneille evinced weakness, and weak in the points where his predecessor showed vigour. Racine delineated the passion of love with truth, softness, and fidelity; and his scenes of this sort, form the strongest possible contrast with those in which he, as well as Corneille, sacrificed to the dull Cupid of metaphysical romance. In refinement and harmony of versification, Racine has hitherto been unequalled; and his *Athalie* is, perhaps, likely to be generally acknowledged as the most finished production of the French Drama.

Subsequent dramatists, down to the time of Voltaire, were contented with imitating the works of these two great models; until the active and ingenious spirit of that celebrated author seems tacitly to have meditated further experimental alterations than he thought it prudent to defend or to avow. His extreme vivacity and acute intellect were mingled, as is not unfrequent in such temperaments, with a certain nervous timidity, which prevented him from attempting open and bold innovation, even where he felt compliance with existing rules most inconvenient and dispiriting. He borrowed, therefore, liberally from Shakspeare, whose irregularities were the frequent object of his ridicule; and he did not hesitate tacitly to infringe the dramatic unities in his plays, while in his criticism he holds them up as altogether inviolable. While he altered the costume of the stage, and brought it nearer to that of national truth, he made one or two irresolute steps towards the introduction of national character. If we were, indeed, to believe the admirers of Corneille, little remained to be done in this department; he had already, it is said, taught his Romans to speak as Romans, and his Greeks as Greeks; but of such national discrimination foreigners are unable to perceive a trace. His heroes, one and all, talk like men of no peculiar character or dist[illegible] age and nation; but, like the other heroes of [illegible] French dramatic school, are "all honourable men [illegible] who speak in high, grave, buskined rhymes, wh[illegible] an artificial brilliancy of language, richness of m[illegible] aphor, and grandeur of sentiment, are substitu[illegible] for that concise and energetic tone of dialogue, wh[illegible] shows at once the national and individual charac[illegible] of the personage who uses it. In *Mahomet, Ali[illegible]* and one or two other pieces, Voltaire has attempt[illegible] some discrimination of national character; t[illegible] groundwork, however, is still French; and und[illegible] every disguise, whether of the turban of the Ottoma[illegible] the feathery crown of the savage, or the silk tunic [illegible] the Chinese, the character of that singular people c[illegible] be easily recognised. Voltaire probably saw t[illegible] deficiency of the national Drama with his usu[illegible] acuteness; but, like the ancient philosophers, [illegible] contentedly joined in the idolatry which he de[illegible] pised.

It seems, indeed, extremely doubtful, whether th[illegible] French tragedy can ever be brought many step[illegible] nearer to nature. That nation is so unfortunate a[illegible] to have no poetical language; so that some degre[illegible] of unnatural exaltation of sentiment is almost necess[illegible] sary to sustain the tone of tragedy at a pitch high[illegible] than that of ordinary life. The people are passion[illegible] ately fond of ridicule; their authors are equall[illegible] afraid of incurring it: they are aware, like their [illegible] ruler, that there is but one step betwixt the sublim[illegible] and the ridiculous; and they are afraid to aim [illegible] the former, lest their attempt falling short, should [illegible] expose them to derision. They cannot reckon o[illegible] the mercy or enthusiasm of their audience; and [illegible] while they banish combats and deaths, and eve[illegible] violent action of any kind, from the stage, this seem[illegible] chiefly on account of the manifest risk, that a peop[illegible] more alive to the ludicrous than the lofty, mig[illegible] laugh when they should applaud. The drunken [illegible] dizzy fury with which Richard, as personated [illegible] Kean, continues to make the motion of striking [illegible] ter he has lost his weapon, would be caviare to [illegible] Parisian parterre. Men must compound with th[illegible] poets and actors, and pardon something like ex[illegible] vagance, on the score of enthusiasm. But if [illegible] are nationally dead to that enthusiasm, they re[illegible] ble a deaf man listening to eloquence, who is [illegible] likely to be moved to laughter by the gestur[illegible] the orator, than to catch fire at his passionate [illegible] clamation.

Above all, the French people are wedded to [illegible] own opinions. Each Parisian is, or supposes [illegible] self, master of the rules of the critical art; [illegible] whatever limitations it imposes on the author, [illegible] spectators receive some indemnification from the [illegible] sure of sitting in judgment upon him. To re[illegible] from a dancer to exhibit his agility without touc[illegible] any of the lines of a diagram chalked on the [illegible] would deprive the performance of much [illegible] strength, and grace; but still the spectator of [illegible] a species of dance, might feel a certain interest [illegible] watching the dexterity with which the artist avo[illegible] treading on the interdicted limits, and a ce[illegible] pride in detecting occasional infringements. In [illegible] same manner, the French critic obtains a tri[illegible] from watching the transgressions of the dram[illegible] poet against the laws of Aristotle; equal, perh[illegible] to the more legitimate pleasure he might have [illegible] rived from the unfettered exercise of his tale[illegible] Upon the whole, the French tragedy, though its [illegible] lations seem to us founded in pedantry, and its [illegible] timents to belong to a state of false and artfu[illegible] refinement, contains, nevertheless, passages of su[illegible] perfect poetry and exquisite moral beauty, that [illegible] hear them declaimed with the art of Talma, c[illegible] not but afford a very high pitch of intellectual gra[illegible] fication.

The French comedy assumed a regular sha[illegible] about the same period with the tragedy; and M[illegible] liere was in his department what Corneille and R[illegible] cine were in theirs; an original author, approache[illegible] in excellence by none of those that succeeded hi[illegible] The form which he assumed for a model was that [illegible] the comedy of Menander; and he has copied pret[illegible]

closely some pieces from the Latin stage. Moliere was endowed by nature with a rich fund of comic humour, which is nowhere more apparent than in those light pieces that are written upon the plan of the Italian masked comedy. in these he has introduced the jealous old pantaloon; the knavish and mischievous servant, and some of its other characters. In his regular comedy he soared to a higher pitch. Before his time, the art had sought its resources in the multiplicity and bustle of intrigue, escape, and disguise,—or at best, in a comic dialogue, approaching to mere buffoonery. Moliere's satire aimed at a nobler prey; he studied mankind for the purpose of attacking those follies of social life which are best exposed by ridicule. The aim of few satirists has been so legitimate, or pursued with such success. Female vanity, learned pedantry, unreasonable jealousy, the doating and disgraceful passions of old men, avarice, coquetry, slander, the quacks who disgrace medicine, and the knaves who prostitute the profession of the law, were the marks at which his shafts were directed.

Moliere's more regular comedies are limited by the law of unities, and finished with great diligence. It is true, the author found it sometimes necessary tacitly to elude the unity of place, which he durst not openly violate; but, in general, he sacrifices probability to system. In the *Ecole des Femmes*, Arnolph brings his wife into the street, out of the room in which his jealousy has imprisoned her, in order to lecture her upon the circumspection due to her character; which absurdity he is guilty of, that the scene may not be shifted from the open space before his door to her apartment. In general, however, it may be noticed, that the critical unities impose much less hardship upon the comic than upon the tragic poet. It is much more easy to reconcile the incidents of private life to the unities of time and place, than to compress within their limits the extensive and prolonged transactions which comprehend the revolution of kingdoms and the fate of monarchs. What influence, however, these rules do possess, must operate to cramp and embarrass the comic as well as the tragic writers; to violate and disunite those very probabilities which they affect to maintain; and to occasion a thousand real absurdities, rather than grant a conventional license, which seems essential to the freedom of the Drama.

The later comic authors of France seem to have abandoned the track pointed out by Moliere, as if in despair of approaching his excellence. Their comedy, compared with that of other nations, and of their great predecessor, is cramped, and tame, and limited. In this department, as in tragedy, the stage has experienced the inconvenience arising from the influence of the Court. The varied and unbounded field of comic humour which the passions and peculiarities of the lower orders present, was prohibited, as containing subjects of exhibition too low and vulgar for a monarch and his courtiers; and thus the natural, fresh, and varied character of comedy was flung aside, while the heartless vices and polished follies of the great world were substituted in its place. Schlegel has well observed, that the object of French comedy "is no longer life, but society; but perpetual negotiation between conflicting vanities which never ends in a sincere treaty of peace. The embroidered dress, the hat under the arm, and the sword by the side, essentially belong to them; and the whole of the characterization is limited to the folly of the men and the coquetry of the women."

It is scarce in nature that a laughter-loving people should have remained satisfied with an amusement so dull and insipid as their regular comedy. A few years preceding the Revolution, and while the causes of that event were in full fermentation, the *Marriage of Figaro* appeared on the stage. It is a comedy of intrigue; and the dialogue is blended with traits of general and political satire, as well as with a tone of licentiousness, which was till then a stranger to the French stage. It was received with a degree of enthusiastic and frantic popularity which nothing but its novelty, could have occasioned, for there is little real merit in the composition. Frederick of Prussia, and other admirers of the old theatrical school, were greatly scandalized at so daring an innovation on the regular French comedy. The circumstances which followed have prevented Beaumarchai's example from being imitated; and the laughers have consoled themselves with inferior departments of the Drama. Accordingly, we find the blank supplied by farces, comic operas, and dramatic varieties, in which plots of a light, flimsy, and grotesque character, are borne out by the comic humour of the author and comic skill of the actor. Brunet, a comedian of extraordinary powers in this cast of interludes, has at times presumed so far upon his popularity as to season his farce with political allusions. It will scarce be believed, that he aimed several shafts at Napoleon when in the height of his power. The boldness, as well as the wit of the actor, secured him the applause of the audience; and such a hold had Brunet of their affections, that an imprisonment of a few hours was the greatest punishment which Bonaparte ventured to inflict upon him. But whatever be the attachment shown to the art in general, the French, like ourselves, rest the character of their theatre chiefly upon the ancient specimens of the Drama; and the regular tragedy, as well as comedy, seems declining in that kingdom.

As the Drama of France was formed under the patronage of the monarch, and bears the strongest proofs of its courtly origin, that of England, which was encouraged by the people at large, retains equally unequivocal marks of its popular descent. Its history must naturally draw to some length, as being that part of our essay likely to be most interesting to the reader. In part, however, we have paved the way for it by the details common to the rise of dramatic art in the other nations of Europe. We shall distinguish the English Drama as divided into four periods, premising that this is merely a general and not a precise division. The taste which governed each period, and the examples on which it is grounded, will usually be found to have dawned in the period preceding that in which it was received and established.

I. From the revival of the theatre until the great Civil War.

II. From the Restoration to the reign of Queen Anne.

III. From the earlier part of the last century down to the present reign.

IV. The present state of the British Drama.

I. The Drama of England commenced, as we have already observed, upon the Spanish model. *Ferrex and Porrex* was the first composition approaching to a regular tragedy; and it was acted before Queen Elizabeth, upon the 18th of January, 1561, by the gentlemen of the Inner Temple. It partakes rather of the character of an historical than of a classical Drama; although more nearly allied to the latter class, than the chronicle plays which afterwards took possession of the stage. We have already recorded Sir Philip Sidney's commendation of this play, which he calls by the name of *Gorboduc*, from one of the principal characters. Acted by a learned body, and written in great part by Lord Sackville, the principal author of the *Mirror for Magistrates*, the first of English tragedies assumed in some degree the honours of the learned buskin; but although a Chorus was presented according to the classical model, the play was free from the observance of the unities; and contains many irregularities severely condemned by the regular critics.

English comedy, considered as a regular composition, is said to have commenced with *Gammer Gurton's Needle*. This "right pithy, pleasant, and merry comedy," was the supposed composition of John Still, Master of Arts, and afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells. It was acted in Christ-Church College, Cambridge, 1575. It is a piece of low humour; the whole jest turning upon the loss and recovery of the needle with which Gammer Gurton was to repair the breeches of her man Hodge; but,

in point of manners, it is a great curiosity, as the *curta suppellex* of our ancestor is scarcely any where so well described. The popular characters also, the Sturdy Beggar, the Clown, the Country Vicar, and the Shrew, of the sixteenth century, are drawn in colours taken from the life. The unity of time, place, and action, are observed through the play with an accuracy of which France might be jealous. The time, is a few hours—the place, the open square of the village before Gammer Gurton's door—the action, the loss of the needle—and this, followed by the search for and final recovery of that necessary implement, is intermixed with no other thwarting or subordinate interest, but is progressive from the commencement to the conclusion.

It is remarkable, that the earliest English tragedy and comedy are both works of considerable merit; that each partakes of the distinct character of its class; that the tragedy is without intermixture of comedy; the comedy without any intermixture of tragedy.

These models were followed by a variety of others, in which no such distinctions were observed. Numerous theatres sprung up in different parts of the metropolis, opened upon speculation by distinct troops of performers. Their number shows how much they interested public curiosity; for men never struggle for a share in a losing profession. They acted under licenses, which appear to have been granted for the purpose of police alone, not of exclusive privilege or monopoly; since London contained, in the latter part of the sixteenth century, no fewer than fourteen distinct companies of players, with very considerable privileges and remunerations. See Drake's *Shakspeare and his Times*, vol. 2. p. 205.

The public, therefore, in the widest sense of the word, was at once arbiter and patron of the Drama. The companies of players who traversed the country, might indeed assume the name of some peer or baron, for the sake of introduction or protection; but those of the metropolis do not, at this early period of our dramatic history, appear to have rested in any considerable degree upon learned or aristocratic privilege. Their license was obtained from the crown, but their success depended upon the voice of the people; and the pieces which they brought forward were, of course, adapted to popular taste. It followed necessarily that histories and romantic Dramas were the favourites of the period. A general audience in an unlearned age requires rather amusement than conformity to rules, and is more displeased with a tiresome uniformity than shocked with the breach of all the unities. The players and dramatists, before the rise of Shakspeare, followed, of consequence, the taste of the public; and dealt in the surprising, elevating, and often bombastic incidents of tragedy, as well as in the low humour and grotesque situations of the comic scene. Where these singly were found to lack attraction, they mingled them together, and dashed their tragic plot with an under-intrigue of the lowest buffoonery, without any respect to taste or congruity.

The clown was no stranger to the stage; he interfered, without ceremony, in the most heart-rending scenes, to the scandal of the more learned spectators.

> Now lest such frightful shows of fortune's fall,
> And bloody tyrant's rage should chance appall
> The death-struck audience, 'midst the silent rout,
> Comes leaping in a self-misformed lout,
> And laughs and grins, and frames his mimic face,
> And jostles straight into the prince's place;
> Then doth the theatre echo all aloud,
> With gladsome noise of that applauding crowd,
> A goodly hotchpotch, where vile russettings
> Are matched with monarchs and with mighty kings.

An ancient stage-trick, illustrative of the mixture of tragic and comic action in Shakspeare's time was long preserved in the theatre. Henry IV. holding council before the battle of Shrewsbury, was always represented as seated on a drum; and when he rose and came forward to address his nobles, the place was occupied by Falstaff; a practical jest which seldom failed to produce a laugh from the galleries. The taste and judgment of the author himself was very different. During the whole scene, Falstaff gives only once, and under irresistible temptation, the rein to his petulant wit, and it is instantly checked by the prince; to whom, by the way, and not to the king, his words ought to be addressed.

The English stage might be considered equally without rule and without model when Shakspeare arose. The effect of the genius of an individual upon the taste of a nation is mighty; but that genius in its turn, is formed according to the opinions prevalent at the period when it comes into existence. Such was the case with Shakspeare. Had he received an education more extensive, and possessed a taste refined by the classical models, it is probable that he also, in admiration of the ancient Drama, might have mistaken the form for the essence, and subscribed to those rules which had produced such masterpieces of art. Fortunately for the full exertion of a genius, as comprehensive and versatile as intense and powerful, Shakspeare had no access to any models of which the commanding merit might have controlled and limited his own exertions. He followed the path which a nameless crowd of obscure writers had trodden before him; but he moved in it with the grace and majestic step of a being of a superior order; and vindicated for ever the British theatre from a pedantic restriction to classical rule. Nothing went before Shakspeare which in any respect was fit to fix and stamp the character of a national Drama; and certainly no one will succeed him capable of establishing, by mere authority, a form more restricted than that which Shakspeare used.

Such is the action of existing circumstances upon genius, and the reaction of genius upon future circumstances. Shakspeare and Corneille was each the leading spirit of his age; and the difference between them is well marked by the editor of the latter:—"*Corneille est inégal comme Shakespeare, et plein de genie comme lui: mais le genie de Corneille étoit à celui de Shakespeare ce qu'un seigneur est à l'egard d'un* homme *de* peuple *né avec le même esprit que lui.*" This distinction is strictly accurate, and contains a compliment to the English author which, assuredly, the critic did not intend to make. Corneille wrote as a courtier, circumscribed within the imaginary rules and ceremonies of a court, as a chicken is by a circle of chalk drawn round it. Shakspeare, composing for the amusement of the public alone, had within his province, not only the inexhaustible field of actual life, but the whole ideal world of fancy and superstition;—more favourable to the display of poetical genius than even existing realities. Under the circumstances of Corneille, Shakspeare must have been restricted to the same dull, regular, and unvaried system. He must have written, not according to the dictates of his own genius, but in conformity to the mandate of some *Intendant des menus plaisirs*; or of some minister of state, who, like Cardinal Richelieu, thought he could write a tragedy because he could govern a kingdom. It is not equally clear to what height Corneille might have ascended, had he enjoyed the national immunities of Shakspeare. Each pitched down a land-mark in his art. The circle of Shakspeare was so extensive, that it is with advantage liable to many restrictions; that of Corneille included a narrow limit, which his successors have deemed it unlawful to enlarge.

It is not our intention, within the narrow space to which our essay is necessarily limited, to enlarge upon the character and writings of Shakspeare. We can only notice his performances as events in the history of the theatre—of a gigantic character, indeed, so far as its dignity, elevation, and importance are considered; but, in respect of the mere practice of the Drama, rather fixing and sanctioning, than altering or reforming, those rules and forms which he found already established. This we know for certain, that those historical plays or chronicles, in which Shakspeare's muse has thrown a never-fading light upon the history of his country, did, almost every one of them, exist before him in the

made shape of dry dialogue and pitiful buffoonery, stitched into scenes by the elder play-wrights of the stage. His romantic Dramas exhibit the same contempt of regularity which was manifested by Marlow, and other writers; for where there was abuse or extreme license upon the stage, the example of Shakspeare may be often quoted as its sanction, never as tending to reform it. In these particulars the practice of our immortal bard was contrasted with that of Ben Jonson, a severe and somewhat pedantic scholar;—a man whose mind was coarse, though possessing both strength and elevation, and whose acute perception of comic humour was tinctured with vulgarity.

Jonson's tragic strength consists in a sublime, and sometimes harsh, expression of moral sentiment; but displays little of tumultuous and ardent passion, still less of tenderness or delicacy; although there are passages in which he seems adequate to expressing them. He laboured in the mine of the classics, but overloaded himself with the ore, which he could not, or would not, refine. His *Catiline* and *Sejanus* are laboured translations from Cicero, Sallust, and Tacitus, which his own age did not endure, and which no succeeding generation will be probably much tempted to revive. With the stern superiority of learning over ignorance, he asserted himself a better judge of his own productions, than the public which condemned him, and haughtily claimed the laurel which the general suffrage often withheld; but the world has as yet shown no disposition to reverse the opinion of their predecessors.

In comedy, Jonson made some efforts, partaking of the character of the older comedy of the Grecians. In his *Tale of a Tub*, he follows the path of Aristophanes, and lets his wit run into low buffoonery, that he might bring upon the stage Inigo Jones, his personal enemy. In *Cynthia's Revells*, and *The Staple of News*, we find him introducing the dull personification of abstract passions and qualities, and turning legitimate comedy into an allegorical mask. What interest can the reader have in such characters as the three Penny boys, and their transactions with the Lady Pecunia? Some of Jonson's more legitimate comedies may be also taxed here with filthiness of language; of which disgusting attribute his works exhibit more instances, than those of any English writer of eminence, excepting Swift. Let us, however, be just to a master-spirit of his age. The comic force of Jonson was strong, marked, and peculiar; and he excelled even Shakspeare himself in drawing that class of truly English characters, remarkable for peculiarity of *humour*;—that is, for some mode of thought, speech, and behaviour, superinduced upon the natural disposition, by profession, education, or fantastical affectation of singularity. In blazoning these forth with their natural attributes, and appropriate language, Ben Jonson has never been excelled; and his works every where exhibit a consistent and manly moral, resulting naturally from the events of the scene.

It must also be remembered, that, although it was Jonson's fate to be eclipsed by the superior genius, energy, and taste of Shakspeare, yet those advantages which enabled him to maintain an honourable though an unsuccessful struggle, were of high advantage to the Drama. Jonson was the first who showed, by example, the infinite superiority of a well-conceived plot, all the parts of which bore upon each other, and forwarded an interesting conclusion, over a tissue of detached scenes, following without necessary connexion or increase of interest. The plot of *The Fox* is admirably conceived; and that of *The Alchymist*, though faulty in the conclusion, is nearly equal to it. In the two comedies of *Every Man in his Humour*, and *Every Man out of his Humour*, the plot deserves much less praise, and is deficient at once in interest and unity of action; but in that of *The Silent Woman*, nothing can exceed the art with which the circumstance upon which the conclusion turns, is, until the very last scene, concealed from the knowledge of the reader, while he is tempted to suppose it constantly within his reach. In a word, Jonson is distinguished by his strength and stature, even in those days when there were giants in the land; and affords the model of a close, animated, and characteristic style of comedy, abounding in moral satire, and distinguished at once by force and art, which was afterwards more cultivated by English dramatists, than the lighter, more wild, and more fanciful department in which Shakspeare moved beyond the reach of emulation.

The general opinion of critics has assigned genius as the characteristic of Shakspeare, and art as the appropriate excellence of Jonson; not, surely, that Jonson was deficient in genius, but that art was the principal characteristic of his laborious scenes. We learn from his own confession, and from the panegyrics of his friends, as well as the taunts of his enemies, that he was a slow composer: The natural result of laborious care is jealousy of fame; for that which we do with labour, we value highly when achieved. Shakspeare, on the other hand, appears to have composed rapidly and carelessly; and, sometimes, even without considering, while writing the earlier acts, how the catastrophe was to be huddled up, in that which was to conclude the piece. We may fairly conclude him to have been indifferent about fame, who would take so little pains to win it. Much, perhaps, might have been achieved by the union of these opposed qualities, and by blending the art of Jonson with the fiery invention and fluent expression of his great contemporary. But such a union of opposite excellences in the same author was hardly to be expected; nor, perhaps, would the result have proved altogether so favourable, as might at first view be conceived. We should have had more perfect specimens of the art; but they must have been much fewer in number; and posterity would certainly have been deprived of that rich luxuriance of dramatic excellences and poetic beauties, which, like wild flowers upon a common field, lie scattered profusely among the unacted plays of Shakspeare.

Although incalculably superior to his contemporaries, Shakspeare had successful imitators, and the art of Jonson was not unrivalled. Massinger appears to have studied the works of both, with the intention of uniting their excellences. He knew the strength of plot; and although his plays are altogether irregular, yet he well understood the advantage of a strong and defined interest; and in unravelling the intricacy of his intrigues, he often displays the management of a master. Art, therefore, not perhaps in its technical, but in its most valuable sense, was Massinger's as well as Jonson's; and, in point of composition, many passages of his plays are not unworthy of Shakspeare. Were we to distinguish Massinger's peculiar excellence, we should name that first of dramatic attributes, a full conception of character, a strength in bringing out, and consistency in adhering to it. He does not, indeed, always introduce his personages to the audience, in their own proper character; it dawns forth gradually in the progress of the piece, as in the hypocritical Luke, or in the heroic Marullo. But, upon looking back, we are always surprised and delighted to trace from the very beginning, intimations of what the personage is to prove, as the play advances. There is often a harshness of outline, however, in the characters of this dramatist, which prevents their approaching to the natural and easy portraits bequeathed us by Shakspeare.

Beaumont and Fletcher, men of remarkable talent, seemed to have followed Shakspeare's mode of composition, rather than Jonson's, and thus to have altogether neglected that art which Jonson taught, and which Massinger in some sort practised. They may, indeed, be rather said to have taken for their model the boundless license of the Spanish stage, from which many of their pieces are expressly and avowedly derived. The acts of their plays are so detached from each other, in substance and consistency, that the plot scarce can be said to hang together at all, or to have, in any sense of the word, a

beginning, progress, and conclusion. It seems as if the play began, because the curtain rose, and ended, because it fell; the author, in the mean time, exerting his genius for the amusement of the spectators, pretty much in the same manner as in the *Scenario* of the Italians, by the actors filling up, with their extempore wit, the scenes chalked out for them. To compensate for this excess of irregularity, the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher have still a high poetical value. If character be sometimes violated, probability discarded, and the interest of the plot neglected, the reader is, on the other hand, often gratified by the most beautiful description, the most tender and passionate dialogue; a display of brilliant wit and gayety, or a feast of comic humour. These attributes had so much effect on the public, that, during the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries, many of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays had possession of the stage, while those of Shakspeare were laid upon the shelf.

Shirley, Ford, Webster, Decker, and others, added performances to the early treasures of the English Drama, which abound with valuable passages. There never, probably, rushed into the lists of literary composition together, a band more distinguished for talent. If the early Drama be inartificial and unequal, no nation, at least, can show so many detached scenes, and even acts, of high poetical merit. One powerful cause seems to have produced an effect so marked and distinguished; to wit, the universal favour of a theatrical public, which daily and nightly thronged the numerous theatres then open in the city of London.

In considering this circumstance, it must above all be remembered, that these numerous audiences crowded, not to feast their eyes upon show and scenery, but to see and hear the literary production of the evening. The scenes which the stage exhibited, were probably of the most paltry description. Some rude helps to the imagination of the audience might be used, by introducing the gate of a castle or town;—the monuments of the Capulets, by sinking a trap-door, or by thrusting in a bed. The good-natured audience readily received these hints, with that conventional allowance, which Sir Philip Sidney had ridiculed, and which Shakspeare himself has alluded to, when he appeals from the poverty of theatrical representation to the exeited imagination of his audience.

> ——— Can this cockpit hold
> The vasty fields of France? Or may we cram
> Within this wooden O, the very casques
> That did affright the air at Agincourt?
> O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
> Attest, in little space, a million;
> And let us, ciphers to this great account,
> On your imaginary forces work;
> Suppose, within the girdle of these walls
> Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,
> Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
> The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder;
> Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth,
> For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
> Carry them here and there; jumping o'er times;
> Turning the accomplishment of many years
> Into an hour-glass.———

Such were the allowances demanded by Shakspeare and his contemporaries from the public of their day, in consideration of the imperfect means and appliances of their theatrical machinery. Yet the deficiency of scenery and show, which, when existing in its utmost splendour, divides the interest of the piece in the mind of the ignorant, and rarely affords much pleasure to a spectator of taste, may have been rather an advantage to the infant Drama. The spectators, having nothing to withdraw their attention from the immediate business of the piece, gave it their full and uninterrupted attention. And here it may not be premature to inquire into the characteristical difference between the audiences of the present day, and of those earlier theatrical ages, when the Drama boasted not only the names of Shakspeare, of Massinger, of Jonson, of Beaumont and Fletcher, of Shirley, of Ford; but others of subordinate degree the meanest of whom shows occasionally more fire than warms whole reams of modern plays. This will probably be found to rest on the varied and contrasted feelings with which the audience of ancient and that of modern days attend the progress of the scene.

Nothing, indeed, is more certain, than that the general cast of theatrical composition must receive its principal bent and colouring from the taste of the audience:

> The Drama's laws, the Drama's patrons give;
> For those who live to please, must please to live.

But though this be an undeniable, and in some respects a melancholy truth, it is not less certain, that genius, labouring in behalf of the public, possesses the power of re-action, and of influencing, in its turn, that taste to which it is in some respects obliged to conform; while, on the other hand, the play-wright, who aims only to catch the passing plaudit and the profit of a season, by addressing himself exclusively to the ruling predilections of the audience, degrades the public taste still further, by the gross food which he ministers to it; unless it shall be supposed that he may contribute involuntarily to rouse it from its degeneracy, by cramming it even to satiety and loathing. This action, therefore, and re-action, of the taste of the age on dramatic writing, and *vice versa*, must both be kept in view, when treating of the difference betwixt the days of Shakspeare and our own.

Perhaps it is the leading distinction betwixt the ancient and modern audiences, that the former came to listen, and to admire; to fling the reins of their imaginations into the hands of the author and actors, and to be pleased, like the reader to whom Sterne longed to do homage, "they *knew not why*, and cared not wherefore." The novelty of dramatic entertainments (for there elapsed only about twenty years betwixt the date of *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, accounted the earliest English play, and the rise of Shakspeare,) must have had its natural effect upon the audience. The sun of Shakspeare arose almost without a single gleam of intervening twilight: and it was no wonder that the audience, introduced to this enchanting and seductive art at once, under such an effulgence of excellence, should have been more disposed to wonder than to criticise; to admire—or rather to adore—than to measure the height, or ascertain the course, of the luminary which diffused such glory around him. The great number of theatres in London, and the profusion of varied talent which was dedicated to this service, attest the eagerness of the public to enjoy the entertainments of the scene. The ruder amusements of the age lost their attractions; and the royal bear-ward of Queen Elizabeth lodged a formal complaint at the feet of her majesty, that the play-houses had seduced the audience from his periodical bear-baitings! This fact is worth a thousand conjectures; and we can hardly doubt, that the converts, transported by their improving taste from the bear-garden to the theatre, must, generally speaking, have left their rude minds subdued and led captive by the superior intelligence, which not only placed on the stage at pleasure all ranks, all ages, all tempers, all passions of mere humanity, but extended its powers beyond the bounds of time and space, and enabled to render visible to mortal eyes the secrets of the invisible world. We may, perhaps, form the best guess of the feelings of Shakspeare's contemporary audience, by recollecting the emotions of any true friend, of rough, but sound sense, and ardent feelings, whom we have had the good fortune to conduct to a theatre for the first time in his life. It may be well imagined, that such a spectator thinks little of the three dramatic unities, of which Aristotle says so little, and his commentators and followers talk so much; and that the poet and the performers have that enviable influence over his imagination, which transports him from place to place at pleasure; crowds years into the course of hours, and interests him in the business of each scene, however disconnected from the others. His eyes are riveted to the stage, his ears drink in the accents of the speakers, and he experiences in his mature age, what we have all felt in childhood—a sort of doubt whether the beings and business of the scene be

real or fictitious. In this state of delightful fascination, Shakspeare and the gigantic dramatic champions of his age, found the British public at large; and how they availed themselves of the advantages which so favourable a temper afforded them, their works will show so long as the language of Britain continues to be read. It is true, that the enthusiastic glow of the public admiration, like the rays of a tropical sun darted upon a rich soil, called up in profusion weeds as well as flowers; and that, spoiled in some degree by the indulgent acceptation which attended their efforts, even our most admired writers of Elizabeth's age not unfrequently exceeded the bounds of critical nicety, and even of common taste and decorum. But these eccentricities were atoned for by a thousand beauties, to which, fettered by the laws of the classic Drama, the authors would hardly have aspired, or, aspiring, would hardly have attained. All of us know and feel how much the exercise of our powers, especially those which rest on keen feelings and self-confidence, is dependent upon a favourable reception from those for whom they are put in action. Every one has observed how a cold brow can damp the brilliancy of wit and fetter the flow of eloquence; and how both are induced to send forth sallies corresponding in strength and fire, upon being received by the kindred enthusiasm of those whom they have addressed. And thus, if we owe to the indiscriminate admiration with which the Drama was at first received, the irregularities of the authors by whom it was practised, we also stand indebted to it, in all probability, for many of its beauties, which became of rare occurrence, when, by a natural, and indeed a necessary change, satiated admiration began to give way to other feelings.

When a child is tired of playing with a new toy, its next delight is to examine how it is constructed; and, in like manner, so soon as the first burst of public admiration is over with respect to any new mode of composition, the next impulse prompts us to analyze and to criticise what was at first the subject of vague and indiscriminate wonder. In the first instance, the toy is generally broken to pieces; in the other, while the imagination of the authors is subjected to the rigid laws of criticism, the public generally lose in genius what they may gain in point of taste. The author who must calculate upon severe criticism, turns his thoughts more to avoid faults than to attain excellence; as he who is afraid to stumble must avoid rapid motion. The same process takes place in all the fine arts: their first productions are distinguished by boldness and irregularity; those which succeed by a better and more correct taste, but also by inferior and less original genius.

The original school founded by Shakspeare and Ben Jonson, continued by Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher, Shirley, Ford, and others, whose compositions are distinguished by irregularity as well as genius, was closed by the breaking out of the great civil war in 1642. The stage had been the constant object of reprobation and abhorrence on the part of the Puritans, and its professors had no favour to expect at their hands if victorious. We read, therefore, with interest, but without surprise, that almost all the actors took up arms in behalf of their old master King Charles, in whose service most of them perished. Robinson, a principal actor at the Blackfriars, was killed by Harrison in cold blood, and under the application of a text of scripture,—"Cursed be he that doeth the work of the Lord negligently." A few survivors endeavoured occasionally to practise their art in secrecy and obscurity, but were so frequently discovered, plundered, and stripped by the soldiers, that, "*Enter the red-coat, Exit hat and cloak*," was too frequent a stage direction. Sir William Davenant endeavoured to evade the severe statutes of the time, by representing a sort of opera, said to have been the first Drama in which moveable scenery was introduced upon the stage. Even the cavaliers of the more grave sort disapproved of the revival of these festive entertainments during the miserable and melancholy period of the interregnum. "I went," says the excellent Evelyn, in his *Diary*, 5th May, 1658, "to see a new opera after the Italian way; in recitation, music, and scenes, much inferior to the Italian composure and magnificence; but it was prodigious that, in such a time of public consternation, such a variety should be kept up or permitted, and being engaged with company, could not decently resist the going to see it, though my heart smote me for it." Davenant's theatrical enterprise, abhorred by the fanaticism of the one party, and ill adapted to the dejected circumstances of the other, was not probably very successful.

II. With royalty, the stage revived in England. But the theatres in the capital were limited to two, a restriction which has never since been extended. This was probably by the advice of Clarendon, who endeavoured, though vainly, to stem at all points the flood of idle gayety and dissipation which broke in after the Restoration. The example of France might reconcile Charles to this exertion of royal authority. With this restoration of the Drama, as well as of the crown, commences the second part of English dramatic history.

Charles II. had been accustomed to enjoy the foreign stage during his exile, and had taste enough to relish its beauties. It is probable, however, that his judgment was formed upon the French model, for few of the historical or romantic Dramas were revived at the Restoration. So early as 26th November, 1662, the *Diary* of Evelyn contains this entry: "I saw Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, played, but now the old plays began to disgust this refined age, since his Majesty has been so long abroad." Dryden, Howard, and others, who obtained possession of the stage, introduced what was for some time called Heroic Plays, written in couplets, and turning upon the passions of love and honour. In the dialogue, these pieces resembled that of the French stage, where the actors declaim alternately in the best language, and in the finest thoughts, which the poet can supply; but without much trace of natural passion or propriety of character. But though French in dialogue and sentiment, the heroic plays were English in noise and bustle, and the lack of truth and nature was supplied by trumpets and tempests, victories and processions. An entertainment of a character so forced and unnatural, was obviously of foreign growth, and flowed from the court. Dryden himself has assured us, "that the favour which heroic plays had acquired upon the stage, was entirely owing to the countenance which they had received at court; and that the most eminent persons for wit and humour in the royal circle had so far honoured them, that they judged no way so fit as verse to entertain a noble audience, or express a noble passion." In these pieces the unities were not observed; but in place of the classical restrictions, there were introduced certain romantic whimsical limitations of the dramatic art, which, had they been adopted, must soon have destroyed all its powers of pleasing. The characters were avowedly formed upon the model of the French romance, where honour was a sort of insane gasconading extravagance, and who seem to have made a vow never to speak or think of any thing but love; and that in language sometimes ingeniously metaphysical, sometimes puerile to silliness, sometimes mad even to raving, but always absurd, unnatural, and extravagant. In point of system it was stated, that an heroic play should be an imitation of an heroic poem. The laws of such compositions did not, it was said, dispense with those of the elder drama, but exalted them, and obliged the poet to draw all things as far above the ordinary proportion of the stage, as the stage itself is beyond the common words and actions of human life. The effects which an heroic play, constructed upon such an overstrained model, produced, is well described by Mrs. Evelyn, wife of the author of that name already quoted, in a letter to *Mr. Bohun*, written in 1671: "Since my last to you, I have seen the *Siege of Grenada*, a play so full of ideas, that the most refined romance I ever read is not to compare with it. Love is made so pure, and valour so nice, that one would imagine it

designed for an Utopia rather than our stage. I do not quarrel with the poet, but admire one born in the decline of morality should be able to feign such exact virtue; and as poetic fiction has been instructive in former ages, I wish this the same event in ours. As to the strict law of comedy I dare not pretend to judge. Some think the division of the story not so well as if it could all have been comprehended in the day of action. Truth of history, exactness of time, possibilities of adventures, are niceties which the ancient critics might require, but those who have outdone them in fine notions may be allowed the liberty to express them their own way, and the present world is so enlightened that the old dramatique must bear no sway. This account perhaps is not enough to do *Mr. Driden* right, yet is as much as you can expect from the leisure of one who has the care of a nursery." (See Evelyn's *Works*.) This ingenious lady felt what, overawed by the fashion of the moment, she has intimated rather than expressed; namely, that the Heroic Drama, notwithstanding the fine poetry of which it may be made the vehicle, was overstrained, fantastical, and unnatural.

In comedy, also, there was evinced, subsequent to the Restoration, a kindred desire of shining in dialogue, rather than attempting the humorous delineation of character of which Shakspeare, Jonson, and the earlier school, had set the example. The comic author no longer wrote to move the hearty laugh of a popular assembly, but to please a fashionable circle, "the men of wit and pleasure about town;" with whom wit and raillery is always more prevailing than humour. As in tragedy, therefore, the authors exhausted trope and figure, and reduced to logic the language of heroic passion; so in comedy, a succession of smart jests, which never served to advance the action of the piece, or display the character of the speaker, were bandied to and fro upon the stage.

Satire is the appropriate corrective of extravagance in composition, and *The Rehearsal* of the Duke of Buckingham, though it can scarcely be termed a work of uncommon power, had yet the effect of holding up to public ridicule, the marked and obvious absurdities of the revived Drama in both its branches. After the appearance of this satire, a taste too extravagant for long endurance was banished from the theatre; both tragedy and comedy retraced their steps, and approached more nearly to the field of human action, passion, and suffering; and down to the Revolution, a more natural style of Drama occupied the stage. It was supported by men of the highest genius; who, but for one great leading error, might perhaps have succeeded in giving to the art its truest and most energetic character. The talents of Otway, in his scenes of passionate affection, rival, at least, and sometimes excel, those of Shakspeare. More tears have been shed, probably, for the sorrows of Belvidera and Monimia, than for those of Juliet and Desdemona. The introduction of actresses upon the stage was scarce known before the Restoration, and it furnished the poets of the latter period with appropriate representatives for their female characters. This more happy degree of personification, as it greatly increased the perfection of the scene, must have animated, in proportion, the genius of the author. A marked improvement, therefore, may be traced in love scenes, and, indeed, in all those wherein female characters are introduced; that which was to be spoken by a fitting representative was, of course, written with more care, as it was acted with greater effect. This was an advantage, and a great one, possessed by the theatre succeeding the Restoration. Great force and vigour marked the dramatic compositions of this age. They were not, indeed, equal to those of Shakspeare, either in point of the talent called forth, or the quantity of original poetry given to the public; but Otway, and even Lee, notwithstanding his bombastic rant, possessed considerable knowledge of dramatic art and of stage effect. Several plays of this period have kept possession of the stage; less, perhaps, on account of intrinsic merits, than because some of the broad errors of the earlier age had been removed, and a little more art had been introduced in the combination of the scenes, and disentanglement of the plot. The voice of criticism was frequently heard; the dramatic rules of the ancients were known and quoted; and though not recognised in their full extent, had nevertheless some influence in regulating the action of the Drama.

In one heinous article, however, the poets of this age sinned at once against virtue, good taste, and decorum; and endangered, by the most profligate and shameless indecency, the cause of morality, which has been often considered as nearly allied with that of the legitimate Drama. In the first period of the British stage, the actors were men of decent character, and often acquired considerable independence. The women's parts were acted by boys. Hence, although there were too many instances of low and licentious dialogue, there were few of that abominable species which addresses itself not to the fancy but to the passions; and is seductive, instead of being ludicrous. Had Charles II. borrowed from the French monarchy the severe etiquette of their court, when he introduced into England something resembling the style of their plays, he would have asserted what was due to his own dignity, and the cause of sound morals and good manners, by prohibiting this vulgar and degrading license, which in itself was insulting to the presence of a king. It was, however, this prince's lot, in the regulation of his amusements, as well as in his state government, to neglect self-respectability. In his exile, he had been "merry, scandalous, and poor;" had been habituated to share familiarly coarse jests and loose pleasures with his dissolute companions; and, unfortunately, he saw no reason for disusing the license to which he had accustomed himself, when it was equally destructive to his own character and to decorum. What had been merely coarse, was, under his influence, rendered vicious and systematic impurity. Scenes, both passionate and humorous, were written in such a style, as if the author had studied, whether the grave seduction of the heroic, or the broad infamy of the comic scenes, should contain the grossest insult to public decency. The female performers were of a character proper to utter whatever ribaldry the poet chose to put into their mouths; and, as they practised what they taught, the King himself, and the leading courtiers, formed connexions which gave the actresses a right to be saucy in their presence, and to reckon upon their countenance when practising in public the effrontery which marked their intercourse in private life. How much this shocked the real friends of Charles, is shown by its effects upon Evelyn, whose invaluable *Diary* we have already quoted:—"This night was acted my Lord Broghill's tragedy called Mustapha, before their Majesties at Court, at which I was present; though very seldom now going to the public theatres, for many reasons, as they are now abused to an atheistical liberty. Foul and indecent women now, and never till now, are permitted to appear and act, who, inflaming several young noblemen and gallants, became their misses and some their wives—witness the Earl of Oxford, Sir R. Howard, P. Rupert, the Earl of Dorset, and another greater person than any of them, who fell into their snares, to the reproach of their noble families, and ruin of both body and soul." He elsewhere repeatedly expresses his grief and disgust at the pollution and degeneracy of the stage. (Evelyn's *Works*, vol. I. p. 392.) In a letter to Lord Cornbury (son of the great Clarendon) he thus expresses himself:—"In the town of London, there are more wretched and indecent plays permitted, than in all the world besides;" and adds, shortly after, "If my Lord Chancellor would but be instrumental in reforming this one exorbitancy, it would gain both the King and his Lordship multitudes of blessings. You know, my Lord, that I (who have written plays, and am a scurvy poet, too, sometimes) am far from Puritanisme; but I would have no reproach left our adversaries, in a theme which may so conveniently be reformed. Plays are now with us become a licentious exercise, and a vice, and need severe censors, that should look as

well to their morality, as to their lines and numbers."—And, at the hazard of multiplying quotations, we cannot suppress the following,—1st March 1671;—"I walked with him (the King) through St. James's Park, to the garden, where I both heard and saw a very familiar discourse betwixt——— i. e. the King) and Mrs. Nelly (Gwyn) as they called an impudent comedian, she looking out of her terrace at the top of the wall, and——— (the King) standing in the green walk under it. I was heartily sorry at this scene."

The foul stain, so justly censured by a judge so competent, and so moderate as Evelyn, was like that of the leprosy in the Levitical Law, which sunk into and pervaded the very walls of the mansion; it became the leading characteristic of the English theatre, of its authors, and of its players. It was, however, especially in comedy, that this vice was most manifest; and, to say truth, were not the eyes of antiquaries, like the ears of confessors, free from being sullied by the impurities subjected to them, the comedies of this period, as well as the comic scenes introduced to relieve the tragedies, are fitter for a brothel, than for the library of a man of letters.

It is a pity that we are under the necessity of drawing the character of the Drama, at this age, from a feature so coarse and disgusting. Unquestionably, as the art in other respects made progress, it might, but for this circumstance, have reached an uncommon pitch of perfection. The comedies of Congreve contain probably more wit than was ever before embodied upon the stage; each word was a test, and yet so characteristic, that the repartee of the servant is distinguished from that of the master; the jest of the coxcomb from that of the humourist or the gentleman of the piece. Had not Sheridan lived in our own time, we could not have conceived the possibility of rivalling the comedies of Congreve. This distinguished author understood the laws of composition, and combined his intrigue with a degree of skill unusual on the British stage. Nor was he without his rivals, even where his eminence was most acknowledged. Vanburgh and Farquhar, inferior to Congreve in real wit, and falling into the next period, were, perhaps, his equals in the composition of acting plays. Like other powerful stimulants, the use of wit has its bounds, which Congreve is supposed sometimes to have exceeded. His dialogue keeps the attention too much upon the stretch, and, however delightful in the closet, fatigues the mind during the action. When you are perpetually conscious that you lose something by the slightest interruption of your attention, whether by accident or absence of mind, it is a state of excitement too vivid and too constant to be altogether pleasant: and we feel it possible, that we might sometimes wish to exchange a companion of such brilliant powers, for one who would afford us more repose and relaxation.

The light, lively, but somewhat more meagre dialogue of the later dramatists of the period, and of that which succeeded, was found sufficient to interest, yet was not so powerful as to fatigue, the audience. Vanburgh and Farquhar seem to have written more from the portraits of ordinary life; Congreve from the force of his own conception. The former, therefore, drew the characters of men and women as they found them; selected, united, and heightened for the purpose of effect; but without being enriched with any brilliancy foreign to their nature. But all the personages of Congreve have a glimpse of his own fire, and of his own acuteness. He could not entirely lay aside his quick powers of perception and reply, even when he painted a clown or a coxcomb; and all that can be objected, saving in a moral sense, to this great author, is, his having been too prodigal of his wit; a faculty used by most of his successors with rigid economy.

That personification of fantasy or whim, called characters of humour, which Ben Jonson introduced, was revived during this period. Shadwell, now an obscure name, endeavoured to found himself a reputation, by affecting to maintain the old school, and espousing the cause of Ben Jonson against Dryden and other innovators. But although there was considerable force of humour in some of his forgotten plays, it was Wycherly upon whom fell the burden of upholding the standard of the Jonsonian school. *The Plain Dealer* is, indeed, imitated from Moliere: but the principal character has more the force of a real portrait, and is better contrasted with the perverse, bustling, masculine, pettifogging, and litigious character of Widow Blackacre, than Alceste is with any of the characters in *The Misanthrope*. The other plays of this author are marked by the same strong and forcible painting, which approaches more to the satire of Jonson, than to the ease of Vanburgh, the gayety of Farquhar, or the wit of Congreve. Joining, however, the various merits of these authors, as belonging to this period, they form a galaxy of comic talent, scarcely to be matched in any other age or country; and which is only obscured by those foul and impure mists, which their pens, like the raven wings of Sycorax, had brushed from fern and bog.

Morals repeatedly insulted, long demanded an avenger; and he arose in the person of Jeremy Collier. It is no disgrace to the memory of this virtuous and well-meaning man, that, to use the lawyer's phrase, he pleaded his cause too high; summoned, unnecessarily, to his aid the artillery with which the Christian fathers had fulminated against the Heathen Drama; and, pushing his arguments to extremity, directed it as well against the use as the abuse of the stage. Those who attempted to reply to him, availed themselves, indeed, of the weak parts of his arguments; but, upon the main points of impeachment, the poets stood self-convicted. Dryden made a manly and liberal submission, though not without some reflections upon the rudeness of his antagonist's attacks: "I shall say the less of Mr. Collier, because in many things he has taxed me justly; and I have pleaded guilty to all thoughts and expressions of mine, which can be truly accused of obscenity, profaneness, or immorality, and retract them. If he be my enemy, let him triumph; if he be my friend, as I have given him no occasion to be otherwise, he will be glad of my repentance. It becomes me not to draw my pen in the defence of a bad cause, when I have so often drawn it for a good one. Yet, it were not difficult to prove, that, in many places, he has perverted my meaning by his glosses, and interpreted my words into blasphemy and bawdry, of which they were not guilty; besides, that he is too much given to horse-play in his raillery, and comes to battle like a dictator from the plough. I will not say 'The zeal of God's house has eaten him up;' but, I am sure, it has devoured some part of his good-manners and civility." Congreve, less prudent, made an angry and petulant defence, yet tacitly admitted the charge brought against him, by retrenching, in the future editions of his plays, passages of grossness and profaneness, which the restless antiquary still detects in the early copies. And, on the whole, Collier's satire was attended with such salutary effects, that men started at the mass of impudence and filth, which had been gradually accumulated in the theatre, during the last reigns; and if the Augean stable was not sufficiently cleansed, the stream of public opinion was fairly directed against its conglomerated impurities. Since that period, indecency, that easy substitute for wit and pleasantry, has been gradually banished from the Drama, where the conversation is now (according to Sheridan) at least always moral, if not entertaining.

During the second period of the British Drama, great improvement was made in point of art. The principles of dramatic composition were more completely understood, and the poets themselves had written so much upon the subject, that as Dryden somewhere complains, they had taught their audience the art of criticising their performances. They did not, however, so far surrender the liberties and immunities of their predecessors, as to receive laws from the French critics. The rules of the unities were no further adopted by Otway, Congreve, and the writers of their time, than their immediate purpose admitted. It was allowed, on all hands,

that unnecessary and gross irregularities were to be avoided, but no precise rule was adopted; poets argued upon the subject according to caprice, and acted according to convenience. Gross and palpable extensions of time, and frequent changes of place, were avoided; and unless in tragi-comedies, authors studied to combine the intrigue of their play into one distinct and progressive action. The genius by which this art was supported, was neither so general nor so profuse as that which decorated the preceding period. It was enough, however, to support the honour of the Drama; and if the second period has produced fewer master-pieces of talent, it has exhibited more plays capable of being acted.

III. In the third period of dramatic history, the critics began to obtain an authority for which they had long struggled, and which might have proved fatal to the liberties of the stage. It is the great danger of criticism, when laying down abstract rules without reference to any example, that these regulations can only apply to the form, and never to the essence of the Drama. They may assume, that the plot must be formed on a certain model, but they cannot teach the spirit which is to animate its progress. They cannot show how a passion should be painted, but they can tell to a moment when the curtain should be dropped. The misfortune is, that, while treating of these subordinate considerations, critics exalt them to an undue importance, in their own minds and that of their scholars. What they carve out for their pupils is a mere dissection of a lifeless form; the genius which animated it escapes, as the principle of life glided from the scalpel of those anatomists who sought to detect it in the earlier days of that art. Rymer had, as early as 1688, discovered that our poetry of the last age was as rude as its architecture. "One cause thereof," he continues, "might be, that Aristotle's *Treatise of Poetry* has been so little studied amongst us; it was, perhaps, commented upon by all the great men in *Italy*, before we well knew (on this side of the Alps) that there was such a book in being." Accordingly, Rymer endeavours to establish what he calls the Rule of Reason over Fancy, in the contrivance and economy of a play. "Those who object to this subjugation," he observes, "are mere fanatics in poetry, and will never be saved by their good works." This species of reason, however, to which Rymer appeals, resembles, in its occult nature, that which lies hidden in the depths of the municipal law, and which is better known to the common class of mankind under the name of Authority. Because Aristotle assigns Pity and Terror as the objects of tragedy, Rymer resumes the proposition, that no other source of passion can be legitimate. To this he adds, some arbitrary rules, of which it would be difficult to discover the *rationale*. It was the opinion, we are told, of the ancients, "that Comedy (whose province was humour and ridiculous matter only) was to represent worse than the truth, History to describe the truth, but Tragedy was to invent things better than the truth. Like good painters, they must design their images like the life, but yet better and more beautiful than the life. The malefactor of tragedy must be a better sort of malefactor than those that live in the present age: For an obdurate, impudent, and impenitent malefactor, can neither move compassion nor terror, nor be of any imaginable use in tragedy." It would be difficult to account for these definitions upon any logical principle, and impossible for an admirer of the Drama to assent to a rule which would exclude from the stage Iago and Richard III. It is equally difficult to account for the *rationale* of the following dogmata: "If I mistake not, in poetry no woman is to kill a man, except her quality gives her the advantage above him; nor is a servant to kill his master; nor a private man, much less a subject, to kill a king, nor on the contrary. Poetical decency will not suffer death to be dealt to each other by such persons, whom the laws of duel allow not to enter the lists together." (Rymer's *View of the Tragedies of the Last Age.*) Though for these, and similar critical conceits, it would be difficult to find any just principle, nevertheless, Rymer, Dennis, and other critics, who, mixing observations founded on sound judgment and taste, with others which rested merely upon dauntless assertion, or upon the opinions of Aristotle, began thereby to extend their authority, and produce a more than salutary influence upon the Drama. It is true, that both of the aristarchs whom we have named were so ill advised as themselves to attempt to write plays, and thereby most effectually proved, that it was possible for a Drama to be extremely regular, and at the same time, intolerably dull. Gradually, however, their precepts, in despite of their example, gained influence over the stage. They laid down rules in which the audience were taught to regard the trade of a connoisseur as easy and soon learned; and the same quantity of technical jargon which, in the present day, constitutes a judge of painting, was, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, sufficient to elevate a Templar into a dramatic critic. The court of criticism, though self-constituted, was sufficiently formidable, since they possessed the power of executing their own decrees. Many authors made their submission; and amongst others, Congreve humbled himself in the *Mourning Bride*, and Addison, with anxious and constitutional timidity, sacrificed to the unities in his celebrated tragedy of *Cato*. Being in form and essence rather a French than an English play, it is one of the few English tragedies which foreigners have admired. It was translated into Italian, and admired as a perfect model by Riccoboni, although his taste condemns the silly love intrigue. Its success was contagious. Southerne and Rowe may be considered as belonging to the same school; although the former admired Shakspeare, and the latter formed himself, in some degree, on the model of Otway. Translations of French tragedies became every day more frequent; and their diction and style of dialogue was imitated upon the British stage. The language of tragedy no longer expressed human passion, or intimated what the persons of the Drama actually felt, but described and debated, alternately, what they ought to feel; and sounding sentences, and long similes, exhibiting an active fancy and a cold imagination, supplied at once the place of force and of pathos.

The line between comedy and tragedy was now strictly drawn. The latter was no longer permitted to show that strain of heroic humour which exhibits itself in the character of Falconbridge, Hotspur, and Henry V., as well as Mercutio. All was to be cold and solemn, and in the same key of dull, grave state. Neither was comedy relieved by the touches of pathetic tenderness, and even sublimity, which are to be found in the romantic plays of the earlier period. To compensate the audience for the want of this beautiful variety of passion and feeling, Southerne, as Otway had done before him, usually introduces a few scenes of an under-plot, containing the most wretched and indecent farce, which was so slightly and awkwardly dovetailed into the original tragedy, that they have since been cancelled as impertinent intrusions, without being so much as missed. Young, Thomson, and others, who followed the same wordy and declamatory system of composition, contributed rather to sink than to exalt the character of the stage. The two first were both men of excellent genius, as their other writings have sufficiently testified; but, as dramatists, they wrought upon a false model, and their productions are of little value.

It is a remarkable instance of the decay of dramatic art at this period, that several of the principal authors of the time felt themselves at liberty to write imitations of old plays belonging to the original school, by way of adapting them to the taste of their own age. *The Fair Penitent* of Rowe is well known as a poor imitation of Massinger's *Fatal Dowry*. It does not greatly excel the original in the management and conduct of the piece; and, in every thing else, falls as far beneath it as the baldest translation can sink below the most spirited original.

It would appear that the players of this period had

dopted a mode of acting correspondent to the poetical taste of the time. Declamation seems to have been more in fashion in the school of Booth and Betterton, than that vivacity of action which exhibits at once, with word, eye, and gesture, the immediate passion which it is the actor's part to express. "I cannot help," says Cibber, "in regard to truth, remembering the rude and riotous havock we made of all the late dramatic honours of the theatre! all became at once the spoil of ignorance and self-conceit! Shakspeare was defaced, and tortured in every signal character; *Hamlet* and *Othello* lost, in the hour, all their good sense, their dignity, and sense; *Brutus* and *Cassius* became noisy blusterers, with bold unmeaning eyes, mistaken sentiments, and turgid elocution!"—(Cibber's *Memoirs*.)

A singular attempt to deviate from the prevailing taste in tragedy was made by Lillo, with the highly laudable purpose of enlarging the sphere of dramatic utility. He conceived that plays founded upon incidents of private life, might carry more immediate conviction to the mind of the hearers, and be the means of stifling more vices in the bud, than those founded on the more remote and grander events of history. Accordingly, he formed his plots from domestic crimes, and his characters never rose above the ranks of middle life. Lillo had many requisites for a tragedian; he understood, either from innate taste, or critical study, the advantage to be derived from a consistent fable; and, in the tragedy of the *Fatal Curiosity*, he has left the model of a plot, in which, without the help of any exterior circumstances, a train of events operating upon the characters of the dramatic persons, produces a conclusion at once the most dramatic and the most horrible that the imagination can conceive. Neither does it appear that, as a poet, Lillo was at all inferior to others of his age. He possessed a beautiful fancy; and much of his dialogue is as forcibly expressed as it is well conceived. On some occasions, however, he sinks below his subject; and on others, he appears to be dragged down to the nether sphere in which it is laid, and to become cold and creeping, as if depressed with the consciousness that he was writing upon a mean subject. In *George Barnwell*, his apprentice-hero never rises above an idle and profligate lad; Milwood's attractions are not beyond those of a very vulgar woman of the town; Thoroughgood, as his name expresses, is very worthy and very tiresome; and there is, positively, nothing to redeem the piece, excepting the interest arising from a tale of horror, and the supposed usefulness of the moral. The *Fatal Curiosity* is a play of a very different cast, and such as might have shaken the Grecian stage, even during the reign of terror. But the powers of the poet prove unequal to the concluding horrors of his scene. Old Wilmot's character, as the heedy man who had known better days, exhibits a mind naturally good, but prepared for acting evil, even by the evil which he has himself suffered, and opens in a manner which excites the highest interest and expectation. But Lillo was unable to sustain the character to the close. After discovering himself to be the murderer of his son, the old man falls into the common cant of the theatre; he talks about computing sands, increasing the noise of thunder, adding water to the sea, and fire to Etna, by way of describing the excess of his horror and remorse; and becomes as dully desperate, or as desperately dull, as any other despairing hero in the last scene of a fifth act.

During this third period of the Drama, Comedy underwent several changes. The department called genteel comedy, where the persons as well as the foibles ridiculed, were derived chiefly from high life, assumed a separate and distinct existence from that which ransacked human nature at large for its subject. Like the tragedy of the period, this particular species of comedy was borrowed from the French. It was pleasing to the higher classes, because it lay within their own immediate circle, and turned upon the topics of gallantry, persiflage, affectation, and raillery. It was agreeable to the general audience, who imagined they were thereby admitted into the presence of their betters, and enjoyed their amusement at their expense. The *Careless Husband* of Cibber is, perhaps, the best English play on this model. The general fault to which they are liable, is their tendency to lower the tone of moral feeling; and to familiarize men, in the middling, with the cold, heartless, and selfish system of profligate gallantry practised among the higher ranks. We are inclined to believe, that in a moral point of view, genteel comedy, as it has been usually written, is more prejudicial to public morals than plays, the tendency of which seems at first more grossly vicious. It is not so probable that the *Beggar's Opera* has sent any one from the two-shilling gallery to the highway, as that a youth entering upon the world, and hesitating between good and evil, may be determined to the worse course, by the gay and seductive example of *Lovemore* or *Sir Charles Easy*. At any rate, the tenderness with which vices are shaded off into foibles, familiarises them to the mind of the hearer, and gives a false colouring to those crimes which should be placed before the mind in their native deformity. But the heaviness of this class of plays, and the difficulty of finding adequate representatives for those characters which are really well drawn, are powerful antidotes to the evil which we complain of. That which is dully written, and awkwardly performed, will not find many imitators.

The genteel comedy, being a plant of foreign growth, never obtained exclusive possession of the English stage, any more than court dresses have been adopted in our private societies. The comedy of intrigue, borrowed, perhaps, originally, from the Spaniards, continued to be written and acted with success. Many of Cibber's pieces, of Centlivre's, and others, still retain their place on the stage. This is a species of comedy easily written, and seen with pleasure, though consisting chiefly of bustle and complicated incident; and required much co-operation of the dress-maker, scene-painter, and carpenter. After all the bustle, however, of surprise, and disguise, and squabble; after every trick is exhausted, and every stratagem played off, the writer too often finds himself in a labyrinth, from which a natural mode of extrication seems altogether impossible. Hence the intrigue is huddled up at random; and the persons of the Drama been, and by common consent, to abandon their dramatic character by the throwing off their stage-dresses. The miser becomes generous; the peevish cynic good-humoured; the libertine virtuous; the coquette is reformed; the debauchee is reclaimed; all vices natural and habitual are abandoned by those most habitually addicted to them:—a marvellous reformation, which is brought about entirely from the consideration that the play must now be concluded. It was when pressed by this difficulty, that Fielding is said to have damned all fifth acts.

The eighteenth century, besides genteel comedy, and comedy of intrigue, gave rise to a new species of dramatic amusement. The Italian Opera had been introduced into this country at a great expense, and to the prejudice, as it was supposed, of the legitimate Drama. Gay, in aiming at nothing beyond a parody of this fashionable entertainment, making it the vehicle of some political satire against Sir Robert Walpole's administration, unwittingly laid the foundation of the English Opera. The popularity of his piece was unequalled; partly owing to its peculiar humour, partly to its novelty, partly to the success of the popular airs, which every body heard with delight, and partly to political motives. The moral tendency of *The Beggar's Opera* has been much questioned; although, in all probability, the number of highwaymen is not more increased by the example of Macheath, than that of murderers is diminished by the catastrophe of George Barnwell. Many years ago, however, an unhappy person, rather from a perverted and misplaced ambition, than from the usual motives of want and desperation, chose, though in easy circumstances, and most respectably connected, to place himself at the head of a band of thieves and housebreakers, whose depredations he directed and shared. On the night on which they committed the crime for

which he suffered, and when they were equipped for the expedition, he sung to his accomplices the chorus of *The Beggar's Opera*,—"Let us take the road." But his confederates, professional thieves, and who pursued, from habit and education, the desperate practices which Mr. B—— adopted from an adventurous spirit of profligate Quixotry, knew nothing at all of Gay, or *The Beggar's Opera*; and in their several confessions and testimonies, only remembered something of a *flash-song*, about "turning lead to gold." This curious circumstance, while it tends to show that the Drama may affect the weak part of a mind, predisposed to evil by a diseased imagination, proves the general truth of what Johnson asserts in *The Life of Gay*, that "highwaymen and housebreakers seldom mingle in any elegant diversions; nor is it possible for any one to imagine, that he may rob with safety, because he sees Macheath repriev'd on the stage."

This play is now chiefly remarkable, as having given rise to the English Opera. In this pleasing entertainment, it is understood that the plot may be light, and the characters superficial, provided that the music be good, and adapted to the situation, the scenes lively and possessed of comic force. Notwithstanding the subordinate nature of this species of composition, it approaches, perhaps, more closely to the ancient Grecian Drama than any thing which retains possession of our stage. The subjects, indeed, are as totally different as the sublime from the light and the trivial. But, in the mixture of poetry and music, and in the frequent introduction of singing-characters unconnected with the business of the piece, and therefore somewhat allied to the Chorus, the English Opera has some general points of resemblance with the Grecian tragedy. This species of dramatic writing was successfully practised by Bickerstaff, and has been honoured by the labours of Sheridan.

IV. With the fourth era of our dramatic history commenced a return to a better taste, introduced by the celebrated David Garrick. The imitations of French tragedy, and the tiresome uniformity of genteel comedy, were ill adapted to the display of his inimitable talent. And thus, if the last generation reaped many hours of high enjoyment from the performances of this great actor, the present is indebted to him for having led back the public taste to the Dramas of Shakspeare.

The plays of this great author had been altogether forgotten, or so much marred and disguised by interpolations and alterations, that he seems to have arisen on the British stage with the dignity of an antique statue disencumbered from the rubbish in which it had been enveloped since the decay of the art. But, although Garrick showed the world how the characters of Shakspeare might be acted, and so far paved the way for a future regeneration of the stage, no kindred spirit arose to imitate his tone of composition. His supremacy was universally acknowledged; but it seemed as if he was regarded as an object of adoration, not of imitation; and that authors were as much interdicted the treading his tragic path, as the entering his magic circle. It was not sufficiently remembered that the faults of Shakspeare, or rather of his age, are those into which no modern dramatist is likely to fall; and that he learned his beauties in the school of nature, which is ever open to all who profess the fine arts. Shakspeare may, indeed, be inimitable, but there are inferior degrees of excellence, which talent and study cannot fail to attain; and the statuary were much to blame, who, in despair of modelling a Venus like that of Phidias, should set himself to imitate a Chinese doll. Yet such was the conduct of the dramatists of Britain long after the supremacy of Shakspeare had been acknowledged. He reigned a Grecian prince over Persian slaves; and they who adored him did not dare attempt to use his language. The tragic muse appeared to linger behind the taste of the age, and still used the constrained and mincing measure which she had been taught in the French school. Hughes, Cumberland, and other men of talent, appeared in her service; but their model remained as imperfect as ever; and it was not till our own time that any bold efforts were made to restore to tragedy that truth and passion, without which, declamation is only rant and impertinence. Horace Walpole, however, showed what might be done by adopting a more manly and vigorous style of composition; and Home displayed the success of a more natural current of passion. The former choosing a theme not only totally unfit for representation, but from which the mind shrinks in private study, treated it as a man of genius, free from the trammels of habit and of pedantry. His characters in *The Mysterious Mother* do not belong to general classes, but have bold, true, and individual features; and the language approaches that of the first age of the English Drama. The *Douglas* of Home is not recommended by this species of merit. In diction and character it does not rise above other productions of the period. But the interest turns upon a passion which finds a response in every bosom; for those who are too old for love, and too young for ambition, are all alike awake to the warmth and purity of maternal and filial affection. The scene of the recognition of Douglas's birth possesses a power over the affections, which, when supported by adequate representation, is scarce equalled in the circle of our Drama. It is remarkable that the ingenious author was so partial to this theatrical situation, as to introduce it in several of his other tragedies.

The comedy of the fourth period is chiefly remarkable for exhibiting *The Rivals* and *The School for Scandal*. Critics prefer the latter; while the general audience reap, perhaps, more pleasure from the former; the pleasantry being of a more general cast, the incidents more complicated and varied, and the whole plot more interesting. In both these plays, the gentlemanlike ease of Farquhar is united with the wit of Congreve. Indeed, the wit of Sheridan, though equally brilliant with that of his celebrated predecessor, flows so easily, and is so happily elicited by the tone of the dialogue, that in admiring its sparkles, we never once observe the stroke of the flint which produces them. Wit and pleasantry seemed to be the natural atmosphere of this extraordinary man, whose history was at once so brilliant and so melancholy. Goldsmith was, perhaps, in relation to Sheridan, what Vanburgh was to Congreve. His comedies turn on an extravagance of intrigue and disguise, and so far belong to the Spanish school. But the ease of his humorous dialogue, and the droll, yet true conception of the characters, made sufficient amends for an occasional stretch in point of probability. If all who draw on the spectators for indulgence were equally prepared to compensate by a corresponding degree of pleasure, they would have little occasion to complain. The elder Colman's *Jealous Wife*, and some of his smaller pieces, are worthy, and it is no ordinary compliment, of being placed beside these masterpieces. We dare not rank Cumberland so high, although two or three of his numerous efforts retain possession of the stage. *The Wheel of Fortune* was certainly one of the best acting plays of its time; but it was perhaps chiefly on account of the admirable representative which the principal character found in Mr. John Kemble.

The plays of Foote, the modern Aristophanes, who ventured, by his powers of mimicking the mind as well as the external habits, to bring living persons on the stage, belong to this period, and make a remarkable part of its dramatic history. But we need not dwell upon it. Foote was an unprincipled satirist; and while he affected to be the terror of vice and folly, was only anxious to extort forbearance-money from the timid, or to fill his theatre at the indiscriminate expense of friends and enemies virtuous or vicious, who presented foibles capable of being turned into ridicule. It is a just punishment of this course of writing, that Foote's plays, though abounding in comic and humorous dialogue, have died with the parties whom he ridiculed. When they lost the zest of personality, their popularity, in spite of much intrinsic merit, fell into utter decay.

Meantime dramatic composition of the higher class seemed declining. Garrick, in our fathers' time, Mrs. Siddons in ours, could neither of them extract from their literary admirers any spark of congenial fire. No part written for either of these astonishing performers has survived the transient popularity which their talents could give to almost any thing. The truth seems to be, that the French model had been wrought upon till it was altogether worn out: and a new impulse from some other quarter—a fresh turning up of the soil, and awakening of its latent energies by a new mode of culture, was become absolutely necessary to the renovation of our dramatic literature. England was destined to receive this impulse from Germany, where literature was in the first luxuriant glow of vegetation, with all its crop of flowers and weeds rushing up together. There was good and evil in the importation derived from this superabundant source. But the evil was of a nature so contrary to that which had long palsied our dramatic literature, that, like the hot poison mingling with the cold, it may in the issue bring us nearer to a state of health.

The affectation of Frederic II. of Prussia, and of other German princes, for a time suppressed the native literature, and borrowed their men of letters from France, as well as their hair-dressers,—their Dramas as well as their dressed dishes. The continental courts, therefore, had no share in forming the national Drama. To the highest circle in every nation, that of France will be most acceptable, not only on account of its strict propriety and conformity to *les convenances*, but also as securing them against the risk of hearing bold and offensive truths uttered in the presence of the sovereign and the subject. But the bold, frank, cordial, and rough character of the German people at large, did not relish the style of the French tragedies translated for their stage; and this cannot be wondered at, when the wide difference between the nations is considered.

The national character of the Germans is diametrically opposite to that of the French. The latter are light almost to frivolity, quick in seeing points of ridicule, slowly awakened to those of feeling. The Germans are of an abstracted, grave, and somewhat heavy temper; less alive to the ridiculous, more easily moved by an appeal to the passions. That which moves a Frenchman to laughter, affects a German with sorrow or indignation; and in that which touches the German as a source of the sublime or pathetic, the quick-witted Frenchman sees only subject of laughter. In their theatres, the Frenchman comes to judge, to exercise his critical faculties, and to apply the rules which he has learned, fundamentally or by rote, to the performance of the night. A German, on the contrary, expects to receive that violent excitation which is most pleasing to his imaginative and somewhat phlegmatic character. While the Frenchman judges of the form and shape of the play, the observance of the unities, and the denouement of the plot, the German demands the powerful contrast of character and passion,—the sublime in tragedy and the grotesque in comedy. The former may be called the formalist of dramatic criticism, keeping his eye chiefly on its exterior shape and regular form; the latter is the fanatic, who, disregarding forms, requires a deep and powerful tone of passion and of sentiment, and is often content to surrender his feelings to inadequate motives.

From the different temper of the nations, the merits and faults of their national theatres became diametrically opposed to each other. The French author is obliged to confine himself, as we have already observed, within the circle long since described by Aristotle. He must attend to all the decorum of the scene, and conform to every regulation, whether rational or arbitrary, which has been entailed on the stage since the days of Corneille. He must never so far yield to feeling, as to lose sight of grace and dignity. He must never venture so far in quest of the sublime, as to run the risk of moving the risible faculties of an audience, so much alive to the ludicrous, that they will often find or make it in what is to others the source of the grand or the terrible. The Germans, on the contrary, have never subjected their poets to any arbitrary forms. The division of the empire into so many independent states, has prevented the ascendancy of any general system of criticism; and their national literature was not much cultivated, until the time when such authority had become generally unpopular. Lessing had attacked the whole French theatrical system in his *Dramaturgie*, with the most bitter raillery. Schiller brought forth his splendid Dramas of Romance and of History. Goethe crowded the stage with the heroes of ancient German chivalry. No means of exciting emotion were condemned as irregular, providing emotion were actually excited. And there can be no doubt that the license thus given to the poet,—the willingness with which the audience submitted to the most extravagant postulates on their part, left them at liberty to exert the full efforts of their genius.

Lessing, Schiller, and Goethe, became at once the fathers and the masters of the German theatre; and it must be objected to these great men, that, in the abundance of their dramatic talent, they sometimes forgot that their pieces, in order to be acted, must be adapted to the capabilities of a theatre; and thus wrote plays altogether incapable of being represented. Their writings, although affording many high examples of poetry and passion, are marked with faults which the exaggeration of their followers has often carried into total extravagance. The plays of Chivalry and of History were followed by an inundation of imitations, in which, according to Schlegel, "there was nothing historical but the names and external circumstances; nothing chivalrous but the helmets, bucklers, and swords; and nothing of old German honesty but the supposed rudeness. The sentiments were as modern as they were vulgar; from chivalry pieces they were converted into cavalry plays, which certainly deserve to be acted by horses rather than men." (Schlegel *on the Drama*.)

It is not the extravagance of the apparatus alone, but exaggeration of character and sentiment, which have been justly ascribed as faults to the German school. The authors appear to have introduced too harshly, brilliant lights and deep shadows; the tumid is too often substituted for the sublime; and faculties and dispositions the most opposed to each other, are sometimes described as existing in the same person.

In German comedy the same faults predominate to a greater degree. The pathetic comedy, which might be rather called domestic tragedy, became, unfortunately, very popular in Germany; and found a champion in Kotzebue, who carried its conquests over all the continent. The most obvious fault of this species of composition is, the demoralizing falsehood of the pictures which it offers to us. The vicious are frequently presented as objects less of censure than of sympathy; sometimes they are selected as objects of imitation and praise. There is an affectation of attributing noble and virtuous sentiments, to the persons least qualified by habit or education to entertain them; and of describing the higher and better educated classes, as uniformly deficient in those feelings of liberality, generosity, and honour, which may be considered as proper to their situation in life. This contrast may be true in particular instances, and, being used sparingly, might afford a good moral lesson; but in spite of truth and probability it has been assumed, upon all occasions, by these authors, as the ground-work of a sort of intellectual jacobinism; consisting, as Mr. Coleridge has well expressed it, "in the confusion and subversion of the natural order of things, their causes and their effects; in the excitement of surprise, by representing the qualities of liberality, refined feeling, and a nice sense of honour, in persons and in classes of life where experience teaches us least to expect them; and in rewarding with all the sympathies that are the dues of virtue, those criminals, whom law, reason, and religion, have excommunicated from our esteem.

The German taste was introduced upon the English theatre within these twenty years. But the better productions of her stage have never been made known to us; for by some unfortunate chance, the wretched pieces of Kotzebue have found a readier acceptance, or more willing translators, than the sublimity of Goethe, the romantic strength of Schiller, or the deep tragic pathos of Lessing. They have tended, however, (wretched as the model is,) to introduce on our stage a degree of sentiment, and awaken among the audience a strain of sensibility, to which before we were strangers.

George Colman's comedy of *John Bull* is by far the best effort of our late comic Drama. The scenes of broad humour are executed in the best possible taste; and the whimsical, yet native characters, reflect the manners of real life. The sentimental parts, although one of them includes a finely wrought-up scene of paternal distress, partake of the *falsetto* of German pathos. But the piece is both humorous and affecting; and we readily excuse its obvious imperfections, in consideration of its exciting our laughter and our tears.

While the British stage received a new impulse from a country whose literature had hitherto scarce been known to exist, she was enriched by productions of the richest native genius. A retired female, thinking and writing in solitude, presented to her countrymen the means of regaining the true and manly tone of national tragedy. She has traced its foundation to that strong instinctive and sympathetic curiosity, which tempts men to look into the bosoms of their fellow creatures, and to seek, in the distresses or emotions of others, the parallel of their own passions. She has built on the foundations which she laid bare, and illustrated her precepts by examples, which will long be an honour to the age in which they were produced, and admired;—yet its disgrace, when it is considered that they have been barred their legitimate sphere of influence upon the public taste.

Besides this gifted person, the names of Coleridge, of Maturin, and other men of talents, throng upon our recollection; and there is one, who, to judge from the dramatic sketch he has given us in *Manfred*, must be considered as a match for Æschylus, even in his sublimest moods of horror. It is no part of our plan, however, to enter upon the criticism of our contemporaries. Suffice it to say, that the age has no reason to apprehend any decay of dramatic talent.

Neither can our actors be supposed inadequate to the representation of such pieces of dramatic art, as we judge our authors capable of producing. We have lost Mrs. Siddons and John Kemble, but we still possess Kean, Young, and Miss O'Neil;* and the stage has to boast other tragic performers of merit. In comedy, perhaps, it was never more strong. In point of scenery and decoration, our theatres are so amply provided, that they may rather seem to exceed than to fall short of what is required to form a classical exhibition.

Where, then, are we to look for that unfortunate counterbalance, which confessedly depresses the national Drama, in despite of the advantages we have enumerated? We apprehend it will be found in the monopoly possessed by two large establishments, which, unhappily for the progress of national taste, and, it is said, without any equivalent advantage to the proprietors, now enjoy the exclusive privilege of dramatic representation. It must be distinctly understood, that we attribute these disadvantages to the *system* itself, and by no means charge them upon those who have the administration of either theatre. The proprietors have a right to enjoy what the law invests in them; and the managers have probably discharged their duty to the public as honourably as circumstances would admit of; but the system has led into errors which affect public taste and even public morals. We shall briefly consider it as it influences, *first*, the mode of representation; *secondly*, the theatrical authors and performers; and, *thirdly*, the quality and composition of the audience.

The *first* inconvenience arises from the great size of the theatres, which has rendered them unfit for the legitimate purposes of the Drama. The persons of the performers are, in these huge circles, so much diminished, that nothing short of the mask and buskin could render them distinctly visible to the audience. Show and machinery have, therefore, usurped the place of tragic poetry; and the author is compelled to address himself to the eyes, not to the understanding or feelings of the spectators. This is of itself a gross error. Every thing beyond correct costume and theatrical decorum is foreign to the legitimate purposes of the Drama, as tending to divide the attention of the audience; and the rivalry of the scene-painter and the carpenter cannot be very flattering to any author or actor of genius. Besides, all attempts at decoration, beyond what the decorum of the piece requires, must end in paltry puppet-show exhibition. The talents of the scene-painter and mechanist cannot, owing to the very nature of the stage, make battles, sieges, &c. any thing but objects of ridicule. Thus we have enlarged our theatres, so as to destroy the effect of acting, without carrying to any perfection that of pantomime and dumb show.

Secondly, The monopoly of the two huge theatres has operated unfavourably both upon theatrical writers and performers. The former have been, in many instances, if not absolutely excluded from the scene, yet deterred from approaching it in the same manner as men avoid attempting to pass through a narrow wicket, which is perpetually thronged by an importunate crowd. Allowing the managers of these two theatres, judging in the first and in the last resort, to be possessed of the full discrimination necessary to a task so difficult—supposing their to be at all times alike free from partiality and from prejudice—still the number of plays thrust upon their hands must prevent their doing equal justice to all; and must frequently deter a man of real talents, either from pride or modesty, from entering a competition, clogged with delay, solicitation, and other circumstances, "*haud sibi sonantia sua*." It is unnecessary to add, that increasing the number of theatres, and diminishing their size, would naturally tend to excite a competition among the managers, whose interest it is to make experiments on the public taste; and that this would infallibly secure any piece of reasonable promise, a fair opportunity of being represented. It is by such a competition that genius is discovered; it is thus that horticulturists raise whole beds of common flowers, for the chance of finding among them one of those rare varieties which are the boast of their art.

The exclusive privilege of the regular London theatres is equally, or in a greater degree, detrimental to the performer; for it is with difficulty that he fights his way to a London engagement, and when once received, he is too often retained for the mere purpose of being laid aside or *shelved*, as it is technically called;—rendered, that is, a weekly burden upon the pay-list of the theatre, without being produced above four or five times in the season to exhibit his talents. Into this system the managers are forced from the necessity of their situation, which compels them to enlist in their service every performer who seems to possess buds of genius, although it ends in their being so crowded together, that they have no room to blossom. In fact, many a man of talent thus brought from the active exercise of a profession, in which excellence can only arise from practice, to be paid for remaining obscure and inactive in London, and supported by what seems little short of eleemosynary bounty, either becomes careless of his business or disgusted with it; and in either case, stagnates in that mediocrity to which want of exercise alone will often condemn natural genius.

Thirdly, and especially, the magnitude of these

* Since the publication of the work in which this essay originally appeared, Miss O'Neil has exchanged the honours of public life for the happiness of private life: having been married for some years to Mr. Wrexon Becher, M. P.

heatres has occasioned them to be destined to company so scandalous, that persons not very nice in heir taste of society, must yet exclaim against the buse as a national nuisance. We are aware of the npossibility of excluding a certain description of emales from public places in a corrupted metropolis ke London; but in theatres of moderate size, freuented by the latter class, these unfortunate perons would feel themselves compelled to wear a nask at least of decency. In the present theatres of ondon, the best part of the house is openly and vowedly set off for their reception; and no part of which is open to the public at large is free from heir intrusion, or at least from the open display of he disgusting improprieties to which their neighourhood gives rise. And these houses, raised at an mmense expense, are so ingeniously misconstructd, that, in the private boxes, you see too little of the lay, and, in the public boxes, greatly too much of certain description of the company. No man of elicacy would wish the female part of his family to e exposed to such scenes; no man of sense would vish to put youth, of the male sex, in the way of uch temptation. This evil, if not altogether arising rom the large size of the theatres, has been so inalculably increased by it, that, unless in the case of trong attraction upon the stage, prostitutes and heir admirers usually form the principal part of the udience. We censure, and with justice, the corption of morals in Paris. But in no public place n that metropolis is vice permitted to bear so open nd audacious a front as in the theatres of London. Barefaced infamy is in foreign cities never permitted o insult decency. Those who seek it must go to he haunts to which its open disclosure is limited. In London, if we would enjoy our most classical ublic amusement, we are braved by gross vice on he very threshold.

We notice these evils, without pretending to point out the remedy. If, however, it were possible so to arrange the interests concerned, that the patents of he present theatres should cover four, or even six, f smaller size, we conceive that more good actors would be found, and more good plays written; and, s a necessary consequence, that good society would ttend the theatre in sufficient numbers to enforce respect to decency. The access to the stage would e rendered easy to both authors and actors; and lthough this might give scope to some rant, and alse taste, it could not fail to call forth much excelence, that must otherwise remain latent or repressd. The theatres would be relieved of the heavy xpense at present incurred, in paying performers who do not play; and in maintaining, as both Drury-Lane and Covent Garden do at present, three theatrical corps, for the separate purposes of tragedy, comedy, and musical pieces; only one of which can be productive labourers on the same evening, though all must be supported and paid. According to our more thrifty plan, each of these companies would be earning at the same time the fruits of their professional industry, and a due profit to the house they belong to. The hours of representation, in one or more of these theatres, might be rendered more convenient to those in high life, while the middling classes might enjoy a rational and classical entertainment after the business of the day.

Such an arrangement might, indeed, be objected to, by those who entertain a holy horror of the very name of a theatre; and who imagine impiety and blasphemy are inseparable from the Drama. We have no room left to argue with such persons; or we might endeavour to prove, that the dramatic art is in itself as capable of being directed to right or wrong purposes, as the art of printing. It is true, that even after a play has been formed upon the most virtuous model, the man who is engaged in the duties of religion will be better employed than he who is seated in a theatre, and listening to the performance. To those abstracted and enrapt spirits, who feel, or suppose they feel, themselves capable of remaining constantly involved in heavenly thoughts, any sublunary amusement may justly seem frivolous. But the mass of mankind are not so framed. The Supreme Being, who claimed the seventh day as his own, allotted the other six days of the week for purposes merely human. When the necessity of daily labour is removed, and the call of social duty fulfilled, that of moderate and timely amusement claims its place, as a want inherent in our nature. To relieve this want, and fill up the mental vacancy, games are devised, books are written, music is composed, spectacles and plays are invented and exhibited. And if these last have a moral and virtuous tendency; if the sentiments expressed are calculated to rouse our love of what is noble, and our contempt of what is base or mean; if they unite hundreds in a sympathetic admiration of virtue, abhorrence of vice, or derision of folly; it will remain to be shown how far the spectator is more criminally engaged, than if he had passed the evening in the idle gossip of society; in the feverish pursuits of ambition; or in the unsated and insatiable struggle after gain—the graver employments of the present life, but equally unconnected with our existence hereafter.

RELIGIOUS DISCOURSES.

PREFACE.

THE history of the following remarkable productions of their illustrious author's mind, may be very briefly told. They were written some time ago, with the kind intention of serving a youthful friend, then pursuing his theological studies; but without the slightest idea that they would ever meet the public eye. Circumstances, however, which have occurred since that period, induced the gentleman for whom they were composed, to request the author's permission to publish them for his own benefit, which was cordially granted.

In these Discourses, the reader will find some of the most momentous questions which can exercise the human mind, discussed with great eloquence, ingenuity, and force of argument. Yet it was not without a strong feeling of diffidence, that the writer consented to lay before the public this new and striking proof of the strength and versatility of his genius, as will appear from the following Extract of a Letter.

"THE Religious Discourses which you call to my mind, were written entirely for your use, and are therefore your property. They were never intended for publication, as nobody knows better than yourself; nor do I willingly consent that they should be now given to the press, as it may be thought that I have intermeddled with matters for which I have no commission. I have also to add, that they contain no novelty of opinion, and no attempt at brilliancy of composition. They were meant, I may remind you, to show that a rational and practical discourse upon a particular text was a task more easily performed than you, in your natural anxiety, seemed at the time disposed to believe. I am afraid that those who open this pamphlet with expectations of a higher kind will be much disappointed. As, however, you seem to be of opinion, that the publication might be attended with much benefit to you, I make no objection to it, and will be glad to hear that it suits your purpose. This Letter will sufficiently indicate my consent to any gentleman of the trade with whom you may treat.

"I am, yours, very sincerely,

"W. S."

ABBOTSFORD, *January* 2, 1828.

RELIGIOUS DISCOURSES.

DISCOURSE I.

THE CHRISTIAN AND THE JEWISH DISPENSATIONS COMPARED.

"Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets; am not come to destroy, but to fulfil."—MATTHEW v. 17.

THE Sermon on the Mount formed one of those occasions upon which our blessed Saviour condescended to intimate to his followers, at considerable length, the purpose of his heavenly mission, and the relation which it bore to the ancient dispensation of Moses, under which the Jews had been trained for so many centuries. The text before us, as well as the words which follow in the same chapter, contain an express and general declaration on this subject, startling perhaps to those who listened to the Divine Speaker at the time, and on which infidels in subsequent times have endeavoured to ground a charge of inconsistency. We will presume, with such consciousness as the occasion requires, and with the humility becoming those who venture to approach the ark of the Covenant, to consider this most important declaration as it concerns—First: Those to whom it was instantly and directly addressed; and, Secondly, the present generation, who look back on what was then spoken with the advantage of comparing the divine prophecy with the events which have since ensued.

Upon the first point, we are to remember that Jesus came to his own, and that his own received him not. He proffered the inestimable treasures of the Gospel to that chosen people to whom God himself had condescended to be legislator; and, vain of their own imaginary wealth, they refused to accept his new and far richer gift at his hands. Nay, it even seemed that the nearer they approached in external observances, at least to claim in a peculiar manner the title of children obedient to the law of their heavenly Father, the less were the Jews disposed to recognize Him that was greater than Moses. His mission was rejected by the Sadducees, the free-thinkers of the Judaical institution, who disbelieved the existence of angel and spirit, and whose sceptical and selfish opinions made them deaf to the proclamation of salvation. They, who believed in no state of future retribution, and conceived that the souls and bodies of men went down to the grave together, luxurious as men who would enjoy the passing hour, and indifferent as men who held speculative doctrines as of trifling importance, were naturally averse to the reception of a system which implied a general renunciation of all temporal benefits, and subjected the disciples of Christ, as well as their Divine Teacher, to peril, privation, captivity, and death.

But besides these Epicureans of Israel, the Pharisees, also a sect who placed their pride in the most precise observances of the law of Moses; who admitted the existence of a state of future rewards and punishments; who believed in the immortality of the soul, and were systematically regular in divine worship and religious ordinances, were even more inimical to the Gospel than the Sadducees themselves. What startled the *Atheist* amid his carnal enjoyments, no less disturbed the *hypocrite*; who, in the plenitude of spiritual pride, thanked God that he had not made him as other men, or even as the humble publican, who, with a contrite and broken heart, was laying a confession of his sins before an offended Deity.

The cause of the Pharisees' unbelief, and their strenuous opposition to the Gospel tenets, had root undoubtedly in our blessed Saviour's detection of their hypocrisy, and his publicly exposing the foul principles and practices which they covered with the most formal affectation of strict holiness. They could not bear the light, which, not content with playing on the outside of their whited sepulchres, penetrated into their foul charnels, and showed to the public gaze the dust and rottenness which their showy exterior concealed. They could not endure the friendly zeal of the Divine Physician, when he rent from their wounds the balsams with which they soothed, and the rich tissues under which they concealed them, and exhibited festering and filthy cancers, which could be cured only by the probe, the knife, and the cautery. Hence they were, from the beginning of our Saviour's ministry until its dreadful consummation, (in which they had a particular share,) the constant enemies of the doctrine and of the person of the blessed Jesus. Under his keen and searching eye, the pretensions which they had so long made in order to be esteemed of men, were exposed without disguise; their enlarged garments and extended phylacteries, their lengthened prayers, their formal ceremonial, and tithes of mint and anise, were denounced as of no avail without the weightier matters of the law—justice, mercy, and faith. Feeling thus their own sanctimonious professions held up to contempt, and their pretensions to public veneration at once exposed and destroyed, the Pharisees became the active and violent opposers of those doctrines to which the Sadducees, with sullen apathy, seem to have refused a hearing. It was the Pharisees who maligned the life of our blessed Lord; who essayed to perplex the wisdom of Omnipotence by vain and captious interrogatories; and who, unable to *deny* those miracles by which the mission of Christ was authenticated and proved, blasphemously imputed them to the agency of demons.

But, in particular, their objections were founded upon arguments the most powerful of any with the pride and national prejudices of the Jews, when they objected that Jesus of Nazareth had it in contemplation to innovate upon and destroy the Levitical Law, that ancient and solemn system of institutions committed to the children of Israel by Omnipotent wisdom; the demolition of which must have had the natural consequence of blending together Jews and Gentiles, and stripping the former of all those distinguished privileges which were assigned to them as the children of the promise. Such arguments, we may easily conceive, were more likely than any other to obstruct the progress of the Christian religion. "Who is this," the scoffers might have said, "who is wiser than Moses, and more holy than Aaron? Who is this, who presumes to lower and deface the glory of the sanctuary, and to annul those institutions, to the observance of which such splendid promises, to the neglect of which such direful punishments, are annexed in the Mosaic statutes? *Cursed be he that confirmeth not all the words of this law to do them*: such are the recorded words of the Almighty—And who is he," may these blinded Israelites have demanded, "who pretends to relax or innovate upon a system so fearfully sanctioned?" The text which we have before us must be considered as the answer of Jesus to these misrepresentations—*Think not that I am come to destroy the law and the prophets; I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil.* And this declaration will be found equally true, whether we examine it with reference to the doctrines preached and enforced by our Saviour, or to that fulfilment of the law and the prophets which arose from his life, his sufferings, and his death for our redemption.

Considering the text in the *first* point of view, the principal topics insisted upon in the Sermon on the Mount, show that Jesus, the divine commentator upon a divine work, preached to his disciples, and to the Jews in general, the fulfilment of the law, by showing them in what the spirit and efficacy of the Mosaic institutions actually consisted.

Although there be no question that the Almighty, through all ages, had been pleased to enlighten the eyes of many individuals among his chosen people, to see and know the secret purposes of his dispensation, yet it is certain that the great majority of the Jewish nation had, for some time prior to the advent of our Saviour, fallen into many gross and carnal errors, both respecting the Law and the Prophets. In regard to the former, they, and particularly the sect of the Pharisees, seem to have lost all sense of the end and purpose of the types and ceremonies, enjoined by Moses, and to have substituted the minute discharge of his ritual as something excellent and meritorious in itself, capable of being received as an atonement for the neglecting those general points of virtue and morality, upon which that dispensation, as well as all that emanates from the Divine Author, was originally founded, and with which it ought for ever to have been animated. But when the observance of the minute ceremonial was substituted, instead of love to God and duty to our neighbours, the system resembled some ancient tree, which continues to show green boughs and a stately form to those who regard it only on the outside, but when carefully examined, proves rotten and false at heart, and valueless, excepting as a matter of outward show;

"All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and gray within."

In pointing out to his hearers, therefore, the true fulfilment of the Law, our blessed Redeemer showed that it consisted not in a strict and literal interpretation of the express precepts of the Law, but in the adoption of an ample and liberal interpretation, carrying the spirit of each precept into all the corresponding relations of life. Thus, he taught, that not alone by actual slaughter was the perpetrator in danger of the judgment, but that all causeless enmity, all injurious language, the source and provocation of deeds of violence, was forbidden. Not only, added the same pure and heavenly Teacher, is the foul act of adultery prohibited in the Law, but all unclean thoughts which lead to such a crime are forbidden by the same precept. The same law, pursues the Divine Interpreter, which prohibits a breach of oath, forbids, by its essence, all idle and unnecessary appeals to that solemnity; and the same precept which *verbally* goes no farther than to enjoin an equitable retribution of injuries according to the *lex talionis*, includes in it a recommendation to humility, to patience under and forgiveness of injuries, to universal benevolence, to the return of good for evil, and to the practice of every virtue, not in the restricted and limited sense of compliance with the letter of the Law, but with an extended and comprehensive latitude, becoming the children of our heavenly Father, whose universal benevolence causes the sun to rise on the evil and the good, and his rain to descend on the just and the unjust.

In this sense, therefore, as a commentator on the Law, and addressing himself to those who were born under its dispensations, did Jesus come, *not* to destroy, but to fulfil it; not to take away the positive prohibition of gross evil, but to extend that prohibition against the entertainment of angry and evil thoughts, which are the parents of such actions;—not to diminish the interdiction against violence and malevolence, but to enlarge it into a positive precept, enjoining to benevolence in action, and resignation in suffering. At the same time, our Saviour taught the inferior value of that compliance with the forms of the ritual so much insisted upon by the Pharisees, when placed in competition with the practice of the virtues enjoined by the Law;—and that reconciliation with an offended brother, was a duty preferable even to the offering up a gift, although the devout ceremonial was already commenced by its being laid upon the altar. In a word, our Saviour taught his disciples such a fulfilment of the Law, as might in spirit and effect far exceed the dry, formal, literal compliances of which hypocrites showed themselves capable for the carnal purpose of raising themselves in the opinion of others; and he sealed his interpretation with the awful denunciation, *Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven.*

Thus far, therefore, have we proceeded upon the first head of our discourse, being an attempt to show how far the doctrines of Christ, as preached before his disciples, were consonant to and a fulfilment of the law of Moses; and it would be no difficult task to prove, from a comparison of texts, that the germs of the Christian doctrine, so beautifully and broadly developed and displayed in the Gospel, are to be found in the ancient dispensation, although they had been unhappily lost sight of, by such pretenders to sanctity among the Jews, as found the observance of the Mosaic ceremonial, more easy than compliance with the benevolent precept enforced, as well in the Law as in the Gospel—*Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.* Lev. xix. 18. But such an investigation would lead us too far from our present purpose.

Secondly. The Law was not only expounded by Jesus in reference to its being fulfilled in spirit and in truth by his disciples. This exposition indeed was all that could be distinctly understood by the ear which his immediate discourse made blessed; but there was a further and more mysterious meaning, not to be understood at the moment by those to whom the text was addressed, but upon which future events, the death and resurrection of our blessed Saviour, and the general increase of Christianity, have cast an awful and important light. The Law and the Prophets were not to be destroyed, but to be fulfilled, not only by the doctrines which Christ preached explanatory of their true import, but by the events of his life, and by the scheme of redemption which he promulgated. And it is here that infidels, availing themselves as usual of an insulated text, and subjecting it to their own exclusive interpretation, have asked the Christians triumphantly, in what manner the words of the Founder of our religion have been verified. "Came not he," say such cavillers, "to destroy the Law and the Prophets, briefly after whose advent Jerusalem and her temple were destroyed, her sanctuary defiled and violated, and the observances of the Mosaic Law rendered in many instances impossible, even to the scattered remnant who yet profess obedience to them? Are not these," such persons urge, "the direct consequences of the Christian religion?—is not the destruction of the Law of Moses included in the detail which we have given?—and can it then be said that the Founder of the rival dispensation came upon earth not to destroy the old Law, but to *fulfil* it."

Such are the objections to which it is our duty to be prepared with an answer, "showing a reason for the faith that is in us." We shall for this purpose view the text both in the negative and positive branch, and endeavour to prove, 1st. That Christ came not to destroy the Law. 2dly. That by his coming the Law was fulfilled; and to such an extent, that as never a richer propitiation was made to offended justice, never were unhappy criminals, if enabled by faith to discover the true way to safety, more fully entitled to sue out their pardon under a law, which, however rigid, had been, by the sufferings and death of our blessed Redeemer, completely satisfied and fulfilled.

First. Our blessed Saviour came not to destroy the Law of Moses; and that the typical ceremonial, the national and peculiar enactments of the Jewish legislator, should be abrogated, was no condition of the Gospel offered to them, but a consequence of their own rejection of the terms of proffered salvation. God was not forgetful of the promise he had made to his servant Abraham,* and the destruction

* John viii. 56. Your father Abraham rejoiced to see my day; and he saw it, and was glad.

f Jerusalem and its Temple are to be charged, not pon the divine Legislator, but upon the infatuated resumption of the Jewish teachers, and the judicial sadness of the people in general. The gate of salation was opened for the Jews, long before the Gentiles were called upon to enter in, nor was it ntil the wicked labourers had slain and cast forth is only Son, that the Lord of the vineyard was noved to destroy these wicked labourers, and let his ineyard to other labourers, who should render to im the fruits in their seasons.

The truth of what is above stated is evident, when ve consider that our holy Saviour was born a Jew, nd from his birth to his death was strictly subject o the Dispensation of Moses, complying in his own erson with all its ceremonials, and recommending imilar compliance to all his disciples and followers, n order that by no neglect of the typical or ceremoial part of their religion, the Pharisees might be ustified in the calumnies which accused him of an ttempt to destroy the law of Moses. In the very esson which inculcates the superiority of the duties f benevolence to the payment of tithes and other natters of observance, both are mentioned as existng duties, though precedence in weight and importnce is given to the former.* *These things ought o to have done*, says our Lord, *and not to leave the ther undone.* Again, when his divine power had estored the sick to health, they were commanded by im to repair to the temple, and purify themselves ccording to the Law. On all occasions, our divine Mediator showed the most anxious wish to bring within the pale of his salvation, the ancient people listinguished as the favourites of the Deity; and it vas for them that he poured forth the pathetic lamentation, when he beheld their obduracy, rejecting he means of salvation which he had condescended ven to *entreat* them to receive from his hands—*O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killest the prophets, nd stonest them that are sent to thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth ather her brood under her wings, and ye would not!* Luke xiii. 34. The abrogation of the Jewish Law was not, then, the object of Christ's mission; it became nly the consequence of their own wicked and obturate blindness, in rejecting with scorn the offers f salvation which were held forth to them, as the lder born, ere the Gentiles, like younger children, were invited to accept of the inheritance which the others had repudiated.

It would be a vain and idle inquiry to ask, in what xtent, or to what purpose the Mosaic ritual might ave subsisted, had the Jews as a nation accepted f the treasure held forth to them. But it is evident, from many passages in Scripture, and in particular, from the writings of the Apostle of the Gentiles, that not only was the Law of Moses esteemed cogent upon such as had been bred up in it, but many of the earlier Christian teachers erroneously conceived that its obligations extended to converts made from the heathen world at large. And although St. Paul combated this rigour, as opposite to the plan and scope of the Gospel which offered salvation to Gentile as well as to Jew, and maintained the circumcision of the new Law was that of the *heart* and not of the *letter*; yet, in contending for the freedom of the Gentiles, and thereby incalculably enlarging the pale of salvation, the Apostle condemns not the observances of the Jewish proselytes, but allows that out of circumcision arises much profit every way. Undestroyed, therefore, and uncondemned by the new doctrine, the Mosaic institutions continued to linger, as things permitted to the Jews, but not enjoined to other Christians, until that part of the Church which consisted of Christian Jews or Judaizing Christians, gradually diminishing, merged at length in the great mass of Christianity, and availed themselves of the general liberty.

We will suppose that our skeptic still prosecutes his objections, and urges further, that although the Law of Moses was not expressly abrogated by the Christian Dispensation, still it was superseded, and its destruction followed as a matter of course; and therefore, that if Christ came not on purpose to destroy the Law and the Prophets, still by and through his mission, it was actually destroyed. To this we have already returned one answer. It was not the offer of the Gospel to the Jews, but their ignorant and prejudiced rejection of that inestimable gift, which occasioned the destruction of Jerusalem, and the desolation of Judah; even as the storm and overthrow of a besieged city is not produced by a message, offering the inhabitants easy terms of safe submission, but by their own obstinacy in refusing to accept what was mercifully tendered. But another answer remains, comprehending within brief compass the great and awful mystery of Christianity.

Christ did not come, as we have already seen, to destroy the Law, but, *secondly*, he came to fulfil it. That which is fulfilled can in no sense be said to be destroyed, even though by means of its being fulfilled it should cease to exist. Thus, the crop of the husbandman is destroyed, if it perish through tempest in the field; but if it is gathered into the garner, and put to the proper uses of man, it is not in any sense destroyed, though consumed; but, on the contrary, the purposes of its being reared are legitimately fulfilled. And in this sense, the law of Moses being fulfilled in Christ Jesus, remains no longer binding on his faithful followers. He hath gathered in the harvest, and invites them for his sake and in his name to partake of the bread of life, which by their own exertions they could never have obtained.

Our time is too limited to enlarge upon a doctrine in which is contained the very essence of our holy religion, and which, in its breadth and profundity, is deserving of more volumes than we can at present bestow words. Still, an outline, however brief and imperfect, must be offered of the great and wonderful mystery of our salvation in the fulfilment of the law of Moses by our blessed Redeemer.

The books on which the Jewish religion was founded, were of two classes—the Law and the Prophets.

The one announces typically, and the other prophetically, that the system of Moses was but for a season, and that it was to be in due time superseded by a brighter and more efficacious display of the divine power, and the arrival upon earth of a greater than Moses. The law of Moses was in itself a perfect law, but it enjoined perfect compliance with that law on the part of beings whose nature was imperfect. The blood of rams and of goats offered in the temple was but the type of that inestimable sacrifice which was to atone for our imperfect obedience, and be offered up for our iniquities. Under the Mosaic dispensation, therefore, the Law was incomplete with respect to those to whom it was given, for it could not be obeyed, or, in the words of our text, fulfilled.

The law of Moses was an institution of types and ceremonies, of minute observances, and abounding with positive injunctions and prohibitions, which, viewed separately, and with no regard to the system of which they made a part, or of their own latent and hidden meaning, might seem to a hasty observer arbitrary and trivial. Nay, as we have already seen, the wisest among the Jews themselves, and they who affected most sanctity, were so far misled as to admire and practise this ritual for its *own* sake, and to the neglect both of the moral injunctions of the Law, and of the hidden meaning of those very ceremonies intended to keep their minds awake, and open their eyes to conviction, when they should see, in the person of the Messiah, the types of their law paralleled and explained in those realities which they had dimly and vaguely indicated and shadowed forth. Such was the correspondence between the worship and sacrifices in the Temple, and that one great sacrifice by which all was fulfilled or accomplished;—such was the Scape-goat sent into the wilderness, laden with the sins of the people, in presage of Him who alone could have borne the burden of human iniquity;—such was the veil of the sanctuary which was rent asunder at the consummation of the great Atonement, to intimate that the division be-

* Matthew xxiii. 23; and Luke xi. 42.

tween Jew and Gentile was no more; such were many, very many, other typical parts of the Jewish law, the meaning of which has been expounded by the advent of Christ; and such an analogy doubtless pervades the whole system, even where our eyes may be too weak, our judgments too obtuse to trace it. The law of Moses, therefore, so far as it was formal or ritual, was fulfilled and not destroyed—the type became unnecessary when the event typified had taken place; and if the observance of the Hebrew rites was, as we have seen, indulged to those who had been educated under the Law, it was without any obligation upon those who had been born free.

The second class of sacred books under the Jewish Dispensation were those of the Prophets; and to these every Christian capable of giving a reason for the hope which is in him, points with exultation, and appeals to their contents as the most undisputed proof of his sacred religion.* Throughout all the books of these holy men, who, writing under the immediate influence of the Spirit of God, foretold the secret purposes of Heaven to those amongst whom they lived, repeated reference is made to the great change which was to take place in the destinies of the world by the Advent of that Messiah whom the Jews continue vainly to expect. Alas! the gathering of the nations has already taken place, and those who were first have become last, yet we hope will not ultimately remain last in the road of salvation. An infatuated and fatal blindness occupied their eyes and understanding, and prevented them from observing how, in the most minute points, the prophecies of their sages were fulfilled in the person and history of Christ—how the various predictions, and the events in which they were realized, united in the closest correspondence to each other—like the parts of some curious machine, wrought separately by the art of the mechanic, but with such accurate adjustment, that no sooner are they put together, than out of detached portions and limbs, there is composed, merely by their union, a whole, working with the most delicate accuracy the purpose for which it was invented. Such is the nature of the fulfilment of the law by Christ Jesus. He recalled that part of its institutions which concerned general virtue and duty, and which has been distinguished from the ceremonial part by the title of the Moral Law, from the narrow and restricted sense to which the Jewish Rabbis had contracted it, by a close and verbal interpretation of its precepts. He explained its types, and fulfilled its prophecies, by his life, sufferings, and death. He did more, much more than all this. He paid in his own inestimable person that debt which fallen man owed to Almighty justice, and which, bankrupt by nature, it was impossible for him to discharge. He took upon himself that curse of the law which mere humanity could not endure, and by his perfect obedience and bitter sufferings, he made that atonement which his heavenly Father had a right to exact, but which even the destruction of the world could not have made; and gave us a right, trusting in his merits, to plead an exemption from the strict and severe denunciations of the law under which we could not survive.

In no sense, therefore, was the ancient Mosaic Law destroyed. It may be compared to the moon, which is not forced from her sphere, or cast headlong from the heavens, but which, having fulfilled her course of brightness, fades away gradually before the more brilliant and perfect light of day.

May God in his mercy make us all partakers of the blessings purchased and promised by his blessed Son, by whom the law was not destroyed, but fulfilled!

* Christ himself, St. Luke informs us, [xxiv. 27.] when he appeared to the two disciples at Emmaus, after his resurrection, "beginning at Moses and all the prophets, expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning himself." And upon that occasion reproved his disciples for the backwardness of their belief in doubting that the Prophecies would be *fully* accomplished by his resurrection. He also said to the twelve, previous to the awful consummation of his death, [Luke xviii. 31.] "Behold, we go up to Jerusalem, and all things that are written by the prophets concerning the Son of Man shall be accomplished."—EDITOR.

DISCOURSE II.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

1. "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.
2. "But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.
3. "And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.
4. "The ungodly are not so; but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.
5. "Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.
6. "For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous; but the way of the ungodly shall perish."—PSALM I.

As a prelude to the various lessons of holiness which his lyrical compositions contain, the Psalmist, in the very first verse of these divine hymns, has treated, in general, of the condition of the righteous and the wicked, the blessings which Providence has destined for the former, and the misery and wretchedness to which the latter are certainly conducted, by the indulgence of their evil propensities; or, as the Rubrick expresses it—the happiness of the godly, the unhappiness of the ungodly.

In the first and second verse is described that line of conduct by which man, approaching as nearly to the full discharge of his duties, as his finite and imperfect faculties permit, may be supposed, in some sort, to merit the temporal and *spiritual blessings* annexed to obedience to the law of God. *And* here it must be observed, that the duties peculiarly inculcated, are those which immediately regard our Creator; and that those which we owe to our brethern of mankind, though of equal obligation, are postponed on the present occasion, the fear of God being the root and source out of which our love to our neighbour must spring, and on which it must be grafted, otherwise it will, like wilding fruit, bear neither substance nor flavour. The qualities required of him who would obtain the blessing promised in the text, are of two kinds, negative and positive.

"The man is blessed," saith our text, "that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful." In general, these three expressions may be considered as relating to the same general proposition, and as amounting to a peremptory prohibition on the religious to frequent the society and company of the ungodly. The cause of this general interdict is too obvious to be insisted upon. Man, naturally a social animal, is led by example to good or to evil, and the best may have enough to do in resisting the evil propensities of his own bosom, without their being strengthened and enforced by the contagious intercourse of those who are in the daily practice of indulging their passions. "Be not deceived," saith the Apostle; "evil communication corrupts good manners." The surest bond for our own continuance in the right path is to abstain from the counsel which causeth to err.

But as error and its causes may be various, so the verse we have read, branches out into three especial warnings, respecting the various kinds of evil communication which are eschewed and avoided by him whom the Psalmist pronounces blessed.

"He walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly;" that is, he seeks not their society, nor joins with them in their modes of reasoning, adopts not the selfish and wordly-wise arguments by which they impeach perhaps the truth and sanctity of the word of God, or enervate the energy of his precepts, or gloss over and apologize for their own neglect of religious duties. The divine may be doubtless called upon by his office, and other men, by circumstances annexed to their situation in society, to hear such reasoning in the mouths of skeptics and voluptuaries; and it is in such cases the duty, not of the clergyman alone, but of all who are competent to the task, to refute and repel the sophistries of the profane and ungodly. This, however, is not a walking by their counsel; but a marching in opposition to

them—it is a going forth against them in the name of the Lord God of Israel whom they have defied, and at no time is the character of the righteous man more venerable, than when, with the calmness which the subject requires, and the gentleness which compassion for a blinded sinner ought to inspire, but without a shadow of fear or of doubt, he stands forth, like Elihu, the champion of the good cause; nor can he further depart from his character (*passively* at least) than when a mean and timid listener to doctrines, which if they shake not his *own* faith, may corrupt that of *others*, he is a patient auditor of the counsel of the ungodly.

Secondly. The man is blessed who standeth not in the way of sinners. In the former clause of the verse we are prohibited to listen to the *theory* of sin; in this we are forbidden to afford countenance by presence and acquiescence to the *practice*. We are not to lay the flattering unction to our souls—I have been with drunkards, but I was not drunken—I have been with men of violence, but I partook not in their aggressions—I was in the company of an evil troop, but I committed not evil along with them. Is it then no evil to defile the hands that should be pure, and the eye that should be single? Let us not permit the sight of guilt to familiarize our hearts to the practice of it; for even if we could be confident in our own godliness, (as God knows such confidence is in itself a sinful rashness,) how many may be misled by the apparent countenance which our presence has afforded! How many, even of the ungodly themselves, may have been strengthened in error, by supposing the guilt of their actions could not be so great, since a professor of righteousness continued the voluntary witness of what they did! Wherefore let us beware that we countenance not sin by standing in the path of sinners.

Thirdly. Nor sitteth he, whom the psalmist describes, *in the seat of the scornful*. There is a grave and delusive reasoning which causeth to err—there is an *example of sin* which is more seductive than sophistry—but there is a third, and to many dispositions a yet more formidable mode of seduction, arising from evil communication. It is the fear of ridicule, a fear so much engrafted on our nature, that many shrink with apprehension from the laugh of scorners, who could refute their arguments, resist their example, and defy their violence. There has never been an hour or an age, in which this formidable weapon has been more actively employed against the Christian faith than our own day. Wit and ridicule have formed the poignant sauce with which infidels have seasoned their abstract reasoning, and voluptuaries the swinish messes of pollution, which they had spread unblushingly before the public. It is a weapon suited to the character of the Apostate Spirit himself, such as we conceive him to be—loving nothing, honouring nothing, feeling neither the enthusiasm of religion nor of praise, but striving to debase all that is excellent, and degrade all that is noble and praiseworthy, by cold irony and contemptuous sneering.

We are far from terming a harmless gratification of a gay and lively spirit sinful and even useless. It has been said, and perhaps with truth, that there are tempers which may be won to religion, by indulging them in their natural bent towards gayety. But supposing it true that a jest *may* sometimes hit him who flies a sermon, too surely there are a hundred cases for one where the sermon cannot remedy the evil which a jest has produced. According to our strangely varied faculties, our sense of ridicule, although silent, remains in ambush, and upon the watch during offices of the deepest solemnity, and scenes of the highest sublimity; and if aught happens to call it into action, the sense of the ludicrous becomes more resistless from the previous contrast, and the considerations of decorum, which ought to restrain our mirth, prove like oil seethed upon the flame. There is also an unhappy desire in our corrupt nature, to approve of audacity even in wickedness, as men chiefly applaud those feats of agility which are performed at the risk of the artist's life. And such is the strength and frequency of this unhallowed temptation, that there are perhaps but few, who have not, at one time or other, fallen into the snare, and laughed at that at which they ought to have trembled. But, O my soul, come not thou into their secret, nor yield thy part of the promised blessing, for the poor gratification of sitting in the seat of the scorner, and sharing in the unprofitable mirth of fools, which is like the crackling of thorns under the pot!

The second verse contains the positive employment of the righteous man. *His delight is in the law of the Lord, and in his law doth he meditate day and night.* The object of the righteous is to fulfil what the patriarchs of our church have well termed "the chief end of man—to glorify God," namely, "and to enjoy him forever;" and that he may qualify himself for this, his study is in the Holy Scriptures. He is satisfied with no ceremonious repetition of the Sacred Book, by rote, but that he may come to a true knowledge of the things belonging to his salvation, he meditates upon them by day and night, searching out the hidden meaning and genuine spirit of those texts which others pass over, as hard to be understood. We know the attention bestowed by men of learning upon human laws, and how long a portion of their time must be devoted to study ere they can term themselves acquainted with the municipal laws of any civilized realm; and is it then to be imagined that the laws of the Supreme are to be understood at a slighter expense of leisure than those of earthly legislators? Be assured, that when we have meditated upon them, as in the text, by day and night, our time will even *then* have been lost, unless faith hath been our commentator and interpreter.

The third verse describes, by a beautiful eastern simile, the advantages with which the forbearance from evil counsel, from the company of sinners, and from the mirth of scoffers and blasphemers, must needs be attended. *And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.*

In one point of view this striking promise may be supposed to refer to temporal blessings, which, under the theocracy of the Jews, were more directly and more frequently held forth as the reward of the righteous, than under the dispensation of the Gospel. We must own, also, that even in our own times, religion is sometimes the means of procuring temporal prosperity to its votaries. The more a man meditates upon God's law, the more he feels it his duty to render his life useful to his fellow-creatures. And tried honesty, approved fidelity, devoted courage, public spirit, the estimation created by a blameless conduct, and the general respect which even the profane bear to a man of conscience and honesty, often elevate to eminence; and happy is it for the land when such are its princes and governors, or are possessors and distributors of its wealth and fulness. But though this be true, we shall err grossly if we conceive temporal felicity is here alluded to as being either the appropriate or the unvaried reward of righteousness. Were this the case, an earthly, inadequate, and merely transient reward, would be unworthy of spiritual merit; and were it to be the certain and unvaried consequence of a due discharge of religious duties, I fear that though the banks of our Jordan might be more thickly studded than at present with trees fair and flourishing in outward appearance, the core of many would be tainted with rottenness; or, without a metaphor, men who were not *openly* profane, would drive a trade with their religion, under the mask of hypocrisy.

It is safer, therefore, to view the blessed state of the righteous, as consisting in that calm of mind, which no one can enjoy without the applause of his own conscience, and the humble confidence in which, with mingled faith and hope, the good man throws himself on the protection of Providence. *His* leaves which wither not, but clothe him as well in the winter of adversity, as in the spring and summer of prosperity, are goodly and comforting reflections, that in whatever state he is called to, he is

discharging the part destined for him by an affectionate and omnipotent Father;—and his incorruptible fruits rendered in their season, are good and pious thoughts towards God, kind and generous actions towards his fellow-creatures, sanctified, because rendered in the spirit and with the humble faith of a Christian.

The ungodly are not so, saith the next verse; *but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.*

If the righteousness of the just is sometimes followed by temporal prosperity, the wickedness of the profane is yet more frequently attended by temporal punishment. The cause of this is obvious: he that does not fear *God*, will not regard *man*. He that has disbelieved or defied the divine commandment, has only the fear of temporal punishment left to prevent him from invading the laws of society; and the effect of this last barrier must be strong or weak, in proportion to the strength of passion and the greatness of temptation. And hence that frequent introduction to the history of great crimes, that the perpetrators began their course by disuse of public worship, breaking the Lord's day, and neglect of private devotion, and thus opened the way for themselves to infamy and to execution. How many in a higher class in society, languish under diseases, which are the consequence of their own excesses, or suffer indigence and contempt, through their own folly and extravagance.

But, as prosperity in this life is neither the genuine nor the certain reward of the righteous, so neither is temporal adversity the constant requital of the ungodly. On the contrary, we have seen the wicked great in power, and flourishing like a green bay-tree; yet could we have looked into his bosom at that moment of prosperity, how true we should have found the words of the Psalmist! The sophistry which *he* borrowed from the counsels of the ungodly, gives no assurance of happiness, and leads him to no solid or stable conclusion; the wit with which the scorner taught him to gloss over his infidel opinions, has lost its brilliancy—*behind* him there is remorse; *before* him there is doubt. While the godly is fast moored on the Rock of Ages, *he* is a stormy sea, without a chart, without a compass, without a pilot. The perturbed reasoning, the secret fears of such a one, make his thoughts indeed like the chaff which the wind drives to and fro, being as worthless and profitless as they are changeable and uncertain. A person, distinguished as much for his excesses at one period of his life, as he was afterwards for his repentance, mentioned after his happy change, that one day, when he was in the full career of wit and gayety, admired by the society of which he appeared the life, while all applauded and most envied him, "he could not forbear groaning inwardly, and saying to himself,

'O that I were that dog!'"—

looking on one which chanced to be in the apartment.* Such were the secret thoughts of one who had *followed the counsel of the ungodly, walked in the way of sinners, and sate in the seat of the scornful.* Regretting the *past*, sick of the *present*, fearing the *future*; having little hope beyond a gloomy wish for annihilation, he was willing to exchange all the privileges and enjoyments of wit, understanding, and intellectual superiority, for the mean faculties, and irresponsible existence of a beast that perishes. *He* must have been indeed like chaff tormented by the wind, ere he could have formed a wish at once so dreadful and so degrading!

The fifth verse following, out of the theme which the Psalmist proposed, informs us, *that the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.* After death cometh the judgment. How strict, how terrible that judgment shall be, we may learn from the blessed Apostle in the second epistle to the Thessalonians.† *Then shall that wicked be revealed, whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of his mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of his coming.* Will it then be received as an apology, that the sophistries by which the ungodly were misled, were ingenious, that they were urged with plausibility, and rendered diverting by wit? Alas! my brethren, we are informed in the same passage, that the strength of their deception is part of their very crime. God placed evil and good, truth and falsehood before them, and gave them means of judging betwixt them, and embracing that which they should choose; and the having forsaken good for evil, and the truth of the Gospel for the vain sophistries of men, is the very crime of which they are accused. *And for this cause*, (says the Apostle,) *God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie; that they all might be damned who believe not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness.*‡ It is then that the divine Shepherd will forever separate the goats from the sheep, that the blessed Husbandman shall purge the floor of the garner with his fan, that the Captain of our Salvation shall leave no spies in his camp, and the King of our Glory endure no traitors in his territory.

The concluding verse of the Psalm vindicates, in a few words, the promises which have been made to the righteous, and the judgments which have been denounced against the ungodly. *For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous, but the way of the ungodly shall perish.* The omniscience of the Deity is the touchstone by which the merits of the righteous, and the guilt of the wicked, shall ultimately be determined. No false opinions formed concerning them during life, can deceive that unerring Judge; no counterfeit, however brilliant, can pass for pure gold; no forgery, however ingenious, can supply the place of the testimonial which he demands. *The Lord knoweth the way of the righteous.* He was perhaps lightly esteemed among his fellow-men, considered as an unsocial and scrupulous devotee, an enemy to free investigation, because he walked not by the counsel of the ungodly; a severe censurer of harmless levities, because he stood not in the way of sinners; a foe to innocent mirth, because he sate not in the seat of the scorner. Let him nevertheless come boldly before the heavenly Judge; He knoweth his ways. When his left hand knew not the good deeds which were wrought by his right, the Lord beheld them. *His* eye was upon him in solitude and secrecy, and his Spirit guided him during his daily and nightly meditations on his Law. At the time when the righteous was perhaps most misconstrued by his brethren of men, he was most acceptable to his heavenly Father, who knew his way—not his *actions* only, however secret, but the *principles* upon which these actions were founded.

Again, let not the wicked confide in the refined hypocrisy with which he may have been able to deceive men, nay, perhaps to cheat himself, by blending actions of apparent merit, and sentiments in themselves praiseworthy, with a course of life, such as that which the Psalmist has denounced. If he be an underminer of God's law, and a scoffer at his commandments, what will it avail him, that he has given alms, and distributed to his poorer brethren the food that perishes, while he was dashing from their lips, and trampling, in their presence, upon the bread of eternal life? Good deeds, whether done to be seen of men, or flowing from the natural disposition of the human heart, to relieve itself from the pain attending the sight of distress, however applauded by those who witnessed them, will sink to their proper level and estimation in the eyes of the Divinity, which will *not* view them as an atonement for a life spent in the habitual breach of his Law, and contempt of his Commandments. *The way of the ungodly shall perish.*

Wherefore may we all find grace in God, for the sake of Christ Jesus, to labour and improve the time, until we pass into the awful presence of Him who searcheth the heart and trieth the reins.

* See Doddridge's Life of Colonel Gardiner.

† 2 Thess. ii. 8.

‡ 2 Thess. ii. 11, 12.

LETTERS

ON

DEMONOLOGY AND WITCHCRAFT.

ADDRESSED TO

J. G. LOCKHART, ESQ.

54*

LETTERS

ON

DEMONOLOGY AND WITCHCRAFT.

To J. G. LOCKHART, Esq.

LETTER I.

Origin of the general Opinions respecting Demonology among Mankind—The Belief in the Immortality of the Soul is the main Inducement to credit its occasional Reappearance—The philosophical Objections to the Apparition of an abstract Spirit little understood by the Vulgar and Ignorant—The Situations of excited Passion incident to Humanity, which teach Men to wish or apprehend supernatural Apparitions—They are often presented by the sleeping Sense—Story of Somnambulism—The Influence of Credulity contagious, so that Individuals will trust the Evidence of others in despite of their own Senses—Examples from the Historia Verdadera of Bernal Dias del Castillo, and from the Works of Patrick Walker—The apparent Evidence of Intercourse with the supernatural World is sometimes owing to a depraved State of the bodily Organs—Difference between this Disorder and Insanity, in which the Organs retain their Tone, though that of the Mind is lost—Rebellion of the Senses of a Lunatic against the Current of his Reveries—Narratives of a contrary Nature, in which the Evidence of the Eyes overbore the Conviction of the Understanding—Example of a London Man of Pleasure—Of Nicolai, the German Bookseller and Philosopher—Of a Patient of Dr. Gregory—Of an eminent Scottish Lawyer deceased—Of this same fallacious Disorder are other instances, which have but sudden and momentary Endurance—Apparition of Maupertius—Of a late illustrious modern Poet—The Cases quoted chiefly relating to false Impressions on the visual Nerve, those upon the Ear next considered—Delusions of the Touch chiefly experienced in Sleep—Delusions of the Taste, and of the Smelling—Sum of the Argument.

You have asked of me, my dear friend, that I should assist the Family Library, with the history of a dark chapter in human nature, which the increasing civilization of all well-instructed countries has now almost blotted out, though the subject attracted no ordinary degree of consideration in the older times of their history.

Among much reading of my early days, it is no doubt true that I travelled a good deal in the twilight regions of superstitious disquisitions. Many hours have I lost,—"I would their debt were less!"—in examining old, as well as more recent narratives of this character, and even in looking into some of the criminal trials so frequent in early days, upon a subject which our fathers considered as matter of the last importance. And, of late years, the very curious extracts published by Mr. Pitcairn, from the criminal records of Scotland, are, besides their historical value, of a nature so much calculated to illustrate the credulity of our ancestors on such subjects, that, by perusing them, I have been induced more recently to recall what I had read and thought upon the subject at a former period.

As, however, my information is only miscellaneous, and I make no pretensions, either to combat the systems of those by whom I am anticipated in consideration of the subject, or to erect any new one of my own, my purpose is, after a general account of Demonology and Witchcraft, to confine myself to narratives of remarkable cases, and to the observations which naturally and easily arise out of them;—in the confidence that such a plan is, at the present time of day, more likely to suit the pages of a popular miscellany, than an attempt to reduce the contents of many hundred tomes, from the largest to the smallest size, into an abridgment, which, however compressed, must remain greatly too large for the reader's powers of patience.

A few general remarks on the nature of Demonology, and the original cause of the almost universal belief in communication between mortals and beings of a power superior to themselves, and of a nature not to be comprehended by human organs, are a necessary introduction to the subject.

The general, or, it may be termed, the universal belief of the inhabitants of the earth, in the existence of spirits separated from the encumbrance and incapacities of the body, is grounded on the consciousness of the divinity that speaks in our bosoms, and demonstrates to all men, except the few who are hardened to the celestial voice, that there is within us a portion of the divine substance, which is not subject to the law of death and dissolution, but which, when the body is no longer fit for its abode, shall seek its own place, as a sentinel dismissed from his post. Unaided by revelation, it cannot be hoped that mere earthly reason should be able to form any rational or precise conjecture concerning the destination of the soul when parted from the body; but the conviction that such an indestructible essence exists, the belief expressed by the poet in a different sense, *Non omnis moriar*, must infer the existence of many millions of spirits, who have not been annihilated, though they have become invisible to mortals who still see, hear, and perceive only by means of the imperfect organs of humanity. Probability may lead some of the most reflecting to anticipate a state of future rewards and punishments; as those experienced in the education of the deaf and dumb find that their pupils, even while cut off from all instruction by ordinary means, have been able to form out of their own unassisted conjectures, some ideas of the existence of a Deity, and of the distinction between the soul and body—a circumstance which proves how naturally these truths arise in the human mind. The principle that they do so arise, being taught or communicated, leads to further conclusions.

These spirits, in a state of separate existence, being admitted to exist, are not, it may be supposed, indifferent to the affairs of mortality, perhaps not incapable of influencing them. It is true, that, in a more advanced state of society, the philosopher may challenge the possibility of a separate appearance of a disembodied spirit, unless in the case of a direct miracle, to which, being a suspension of the laws of nature, directly wrought by the Maker of these laws, for some express purpose, no bound or restraint can possibly be assigned. But, under this necessary limitation and exception, philosophers might plausibly argue, that, when the soul is divorced from the body, it loses all those qualities which made it, when clothed with a mortal shape, obvious to the organs of its fellow-men. The abstract idea of a spirit certainly implies, that it has neither substance, form, shape, voice, or any thing which can render its presence visible or sensible to human faculties. But these skeptic doubts of philosophers on the possibility of the appearance of such separated spirits, do not arise till a certain degree of information has dawned upon a country, and even then only reach a

very small proportion of reflecting and better informed members of society. To the multitude, the indubitable fact, that so many millions of spirits exist around and even among us, seems sufficient to support the belief that they are, in certain instances at least, by some means or other, able to communicate with the world of humanity. The more numerous part of mankind cannot form in their mind the idea of the spirit of the deceased existing, without possessing or having the power to assume the appearance which their acquaintance bore during his life, and do not push their researches beyond this point.

Enthusiastic feelings of an impressive and solemn nature occur both in private and public life, which seem to add ocular testimony to an intercourse between earth and the world beyond it. For example, the son who has been lately deprived of his father feels a sudden crisis approach, in which he is anxious to have recourse to his sagacious advice—or a bereaved husband earnestly desires again to behold the form of which the grave has deprived him for ever—or, to use a darker yet very common instance, the wretched man who has dipped his hand in his fellow-creature's blood, is haunted by the apprehension that the phantom of the slain stands by the bedside of his murderer. In all or any of these cases, who shall doubt that imagination, favoured by circumstances, has power to summon up to the organ of sight spectres which only exist in the mind of those by whom their apparition seems to be witnessed.

If we add, that such a vision may take place in the course of one of those lively dreams, in which the patient, except in respect to the single subject of one strong impression, is or seems sensible of the real particulars of the scene around him, a state of slumber which often occurs—if he is so far conscious, for example, as to know that he is lying on his own bed, and surrounded by his own familiar furniture, at the time when the supposed apparition is manifested—it becomes almost in vain to argue with the visionary against the reality of his dream, since the spectre, though itself purely fanciful, is inserted amid so many circumstances which he feels must be true beyond the reach of doubt or question. That which is undeniably certain becomes in a manner a warrant for the reality of the appearance to which doubt would have been otherwise attached. And if any event, such as the death of the person dreamed of, chances to take place, so as to correspond with the nature and the time of the apparition, the coincidence, though one which must be frequent, since our dreams usually refer to the accomplishment of that which haunts our minds when awake, and often presage the most probable events, seems perfect, and the chain of circumstances touching the evidence may not unreasonably be considered as complete. Such a concatenation, we repeat, must frequently take place, when it is considered of what stuff dreams are made—how naturally they turn upon those who occupy our mind while awake, and, when a soldier is exposed to death in battle, when a sailor is incurring the dangers of the sea, when a beloved wife or relative is attacked by disease, how readily our sleeping imagination rushes to the very point of alarm, which when waking it had shuddered to anticipate. The number of instances in which such lively dreams have been quoted, and both asserted and received as spiritual communications, is very great at all periods; in ignorant times, where the natural cause of dreaming is misapprehended, and confused with an idea of mysticism, it is much greater. Yet perhaps, considering the many thousands of dreams which must, night after night, pass through the imagination of individuals, the number of coincidences between the vision and real event, is fewer and less remarkable than a fair calculation of chances would warrant us to expect. But in countries where such presaging dreams are subjects of attention, the number of those which seem to be coupled with the corresponding issue is large enough to spread a very general belief of a positive communication between the living and the dead.

Somnambulism and other nocturnal deceptions frequently lend their aid to the formation of such *phantasmata* as are formed in this middle state between sleeping and waking. A most respectable parson, whose active life had been spent as master and part owner of a large merchant vessel in the Lisbon trade, gave the writer an account of such an instance which came under his observation. He was lying in the Tagus, when he was put to great anxiety and alarm, by the following incident and its consequences. One night a sailor was murdered by a Portuguese assassin, and a report arose that the ghost of the slain man haunted the vessel. Sailors are generally superstitious, and those of my friend's vessel became unwilling to remain on board the ship; and it was probable they might desert rather than return to England with the ghost for a passenger. To prevent so great a calamity, the Captain determined to examine the story to the bottom. He soon found, that though all pretended to have seen lights, and heard noises, and so forth, the weight of the evidence lay upon the attestment of one of his own mates, an Irishman and a Catholic, which might increase his tendency to superstition, but in other respects a veracious, honest, and sensible person, whom Captain ——— had no reason to suspect would wilfully deceive him. He affirmed to Captain S———, with the deepest obtestations, that the spectre of the murdered man appeared to him almost nightly, took him from his place in the vessel, and, according to his own expression, worried the life out. He made these communications with the signs of horror, which intimated the reality of his fears and apprehensions. The Captain, without any argument at the time, privately resolved to watch the motions of the ghost-seer in the night; whether alone, or with a witness, I have forgotten. As the ship bell struck twelve, the sleeper started up with a ghastly and disturbed countenance, and lighting a candle, proceeded to the galley or cook-room of the vessel. He sat down with his eyes open, staring before him as on some terrible object which he beheld with horror, yet from which he could not withhold his eyes. After a short space he rose, took up a tin can or decanter, filled it with water, muttering to himself all the while—mixed salt in the water, and sprinkled it about the galley. Finally, he sighed deeply, like one relieved from a heavy burden, and, returning to his hammock, slept soundly. In the next morning, the haunted man told the usual precise story of his apparition, with the additional circumstances, that the ghost had led him to the galley, but that he had fortunately, he knew not how, obtained possession of some holy water, and succeeded in getting rid of his unwelcome visitor. The visionary was then informed of the real transactions of the night, with so many particulars as to satisfy him he had been the dupe of his imagination; he acquiesced in his commander's reasoning, and the dream, as often happens in these cases, returned no more after its imposture had been detected. In this case, we find the excited imagination acting upon the half-waking senses, which were intelligent enough for the purpose of making him sensible where he was, but not sufficiently so as to judge truly of the objects before him.

But it is not private life alone, or that tenor of thought which has been depressed into melancholy by gloomy anticipations respecting the future, which disposes the mind to midday fantasies, or to nightly apparitions—a state of eager anxiety, or excited exertion, is equally favourable to the indulgence of such supernatural communications. The anticipation of a dubious battle, with all the doubt and uncertainty of its event, and the conviction that it must involve his own fate, and that of his country, was powerful enough to conjure up to the anxious eye of Brutus the spectre of his murdered friend Cæsar, respecting whose death he perhaps thought himself less justified than at the Ides of March, since instead of having achieved the freedom of Rome, the event had only been the renewal of civil wars, and the issue might appear most likely to conclude in the total subjection of liberty. It is not

miraculous, that the masculine spirit of Marcus Brutus, surrounded by darkness and solitude, distracted probably by recollection of the kindness and favour of the great individual whom he had put to death to avenge the wrongs of his country, though by the slaughter of his own friend, should at length place before his eyes in person the appearance which termed itself his evil Genius, and promised again to meet him at Philippi. Brutus's own intentions, and his knowledge of the military art, had probably long since assured him that the decision of the civil war must take place at or near that place; and, allowing that his own imagination supplied that part of his dialogue with the spectre, there is nothing else which might not be fashioned in a vivid dream or a waking revery, approaching, in absorbing and engrossing character, the usual matter of which dreams consist. That Brutus, well acquainted with the opinions of the Platonists, should be disposed to receive without doubt the idea that he had seen a real apparition, and was not likely to scrutinize very minutely the supposed vision, may be naturally conceived; and it is also natural to think, that although no one saw the figure but himself, his contemporaries were little disposed to examine the testimony of a man so eminent, by the strict rules of cross-examination and conflicting evidence, which they might have thought applicable to another person, and a less dignified occasion.

Even in the field of death, and amid the mortal tug of combat itself, strong belief has wrought the same wonder, which we have hitherto mentioned as occurring in solitude and amid darkness; and those who were themselves on the verge of the world of spirits, or employed in despatching others to these gloomy regions, conceived they beheld the apparitions of those beings whom their national mythology associated with such scenes. In such moments of undecided battle, amid the violence, hurry, and confusion of ideas incident to the situation, the ancients supposed that they saw their deities Castor and Pollux fighting in the van for their encouragement; the heathen Scandinavian beheld the Choosers of the slain; and the Catholics were no less easily led to recognise the warlike Saint George or Saint James in the very front of the strife, showing them the way to conquest. Such apparitions being generally visible to a multitude, have in all times been supported by the greatest strength of testimony. When the common feeling of danger, and the animating burst of enthusiasm, act on the feelings of many men at once, their minds hold a natural correspondence with each other, as it is said is the case with stringed instruments tuned to the same pitch, of which, when one is played, the chords of the others are supposed to vibrate in unison with the tones produced. If an artful or enthusiastic individual exclaims, in the heat of action, that he perceives an apparition of the romantic kind which has been intimated, his companions catch at the idea with emulation, and most are willing to sacrifice the conviction of their own senses, rather than allow that they did not witness the same favourable emblem, from which all draw confidence and hope. One warrior catches the idea from another; all are alike eager to acknowledge the present miracle, and the battle is won before the mistake is discovered. In such cases, the number of persons present, which would otherwise lead to detection of the fallacy, becomes the means of strengthening it.

Of this disposition to see as much of the supernatural as is seen by others around, or, in other words, to trust to the eyes of others rather than to our own, we may take the liberty to quote two remarkable instances.

The first is from the *Historia Verdadera* of Don Bernal Dias del Castillo, one of the companions of the celebrated Cortez, in his Mexican conquest. After having given an account of a great victory over extreme odds, he mentions the report inserted in the contemporary Chronicle of Gomara, that Saint Iago had appeared on a white horse in van of the combat, and led on his beloved Spaniards to victory. It is very curious to observe the Castilian cavalier's internal conviction, that the rumour arose out of a mistake, the cause of which he explains from his own observation; while at the same time he does not venture to disown the miracle. The honest Conquestador owns, that he himself did not see this animating vision; nay, that he beheld an individual cavalier, named Francisco de Morla, mounted on a chesnut horse, and fighting strenuously, in the very place where Saint James is said to have appeared. But instead of proceeding to draw the necessary inference, the devout Conquestador exclaims—"Sinner that I am, what am I that I should have beheld the blessed apostle!"

The other instance of the infectious character of superstition occurs in a Scottish book, and there can be little doubt that it refers, in its first origin, to some uncommon appearance of the aurora borealis, or the northern lights, which do not appear to have been seen in Scotland so frequently as to be accounted a common and familiar atmospherical phenomenon, until the beginning of the eighteenth century. The passage is striking and curious, for the narrator, Patrick Walker, though an enthusiast, was a man of credit, and does not even affect to have seen the wonders, the reality of which he unscrupulously adopts on the testimony of others, to whose eyes he trusted rather than to his own. The conversion of the sceptical gentleman of whom he speaks, is highly illustrative of popular credulity, carried away into enthusiasm, or into imposture, by the evidence of those around, and at once shows the imperfection of such a general testimony, and the ease with which it is procured, since the general excitement of the moment impels even the more cold-blooded and judicious persons present to catch up the ideas, and echo the exclamations, of the majority, who, from the first, had considered the heavenly phenomenon as a supernatural weapon-schaw, held for the purpose of a sign and warning of civil wars to come.

"In the year 1686, in the months of June and July," says the honest chronicler, "many yet alive can witness that about the Crossford Boat, two miles beneath Lanark, especially at the Mains, on the water of Clyde, many people gathered together for several afternoons, where there were showers of bonnets, hats, guns, and swords, which covered the trees and the ground; companies of men in arms marching in order upon the water-side; companies meeting companies, going all through other, and then all falling to the ground and disappearing; other companies immediately appeared marching the same way. I went there three afternoons together, and as I observed there were two thirds of the people that were together saw, and a third that saw not, and *though I could see nothing*, there was such a fright and trembling on those that did see, that was discernible to all from those that saw not. There was a gentleman standing next to me, who spoke as too many gentlemen and others speak, who said, 'A pack of damned witches and warlocks that have the second sight! the devil ha't do I see;' and immediately there was a discernible change in his countenance. With as much fear and trembling as any woman I saw there, he called out, 'All you that do not see, say nothing; for I persuade you it is matter of fact, and discernable to all that are not stone-blind.' And those who did see told what works (*i. e.* locks) the guns had, and their length and wideness, and what handles the swords had, whether small or three-barred, or Highland guards, and the closing knots of the bonnets, black or blue; and those who did see them there, whenever they went abroad, saw a bonnet and a sword drop in the way."*

This singular phenomenon, in which a multitude believed, although only two thirds of them saw what must, if real, have been equally obvious to all, may be compared with the exploit of a humorist,

* Walker's Lives, Edinburgh, 1827, vol. i. p. xxxvi. It is evident that honest Patrick believed in the apparition of this martial gear, on the principle of Partridge's terror for the ghost of Hamlet—not that he was afraid himself but because Garrick showed such evident marks of terror.

who planted himself in an attitude of astonishment with his eyes riveted on the well-known bronze lion that graces the front of Northumberland-house in the Strand, and having attracted the attention of those who looked at him by muttering, "By Heaven, it wags!—it wags again!" contrived in a few minutes to blockade the whole street with an immense crowd, some conceiving that they had absolutely seen the lion of Percy wag his tail, others expecting to witness the same phenomenon.

On such occasions as we have hitherto mentioned, we have supposed that the ghost-seer has been in full possession of his ordinary powers of perception, unless in the case of dreamers, in whom they may have been obscured by temporary slumber, and the possibility of correcting vagaries of the imagination rendered more difficult by want of the ordinary appeal to the evidence of the bodily senses. In other respects, their blood beat temperately, they possessed the ordinary capacity of ascertaining the truth, or discerning the falsehood, of external appearances, by an appeal to the organ of sight. Unfortunately, however, as is now universally known and admitted, there certainly exists more than one disorder known to professional men, of which one important symptom is a disposition to see apparitions.

This frightful disorder is not properly insanity, although it is somewhat allied to that most horrible of maladies, and may, in many constitutions, be the means of bringing it on, and although such hallucinations are proper to both. The difference I conceive to be, that, in cases of insanity, the mind of the patient is principally affected, while the senses, or organic system, offer in vain to the lunatic their decided testimony against the fantasy of a deranged imagination. Perhaps the nature of this collision—between a disturbed imagination and organs of sense possessed of their usual accuracy—cannot be better described than in the embarrassment expressed by an insane patient confined in the Infirmary of Edinburgh. The poor man's malady had taken a gay turn. The house, in his idea, was his own, and he contrived to account for all that seemed inconsistent with his imaginary right of property;—there were many patients in it, but that was owing to the benevolence of his nature, which made him love to see the relief of distress. He went little, or rather never abroad—but then his habits were of a domestic and rather sedentary character. He did not see much company—but he daily received visits from the first characters in the renowned medical school of this city, and he could not therefore be much in want of society. With so many supposed comforts around him—with so many visions of wealth and splendour, one thing alone disturbed the peace of the poor optimist, and would indeed have confounded most *bons vivans*,—"He was curious," he said, "in his table, choice in his selection of cooks, had every day a dinner of three regular courses and a dessert; and yet, somehow or other, every thing he eat *tasted of porridge*." This dilemma could be no great wonder to the friend to whom the poor patient communicated it, who knew the lunatic eat nothing but this simple aliment at any of his meals. The case was obvious; the disease lay in the extreme vivacity of the patient's imagination, deluded in other instances, yet not absolutely powerful enough to contend with the honest evidence of his stomach and palate, which, like Lord Peter's brethren in the Tale of a Tub, were indignant at the attempt to impose boiled oatmeal upon them, instead of such a banquet as Ude would have displayed when peers were to partake of it. Here, therefore, is one instance of actual insanity, in which the sense of taste controlled and attempted to restrain the ideal hypothesis adopted by a deranged imagination. But the disorder to which I previously alluded is entirely of a bodily character, and consists principally in a disease of the visual organs, which present to the patient a set of spectres or appearances, which have no actual existence. It is a disease of the same nature, which renders many men incapable of distinguishing colours; only the patients go a step farther, and pervert the external form of objects. In their case, therefore, contrary to that of the maniac, it is not the mind, or rather the imagination, which imposes upon and overpowers the evidence of the senses, but the sense of seeing (or hearing) which betrays its duty, and conveys false ideas to a sane intellect.

More than one learned physician, who have given their attestations to the existence of this most distressing complaint, have agreed that it actually occurs, and is occasioned by different causes. The most frequent source of the malady is in the dissipated and intemperate habits of those who, by a continued series of intoxication, become subject to what is popularly called the Blue Devils, instances of which mental disorder may be known to most who have lived for any period of their lives in society where hard-drinking was a common vice. The joyous visions suggested by intoxication when the habit is first acquired, in time disappear, and are supplied by frightful impressions and scenes, which destroy the tranquillity of the unhappy debauchee. Apparitions of the most unpleasant appearance are his companions in solitude, and intrude even upon his hours of society: and when by an alteration of habits, the mind is cleared of these frightful ideas, it requires but the slightest renewal of the association to bring back the full tide of misery upon the repentant libertine.

Of this the following instance was told to the author by a gentleman connected with the sufferer. A young man of fortune, who had led what is called so gay a life as considerably to injure both his health and fortune, was at length obliged to consult the physician upon the means of restoring at least the former. One of his principal complaints was the frequent presence of a set of apparitions, resembling a band of figures dressed in green, who performed in his drawing-room a singular dance, to which he was compelled to bear witness, though he knew, to his great annoyance, that the whole *corps de ballet* existed only in his own imagination. His physician immediately informed him that he had lived upon town too long and too fast not to require an exchange to a more healthy and natural course of life. He therefore prescribed a gentle course of medicine, but earnestly recommended to his patient to retire to his own house in the country, observe a temperate diet and early hours, practising regular exercise, on the same principle avoiding fatigue, and assured him that by doing so he might bid adieu to black spirits and white, blue, green, and gray, with all their trumpery. The patient observed the advice, and prospered. His physician, after the interval of a month, received a grateful letter from him, acknowledging the success of his regimen. The green goblins had disappeared, and with them the unpleasant train of emotions to which their visits had given rise, and the patient had ordered his town-house to be disfurnished and sold, while the furniture was to be sent down to his residence in the country, where he was determined in future to spend his life, without exposing himself to the temptations of town. One would have supposed this a well devised scheme for health. But, alas! no sooner had the furniture of the London drawing-room been placed in order in the gallery of the old manor-house, than the former delusion returned in full force! the green *figurantes*, whom the patient's depraved imagination had so long associated with these moveables, came capering and frisking to accompany them, exclaiming with great glee, as if the sufferer should have been rejoiced to see them, "Here we all are—here we all are!" The visionary, if I recollect right, was so much shocked at their appearance, that he retired abroad, in despair that any part of Britain could shelter him from the daily persecution of this domestic ballette.

There is reason to believe that such cases are numerous, and that they may perhaps arise, not only from the debility of stomach brought on by excess in wine or spirits, which derangement often sensibly affects the eyes and sense of sight, but also because the mind becomes habitually predominated over by a train of fantastic visions, the consequence of fre-

opium intoxication, and is thus, like a dislocated joint, apt again to go wrong, even when a different cause occasions the derangement.

It is easy to be supposed that habitual excitement by means of any other intoxicating drug, as opium, or its various substitutes, must expose those who practise the dangerous custom to the same inconvenience. Very frequent use of the nitrous oxide, which affects the senses so strongly, and produces a short but singular state of ecstasy, would probably be found to occasion this species of disorder. But there are many other causes which medical men find attended with the same symptom, of imbodying before the eyes of a patient imaginary illusions which are visible to no one else. This persecution of spectral deceptions is also found to exist when no excesses of the patient can be alleged as the cause, owing, doubtless, to a deranged state of the blood, or nervous system.

The learned and acute Dr. Ferriar, of Manchester, was the first who brought before the English public the leading case, as it may be called, in this department, namely, that of Mons. Nicolai, the celebrated bookseller of Berlin. This gentleman was not a man merely of books, but of letters, and had the moral courage to lay before the Philosophical Society of Berlin an account of his own sufferings, from having been, by disease, subjected to a series of spectral illusions. The leading circumstances of this case may be stated very shortly, as it has been repeatedly before the public, and is insisted on by Dr. Ferriar, Dr. Hibbert, and others, who have assumed Demonology as a subject. Nicolai traces his illness remotely to a series of disagreeable incidents which had happened to him in the beginning of the year 1791. The depression of spirit which was occasioned by these unpleasant occurrences was aided by the consequences of neglecting a course of periodical bleeding which he had been accustomed to observe. This state of health brought on the disposition to see *phantasmata*, who visited, or it may be more properly said frequented, the apartments of the learned bookseller, presenting crowds of persons who moved and acted before him, nay, even spoke to and addressed him. These phantoms afforded nothing unpleasant to the imagination of the visionary either in sight or expression, and the patient was possessed of too much firmness to be otherwise affected by their presence than with a species of curiosity, as he remained convinced, from the beginning to the end of the disorder, that these singular effects were merely symptoms of the state of his health, and did not in any other respect regard them as a subject of apprehension. After a certain time, and some use of medicine, the phantoms became less distinct in their outline, less vivid in their colouring, faded, as it were, on the eye of the patient, and at length totally disappeared.

The case of Nicolai has unquestionably been that of many whose love of science has not been able to overcome their natural reluctance to communicate to the public the particulars attending the visitation of a disease so peculiar. That such illnesses have been experienced, and have ended fatally, there can be no doubt; though it is by no means to be inferred, that the symptom of importance to our present discussion has, on all occasions, been produced from the same identical cause.

Dr. Hibbert, who has most ingeniously, as well as philosophically, handled this subject, has treated it also in a medical point of view, with science to which we make no pretence, and a precision of detail to which our superficial investigation affords us no room for extending ourselves.

The visitation of spectral phenomena is described by this learned gentleman as incidental to sundry complaints; and he mentions, in particular, that the symptom occurs not only in plethora, as in the case of the learned Prussian we have just mentioned, but is a frequent hectic symptom—often an associate of febrile and inflammatory disorders—frequently accompanying inflammation of the brain—a concomitant also of highly excited nervous irritability—equally connected with hypochondria—and finally, united in some cases with gout, and in others with the effects of excitation produced by several gases. In all these cases there seems to be a morbid degree of sensibility, with which this symptom is ready to ally itself, and which, though inaccurate as a medical definition, may be held sufficiently descriptive of one character of the various kinds of disorder with which this painful symptom may be found allied.

A very singular and interesting illustration of such combinations as Dr. Hibbert has recorded of the spectral illusion with an actual disorder, and that of a dangerous kind, was frequently related in society by the late learned and accomplished Dr. Gregory, of Edinburgh, and sometimes, I believe, quoted by him in his lectures. The narrative, to the author's best recollection, was as follows:—A patient of Dr. Gregory, a person, it is understood, of some rank, having requested the Doctor's advice, made the following extraordinary statement of his complaint. "I am in the habit," he said, "of dining at five, and exactly as the hour of six arrives, I am subjected to the following painful visitation. The door of the room, even when I have been weak enough to bolt it, which I have sometimes done, flies wide open; an old hag, like one of those who haunted the heath of Forres, enters with a frowning and incensed countenance, comes straight up to me with every demonstration of spite and indignation which could characterize her who haunted the merchant Abudah, in the Oriental tale; she rushes upon me; says something, but so hastily that I cannot discover the purport; and then strikes me a severe blow with her staff. I fall from my chair in a swoon, which is of longer or shorter endurance. To the recurrence of this apparition I am daily subjected. And such is my new and singular complaint." The Doctor immediately asked, whether his patient had invited any one to sit with him when he expected such a visitation? He was answered in the negative. The nature of the complaint, he said, was so singular, it was so likely to be imputed to fancy, or even to mental derangement, that he shrunk from communicating the circumstance to any one. "Then," said the Doctor, "with your permission, I will dine with you to-day, *tete-a-tete*, and we will see if your malignant old woman will venture to join our company." The patient accepted the proposal with hope and gratitude, for he had expected ridicule rather than sympathy. They met at dinner, and Doctor Gregory, who suspected some nervous disorder, exerted his powers of conversation, well known to be of the most varied and brilliant character, to keep the attention of his host engaged, and prevent him from thinking on the approach of the fated hour, to which he was accustomed to look forward with so much terror. He succeeded in his purpose better than he had hoped. The hour of six came almost unnoticed, and it was hoped might pass away without any evil consequence; but it was scarce a moment struck when the owner of the house exclaimed, in an alarmed voice—"The hag comes again!" and dropped back in his chair in a swoon, in the way he had himself described. The physician caused him to be let blood, and satisfied himself that the periodical shocks of which his patient complained, arose from a tendency to apoplexy.

The phantom with the crutch was only a species of machinery, such as that with which fancy is found to supply the disorder called *Ephialtes*, or nightmare, or indeed any other external impression upon our organs in sleep, which the patient's morbid imagination may introduce into the dream preceding the swoon. In the nightmare an oppression and suffocation is felt, and our fancy instantly conjures up a spectre to lie on our bosom. In like manner, it may be remarked, that any sudden noise which the slumberer hears, without being actually awakened by it—any casual touch of his person occurring in the same manner—becomes instantly adopted in his dream, and accommodated to the tenor of the current train of thought, whatever that may happen to be; and nothing is more remarkable than the rapidity with which imagination supplies a complete explanation of the interruption, according to the previous

ain of ideas expressed in the dream, even when ance a moment of time is allowed for that purpose. n dreaming, for example, of a duel, the external und becomes, in the twinking of an eye, the dis- harge of the combatants' pistols; is an orator ha- nguing in his sleep, the sound becomes the ap- plause of his supposed audience;—is the dreamer andering among supposed ruins, the noise is that f the fall of some part of the mass. In short, an xplanatory system is adopted during sleep with ich extreme rapidity, that supposing the intruding arm to have been the first call of some person to waken the slumberer, the explanation, though re- uiring some process of argument or deduction, is nually formed and perfect before the second effort f the speaker has restored the dreamer to the wa- ing world and its realities. So rapid and intuitive the succession of ideas in sleep, as to remind us of e vision of the prophet Mahommed, in which he iw the whole wonders of heaven and hell, though e jar of water which fell when his ecstasy com- enced had not spilled its contents when he return- l to ordinary existence.

A second and equally remarkable instance was ommunicated to the author by the medical man nder whose observation it fell, but who was, of ourse, desirous to keep private the name of the he- o of so singular a history. Of the friend by whom e facts were attested, I can only say, that if I and myself at liberty to name him, the rank which e holds in his profession, as well as his attainments n science and philosophy, form an undisputed claim the most implicit credit.

It was the fortune of this gentleman to be called to attend the illness of a person now long decea- d, who in his lifetime stood, as I understand, high a particular department of the law, which often ced the property of others at his discretion and ntrol, and whose conduct, therefore, being open to blic observation, he had for many years borne the aracter of a man of unusual steadiness, good nse, and integrity. He was, at the time of my iend's visits, confined principally to his sick-room, metimes to bed, yet occasionally attending to bu- ness, and exerting his mind, apparently with all s usual strength and energy, to the conduct of im- ortant affairs intrusted to him; nor did there, to a perficial observer, appear any thing in his conduct, hile so engaged, that could argue vacillation of in- llect, or depression of mind. His outward symp- oms of malady argued no acute or alarming disease. at slowness of pulse, absence of appetite, difficulty f digestion, and constant depression of spirits, seem- l to draw their origin from some hidden cause, hich the patient was determined to conceal. The eep gloom of the unfortunate gentleman—the em- arrassment, which he could not conceal from his iendly physician—the briefness and obvious con- raint with which he answered the interrogations f his medical adviser; induced my friend to take ther methods for prosecuting his inquiries. He ap- ied to the sufferer's family, to learn, if possible, the ource of that secret grief which was gnawing the art and sucking the life-blood of his unfortunate atient. The persons applied to, after conversing gether previously, denied all knowledge of any ause for the burden which obviously affected their elative. So far as they knew—and they thought ey could hardly be deceived—his worldly affairs ere prosperous; no family loss had occurred which ould be followed with such persevering distress; no ntanglements of affection could be supposed to ap- y to his age, and no sensation of severe remorse ould be consistent with his character. The medical entleman had finally recourse to serious argument ith the invalid himself, and urged to him the folly f devoting himself to a lingering and melancholy eath, rather than tell the subject of affliction which as thus wasting him. He specially pressed upon im the injury which he was doing to his own cha- acter, by suffering it to be inferred that the secret ause of his dejection and its consequences was omething too scandalous or flagitious to be made nown, bequeathing in this manner to his family a suspected and dishonoured name, and leaving a memory with which might be associated the idea of guilt, which the criminal had died without confessing. The patient, more moved by this species of appeal than by any which had yet been urged, ex- pressed his desire to speak out frankly to Dr.———. Every one else was removed, and the door of the sick-room made secure, when he began his confes- sion in the following manner:—

"You cannot, my dear friend, be more conscious than I, that I am in the course of dying under the oppression of the fatal disease which consumes my vital powers; but neither can you understand the nature of my complaint, and manner in which it acts upon me, nor, if you did, I fear, could your zeal and skill avail to rid me of it."—"It is possible," said the physician, "that my skill may not equal my wish of serving you; yet medical science has many resour ces, of which those unacquainted with its powers ne ver can form an estimate. But until you plainly tell me your symptoms of complaint, it is impossible for either of us to say what may or may not be in my power or within that of medicine."—"I may answer you," replied the patient, "that my case is not a sin- gular one, since we read of it in the famous novel of Le Sage. You remember, doubtless, the disease of which the Duke d'Olivarez is there stated to have died?"—"Of the idea," answered the medical gen- tleman, "that he was haunted by an apparition, to the actual existence of which he gave no credit, but died, nevertheless, because he was overcome and heart-broken by its imaginary presence."—"I, my dearest Doctor," said the sick man, "am in that very case; and so painful and abhorrent is the pre- sence of the persecuting vision, that my reason is totally inadequate to combat the effects of my mor- bid imagination, and I am sensible I am dying, a wasted victim to an imaginary disease." The medi- cal gentleman listened with anxiety to his patient's statement, and for the present judiciously avoiding any contradiction of the sick man's preconceived fancy, contented himself with more minute inquiry into the nature of the apparition with which he con- ceived himself haunted, and into the history of the mode by which so singular a disease had made itself master of his imagination, secured, as it seemed, by strong powers of the understanding, against an at- tack so irregular. The sick person replied by stating that its advances were gradual, and at first not of a terrible or even disagreeable character. To illustrate this, he gave the following account of the progress of his disease. "My visions," he said, "commen- ced two or three years since, when I found myself from time to time embarrassed by the presence of a large cat, which came and disappeared I could not exactly tell how, till the truth was finally forced upon me, and I was compelled to regard it as no domestic household cat, but as a bubble of the elements, which had no existence save in my deranged visual organs, or depraved imagination. Still I had not that posi- tive objection to the animal entertained by a late gallant Highland chieftain, who has been seen to change to all the colours of his own plaid, if a cat by accident happened to be in the room with him, even though he did not see it. On the contrary, I am ra- ther a friend to cats, and endured with so much equanimity the presence of my imaginary attendant, that it had become almost indifferent to me; when within the course of a few months it gave place to, or was succeeded by, a spectre of a more important sort, or which at least had a more imposing appear- ance. This was no other than the apparition of a gentleman-usher, dressed as if to wait upon a Lord- Lieutenant of Ireland, a Lord High Commissioner of the Kirk, or any other who bears on his brow the rank and stamp of delegated sovereignty.

"This personage, arrayed in a court-dress, with bag and sword, tamboured waistcoat, and chapeau- bras, glided beside me like the ghost of Beau Nash; and whether in my own house or in another, as- cended the stairs before me, as if to announce me in the drawing-room; and at some times appeared to mingle with the company, though it was sufficiently evident that they were not aware of his presence,

nd that I alone was sensible of the visionary horrors which this imaginary being seemed desirous to render me. This freak of the fancy did not produce much impression on me, though it led me to entertain doubts on the nature of my disorder, and alarm for the effect it might produce upon my intellects. But that modification of my disease also had its appointed duration. After a few months, the phantom of the gentleman-usher was seen no more, but was succeeded by one horrible to the sight, and distressing to the imagination, being no other than the image of death itself—the apparition of a *skeleton*. Alone or in company," said the unfortunate invalid, "the presence of this last phantom never quits me. In vain tell myself a hundred times over that it is no reality, but merely an image summoned up by the morbid acuteness of my own excited imagination, and deranged organs of sight. But what avail such reflections, while the emblem at once and presage of mortality is before my eyes, and while I feel myself, though in fancy only, the companion of a phantom representing a ghastly inhabitant of the grave, even while I yet breathe on the earth? Science, philosophy, even religion, has no cure for such a disorder; and I feel too surely that I shall die the victim to so melancholy a disease, although I have no relief whatever in the reality of the phantom which it places before me."

The physician was distressed to perceive, from these details, how strongly this visionary apparition was fixed in the imagination of his patient. He insiniously urged the sick man, who was then in bed, with questions concerning the circumstances of the phantom's appearance, trusting he might lead him, as a sensible man, into such contradictions and inconsistencies as might bring his common sense, which seemed to be unimpaired, so strongly into the field, as might combat successfully the fantastic disorder which produced such fatal effects. "This skeleton, then," said the Doctor, "seems to you to be always present to your eyes?"—"It is my fate, unhappily," answered the invalid, "always to see it."—"Then I understand," continued the physician, "it is now present to your imagination?"—"To my imagination it certainly is so," replied the sick man.—"And in what part of the chamber do you now conceive the apparition to appear?" the physician inquired. "Immediately at the foot of my bed; when the curtains are left a little open," answered the invalid, "the skeleton, to my thinking, is placed between them, and fills the vacant space."—"You say you are sensible of the delusion," said his friend; "have you firmness to convince yourself of the truth of this? Can you take courage enough to rise and place yourself in the spot so seeming to be occupied, and convince yourself of the illusion?" The poor man sighed, and shook his head negatively. "Well," said the doctor, "we will try the experiment otherwise." Accordingly, he rose from his chair by the bedside, and placing himself between the two half-drawn curtains at the foot of the bed, indicated as the place occupied by the apparition, asked if the spectre was still visible? "Not entirely so," replied the patient, "because your person is between him and me; but I observe his scull peering above your shoulder."

It is alleged the man of science started on the instant, despite philosophy, on receiving an answer ascertaining with such minuteness, that the ideal spectre was close to his own person. He resorted to other means of investigation and cure, but with equally indifferent success. The patient sunk into deeper and deeper dejection, and died in the same distress of mind in which he had spent the latter months of his life; and his case remains a melancholy instance of the power of imagination to kill the body, even when its fantastic terrors cannot overcome the intellect of the unfortunate persons who suffer under them. The patient, in the present case, sunk under his malady; and the circumstances of this singular disorder remaining concealed, he did not, by his death and last illness, lose any of the well-merited reputation for prudence and sagacity which had attended him during the whole course of his life.

Having added these two remarkable instances to the general train of similar facts quoted by Fossius, Hibbert, and other writers, who have more recently considered the subject, there can, we think, be little doubt of the proposition, that the external organs may, from various causes, become so much deranged, as to make false representations to the mind; and that, in such cases, men, in the literal sense, really *see* the empty and false forms, and *hear* the ideal sounds, which, in a more primitive state of society, are naturally enough referred to the action of demons or disembodied spirits. In such unhappy cases, the patient is intellectually in the condition of a general whose spies have been bribed by the enemy, and who must engage himself in the difficult and delicate task of examining and correcting, by his own powers of argument, the probability of the reports which are too inconsistent to be trusted to.

But there is a corollary to this proposition, which is worthy of notice. The same species of organic derangement which as a continued habit of his deranged vision, presented the subject of our last tale with the successive apparitions of his cat, his gentleman-usher, and the fatal skeleton, may occupy, for a brief or almost momentary space, the vision of men who are otherwise perfectly clear-sighted. Transitory deceptions are thus presented to the organs, which, when they occur to men of strength of mind and of education, give way to scrutiny, and, their character being once investigated, the true takes the place of the unreal representation. But in ignorant times, those instances in which any object is misrepresented, whether through the action of the senses, or of the imagination, or the combined influence of both, for however short a space of time, may be admitted as direct evidence of a supernatural apparition; a proof the more difficult to be disputed, if the phantom has been personally witnessed by a man of sense and estimation, who, perhaps, satisfied in the general as to the actual existence of apparitions, has not taken time or trouble to correct his first impressions. This species of deception is so frequent, that one of the greatest poets of the present time answered a lady, who asked him if he believed in ghosts,—"No, madam; I have seen too many myself." I may mention one or two instances of the kind, to which no doubt can be attached.

The first shall be the apparition of Maupertuis to a brother professor in the Royal Society of Berlin.

This extraordinary circumstance appeared in the Transactions of the Society, but is thus stated by M. Thiebault, in his "Recollections of Frederick the Great and the Court of Berlin." It is necessary to premise that M. Gleditsch, to whom the circumstance happened, was a botanist of eminence, holding the professorship of natural philosophy at Berlin, and respected as a man of an habitually serious, simple, and tranquil character.

A short time after the death of Maupertuis,* M. Gleditsch being obliged to traverse the hall in which the Academy held its sittings, having some arrangements to make in the cabinet of natural history, which was under his charge, and being willing to complete them on the Thursday before the meeting, he perceived, on entering the hall, the apparition of M. de Maupertuis, upright and stationary, in the first angle on his left hand, having his eyes fixed on him. This was about three o'clock in the afternoon. The professor of natural philosophy was too well acquainted with physical science to suppose that his late president, who had died at Bale, in the family of Messrs. Bernoullie, could have found his way back to Berlin in person. He regarded the apparition in no other light than as a phantom produced by some derangement of his own proper organs. M. Gleditsch went to his own business, without stopping longer than to ascertain exactly the appearance of that object. But he related the vision to his brethren, and assured them that it was as defined and perfect as the actual person of Maupertuis could have pre-

* Long the president of the Berlin Academy, and much favoured by Frederick II., till he was overwhelmed by the ridicule of Voltaire. He retired, in a species of disgrace, to his native country of Switzerland, and died there shortly afterward.

sented. When it is recollected that Maupertuis died at a distance from Berlin, once the scene of his triumphs—overwhelmed by the petulant ridicule of Voltaire, and out of favour with Frederick, with whom to be ridiculous was to be worthless—we can hardly wonder at the imagination even of a man of physical science calling up his Eidolon in the hall of his former greatness.

The sober-minded professor did not, however, push his investigation to the point to which it was carried by a gallant soldier, from whose mouth a particular friend of the author received the following circumstances of a similar story.

Captain C—— was a native of Britain, but bred in the Irish Brigade. He was a man of the most dauntless courage, which he displayed in some uncommonly desperate adventures during the first years of the French Revolution, being repeatedly employed by the royal family in very dangerous commissions. After the King's death he came over to England, and it was then the following circumstance took place.

Captain C—— was a Catholic, and, in his hour of adversity at least, sincerely attached to the duties of his religion. His confessor was a clergyman who was residing as chaplain to a man of rank in the west of England, about four miles from the place where Captain C—— lived. On riding over one morning to see this gentleman, his penitent had the misfortune to find him very ill from a dangerous complaint. He retired in great distress and apprehension of his friend's life, and the feeling brought back upon him many other painful and disagreeable recollections. These occupied him till the hour of retiring to bed, when, to his great astonishment, he saw in the room the figure of the absent confessor. He addressed it, but received no answer—the eyes alone were impressed by the appearance. Determined to push the matter to the end, Captain C—— advanced on the phantom, which appeared to retreat gradually before him. In this manner he followed it round the bed, when it seemed to sink down on an elbow chair, and remain there in a sitting posture. To ascertain positively the nature of the apparition, the soldier himself sat down on the same chair, ascertaining thus, beyond question, that the whole was illusion; yet he owned that, had his friend died about the same time, he would not well have known what name to give to his vision. But as the confessor recovered, and, in Dr. Johnson's phrase, "nothing came of it," the incident was only remarkable as showing that men of the strongest nerves are not exempted from such delusions.

Another illusion of the same nature we have the best reason for vouching as a fact, though, for certain reasons, we do not give the names of the parties. Not long after the death of a late illustrious poet, who had filled, while living, a great station in the eye of the public, a literary friend, to whom the deceased had been well known, was engaged, during the darkening twilight of an autumn evening, in perusing one of the publications which professed to detail the habits and opinions of the distinguished individual who was now no more. As the reader had enjoyed the intimacy of the deceased to a considerable degree, he was deeply interested in the publication, which contains some particulars relating to himself and other friends. A visiter was sitting in the apartment, who was also engaged in reading. Their sitting-room opened into an entrance-hall, rather fantastically fitted up with articles of armour, skins of wild animals, and the like. It was when laying down his book, and passing into this hall, through which the moon was beginning to shine, that the individual of whom I speak, saw, right before him, and in a standing posture, the exact representation of his departed friend, whose recollection had been so strongly brought to his imagination. He stopped for a single moment, so as to notice the wonderful accuracy with which fancy had impressed upon the bodily eye the peculiarities of dress and posture of the illustrious poet. Sensible, however, of the delusion, he felt no sentiment save that of wonder at the extraordinary accuracy of the resemblance, and stepped onwards towards the figure, which res itself, as he approached, into the various mat of which it was composed. These were men screen, occupied by great-coats, shawls, plaids, such other articles as usually are found in a co entrance-hall. The spectator returned to the from which he had seen the illusion, and endea ed, with all his power, to recall the image which been so singularly vivid. But this was beyon capacity; and the person who had witnessed apparition, or, more properly, whose excited had been the means of raising it, had only to re into the apartment, and tell his young friend what a striking hallucination he had for a mo laboured.

There is every reason to believe that instanc this kind are frequent among persons of a co temperament, and when such occur in an early p of society, they are almost certain to be consid as real supernatural appearances. They differ those of Nicolai, and others formerly noticed, as of short duration, and constituting no habitu constitutional derangement of the system. Th parition of Maupertuis to Monsieur Gleditsch, of the Catholic clergyman to Captain C——, th a late poet to his friend, are of the latter chara They bear to the former the analogy, as we may which a sudden and temporary fever-fit has to rious feverish illness. But, even for this very rea it is more difficult to bring such momentary im sions back to their real sphere of optical illusi since they accord much better with our ide glimpses of the future world than those in which vision is continued or repeated for hours, days, months, affording opportunities of discovering, other circumstances, that the symptom originat deranged health.

Before concluding these observations upon th ceptions of the senses, we must remark, that the is the organ most essential to the purpose of p zing to our mind the appearance of external obj and that when the visual organ becomes depr for a greater or less time, and to a farther or limited extent, its misrepresentation of the objec sight is peculiarly apt to terminate in such hall nations as those we have been detailing. Yet other senses or organs, in their turn, and to the tent of their power, are as ready, in their various departments, as the sight itself, to retain false or doubtful impressions, which mislead, instead of informing, the party to whom they are addressed.

Thus, in regard to the ear, the next organ in importance to the eye, we are repeatedly deceived by such sounds as are imperfectly gathered up and erroneously apprehended. From the false impressions received from this organ, also, arise consequences similar to those derived from erroneous reports made by the organs of sight. A whole class of superstitious observances arise, and are grounded upon inaccurate and imperfect hearing. To the excited and imperfect state of the ear, we owe the existence of what Milton sublimely calls

> The airy tongues that syllable men's names,
> On shores, in desert sands, and wildernesses

These also appear such natural causes of alarm, that we do not sympathize more readily with Robinson Crusoe's apprehensions when he witnesses the print of the savage's foot in the sand, than in those which arise from his being waked from sleep by some one calling his name in the solitary island, where there existed no man but the shipwrecked mariner himself. Amid the train of superstitions deduced from the imperfections of the ear, we may quote that visionary summons which the natives of the Hebrides acknowledged as one sure sign of approaching fate. The voice of some absent, or, probably, some deceased relative was, in such cases, heard as repeating the party's name. Sometimes the aerial summoner intimated his own death, and at others it was no uncommon circumstance that the person who fancied himself so called, died in consequence;—for the same reason that the negro pines to death who is laid under the ban of an Obi woman, or the Cambro-Briton, whose name is put into the famous cursing we

RELIGIOUS DISCOURSES.

PREFACE.

THE history of the following remarkable productions of their illustrious author's mind, may be very briefly told. They were written some time ago, with the kind intention of serving a youthful friend, then pursuing his theological studies; but without the slightest idea that they would ever meet the public eye. Circumstances, however, which have occurred since that period, induced the gentleman for whom they were composed, to request the author's permission to publish them for his own benefit, which was cordially granted.

In these Discourses, the reader will find some of the most momentous questions which can exercise the human mind, discussed with great eloquence, ingenuity, and force of argument. Yet it was not without a strong feeling of diffidence, that the writer consented to lay before the public this new and striking proof of the strength and versatility of his genius, as will appear from the following Extract of a Letter.

"THE Religious Discourses which you call to my mind, were written entirely for your use, and are therefore your property. They were never intended for publication, as nobody knows better than yourself; nor do I willingly consent that they should be now given to the press, as it may be thought that I have intermeddled with matters for which I have no commission. I have also to add, that they contain no novelty of opinion, and no attempt at brilliancy of composition. They were meant, I may remind you, to show that a rational and practical discourse upon a particular text was a task more easily performed than you, in your natural anxiety, seemed at the time disposed to believe. I am afraid that those who open this pamphlet with expectations of a higher kind will be much disappointed. As, however, you seem to be of opinion, that the publication might be attended with much benefit to you, I make no objection to it, and will be glad to hear that it suits your purpose. This Letter will sufficiently indicate my consent to any gentleman of the trade with whom you may treat.

"I am, yours, very sincerely,

"W. S."

ABBOTSFORD, *January* 2, 1828.

an be important for us to know? We arrive here t the period when the Almighty chose to take upon imself directly to legislate for his chosen people, ithout having obtained any accurate knowledge, hether the crime of witchcraft, or the intercourse etween the spiritual world and imbodied beings, or evil purposes, either existed after the flood, or was isited with any open marks of Divine displeasure.

But in the Law of Moses, dictated by the Divinity imself was announced a text, which, as interpreted terally, having been inserted into the criminal code f all Christian nations, has occasioned much ruelty and bloodshed, either from its tenor being misunderstood, or that, being exclusively calculated or the Israelites, it made part of the judicial Mosaic ispensation, and was abrogated, like the greater art of that law, by the more benign and clement ispensation of the Gospel.

The text alluded to is that verse of the twenty-econd chapter of Exodus, bearing, "men shall not uffer a witch to live." Many learned men have ffirmed, that in this remarkable passage the Hebrew word CHASAPH means nothing more than poisoner, although, like the word *veneficus*, by which is rendered in the Latin version of the Septuagint, ther learned men contend, that it hath the meaning of a witch also, and may be understood as deoting a person who pretended to hurt his or her eighbours in life, limb, or goods, either by noxious otions, by charms, or similar mystical means. In his particular the witches of Scripture had probably ome resemblance to those of ancient Europe, who, though their skill and power might be safely depised, as long as they confined themselves to their harms and spells, were very apt to eke out their apacity of mischief by the use of actual poison, so hat the epithet of sorceress and poisoner were almost synonymous. This is known to have been the ase in many of those darker iniquities, which bear their characteristic something connected with idden and prohibited arts. Such was the statement in the endictment of those concerned in the amous murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, when the rts of Forman and other sorcerers having been ound insufficient to touch the victim's life, practice y poison was at length successfully resorted to; nd numerous similar instances might be quoted. ut supposing that the Hebrew witch proceeded nly by charms, invocations, or such means as night be innoxious, save for the assistance of demons or familiars, the connexion between the conurer and the demon must have been of a very different character, under the law of Moses, from that which was conceived, in latter days, to constitute witchcraft. There was no contract of subjection to diabolic power, no infernal stamp or sign of such fatal league, no revellings of Satan and his hags, nd no infliction of disease or misfortune upon good men. At least there is not a word in Scripture authorizing us to believe that such a system existed. On the contrary, we are told (how far literally, how or metaphorically, it is not for us to determine,) hat, when the Enemy of mankind desired to probe he virtue of Job to the bottom, he applied for permission to the Supreme Governor of the world, who granted him liberty to try his faithful servant with storm of disasters, for the more brilliant exhibition of the faith which he reposed in his Maker. In all this, had the scene occurred after the manner of he like events in latter days, witchcraft, sorceries, nd charms would have been introduced, and the Devil, instead of his own permitted agency, would ave employed his servant the witch, as the necessary instrument of the Man of Uz's afflictions. In ike manner, Satan desired to have Peter, that he night sift him like wheat. But neither is there here he agency of any sorcerer or witch. Luke xxii. 31.

Supposing the powers of the witch to be limited, n the time of Moses, to inquiries at some pretended deity or real evil spirit concerning future events, in what respect, may it be said, did such a crime deserve the severe punishment of death? To answer his question, we must reflect, that the object of the Mosaic dispensation being to preserve the knowledge of the true Deity within the breasts of a selected and separated people, the God of Jacob necessarily showed himself a jealous God to all who, straying from the path of direct worship of Jehovah, had recourse to other deities, whether idols or evil spirits, the gods of the neighbouring heathen. The swerving from their allegiance to the true Divinity, to the extent of praying to senseless stocks and stones, which could return them no answer, was, by the Jewish law, an act of rebellion to their own Lord God, and as such most fit to be punished capitally. Thus the prophets of Baal were deservedly put to death, not on account of any success which they might obtain by their intercessions and invocations, (which, though enhanced with all their vehemence, to the extent of cutting and wounding themselves, proved so utterly unavailing, as to incur the ridicule of the prophet,) but because they were guilty of apostacy from the real Deity, while they worshipped, and encouraged others to worship, the false divinity Baal. The Hebrew witch, therefore, or she who communicated, or attempted to communicate, with an evil spirit, was justly punished with death, though her communication with the spiritual world might either not exist at all, or be of a nature much less intimate than has been ascribed to the witches of later days; nor does the existence of this law, against the witches of the Old Testament, sanction, in any respect, the severity of similar enactments subsequent to the Christian revelation, against a different class of persons, accused of a very different species of crime.

In another passage, the practices of those persons termed witches in the Holy Scriptures, are again alluded to; and again it is made manifest that the sorcery or witchcraft of the Old Testament resolves itself into a trafficking with idols, and asking counsel of false deities; in other words, into idolatry, which, notwithstanding repeated prohibitions, examples, and judgments, was still the prevailing crime of the Israelites. The passage alluded to is in Deuteronomy xviii. 10, 11.—"There shall not be found among you any one that maketh his son or his daughter to pass through the fire, or that useth divination, or an observer of times, or an enchanter, or a witch, or a charmer, or a consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer." Similar denunciations occur in the nineteenth and twentieth chapters of Leviticus. In like manner, it is a charge against Manasses, 2 Chronicles xxxviii. that he caused his children to pass through the fire, observed times, used enchantments and witchcraft, and dealt with familiar spirits and with wizards. These passages seem to concur with the former in classing witchcraft among other deceptions of the prophets of the Deity, in order to obtain responses by the superstitious practices of the pagan nations around them. To understand the texts otherwise seems to confound the modern system of witchcraft, with all its unnatural and improbable outrages on common sense, with the crime of the person who, in classical days, consulted the oracle of Apollo—a capital offence in a Jew, but surely a venial sin in an ignorant and deluded pagan.

To illustrate the nature of the Hebrew witch and her prohibited criminal traffic, those who have written on this subject have naturally dwelt upon the interview between Saul and the Witch of Endor, the only detailed and particular account of such a transaction which is to be found in the Bible;—a fact, by-the-way, which proves that the crime of witchcraft (capitally punished as it was when discovered) was not frequent among the chosen people, who enjoyed such peculiar manifestations of the Almighty's presence. The Scriptures seem only to have conveyed to us the general fact (being what is chiefly edifying) of the interview between the Witch and the King of Israel. They inform us, that Saul, disheartened and discouraged by the general defection of his subjects, and the consciousness of his own unworthy and ungrateful disobedience, despairing of obtaining an answer from the offended Deity, who had previously communicated with him through his prophets, at length resolved, in his desperation,

to go to a divining woman, by which course he involved himself in the crime of the person whom he thus consulted, against whom the law denounced death,—a sentence which had been often executed by Saul himself on similar offenders. Scripture proceeds to give us the general information, that the king directed the witch to call up the spirit of Samuel, and that the female exclaimed, that gods had arisen out of the earth—That Saul more particularly requiring a description of the apparition, (whom, consequently, he did not himself see,) she described it as the figure of an old man with a mantle. In this figure the king acknowledges the resemblance of Samuel, and, sinking on his face, hears from the apparition, speaking in the character of the prophet, the melancholy prediction of his own defeat and death.

In this description, though all is told which is necessary to convey to us an awful moral lesson, yet we are left ignorant of the minutiæ attending the apparition, which perhaps we ought to accept as a sure sign, that there was no utility in our being made acquainted with them. It is impossible, for instance, to know with certainty whether Saul was present when the woman used her conjuration, or whether he himself personally ever saw the appearance which the Pythoness described to him. It is left still more doubtful whether any thing supernatural was actually evoked, or whether the Pythoness and her assistant meant to practise a mere deception, taking their chance to prophesy the defeat and death of the broken-spirited king, as an event which the circumstances in which he was placed rendered highly probable, since he was surrounded by a superior army of Philistines, and his character as a soldier rendered it likely that he would not survive a defeat, which must involve the loss of his kingdom. On the other hand, admitting that the apparition had really a supernatural character, it remains equally uncertain what was its nature, or by what power it was compelled to an appearance, unpleasing, as it intimated, since the supposed spirit of Samuel asks wherefore he was disquieted in the grave. Was the power of the witch over the invisible world so great, that, like the Erictho of the heathen poet, she could disturb the sleep of the just, and especially that of a prophet so important as Samuel; and are we to suppose that he, upon whom the Spirit of the Lord was wont to descend, even while he was clothed with frail mortality, should be subject to be disquieted in his grave, at the voice of a vile witch, and the command of an apostate prince? Did the true Deity refuse Saul the response of his prophets, and could a witch compel the actual spirit of Samuel to make answer notwithstanding?

Embarrassed by such difficulties, another course of explanation has been resorted to, which, freed from some of the objections which attend the two extreme suppositions, is yet liable to others. It has been supposed that something took place upon this remarkable occasion, similar to that which disturbed the preconcerted purpose of the prophet Balaam, and compelled him to exchange his premeditated curses for blessings. According to this hypothesis, the divining woman of Endor was preparing to practise upon Saul those tricks of legerdemain or jugglery by which she imposed upon meaner clients who resorted to her oracle. Or we may conceive that in those days, when the laws of nature were frequently suspended by manifestations of the Divine Power, some degree of juggling might be permitted between mortals and the spirits of lesser note; in which case, we must suppose that the woman really expected or hoped to call up some supernatural appearance. But in either case, this second solution of the story supposes that the will of the Almighty substituted, on that memorable occasion, for the phantasmagoria intended by the witch, the spirit of Samuel, in his earthly resemblance—or, if the reader may think this more likely, some good being, the messenger of the divine pleasure, in the likeness of the departed prophet—and, to the surprise of the Pythoness herself, exchanged the juggling farce of sheer deceit or petty sorcery which she had intended to produce, for a deep tragedy, capable of appalling the heart of the hardened tyrant, and furnishing an awful lesson to future times.

This exposition has the advantage of explaining the surprise expressed by the witch at the unexpected consequences of her own invocation, while it removes the objection of supposing the spirit of Samuel subject to her influence. It does not apply so well to the complaint of Samuel, that he was *disquieted*, since neither the prophet, nor any good angel wearing his likeness, could be supposed to complain of an apparition which took place in obedience to the direct command of the Deity. If, however, the phrase is understood, not as a murmuring against the pleasure of Providence, but as a reproach to the prophet's former friend Saul, that his sins and discontents, which were the ultimate cause of Samuel's appearance, had withdrawn the prophet, for a space, from the enjoyment and repose of heaven, to review this miserable spot of mortality, guilt, grief, and misfortune, the words may, according to that interpretation, wear no stronger sense of complaint than might become the spirit of a just man made perfect, or any benevolent angel by whom he might be represented. It may be observed, that, in Ecclesiasticus xlvi. 19, 20, the opinion of Samuel's actual appearance is adopted, since it is said of this man of God, that *after death he prophesied, and showed the king his latter end.*

Leaving the farther discussion of this dark and difficult question to those whose studies have qualified them to give judgment on so obscure a subject, it so far appears clear, that the Witch of Endor was not a being such as those believed in by our ancestors, who could transform themselves and others into the appearance of the lower animals; raise and allay tempests, frequent the company and join the revels of evil spirits, and, by their counsel and assistance, destroy human lives; and waste the fruits of the earth, or perform feats of such magnitude as to alter the face of nature. The Witch of Endor was a mere fortune-teller, to whom, in despair of all aid or answer from the Almighty, the unfortunate King of Israel had recourse in his despair, and by whom, in some way or other, he obtained the awful certainty of his own defeat and death. She was liable, indeed, deservedly, to the punishment of death, for intruding herself upon the task of the real prophets, by whom the will of God was, in that time, regularly made known. But her existence and her crimes can go no length to prove the possibility that another class of witches, no otherwise resembling her than as called by the same name, either existed at a more recent period, or were liable to the same capital punishment, for a very different and much more doubtful class of offences, which, however odious, are nevertheless to be proved possible before they can be received as a criminal charge.

Whatever may be thought of other occasional expressions in the Old Testament, it cannot be said, that in any part of that sacred volume, a text occurs, indicating the existence of a system of witchcraft, under the Jewish dispensation, in any respect similar to that against which the law-books of so many European nations have, till very lately, denounced punishment; far less under the Christian dispensation—a system under which the emancipation of the human race from the Levitical law was happily and miraculously perfected. This latter crime is supposed to infer a compact implying reverence and adoration on the part of the witch who comes under the fatal bond, and patronage, support, and assistance on the part of the diabolical patron. Indeed, in the four Gospels, the word, under any sense, does not occur; although, had the possibility of so enormous a sin been admitted, it was not likely to escape the warning censure of the Divine Person who came to take away the sins of the world. Saint Paul, indeed, mentions the sin of witchcraft in a cursory manner, as superior in guilt to that of ingratitude; and in the offences of the flesh, it is ranked immediately after idolatry; which juxtaposition inclines us to believe that the witchcraft mentioned by the Apostle must

have been analogous to that of the Old Testament, and equivalent to resorting to the assistance of soothsayers, or similar forbidden arts, to acquire knowledge of futurity. Sorcerers are also joined with other criminals, in the Book of Revelations, as excluded from the city of God. And with these occasional notices, which indicate that there was a transgression so called, but leave us ignorant of its exact nature, the writers upon witchcraft attempt to wring out of the New Testament proofs of a crime in itself so disgustingly improbable. Neither do the exploits of Elymas, called the Sorcerer, or Simon, called Magus, or the Magician, entitle them to rank above the class of impostors, who assumed a character to which they had no real title, and put their own mystical and ridiculous pretensions to supernatural powers in competition with those which had been conferred on purpose to diffuse the Gospel, and facilitate its reception by the exhibition of genuine miracles. It is clear that, from his presumptuous and profane proposal to acquire, by purchase, a portion of those powers which were directly derived from inspiration, Simon Magus displayed a degree of profane and brutal ignorance, inconsistent with his possessing even the intelligence of a skilful impostor; and it is plain that a leagued vassal of hell, should we pronounce him such, would have better known his own rank and condition, compared to that of the Apostle, than to have made such a fruitless and unavailing proposal, by which he could only expose his own impudence and ignorance.

With this observation we may conclude our brief remarks upon *witchcraft*, as the word occurs in the Scripture, and it now only remains to mention the nature of the *demonology*, which, as gathered from the sacred volumes, every Christian believer is bound to receive as a thing declared and proved to be true.

And in the first place, no man can read the Bible, or call himself a Christian, without believing that, during the course of time comprehended by the divine writers, the Deity, to confirm the faith of the Jews, and to overcome and confound the pride of the heathens, wrought in the land many great miracles, using either good spirits, the instruments of his pleasure, or fallen angels, the permitted agents of such evil as it was his will should be inflicted upon, or suffered by, the children of men. This proposition comprehends, of course, the acknowledgment of the truth of miracles during this early period, by which the ordinary laws of nature were occasionally suspended, and recognises the existence in the spiritual world of the two grand divisions of angels and devils, severally exercising their powers according to the commission or permission of the Ruler of the universe.

Secondly, wise men have thought and argued, that the idols of the heathen were actually fiends, or rather, that these enemies of mankind had power to assume the shape and appearance of those feeble deities, and to give a certain degree of countenance to the faith of the worshippers, by working seeming miracles, and returning, by their priests or their oracles, responses which "palter'd in a double sense" with the deluded persons who consulted them. Most of the fathers of the Christian church have intimated such an opinion. This doctrine has the advantage of affording, to a certain extent, a confirmation of many miracles related in pagan or classical history, which are thus ascribed to the agency of evil spirits. It corresponds also with the texts of Scripture, which declare that the gods of the heathen are all devils and evil spirits; and the idols of Egypt are classed, as in Isaiah, chap. xix. ver. 2, with charmers, those who have familiar spirits, and with wizards. But whatever license it may be supposed was permitted to the evil spirits of that period,—and although, undoubtedly, men owned the sway of deities who were, in fact, but personifications of certain evil passions of humanity, as, for example, in their sacrifices to Venus, to Bacchus, to Mars, &c., and therefore, might be said, in one sense, to worship evil spirits—we cannot, in reason, suppose that every one, or the thousandth part of the innumerable idols worshipped among the heathen, was endowed with supernatural power; it is clear that the greater number fell under the description applied to them in another passage of Scripture, in which the part of the tree burned in the fire for domestic purposes is treated as of the same power and estimation, as that carved into an image, and preferred for Gentile homage. This striking passage, in which the impotence of the senseless block, and the brutish ignorance of the worshipper, whose object of adoration is the work of his own hands, occurs in the 44th chapter of the prophecies of Isaiah, verse 10, *et seq.* The precise words of the text, as well as common sense, forbid us to believe that the images so constructed by common artisans, became the habitation or resting-place of demons, or possessed any manifestation of strength or power, whether through demoniacal influence or otherwise. The whole system of doubt, delusion, and trick exhibited by the oracles, savours of the mean juggling of impostors, rather than the audacious intervention of demons. Whatever degree of power the false gods of heathendom, or devils in their name, might be permitted occasionally to exert, was, unquestionably, under the general restraint and limitation of Providence; and though, on the one hand, we cannot deny the possibility of such permission being granted, in cases unknown to us, it is certain, on the other, that the Scriptures mention no one specific instance of such influence, expressly recommended to our belief.

Thirdly, as the backsliders among the Jews repeatedly fell off to the worship of the idols of the neighbouring heathens, so they also resorted to the use of charms and enchantments, founded on a superstitious perversion of their own Levitical ritual, in which they endeavoured by sortilege, by Teraphim, by observation of augury, or the flight of birds, which they called *Nahas*, by the means of Urim and Thummim, to find, as it were, a by-road to the secrets of futurity. But for the same reason that withholds us from delivering any opinion upon the degree to which the Devil and his angels might be allowed to countenance the impositions of the heathen priesthood, it is impossible for us conclusively to pronounce what effect might be permitted, by supreme Providence, to the ministry of such evil spirits as presided over, and, so far as they had liberty, directed these sinful inquiries among the Jews themselves. We are indeed assured from the sacred writings, that the promise of the Deity to his chosen people, if they conducted themselves agreeably to the law which he had given, was, that the communication with the invisible world would be enlarged, so that in the fulness of his time, he would pour out his spirit upon all flesh, when their sons and daughters should prophesy, their old men see visions, and their young men dream dreams. Such were the promises delivered to the Israelites by Joel, Ezekiel, and other holy seers, of which St. Peter, in the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, hails the fulfilment in the mission of our Saviour. And on the other hand, it is no less evident that the Almighty, to punish the disobedience of the Jews, abandoned them to their own fallacious desires, and suffered them to be deceived by the lying oracles, to which, in flagrant violation of his commands, they had recourse. Of this, the punishment arising from the Deity abandoning Ahab to his own devices, and suffering him to be deceived by a lying spirit, forms a striking instance.

Fourthly, and on the other hand, abstaining with reverence from accounting ourselves judges of the actions of Omnipotence, we may safely conclude, that it was not his pleasure to employ in the execution of his judgments, the consequences of any such species of league or compact between devils and deluded mortals, as that denounced in the laws of our own ancestors under the name of *witchcraft*. What has been translated by that word, seems little more than the art of a medicator of poisons, combined with that of a Pythoness or false prophetess; a crime, however, of a capital nature, by the Levitical law, since, in the first capacity, it implied great enmity to mankind, and in the second, direct treason to the divine Legislator. The book of Tobit contains, indeed, a passage resembling more an incident

in an Arabian tale, or Gothic romance, than a part of inspired writing. In this the fumes produced by broiling the liver of a certain fish are described as having power to drive away an evil genius who guards the nuptial chamber of an Assyrian princess, and who has strangled seven bridegrooms in succession, as they approached the nuptial couch. But the romantic and fabulous strain of this legend has induced the fathers of all Protestant churches to deny it a place among the writings sanctioned by divine origin, and we may, therefore, be excused from entering into discussion on such imperfect evidence.

Lastly, in considering the incalculable change which took place upon the advent of our Saviour and the announcement of his law, we may observe, that according to many wise and learned men, his mere appearance upon earth, without awaiting the fulfilment of his mission, operated as an act of banishment of such heathen deities as had hitherto been suffered to deliver oracles, and ape in some degree the attributes of the Deity. Milton has, in the Paradise Lost, it may be upon conviction of its truth, embraced the theory which identifies the followers of Satan with the gods of the heathen; and, in a tone of poetry almost unequalled, even in his own splendid writings, he thus describes, in one of his earlier pieces, the departure of these pretended deities on the eve of the blessed Nativity.

"The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving;
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving;
No nightly trance or breathed spell
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

"The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;
From haunted spring and dale,
Edged with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with sighing sent;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn,
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

"In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint;
In urns and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted seat.

"Peor and Baalim
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice-batter'd god of Palestine;
And mooned Ashtaroth,
Heaven's queen and mother both,
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine;
The Lybic Hammond shrinks his horn;
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thamuz mourn.

"And sullen Moloch, fled,
Hath left in shadowy dread
His burning idol all of darkest hue:
In vain with cymbals' ring,
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue;
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis and Orus, and the Dog Anubis, haste."

The quotation is a long one, but it is scarcely possible to shorten what is so beautiful and interesting a description of the heathen deities, whether in the classic personifications of Greece, the horrible shapes worshipped by mere barbarians, or the hieroglyphical enormities of the Egyptian mythology. The idea of identifying the pagan deities, especially the most distinguished of them, with the manifestation of demoniac power, and concluding that the descent of our Saviour struck them with silence, so nobly expressed in the poetry of Milton, is not certainly to be lightly rejected. It has been asserted, in simple prose, by authorities of no mean weight: nor does there appear any thing inconsistent in the faith of those who, believing that, in the elder time, fiends and demons were permitted an enlarged degree of power in uttering predictions, may also give credit to the proposition, that at the Divine advent that power was restrained, the oracles silenced, and those demons who had aped the Divinity of the place were driven from their abode on earth, honoured as it was by a guest so awful.

It must be noticed, however, that this great event had not the same effect on that peculiar class of fiends who were permitted to vex mortals by the alienation of their minds, and the abuse of their persons, in the cases of what is called demoniacal possession. In what exact sense we should understand this word *possession*, it is impossible to discover: but we feel it impossible to doubt, (notwithstanding learned authorities to the contrary,) that it was a dreadful disorder, of a kind not merely natural; and may be pretty well assured that it was suffered to continue after the incarnation, because the miracles effected by our Saviour and his apostles, in curing those tormented in this way, afforded the most direct proofs of his divine mission, even out of the very mouths of those ejected fiends, the most malignant enemies of a power to which they dared not refuse homage and obedience. And here is an additional proof, that witchcraft, in its ordinary and popular sense, was unknown at that period: although cases of possession are repeatedly mentioned in the Gospels and Acts of the Apostles, yet in no one instance do the devils ejected mention a witch or sorcerer, or plead the commands of such a person, as the cause of occupying or tormenting the victim; —whereas, in a great proportion of those melancholy cases of witchcraft with which the records of latter times abound, the stress of the evidence is rested on the declaration of the possessed, or the demon within him, that some old man or woman in *the neighbourhood* had compelled the fiend *to be the instrument* of evil.

It must also be admitted, that in another most remarkable respect, the power of the Enemy of mankind was rather enlarged than bridled or restrained, in consequence of the Saviour coming upon earth. It is indisputable, that in order that Jesus might have his share in every species of delusion and persecution which the fallen race of Adam is heir to, he personally suffered the temptation in the wilderness at the hand of Satan, whom, without resorting to his divine power, he drove, confuted, silenced, and shamed, from his presence. But it appears, that although Satan was allowed upon this memorable occasion to come on earth with great power, the permission was given expressly because his time was short.

The indulgence which was then granted to him in a case so unique and peculiar soon passed over, and was utterly restrained. It is evident, that after the lapse of the period during which it pleased the Almighty to establish his own Church by miraculous displays of power, it could not consist with his kindness and wisdom, to leave the enemy in the possession of the privilege of deluding men by imaginary miracles calculated for the perversion of that faith, which real miracles were no longer present to support. There would, we presume to say, be a shocking inconsistency in supposing, that false and deceitful prophecies and portents should be freely circulated by any demoniacal influence, deceiving men's bodily organs, abusing their minds, and perverting their faith, while the true religion was left *by its* great Author devoid of every supernatural sign and token, which, in the time of its Founder and his immediate disciples, attested and celebrated their inappreciable mission. Such a permission on the part of the Supreme Being, would be (to speak under the deepest reverence) an abandonment of his chosen people, ransomed at such a price, to the snares of an enemy, from whom the worst evils were to be apprehended. Nor would it consist with the remarkable promise in Holy Writ, that "God will not suffer his people to be tempted above what they are able to bear." 1 Cor. x. 13. The Fathers of the Faith are not strictly agreed at what period the miraculous power was withdrawn from the Church; but few Protestants are disposed to bring it down beneath the accession of Constantine, when the Christian religion was fully established in supremacy. The Roman Catholics, indeed, boldly affirm, that the

power of miraculous interference with the course of nature is still in being; but the enlightened even of this faith, though they dare not deny a fundamental tenet of their Church, will hardly assent to any particular case, without nearly the same evidence which might conquer the incredulity of their neighbours the Protestants. It is alike inconsistent with the common sense of either, that fiends should be permitted to work marvels which are no longer exhibited on the part of Heaven, or in behalf of religion.

It will be observed that we have not been anxious to decide upon the limits of probability on this question. It is not necessary for us to ascertain in what degree the power of Satan was at liberty to display itself during the Jewish dispensation, or down to what precise period in the history of the Christian Church cures of demoniacal possession, or similar displays of miraculous power, may have occurred. We have avoided controversy on that head, because it comprehends questions not more doubtful than mediffying. Little benefit could arise from attaining the exact knowledge of the manner in which the apostate Jews practised unlawful charms or augueies. After their conquest and dispersion, they were remarked among the Romans for such superstitious practices; and the like, for what we know, may continue to linger about the benighted wanderers of their race at the present day. But all these things are extraneous to our inquiry, the purpose of which was to discover whether any real evidence could be derived from sacred history, to prove the early existence of that branch of demonology which has been the object, in comparatively modern times, of criminal prosecution and capital punishment. We have already alluded to this as the contract of witchcraft, in which, as the term was understood in the middle ages, the demon and the witch or wizard combined their various powers of doing harm to inflict calamities upon the person and property, the fortune and the fame of innocent human beings; imposing the most horrible diseases, and death itself, as marks of their slightest ill-will; transforming their own persons and those of others at their pleasure; raising tempests to ravage the crops of their enemies, or carrying them home to their own garners; annihilating or transferring to their own dairies the produce of herds; spreading pestilence among cattle, infecting and blighting children; and, in a word, doing more evil than the heart of man might be supposed capable of conceiving, by means far beyond mere human power to accomplish. If it could be supposed that such unnatural leagues existed, and that there were wretches wicked enough, merely for the gratification of malignant spite or the enjoyment of some beastly revelry, to become the wretched slaves of infernal spirits, most just and equitable would be those laws which cut them off from the midst of every Christian commonwealth. But it is still more just and equitable, before punishment be inflicted for any crime, to prove that there is a possibility of that crime being committed. We have, therefore, advanced an important step in our inquiry, when we have ascertained that the *witch* of the Old Testament was not capable of any thing beyond the administration of baleful drugs, or the practising of paltry imposture; in other words, that she did not hold the character ascribed to a modern sorceress. We have thus removed out of the argument the startling objection, that, in denying the existence of witchcraft, we deny the possibility of a crime which was declared capital in the Mosaic law; and are left at full liberty to adopt the opinion, that the more modern system of witchcraft was a part, and by no means the least gross, of that mass of errors which appeared among the members of the Christian Church, when their religion, becoming gradually corrupted by the devices of men, and the barbarism of those nations among whom it was spread, showed a light, indeed, but one deeply tinged with the remains of that very pagan ignorance which its divine Founder came to dispel.

We will, in a future part of this inquiry, endeavour to show that many of the particular articles of the popular belief respecting magic and witchcraft were derived from the opinions which the ancient heathens entertained as part of their religion. To recommend them, however, they had principles lying deep in the human mind and heart of all times; the tendency to belief in supernatural agencies is natural, and indeed seems connected with, and deduced from, the invaluable conviction of the certainty of a future state. Moreover, it is very possible that particular stories of this class may have seemed undeniable in the dark ages, though our better instructed period can explain them in a satisfactory manner, by the excited temperament of spectators, or the influence of delusions produced by derangement of the intellect, or imperfect reports of the external senses. They obtained, however, universal faith and credit; and the churchmen, either from craft or from ignorance, favoured the progress of a belief which certainly contributed, in a most powerful manner, to extend their own authority over the human mind.

To pass from the pagans of antiquity—the Mahommedans, though their profession of faith is exclusively Unitarian, were accounted worshippers of evil spirits, who were supposed to aid them in their continual warfare against the Christians, or to protect and defend them in the Holy Land, where their abode gave so much scandal and offence to the devout. Romance, and even history, combined in representing all who were out of the pale of the Church as the personal vassals of Satan, who played his deceptions openly among then; and Mahound, Termagaunt, and *Apollo* were, in the opinion of the Western Crusaders, only so many names of the archfiend and his principal angels. The most enormous fictions, spread abroad and believed through Christendom, attested the fact, that there were open displays of supernatural aid afforded by the evil spirits to the Turks and Saracens; and fictitious reports were not less liberal in assigning to the Christians extraordinary means of defence through the direct protection of blessed saints and angels, or of holy men, yet in the flesh, but already anticipating the privileges proper to a state of beatitude and glory, and possessing the power to work miracles.

To show the extreme grossness of these legends, we may give an example from the romance of Richard Cœur de Lion, premising, at the same time, that, like other romances, it was written in what the author designed to be the style of true history, and was addressed to hearers and readers, not as a tale of fiction, but a real narrative of facts, so that the legend is a proof of what the age esteemed credible, and were disposed to believe, as much as if it had been extracted from a graver chronicle.

The renowned Saladin, it is said, had despatched an embassy to King Richard, with the present of a colt, recommended as a gallant-war horse, challenging Cœur de Lion to meet him in single combat between the armies, for the purpose of deciding at once their pretensions to the land of Palestine, and the theological question, whether the God of the Christians, or *Jupiter*, the deity of the Saracens, should be the future object of adoration by the subjects of both monarchs. Now, under this seemingly chivalrous defiance was concealed a most unknightly stratagem, and which we may, at the same time, call a very clumsy trick for the Devil to be concerned in. A Saracen clerk had conjured two devils into a mare and her colt, with the instruction, that whenever the mare neighed, the foal, which was a brute of uncommon size, should kneel down to suck his dam. The enchanted foal was sent to King Richard, in the belief that, the foal obeying the signal of its dam as usual, the Soldan, who mounted the mare, might get an easy advantage over him.

But the English king was warned by an angel in a dream of the intended stratagem, and the colt was, by the celestial mandate, previously to the combat, conjured in the holy name, to be obedient to his rider during the encounter. The fiend-horse intimated his submission by drooping his head, but his word was not entirely credited. His ears were stopped with wax. In this condition, Richard, armed at all points, and with various marks of his religious faith displayed on his weapons, rode forth to meet Saladin, and

the Soldan, confident of his stratagem, encountered him boldly. The mare neighed till she shook the ground for miles around. But the sucking devil, whom the wax prevented from hearing the summons, could not obey the signal. Saladin was dismounted, and narrowly escaped death, while his army were cut to pieces by the Christians. It is but an awkward tale of wonder, where a demon is worsted by a trick which could hardly have cheated a common horse-jockey; but by such legends our ancestors were amused and interested, till their belief respecting the demons of the Holy Land seems to have been not very far different from that expressed in the title of Ben Jonson's play, "The Devil is an Ass."

One of the earliest maps ever published, which appeared at Rome in the 16th century, intimates a similar belief in the connexion of the heathen nations of the north of Europe with the demons of the spiritual world. In Esthonia, Lithuania, Courland, and such districts, the chart, for want, it may be supposed, of an accurate account of the country, exhibits rude cuts of the fur-clad natives paying homage at the shrines of demons, who make themselves visibly present to them; while at other places they are displayed as doing battle with the Teutonic knights, or other military associations formed for the conversion or expulsion of the heathens in these parts. Amid the pagans, armed with cimeters, and dressed in caftans, the fiends are painted as assisting them, portrayed in all the modern horrors of the cloven-foot, or, as the Germans term it, horse's-foot, bat-wings, saucer-eyes, locks like serpents, and tail like a dragon. These attributes, it may be cursorily noticed, themselves intimate the connexion of modern demonology with the mythology of the ancients. The cloven foot is the attribute of Pan, to whose talents for inspiring terror we owe the word *panic*—the snaky tresses are borrowed from the shield of Minerva, and the dragon train alone seems to be connected with the Scriptural history.*

Other heathen nations, whose creeds could not have directly contributed to the system of demonology, because their manners and even their very existence was unknown when it was adopted, were nevertheless involved, so soon as Europeans became acquainted with them, in the same charge of witchcraft and worship of demons, brought by the Christians of the middle ages against the heathens of Northern Europe and the Mahommedans of the East. We learn from the information of a Portuguese voyager, that even the native Christians (called those of St. Thomas,) whom the discoverers found in India when they first arrived there, fell under suspicion of diabolical practices. It was almost in vain that the priests of one of their chapels produced to the Portuguese officers and soldiers a holy image, and called on them, as good Christians, to adore the blessed Virgin. The sculptor had been so little acquainted with his art, and the hideous form which he had produced resembled an inhabitant of the infernal regions so much more than Our Lady of Grace, that one of the European officers, while, like his companions, he dropped on his knees, added the loud protest, that if the image represented the Devil, he paid his homage to the Holy Virgin.

In South America the Spaniards justified the unrelenting cruelties exercised on the unhappy natives, by reiterating in all their accounts of the countries which they discovered and conquered, that the Indians, in their idol-worship, were favoured by the demons with a direct intercourse, and that their priests inculcated doctrines and rites the foulest and most abhorrent to Christian ears. The great Snake-god of Mexico, and other idols, worshipped with human sacrifices, and bathed in the gore of their prisoners, gave but too much probability to this accusation; and if the images themselves were not actually tenanted by evil spirits, the worship which the Mexicans paid to them was founded upon such deadly cruelty and dark superstition, as might easily be believed to have been breathed into mortals by the agency of hell.

Even in North America, the first settlers in New-England, and other parts of that immense continent, uniformly agreed that they detected, among the inhabitants, traces of an intimate connexion with Satan. It is scarce necessary to remark, that this opinion was founded exclusively upon the tricks practised by the native powahs, or cunning men, to raise themselves to influence among the chiefs, and to obtain esteem with the people, which, possessed as they were professionally of some skill in jugglery, and the knowledge of some medical herb and secrets, the understanding of the colonists was unable to trace to their real source—legerdemain and imposture. By the account, however, of the Reverend Cotton Mather, in his Magnalia, book vi.,† he does not ascribe to these Indian conjurers any skill greatly superior to a maker of almanacs, or common fortune-teller. "They," says the Docter, "universally acknowledged and worshipped many gods, and therefore highly esteemed and reverenced their priests, powahs, or wizards, who were esteemed as having immediate converse with the gods. To them, therefore, they addressed themselves in all difficult cases; yet could not all that desired that dignity, as they esteemed it, obtain familiarity with the infernal spirits. Nor were all powahs alike successful in their addresses; but they became such, either by immediate revelation, or in the use of certain rites and ceremonies, which tradition had left as conducing to that end. Insomuch, that parents, *out of* zeal, often dedicated their children to the *gods*, and educated them accordingly, observing a certain diet, debarring sleep, &c.; yet of the many designed, but few obtained their desire. Supposing that where the practice of witchcraft has been highly esteemed, there must be given the plainest demonstration of mortals having familiarity with infernal spirits, I am willing to let my reader know, that, not many years since, there died one of the powahs, who never pretended to astrological knowledge, yet could precisely inform such who desired his assistance, from whence goods stolen from them were gone, and whither carried, with many things of the like nature; nor was he ever known to endeavour to conceal his knowledge to be immediately *from a god subservient to him that the English worship*. The powah being, by an Englishman worthy of credit, (who lately informed me of the same,) desired to advise him who had taken certain goods which had been stolen, having formerly been an eye-witness of his ability, the powah, after a little pausing, demanded why he requested that from him, since himself served another God? that therefore he could not help him; but added, '*If you can believe that my god may help you, I will try what I can do*;' which diverted the man from further inquiry. I must a little digress, and tell my reader, that this powah's wife was accounted a godly woman, and lived in the practice and profession of the Christian religion, not only by the approbation but encouragement of her husband. She constantly prayed in the family, and attended the public worship on the Lord's days. He declared that he could not blame her, for that she served a god that was above his, but that, as to himself, his god's continued kindness obliged him not to forsake his service." It appears, from the above and similar passages, that Dr. Cotton Mather, an honest and devout but sufficiently credulous man, had mistaken the purpose of the tolerant powah. The latter only desired to elude the necessity of his practices being brought under the observant eye of an European, while he found an ingenious apology in the admitted superiority which he naturally conceded to the Deity of a people, advanced, as he might well conceive, so far above his own in power and attainments, as might reasonably infer a corresponding superiority in the nature objects of their worship.

From another narrative, we are entitled to infer that the European wizard was held superior to the native sorcerer of North America. Among the numberless extravagances of the Scottish Dissenters of

* The chart alluded to is one of the *fac-similes* of an ancient planisphere, engraved in bronze, about the end of the 15th century, and called the Borgian Table, from its possessor, Cardinal Stephen Borgia, and preserved in his Museum at Velgtri.

† On Remarkable Mercies of Divine Providence.

seventh century, now canonized in a lump by those few them in the general light of enemies to prelacy, was a certain ship-master, called, from his size, Meikle John Gibb. This man, a person called Janie, and one or two other men, besides twenty or thirty females who adhered to them, went the wildest lengths of enthusiasm. Gibb headed a party, who followed him into the moorlands, and at the Word Moss, between Airth and Stirling, burned their Bibles, as an act of solemn adherence to their new faith. They were apprehended in consequence, and committed to prison; and the rest of the Dissenters, however differently they were affected by the persecution of government, when it applied to themselves, were nevertheless much offended that these poor mad people were not brought to capital punishment for their blasphemous extravagances; and imputed it as a fresh crime to the Duke of York; that, though he could not be often accused of toleration, he considered the discipline of the house of correction as more likely to bring the unfortunate Gibbites to their senses, than the more dignified severities of a public jail and the gallows. The Cameronians, however, did their best to correct this scandalous lenity. Meikle John Gibb, who was their comrade in captivity, used to disturb their worship in jail by his maniac howling, two of them took turn about to hold him down by force, and silence him by a napkin thrust into his mouth. This mode of quieting the unlucky heretic, though sufficiently emphatic, being deemed ineffectual or inconvenient, George Jackson, a Cameronian, who afterward suffered at the gallows, lashed the maniac with his feet and hands against the wall, and beat him so severely, that the rest were afraid that he had killed him outright. After which specimen of fraternal chastisement, the lunatic, to avoid the repetition of the discipline, whenever the prisoners began worship, ran behind the door, and there, with his own napkin crammed into his mouth, sat howling like a chastised cur. But on being finally transported to America, John Gibb, we are assured, was much admired by the heathen for his familiar converse with the Devil bodily, and offering sacrifices to him. "He died there," says Walker, "about the year 1729."* We must necessarily infer, that the pretensions of the natives to supernatural communication could not be of a high class, since we find them honouring this poor madman as their superior: and, in general, that the magic, or powahing, of the North American Indians, was not of a nature to be much apprehended by the British Colonists, since the natives themselves gave honour and precedence to those Europeans who came among them with the character of possessing intercourse with the spirits whom they themselves professed to worship.

Notwithstanding this inferiority on the part of the powahs, it occurred to the settlers that the heathen Indians and Roman Catholic Frenchmen were particularly favoured by the demons, who sometimes adopted their appearance, and showed themselves in their likeness, to the great annoyance of the colonists. Thus, in the year 1692, a party of real or imaginary French and Indians exhibited themselves occasionally to the colonists of the town of Gloucester, in the county of Essex, New England, alarmed the country around very greatly, skirmished repeatedly with the English, and caused the raising of two regiments, and the despatching a strong reenforcement to the assistance of the settlement. But as these visitants, by whom they were plagued more than a fortnight, though they exchanged fire with the settlers, never killed or scalped any one, the English became convinced that they were not real Indians and Frenchmen, but that the Devil and his agents had assumed such an appearance, although seemingly not enabled effectually to support it, for the molestation of the colony.†

It appears, then, that the ideas of superstition which the more ignorant converts to the Christian faith borrowed from the wreck of the classic mythology, were so rooted in the minds of their successors, that these found corroboration of their faith in demonology in the practice of every pagan nation whose destiny it was to encounter them as enemies, and that as well within the limits of Europe, as in every other part of the globe to which their arms were carried. In a word, it may be safely laid down, that the commonly received doctrine of demonology, presenting the same general outlines, though varied according to the fancy of particular nations, existed through all Europe. It seems to have been founded originally on feelings incident to the human heart, or diseases to which the human frame is liable,—to have been largely augmented by what classic superstitions survived the ruins of paganism,—and to have received new contributions from the opinions collected among the barbarous nations whether of the east or of the west. It is now necessary to enter more minutely into the question, and endeavour to trace from what especial sources the people of the middle ages derived those notions, which gradually assumed the shape of a regular system of demonology.

LETTER III.

Creed of Zoroaster—Received partially into most Heathen Nations—Instances among the Celtic Tribes of Scotland—Beltane Feast—Gudeman's Croft—Such Abuses admitted into Christianity after the earlier Ages of the Church—Law of the Romans against Witchcraft—Roman Customs survive the Fall of their Religion—Instances—Demonology of the Northern Barbarians—Nicksas—Bhar-geist—Correspondence between the Northern and Roman Witches—The Power of Fascination ascribed to the Sorceresses—Example from the Britannic Sage—The Prophetesses of the Germans—The Gods of Valhalla not highly regarded by their Worshippers—Often defied by their Champions—Demons of the North—Story of Asmund and Asmund—Action of Ejectment against Spectres—Adventure of a Champion with the Goddess Freya—Conversion of the Pagans of Iceland to Christianity—Northern Superstitions mixed with those of the Celts—Satyrs of the North—Highland Ourisk—Morning the Satyr.

The creed of Zoroaster, which naturally occurs to unassisted reason as a mode of accounting for the mingled existence of good and evil in the visible world—that belief which, in one modification or another, supposes the coexistence of a benevolent and malevolent principle, which contend together without either being able decisively to prevail over his antagonist, leads the fear and awe deeply impressed on the human mind to the worship as well of the author of evil, so tremendous in all the effects of which credulity accounts him the primary cause, as to that of his great opponent, who is loved and adored as the Father of all that is good and bountiful. Nay, such is the timid servility of human nature, that the worshippers will neglect the altars of the Author of good, rather than that of Arimanes, trusting with indifference to the well-known mercy of the one, while they shrink from the idea of irritating the vengeful jealousy of the awful father of evil.

The Celtic tribes, by whom, under various denominations, Europe seems to have been originally peopled, possessed, in common with other savages, a natural tendency to the worship of the evil principle. They did not, perhaps, adore Arimanes, under one sole name, or consider the malignant divinities, as sufficiently powerful to undertake a direct struggle with the more benevolent gods; yet they thought it worth while to propitiate them by various expiatory rites and prayers, that they, and the elementary tempests, which they conceived to be under their direct command, might be merciful to suppliants who had acknowledged their power, and deprecated their vengeance.

Remains of these superstitions might be traced till past the middle of the last century, though fast becoming obsolete, or passing into mere popular customs of the country which the peasantry observe, without thinking of their origin. About 1769, when Mr. Pennant made his tour, the ceremony of the Baaltein, Beltane, or First of May, though varying in different districts of the Highlands, was yet in

* See Patrick Walker's Biographia Presbyteriana, vol. ii. p. 23; also God's Judgment upon Persecutors, and Wodrow's History, upon the article John Gibb.

† Magnalia, book vii. article xviii. The fact is also alleged in the Life of Sir William Phipps.

strict observance; and the cake which was then baken with scrupulous attention to certain rites and forms, was divided into fragments, which were formally dedicated to birds or beasts of prey, that they, or rather the being whose agents they were, might spare the flocks and herds.*

Another custom of similar origin lingered late among us. In many parishes of Scotland there was suffered to exist a certain portion of land called *the gudeman's croft*, which was never ploughed or cultivated, but suffered to remain waste, like the Temenos of a pagan temple. Though it was not expressly avowed, no one doubted that the gudeman's croft was set apart for some evil being; in fact, that it was the portion of the arch-fiend himself, whom our ancestors distinguished by a name, which, while it was generally understood, could not, it was supposed, be offensive to the stern inhabitant of the regions of despair. This was so general a custom, that the Church published an ordinance against it as an impious and blasphemous usage.

This singular custom sunk before the efforts of the clergy in the seventeenth century; but there must still be many alive, who in childhood have been taught to look with wonder on knolls and patches of ground left uncultivated, because, whenever a ploughshare entered the soil, the elementary spirits were supposed to testify their displeasure by storm and thunder. Within our own memory, many such places, sanctified to barrenness by some favourite popular superstition, existed, both in Wales and Ireland, as well as in Scotland; but the high price of agricultural produce during the late war, renders it doubtful if a veneration for gray-bearded superstition has suffered any one of them to remain undesecrated. For the same reason, the mounts called Sith Bhruaith were respected, and it was deemed unlawful and dangerous to cut wood, dig earth and stones, or otherwise to disturb them.†

Now, it may at first sight seem strange that the Christian religion should have permitted the existence of such gross and impious relics of heathenism, in a land where its doctrines had obtained universal credence. But this will not appear so wonderful, when it is recollected that the original Christians under the heathen emperors were called to conversion by the voice of apostles and saints, invested for the purpose with miraculous powers, as well of language, for communicating their doctrine to the Gentiles, as of cures, for the purpose of authenticating their mission. These converts must have been in general such elect persons as were effectually called to make part of the infant Church; and when hypocrites ventured, like Ananias and Sapphira, to intrude themselves into so select an association, they were liable, at the Divine pleasure, to be detected and punished. On the contrary, the nations who were converted after Christianity had become the religion of the empire, were not brought within the pale upon such a principle of selection, as when the church consisted of a few individuals, who had, upon conviction, exchanged the errors of the pagan religion for the dangers and duties incurred by those who embraced a faith inferring the self-denial of its votaries, and at the same time exposing them to persecution. When the Cross became triumphant, and its cause no longer required the direction of inspired men, or the evidence of miracles, to compel reluctant belief, it is evident that the converts who thronged into the fold must have, many of them, entered because Christianity was the prevailing faith—many because it was the church, the members of which rose most readily to promotion—many, finally, who, though content to resign the worship of pagan divinities, could not, at once, clear their minds of heathen ritual and heathen observances, which they inconsistently laboured to unite with the more simple and majestic faith that disdained such impure union. If this was the case even in the Roman empire, where the converts to the Christian faith must have found, among the earlier members of the Church, the readiest and the soundest instruction, how much more imperfectly could those foreign and barbarous tribes receive the necessary religious information from some zealous and enthusiastic preacher, who christened them by hundreds in one day? Still less could we imagine them to have acquired a knowledge of Christianity, in the genuine and perfect sense of the word, when, as was frequently the case, they only assumed the profession of the religion that had become the choice of some favoured chief, whose example they followed in mere love and loyalty, without, perhaps, attaching more consequence to a change of religion than to a change of garments. Such hasty converts, professing themselves Christians, but neither weaned from their old belief, nor instructed in their new one, entered the sanctuary without laying aside the superstitions with which their young minds had been imbued; and, accustomed to a plurality of deities, some of them, who bestowed unusual thought on the matter, might be of opinion, that, in adopting the God of the Christians, they had not renounced the service of every inferior power.

If, indeed, the laws of the empire could have been supposed to have had any influence over those fierce barbarians, who conceived that the empire itself lay before them as a spoil, they might have been told that Constantine, taking the offence of alleged magicians and sorcerers in the same light in which it was viewed in the law of Moses, had denounced death against any one who used these unlawful inquiries into futurity. "Let the unlawful curiosity of prying into futurity," says the law, "be silent in every one henceforth and for ever.‡ For, subjected to the avenging sword of the law, he shall be punished capitally who disobeys our commands in this matter."

If, however, we look more closely into this enactment, we shall be led to conclude that the civil law does not found upon the prohibitions and penalties in Scripture; although it condemns the *ars mathematica* (for the most mystic and uncertain of all sciences, real or pretended, at that time, held the title which now distinguishes the most exact) as a damnable art, and utterly interdicted, and declares that the practitioners therein should die by fire, as enemies of the human race—yet, the reason of this severe treatment seems to be different from that acted upon in the Mosaical institutions. The weight of the crime among the Jews was placed on the blasphemy of the diviners, and their treason against the theocracy instituted by Jehovah. The Roman legislators were, on the other hand, moved chiefly by the danger arising to the person of the prince and the quiet of the state, so apt to be unsettled by every pretence or encouragement to innovation. The reigning emperors, therefore, were desirous to place a check upon the mathematics, (as they termed the art of divination,) much more for a political than a religious cause, since we observe, in the history of the empire, how often the dethronement or death of the sovereign was produced by conspiracies or mutinies which took their rise from pretended prophecies. In this mode of viewing the crime, the lawyers of the lower empire acted upon the example of those who had compiled the laws of the twelve tables.§ The mistaken and misplaced devotion which Horace recommends to the rural

* See Pennant's Scottish Tour, vol. i. p. 111. The traveller mentions that some festival of the same kind was, in his time, observed in Gloucestershire.

† See *Essay on the Subterranean Commonwealth*, by Mr. Robert Kirke, Minister at Aberfoyle.

‡ Codex, lib. ix. tit. 18, cap. 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8.

§ By this more ancient code, the punishment of death was indeed denounced against those who destroyed crops, awakened storms, or brought over to their barns and garners the fruits of the earth; but, by good fortune, it left the agriculturists of the period at liberty to use the means they thought most proper to render their fields fertile and plentiful. Pliny informs us, that one Caius Furius Cresinus, a Roman of mean estate, raised larger crops from a small field, than his neighbours could obtain from more ample possessions. He was brought before the judge, upon a charge, averring that he conjured the fruits of the earth, produced by his neighbours' farms, into his own possession. Cresinus appeared, and, having proved the return of his farm to be the produce of his own hard and unremitting labour, as well as superior skill, was dismissed with the highest honours.

nymph, Phidyle, would have been a crime of a deep hue in a Christian convert, and must have subjected him to excommunication, as one relapsed to the rites of paganism; but he might indulge his superstition, by supposing, that though he must not worship Pan or Ceres, as gods, he was at liberty to fear them in their new capacity of fiends. Some compromise between the fear and the conscience of the new converts at a time when the church no longer consisted exclusively of saints, martyrs, and confessors, the disciples of inspired apostles, led them, and even their priestly guides, subject like themselves to human passions and errors, to resort as a charm, if not as an act of worship, to those sacrifices, words, and ritual, by which the heathen, whom they had succeeded, pretended to arrest evil, or procure benefits.

When such belief in a hostile principle and its imaginations was become general in the Roman empire, the ignorance of its conquerors, those wild nations, Franks, Goths, Vandals, Huns, and similar classes of unrefined humanity, made them prone to an error which there were few judicious preachers to warn them against; and we ought rather to wonder and admire the Divine clemency, which imparted to so rude nations the light of the gospel, and disposed them to receive a religion so repugnant to their warlike habits, than that they should, at the same time, have adopted many gross superstitions, borrowed from the pagans, or retained numbers of those which had made part of their own national forms of heathenism.

Thus, though the thrones of Jupiter, and the superior deities of the heathen Pantheon were totally overthrown and broken to pieces, fragments of their worship, and many of their rites, survived the conversion to Christianity,—nay, are in existence even at this late and enlightened period, although those by whom they are practised have not preserved the least memory of their original purpose. We may hastily mention one or two customs of classical origin, in addition to the Beltane and those already noticed, which remain as examples that the manners of the Romans once gave the tone to the greater part of the island of Britain, and at least to the whole which was to the south of the wall of Severus.

The following customs still linger in the south of Scotland, and belong to this class: The bride, when she enters the house of her husband, is lifted over the threshold, and to step on it, or over it, voluntarily, is reckoned a bad omen. This custom was universal in Rome, where it was observed as keeping in memory the rape of the Sabines, and that it was by a show of violence towards the females, that the object of peopling the city was attained. On the same occasion, a sweet cake, baked for the purpose, is broken above the head of the bride; which is also a rite of classic antiquity.

In like manner, the Scottish, even of the better rank, avoid contracting marriage in the month of May, which genial season of flowers and breezes might, in other respects, appear so peculiarly favourable for that purpose. It was specially objected to the marriage of Mary with the profligate Earl of Bothwell, that the union was formed within this interdicted month. This prejudice was so rooted among the Scots, that, in 1684, a set of enthusiasts, called Gibbites, proposed to renounce it, among a long list of stated festivals, fast days, popish relics, not forgetting the profane names of the days of the week, names of the months, and all sorts of idle and silly practices which their tender consciences took an exception to. This objection to solemnize marriage in the merry month of May, however fit a season for courtship, is also borrowed from the Roman pagans, which, had these fanatics been aware of it, would have been an additional reason for their anathema against the practice. The ancients have given us as a maxim, that it is only bad women who marry in that month.*

The custom of saying, God bless you, when a person in company sneezes, is, in like manner, derived from sternutation being considered as a crisis of the plague at Athens, and the hope that, when it was attained, the patient had a chance of recovery.

But, besides these, and many other customs which the various nations of Europe receive from the classical times, and which it is not our object to investigate, they derived from thence a shoal of superstitious beliefs, which, blended and mingled with those which they brought with them out of their own country, fostered and formed the materials of a demonological creed, which has descended down almost to our own times. Nixas, or Nicksa, a river or ocean god, worshipped on the shores of the Baltic, seems to have taken uncontested possession of the attributes of Neptune. Amid the twilight winters and overpowering tempests of these gloomy regions, he had been not unnaturally chosen as the power most adverse to man, and the supernatural character with which he was invested has descended to our time under two different aspects. The Nixa of the Germans is one of those fascinating and lovely fays whom the ancients termed Naiads; and unless her pride is insulted, or her jealousy awakened, by an inconstant lover, her temper is generally mild, and her actions beneficent. The Old Nick, known in England, is an equally genuine descendant of the northern sea god, and possesses a larger portion of his powers and terrors. The British sailor, who fears nothing else, confesses his terrors for this terrible being, and believes him the author of almost all the various calamities to which the precarious life of a seaman is so continually exposed.

The Bhar-guest, or Bhar-geist, by which name it is generally acknowledged through various country parts of England, and particularly in Yorkshire, also called a Dobie—a local spectre which haunts a particular spot under various forms—is a deity, as his name implies, of Teutonic descent; and if it be true, as the author has been informed, that some families bearing the name of Dobie carry a phantom, or spectre passant, in their armorial bearings,† it plainly implies, that however the word may have been selected for a proper name, its original derivation had not then been forgotten.

The classic mythology presented numerous points in which it readily coalesced with that of the Germans, Danes, and Northmen of a later period. They recognised the power of Erictho, Canidia, and other sorceresses, whose spells could perplex the course of the elements, intercept the influence of the sun, and prevent his beneficial operation upon the fruits of the earth; call down the moon from her appointed sphere, and disturb the original and destined course of nature by their words and charms, and the power of the evil spirits whom they evoked. They were also professionally implicated in all such mystic and secret rites and ceremonies as were used to conciliate the favour of the infernal powers, whose dispositions were supposed as dark and wayward, as their realms were gloomy and dismal. Such hags were frequent agents in the violation of unburied bodies, and it was believed, by the vulgar at least, that it was dangerous to leave corpses unguarded lest they should be mangled by the witches, who took from them the most choice ingredients composing their charms. Above all, it must not be forgotten that these frightful sorceresses possessed the power of transforming themselves and others into animals, which are used in their degree of quadrupeds, or in whatever other laborious occupation belongs to the transformed state. The poets of the heathens, with authors of fiction, such as Lucian and Apuleius, ascribe all these powers to the witches of the pagan world, combining them with the art of poisoning, and of making magical filters, to seduce the affections of the young and beautiful; and such were the characteristics which, in greater or less extent, the people of the middle ages ascribed to the witches of their day.

* Malo nubent Maia.

† A similar bearing has been ascribed, for the same reason, to those of the name of Fantome, who carried of old a goblin, or phantom, in a shroud sable passant, on a field azure. Both bearings are founded on what is called canting heraldry, a species of art disowned by the writers on the science, yet universally made use of by those who practise the art of blazonry

"But in thus adopting the superstitions of the ancients, the conquerors of the Roman empire combined them with similar articles of belief, which they had brought with them from their original settlements in the North, where the existence of hags of the same character formed a great feature in their Sagas and their Chronicles. It requires but a slight acquaintance with these compositions, to enable the reader to recognise in the Galdrakinna of the Scalds, the *Stryga*, or witch-woman of more classical climates. In the northern ideas of witches, there was no irreligion concerned with their lore; on the contrary, the possession of magical knowledge was an especial attribute of Odin himself; and to intrude themselves upon a Deity, and compel him to instruct them in what they desired to know, was accounted not an act of impiety, but of gallantry and high courage, among those sons of the sword and the spear. Their matrons possessed a high reputation for magic, for prophetic powers, for creating illusions; and, if not capable of transformations of the human body, they were at least able to impose such fascination on the sight of their enemies, as to conceal for a period the objects of which they were in search.

"There is a remarkable story in the Eyrbiggia Saga, (Historia Eyranorum,) giving the result of such a controversy between two of these gifted women, one of whom was determined on discovering and putting to death the son of the other, named Katla, who in a brawl had cut off the hand of the daughter-in-law of Gierada. A party detached to avenge this wrong, by putting Oddo to death, returned deceived by the skill of his mother. They had found only Katla, they said, spinning flax from a large distaff. "Fools," said Geirada, "that distaff was the man you sought." They returned, seized the distaff, and burned it. But this second time, the witch disguised her son under the appearance of a tame kid. A third time he was a hog, which grovelled among the ashes. The party returned yet again; augmented, as one of Katla's maidens, who kept watch, informed her mistress, by one in a blue mantle. "Alas!" said Katla, "it is the sorceress Geirada, against whom spells avail not." Accordingly, the hostile party, entering for the fourth time, seized on the object of their animosity, and put him to death.* This species of witchcraft is well known in Scotland as the *glamour*, or *deceptio visus*, and was supposed to be a special attribute of the race of Gipsies.

"Neither are those prophetesses to be forgotten, so much honoured among the German tribes, that, as we are assured by Tacitus, they rose to the highest rank in their councils, by their supposed supernatural knowledge, and even obtained a share in the direction of their armies. This peculiarity in the habits of the North was so general, that it was no unusual thing to see females, from respect to their supposed views into futurity, and the degree of divine inspiration which was vouchsafed to them, arise to the degree of HAXA, or chief priestess, from which comes the word *Hexe*, now universally used for a witch; a circumstance which plainly shows, that the mythological system of the ancient natives of the North had given to the modern language an appropriate word for distinguishing those females who had intercourse with the spiritual world.†

"It is undeniable that these Pythonesses were held in high respect while the pagan religion lasted; but for that very reason they became odious so soon as the tribe was converted to Christianity. They were, of course, if they pretended to retain their influence, either despised as impostors, or feared as sorceresses; and the more that, in particular instances, they became dreaded for their power, the more they were detested, under the conviction that they derived it from the enemy of man. The deities of the northern heathens underwent a similar metamorphosis, resembling that proposed by Drawcansir in the Rehearsal, who threatens "to make a god subscribe himself a devil."

The warriors of the North received this new impression concerning the influence of their deities, and the source from which it was derived, with the more indifference, as their worship, when their mythology was most generally established, was never of a very reverential or devotional character. Their ideas of their own merely human prowess was so high, that the champions made it their boast, as we have already hinted, they would not give way in fight even to the immortal gods themselves. Such, we learn from Cesar, was the idea of the Germans concerning the Suevi or Swabians, a tribe to whom the others yielded the palm of valour; and many individual stories are told in the Sagas concerning bold champions, who had fought, not only with the sorcerers, but with the demigods of the system, and come off unharmed, if not victorious, in the contest. Hother, for example, encountered the god, Thor, in battle, as Diomede, in the Iliad, engages with Mars, and with like success. Bartholinus gives us repeated examples of the same kind. "Know thou," said Kiartan to Olaus Trigguasen, "that I believe neither in idols or demons. I have travelled through various strange countries, and have encountered many giants and monsters, and have never been conquered by them; I therefore put my sole trust in my own strength of body and courage of soul." Another yet more broad answer was made to St. Olaus, King of Norway, by Gaukster. "I am neither pagan nor Christian. My comrades and I profess no other religion than a perfect confidence in our own strength and invincibility in battle." Such chieftains were of the sect of Mezentius—

> "Dextra mihi Deus, et telum, quod missile libro
> Nunc adsint!"§

And we cannot wonder that champions of such a character, careless of their gods while yet acknowledged as such, readily regarded them as demons after their conversion to Christianity.

To incur the highest extremity of danger became accounted a proof of that insuperable valour for which every Northman desired to be famed, and their annals afford numerous instances of encounters with ghosts, witches, furies, and fiends, whom the Kiempe, or champions, compelled to submit to their mere mortal strength, and yield to their survivor the weapons or other treasures which they guarded in their tombs.

The Norsemen were the more prone to these superstitions, because it was a favourite fancy of theirs that, in many instances, the change from life to death altered the temper of the human spirit from benignant to malevolent; or perhaps, that when the soul left the body, its departure was occasionally supplied by a wicked demon, who took the opportunity to enter and occupy its late habitation.

Upon such a supposition the wild fiction that follows is probably grounded; which, extravagant as it is, possesses something striking to the imagination. Saxo Grammaticus tells us of the fame of two Norse princes or chiefs, who had formed what was called a brotherhood in arms, implying not only the firmest friendship and constant support during all the adventures which they should undertake in life, but binding them by a solemn compact, that after the death of either, the survivor should descend alive into the sepulchre of his brother-in-arms, and consent to be buried along with him. The task of fulfilling this dreadful compact fell upon Asmund, his companion, Assueit, having been slain in battle. The tomb was formed after the ancient northern custom in what was called the age of hills,—that is, when it was usual to bury persons of distinguished merit or rank.

* Eyrbiggia Saga, in Northern Antiquities.

† It may be worth while to notice, that the word Haxa is still used in Scotland in its sense of a druidess, or chief priestess, to distinguish the places where such females exercised their ritual. There is a species of small intrenchment on the western descent of the Eildon hills, which Mr. Milne, in his account of the parish of Melrose, drawn up about eighty years ago, says was denominated *Bourjo*, a word of unknown derivation, by which the place is still known. Here a universal and subsisting tradition bore, that human sacrifices were of yore offered, while the people assisting could behold the ceremony from the elevation of the glacis, which sloped inward. With this place of sacrifice communicated a path, still discernible, called the *Hazellgate*, leading to a small glen, or narrow valley, called the *Hazelleleuch*—both which words are probably derived from the Haxa, or chief priestess of the pagans.

‡ De causis contemptæ mortis, lib. i. cap. 6.

§ Æneid, lib. x. line 773.

on some conspicuous spot, which was crowned with a mound. With this purpose a deep narrow vault was constructed, to be the apartment of the future tomb over which the sepulchral heap was to be piled. Here they deposited arms, trophies, poured forth, perhaps, the blood of victims, introduced into the tomb the war-horses of the champions, and when these rites had been duly paid, the body of Assueit was placed in the dark and narrow house, while his faithful brother-in-arms entered and sat down by the corpse, without a word or look which testified regret or unwillingness to fulfil his fearful engagement. The soldiers who had witnessed this singular interment of the dead and living, rolled a huge stone to the mouth of the tomb, and piled so much earth and stones above the spot as made a mound visible from a great distance, and then, with loud lamentation for the loss of such undaunted leaders, they dispersed themselves like a flock which has lost its shepherd.

Years passed away after years, and a century had elapsed, ere a noble Swedish rover, bound upon some high adventure, and supported by a gallant band of followers, arrived in the valley which took its name from the tomb of the brethren-in-arms. The story was told to the strangers, whose leader determined on opening the sepulchre, partly because, as already hinted, it was reckoned a heroic action to brave the anger of departed heroes by violating their tombs; partly to attain the arms and swords of proof with which the deceased had done their great actions. He set his soldiers to work, and soon removed the earth and stones from one side of the mound, and laid bare the entrance. But the stoutest of the rovers started back, when, instead of the silence of a tomb, they heard within horrid cries, the clash of swords, the clang of armour, and all the noise of a mortal combat between two furious champions. A young warrior was let down into the profound tomb by a cord, which was drawn up shortly after, in hopes of news from beneath. But when the adventurer descended, some one threw him from the cord, and took his place in the noose. When the rope was pulled up, the soldiers, instead of their companion, beheld Asmund, the survivor of the brethren-in-arms. He rushed into the open air, his sword drawn in his hand, his armour half torn from his body, the left side of his face almost scratched off, as by the talons of some wild beast. He had no sooner appeared in the light of day, than, with the improvisatory poetic talent which these champions often united with heroic strength and bravery, he poured forth a string of verses containing the history of his hundred years' conflict within the tomb. It seems that no sooner was the sepulchre closed than the corpse of the slain Assueit arose from the ground, inspired by some ravenous goule, and having first torn to pieces and devoured the horses which had been entombed with them, threw himself upon the companion who had just given him such a sign of devoted friendship, in order to treat him in the same manner. The hero, no way discountenanced by the horrors of his situation, took to his arms, and defended himself manfully against Assueit, or rather against the evil demon who tenanted that champion's body. In this manner the living brother waged a preternatural combat, which had endured during a whole century, when Asmund, at last obtaining the victory, prostrated his enemy, and by driving, as he boasted, a stake through his body, had finally reduced him to the state of quiet becoming a tenant of the tomb. Having chanted the triumphant account of his contest and victory, this mangled conqueror fell dead before them. The body of Assueit was taken out of the tomb, burned, and the ashes dispersed to heaven; while that of the victor, now lifeless, and without a companion, was deposited there, so that it was hoped his slumbers might remain undisturbed.* The precautions taken against Assueit's reviving a second time, remind us of those adopted in the Greek islands, and in the Turkish provinces, against the vampire. It affords also a derivation of the ancient English law in case of suicide, when a stake was driven through the body, originally to keep it secure in the tomb.

* See Saxo Grammaticus, Hist. Dan. lib. v.

The Northern people also acknowledged a kind of ghosts, who, when they had obtained possession of a building, or the right of haunting it, did not defend themselves against mortals on the knightly principle of duel, like Assueit, nor were amenable to the prayers of the priest or the spells of the sorcerer, but became tractable when properly convened in a legal process. The Eyrbiggia Saga acquaints us, that the mansion of a respectable landholder in Iceland was, soon after the settlement of that island, exposed to a persecution of this kind. The molestation was produced by the concurrence of certain mystical and spectral phenomena, calculated to introduce such persecution. About the commencement of winter, with that slight exchange of darkness and twilight which constitutes night and day in these latitudes, a contagious disease arose in a family of consequence, and in the neighbourhood, which, sweeping off several members of the family at different times, seemed to threaten them all with death. But the death of these persons was attended with the singular consequence, that their spectres were seen to wander in the neighbourhood of the mansion-house, terrifying, and even assaulting, those of the living family who ventured abroad. As the number of the dead members of the devoted household seemed to increase in proportion to that of the survivors, the ghosts took it upon them to enter the house, and produce their ærial forms and wasted physiognomy, even in the stove where the fire was maintained for the general use of the inhabitants, and which, in an Iceland winter, is the only comfortable place of assembling the family. But the remaining inhabitants of the place, terrified by the intrusion of these spectres, chose rather to withdraw to the other extremity of the house, and abandon their warm seats, than to endure the neighbourhood of the phantoms. Complaints were at length made to a pontiff of the god Thor, named Snorro, who exercised considerable influence in the island. By his counsel, the young proprietor of the haunted mansion assembled a jury, or inquest, of his neighbours, constituted in the usual judicial form, as if to judge an ordinary civil matter, and proceeded, in their presence, to cite individually the various phantoms and resemblances of the deceased members of the family, to show by what warrant they disputed with him and his servants the quiet possession of his property, and what defence they could plead for thus interfering with and incommoding the living. The spectres of the dead, by name, and in order, as summoned, appeared on their being called, and muttering some regrets at being obliged to abandon their dwelling, departed, or vanished, from the astonished inquest. Judgment then went against the ghosts by default; and the trial by jury, of which we here can trace the origin, obtained a triumph unknown to any of the great writers who have made it the subject of eulogy.†

It was not only with the spirits of the dead that the warlike people of the North made war without timidity, and successfully entered into suits of ejectment: these daring champions often braved the indignation even of the superior deities of their mythology, rather than allow that there existed any being before whom their boldness could quail. Such is the singular story, how a young man of high courage, in crossing a desolate ridge of mountains, met with a huge wagon, in which the goddess Freya, (*i. e.* a gigantic idol formed to represent her,) together with her shrine, and the wealthy offerings attached to it, was travelling from one district of the country to another. The shrine, or sanctuary of the idol, was, like a modern caravan, travelling with a show, screened by boards and curtains from the public gaze, and the equipage was under the immediate guidance of the priestess of Freya, a young, good-looking, and attractive woman. The traveller naturally associated himself with the priestess, who, as she walked on foot, apparently was in no degree displeased with the company of a powerful and handsome young man, as a guide and companion on the journey. It chanced, however, that the presence of the champion, and his discourse with the priest-

† Eyrbiggia Saga. See *Northern Antiquities.*

sea, was less satisfactory to the goddess than to the parties principally concerned. By a certain signal the divinity summoned the priestess to the sanctuary, who presently returned with tears in her eyes, and terror in her countenance, to inform her companion that it was the will of Freya that he should depart, and no longer travel in their company. "You must have mistaken the meaning of the goddess," said the champion; "Freya cannot have formed a wish so unreasonable, as to desire I should abandon the straight and good road, which leads me directly on my journey, to choose precipitous paths and by-roads, where I may break my neck."—"Nevertheless," said the priestess, "the goddess will be highly offended if you disobey her commands, nor can I conceal from you that she may personally assault you."—"It will be at her own peril if she should be so audacious," said the champion, "for I will try the power of this axe against the strength of beams and boards." The priestess chid him for his impiety; but being unable to compel him to obey the goddess' mandate, they again relapsed into familiarity, which advanced to such a point, that a clattering noise within the tabernacle, as of machinery put in motion, intimated to the travellers that Freya, who perhaps had some qualities in common with the classical Vesta, thought a personal interruption of this tête-à-tête ought to be deferred no longer. The curtains flew open, and the massive and awkward idol, who, we may suppose, resembled in form the giant created by Frankenstein, leaped lumbering from the carriage, and rushing on the intrusive traveller, dealt him, with its wooden hands and arms, such tremendous blows, as were equally difficult to parry or to endure. But the champion was armed with a double-edged Danish axe, with which he bestirred himself with so much strength and activity, that at length he split the head of the image, and with a severe blow hewed off its left leg. The image of Freya then fell motionless to the ground, and the demon which had animated it, fled yelling from the battered tenement. The champion was now victor; and, according to the law of arms, took possession of the female and the baggage. The priestess, the divinity of whose patroness had been, by the event of the combat, sorely lessened in her eyes, was now easily induced to become the associate and concubine of the conqueror. She accompanied him to the district whither he was travelling, and there displayed the shrine of Freya, taking care to hide the injuries which the goddess had received in the brawl. The champion came in for a share of a gainful trade driven by the priestess, besides appropriating to himself most of the treasures which the sanctuary had formerly contained. Neither does it appear that Freya, having, perhaps, a sensible recollection of the power of the axe, ever again ventured to appear in person for the purpose of calling her false stewards to account.

The national estimation of deities, concerning whom such stories could be told and believed, was, of course, of no deep or respectful character. The Icelanders abandoned Odin, Freya, Thor, and their whole pagan mythology, in consideration of a single disputation between the heathen priests and the Christian missionaries. The priests threatened the island with a desolating eruption of the volcano called Hecla, as the necessary consequence of the vengeance of their deities. Snorro, the same who advised the inquest against the ghosts, had become a convert to the Christian religion, and was present on the occasion, and as the conference was held on the surface of what had been a stream of lava, now covered with vegetable substances, he answered the priests with much readiness, "To what was the indignation of the gods owing, when the substance on which we stand was fluid and scorching? Believe me, men of Iceland, the eruption of the volcano depends on natural circumstances, now as it did then, and is not the engine of vengeance intrusted to Thor and Odin." It is evident, that men who reasoned with so much accuracy concerning the imbecility of Odin and Thor, were well prepared, on abandoning their worship, to consider their former deities, of whom they believed so much that was impious, in the light of evil demons.

But there were some particulars of the Northern creed, in which it corresponded so exactly with that of the classics, as leaves room to doubt whether the original Asæ, or Asiatics, the founders of the Scandinavian system, had, before their migration from Asia, derived them from some common source with those of the Greeks and Romans; or whether, on the other hand, the same proneness of the human mind to superstition has caused that similar ideas are adopted in different regions, as the same plants are found in distant countries, without the one, as far as can be discovered, having obtained the seed from the others.

The classical fiction, for example, of the satyrs, and other subordinate deities of wood and wild, whose power is rather delusive than formidable, and whose supernatural pranks intimate rather a wish to inflict terror than to do hurt, was received among the northern people, and perhaps transferred by them to the Celtic tribes. It is an idea which seems common to many nations. The existence of a satyr, in the sylvan form, is even pretended to be proved by the evidence of Saint Anthony, to whom one is said to have appeared in the desert. The Scottish Gael have an idea of the same kind, respecting a goblin called *Ourisk*, whose form is like that of Pan, and his attendants something between a man and a goat, the nether extremities being in the latter form. A species of cavern, or rather hole, in the rock, affords to the wildest retreat in the romantic neighbourhood of Loch Katrine, a name taken from classical superstition. It is not the least curious circumstance, that from this sylvan deity the modern nations of Europe have borrowed the degrading and unsuitable emblems of the goat's visage and form, the horns, hoofs, and tail, with which they have depicted the author of evil, when it pleased him to show himself on earth. So that the alteration of a single word would render Pope's well-known line more truly adapted to the fact, should we venture to read,

"And Pan to *Satan* lends his heathen horn."

We cannot attribute the transference of the attributes of the northern satyr, or Celtic ourisk, to the arch-fiend, to any particular resemblance between the character of these deities and that of Satan. On the contrary, the ourisk of the Celts was a creature by no means peculiarly malevolent, or formidably powerful; but rather a melancholy spirit, which dwelt in wildernesses far removed from men. If we are to identify him with the brown Dwarf of the Border moors, the ourisk has a mortal term of life, and a hope of salvation, as indeed the same high claim was made by the satyr who appeared to St. Anthony. Moreover, the Highland ourisk was a species of lubber fiend, and capable of being overreached by those who understood philology. It is related of one of these goblins, which frequented a mill near the foot of Loch Lomond, that the miller, desiring to get rid of this meddling spirit, who injured the machinery by setting the water on the wheel when there was no grain to be ground, contrived to have a meeting with the goblin by watching in his mill till night. The ourisk then entered and demanded the miller's name, and was informed that he was called *Myself*; on which is founded a story almost exactly like that of Ouris in the Odyssey, a tale which, though classic, is by no means an elegant or ingenious fiction, but which we are astonished to find in an obscure district, and in the Celtic tongue, seeming to argue some connexion or communication between these remote Highlands of Scotland and the readers of Homer in former days, which we cannot account for. After all, perhaps, some churchman more learned than his brethren may have transferred the legend from Sicily to Duncrune, from the shores of the Mediterranean to those of Loch Lomond. I have heard it also told, that the celebrated freebooter Rob Roy once gained a victory by disguising a part of his men with goatskins, so as to resemble the *ourisk*, or Highland satyr

There was an individual, satyr called, I think, Meming, belonging to the Scandinavian mythology, of a character different from the ourisk, though similar in shape, whom it was the boast of the highest champions to seek out in the solitudes which he inhabited. He was an armourer of extreme dexterity, and the weapons which he forged were of the highest value. But as club-law pervaded the ancient system of Scandinavia, Meming had the humour of refusing to work for any customer save such as compelled him to it with force of arms. He may be, perhaps, identified with the rescusant smith who fled before Fingal from Ireland to the Orkneys, and being there overtaken, was compelled to forge the sword which Fingal afterward wore in all his battles, and which was called the Son of the dark brown Luno, from the name of the armourer who forged it.*

From this it will appear that there were originals enough in the mythology of the Goths, as well as Celts, to furnish the modern attributes ascribed to Satan in later times, when the object of painter or poet was to display him in his true form, and with all his terrors. Even the genius of Guido and of Tasso have been unable to surmount this prejudice, the more rooted, perhaps, that the wicked are described as goats in Scripture, and that the Devil is called the old dragon. In Raphael's famous painting of the arch-angel Michael binding Satan, the dignity, power, and angelic character expressed by the seraph, form an extraordinary contrast to the poor conception of a being who ought not, even in that lowest degradation, to have seemed so unworthy an antagonist. Neither has Tasso been more happy, where he represents the divan of darkness, in the enchanted forest, as presided over by a monarch having a huge tail, hoofs, and all the usual accompaniments of popular diablerie. The genius of Milton alone could discard all these vulgar puerilities, and assign to the author of evil the terrible dignity of one who should seem not "less than arch-angel ruined." This species of degradation is yet grosser when we take into consideration the changes which popular opinions have wrought respecting the taste, habits, powers, modes of tempting, and habits of tormenting, which are such as might rather be ascribed to some stupid, superannuated, and doting ogre of a fairy tale, than to the powerful-minded demon, who fell through pride and rebellion, not through folly or incapacity.

Having, however, adopted our present ideas of the Devil as they are expressed by his nearest acquaintances, the witches, from the accounts of satyrs, which seem to have been articles of faith both among the Celtic and Gothic tribes, we must next notice another fruitful fountain of demonological fancies. But as this source of the mythology of the middle ages must necessarily comprehend same account of the fairy folk, to whom much of it must be referred, it is necessary to make a pause before we enter upon the mystic and marvellous connexion supposed to exist between the impenitent kingdom of Satan, and those merry dancers by moonlight.

LETTER IV.

The Fairy Superstition is derived from different Sources—The classical Worship of the Sylvans, or rural Deities, proved by Roman Altars discovered—The Gothic Duergar, or Dwarfs—supposed to be derived from the Northern Laps, or Fins—The Nicbelungen Lied—King Laurin's Adventures—Celtic Fairies of a gayer Character, yet their Pleasures empty and illusory—Addicted to carry off human Beings, both Infants and Adults—Adventures of a Butler in Ireland—The Elves supposed to pay a Tax to Hell—The Irish, Welsh, Highlanders, and Manxmen, held the same Belief—It was rather rendered more gloomy by the Northern Traditions—Merlin and Arthur carried off by the Fairies—also Thomas of Erceldoune—His Amour with the Queen of Elfland—His Reappearance in latter Times—Another Account from Reginald Scott—Conjectures on the Derivation of the word Fairy.

We may premise by observing, that the classics had not forgotten to enrol in their mythology a certain species of subordinate deities, resembling the modern elves in their habits. Good old Mr. Gibb, of the Advocates' Library, (whom all lawyers, whose youth he assisted in their studies by his knowledge of that noble collection, are bound to name with gratitude,) used to point out among the ancient altars under his charge, one which is consecrated *Dis campestribus*, and usually added, with a wink, "The Fairies, ye ken."† This relic of antiquity was discovered near Roxburgh Castle, and a vicinity more delightfully appropriate to the abode of the sylvan deities can hardly be found. Two rivers of considerable size, made yet more remarkable by the fame which has rendered them in some sort classical, unite their streams beneath the vestiges of an extensive castle, renowned in the wars with England, and for the valiant, noble, and even royal blood which has been shed around and before it;—a landscape ornamented with the distant village and huge abbey tower of Kelso, arising out of groves of aged trees;—the modern mansion of Fleurs, with its terrace, its woods, and its extensive lawn, form altogether a kingdom for Oberon and Titania to reign in, or any spirit who, before their time, might love scenery of which the majesty, and even the beauty, impress the mind with a sense of awe mingled with pleasure. These sylvans, satyrs, and fauns, with whom superstition peopled the lofty banks and tangled copses of this romantic country, were obliged to give place to deities very nearly resembling themselves in character, who probably derive some of their attributes from their classic predecessors, although more immediately allied to the barbarian conquerors;—we allude to the fairies, which, as received into the popular creed, and as described by the poets who have made use of them as machinery, are certainly among the most pleasing legacies of fancy.

Dr. Leyden, who exhausted on this subject, as, upon most others, a profusion of learning, found the first idea of the Elfin people in the northern opinions concerning the duergar, or dwarfs.‡ These were, however, it must be owned, spirits of a coarser sort, more laborious vocation, and more malignant temper, and in all respects less propitious to humanity, than the fairies, properly so called, which were the invention of the Celtic people, and displayed that superiority of taste and fancy, which, with the love of music and poetry, has been generally ascribed to their race, through its various classes and modifications.

In fact, there seems reason to conclude that these duergar were originally nothing else than the diminutive natives of the Lappish, Lettish, and Finish nations, who, flying before the conquering weapons of the Asæ, sought the most retired regions of the north, and there endeavoured to hide themselves from their eastern invaders. They were a little, diminutive race, but possessed of some skill probably in mining or smelting minerals, with which the country abounds; perhaps also they might, from their acquaintance with the changes of the clouds, or meteorological phenomena, be judges of weather, and so enjoy another title to supernatural skill. At any rate, it has been plausibly supposed, that these poor people, who sought caverns and hiding-places from the persecution of the Asæ, were in some respects compensated for inferiority in strength and stature, by the art and power with which the superstition of the enemy invested them. These oppressed yet dreaded fugitives obtained, naturally enough,

* The weapon is often mentioned in Mr. MacPherson's paraphrases; but the Irish ballad, which gives a spirited account of the debate between the champion and the armourer, is nowhere introduced.

† Another altar of elegant form, and perfectly preserved, was, within these few weeks, dug up near the junction of the Leader and the Tweed, in the neighbourhood of the village of Newstead, to the east of Melrose. It was inscribed by Carrius Domitianus, the prefect of the twentieth legion, to the god SYLVANUS, forming another instance how much the wild and sylvan character of the country disposed the feelings of the Romans to acknowledge the presence of the rural deities. The altar is preserved at Drygrange, the seat of Mr. Tod.

‡ See the Essay on the Fairy Superstition, in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," of which many of the materials were contributed by Dr. Leyden, and the whole brought into its present form by the author.

the character of the German spirits called Kobold, from which the English Goblin and the Scottish Bogle, by some inversion and alteration of pronunciation, are evidently derived.

The Kobolds were a species of gnomes, who haunted the dark and solitary places, and were often seen in the mines, where they seemed to imitate the labours of the miners, and sometimes took pleasure in frustrating their objects, and rendering their toil unfruitful. Sometimes they were malignant, especially if neglected or insulted; but sometimes also they were indulgent to individuals whom they took under their protection. When a miner, therefore, hit upon a rich vein of ore, the inference commonly was, not that he possessed more skill, industry, or even luck than his fellow-workmen, but that the spirits of the mine had directed him to the treasure. The employment and apparent occupation of these subterranean gnomes, or fiends, led very naturally to identify the Fin, or Laplander, with the Kobold; but it was a bolder stretch of the imagination, which confounded this reserved and sullen race with the livelier and gayer spirit which bears correspondence with the British fairy. Neither can we be surprised that the Duergar, ascribed by many persons to this source, should exhibit a darker and more malignant character than the elves that revel by moonlight in more southern climates.

According to the old Norse belief, these dwarfs form the current machinery of the Northern Sagas, and their inferiority in size is represented as compensated by skill and wisdom superior to those of ordinary mortals. In the Niebelungen-Lied, one of the oldest romances of Germany, and compiled, it would seem, not long after the time of Attila, Theodorick of Bern, or of Verona, figures among a cycle of champions, over whom he presides, like the Charlemagne of France, or Arthur of England. Among others vanquished by him is the Elf King, or Dwarf Laurin, whose dwelling was in an enchanted garden of roses, and who had a body-guard of giants, a sort of persons seldom supposed to be themselves conjurers. He becomes a formidable opponent to Theodorick and his chivalry, but as he attempted by treachery to attain the victory, he is, when overcome, condemned to fill the dishonourable yet appropriate office of buffoon and juggler at the court of Verona.*

Such possession of supernatural wisdom is still imputed, by the natives of the Orkney and Zetland islands, to the people called *Drows*, being a corruption of Duergar or *dwarfs*, and who may, in most other respects, be identified with the Caledonian fairies. Lucas Jacobson Debes, who dates his description of Feroe from his Pathmos, in Thore-haven, 12th March, 1670, dedicates a long chapter to the spectres who disturbed his congregation, and sometimes carried off his hearers. The actors in these disturbances he states to be the *Skow*, or *Biergen-Trold*, *i. e.* the spirits of the woods and mountains, sometimes called subterranean people, and adds, they appeared in deep caverns and among horrid rocks; as also, that they haunted the places where murders, or other deeds of mortal sin, had been acted. They appear to have been the genuine northern dwarfs, or Trows, another pronunciation of Trolldn, and are considered by the reverend author as something very little better than actual fiends.

But it is not only, or even chiefly, to the Gothic race that we must trace the opinions concerning the elves of the middle ages; these, as already hinted, were deeply blended with the attributes which the Celtic tribes had, from the remotest ages, ascribed to their deities of rocks, valleys, and forests. We have already observed, what indeed makes a great feature of their national character, that the power of the imagination is peculiarly active among the Celts, and leads to an enthusiasm concerning national music and dancing, national poetry and song, the departments in which fancy most readily indulges herself. The Irish, the Welsh, the Gael or Scottish Highlander, all tribes of Celtic descent, assigned to the men of peace, good neighbours, or by whatever other names they called these sylvan pigmies, more social habits, and a course of existence more gay, than the sullen and heavy toils of the more saturnine Duergar. Their elves did not avoid the society of men, though they behaved to those who associated with them with caprice, which rendered it dangerous to displease them; and although their gifts were sometimes valuable, they were usually wantonly given, and unexpectedly resumed.

The employment, the benefits, the amusements of the Fairy court, resembled the aerial people themselves. Their government was always represented as monarchical. A King, more frequently a Queen of Fairies, was acknowledged; and sometimes both held their court together. Their pageants and court entertainments comprehended all that the imagination could conceive of what was, by that age, accounted gallant and splendid. At their processions, they paraded more beautiful steeds than those of mere earthly parentage—the hawks and hounds which they employed in their chase were of the first race. At their daily banquets, the board was set forth with a splendour which the proudest kings of the earth dared not aspire to; and the hall of their dancers echoed to the most exquisite music. But when viewed by the eye of a seer the illusion vanished. The young knights and beautiful ladies showed themselves as wrinkled carles and odious hags—their wealth turned into slate-stones—their splendid plate into pieces of clay fantastically twisted—and their victuals, unsavoured by salt (prohibited to them, we are told, because an emblem of eternity,) became tasteless and insipid—the stately halls were turned into miserable damp caverns—all the delights of the Elfin Elysium vanished at once. In a word, their pleasures were showy, but totally unsubstantial—their activity unceasing, but fruitless and unavailing—and their condemnation appears to have consisted in the necessity of maintaining the appearance of constant industry or enjoyment, though their toil was fruitless, and their pleasures shadowy and unsubstantial. Hence poets have designed them as "*the crew that never rest.*" Besides the unceasing and useless bustle in which these spirits seemed to live, they had propensities unfavourable and distressing to mortals.

One injury of a very serious nature was supposed to be constantly practised by the fairies against "the human mortals," that of carrying off their children, and breeding them as beings of their race. Unchristened infants were chiefly exposed to this calamity; but adults were also liable to be abstracted from earthly commerce, notwithstanding it was their natural sphere. With respect to the first, it may be easily conceived that the want of the sacred ceremony of introduction into the Christian Church rendered them the more obnoxious to the power of those creatures, who, if not to be in all respects considered as fiends, had, nevertheless, considering their constant round of idle occupation, little right to rank themselves among good spirits, and were accounted by most divines as belonging to a very different class. An adult, on the other hand, must have been engaged in some action which exposed him to the power of the spirits, and so, as the legal phrase went, "taken in the manner." Sleeping on a Fairy mount, within which the Fairy court happened to be held for the time, was a very ready mode of obtaining a passport for Elfland. It was well for the individual if the irate elves were contented, on such occasions, with transporting him through the air to a city at some forty miles distance, and leaving, perhaps, his hat or bonnet on some steeple between, to mark the direct line of his course. Others, when engaged in some unlawful action, or in the act of giving way to some headlong and sinful passion, exposed themselves also to become inmates of Fairy land.

The same belief on these points obtained in Ireland. Glanville, in his Eighteenth Relation, tells us of the butler of a gentleman, a neighbour of the Earl of Orrery, who was sent to purchase cards. In crossing the fields, he saw a table surrounded by people apparently feasting and making merry. They

* See an abstract, by the late learned Henry Weber, of a Lay on this subject of King Laurin, compiled by Henry of Osterdingen. *Northern Antiquities*, Edinburgh, 1814.

ose to salute him, and invited him to join in their revel; but a friendly voice from the party whispered in his ear, "Do nothing which this company invite you to." Accordingly, when he refused to join in feasting, the table vanished, and the company began to dance, and play on musical instruments; but the butler would not take part in these recreations. They then left off dancing, and betook themselves to work; but neither in this would the mortal join them. He was then left alone for the present; but in spite of the exertions of my Lord Orrery, in spite of two bishops who were his guests at the time, in spite of the celebrated Mr. Greatrix, it was all they could do to prevent the butler from being carried off bodily from among them by the fairies, who considered him as their lawful prey. They raised him in the air above the heads of the mortals, who could only run beneath, to break his fall when they pleased to let him go. The spectre which formerly advised the poor man, continued to haunt him, and at length discovered himself to be the ghost of an acquaintance who had been dead for seven years. "You know," added he, "I lived a loose life, and ever since have I been hurried up and down in a restless condition, with the company you saw, and shall be till the day of judgment." He added, that if the butler had acknowledged God in all his ways, he had not suffered so much by their means; he reminded him that he had not prayed to God in the morning before he met with this company in the field, and, moreover, that he was then going on an unlawful business.

It is pretended that Lord Orrery confirmed the whole of this story, even to having seen the butler raised into the air by the invisible beings who strove to carry him off. Only he did not bear witness to the passage which seems to call the purchase of cards an unlawful errand.*

Individuals whose lives have been engaged in intrigues of politics or stratagems of war were sometimes surreptitiously carried off to Fairy land; as Alison Pearson, the sorceress who cured Archbishop Adamson, averred that she had recognised in the Fairy court the celebrated Secretary Lethington, and the old Knight of Buccleugh, the one of whom had been the most busy politician, the other one of the most unwearied partisans of Queen Mary, during the reign of that unfortunate queen. Upon the whole, persons carried off by sudden death were usually suspected of having fallen into the hands of fairies, and unless redeemed from their power, which it was not always safe to attempt, were doomed to conclude their lives with them. We must not omit to state, that those who had an intimate communication with these spirits, while they were yet inhabitants of middle earth, were most apt to be seized upon and carried off to Elfland before their death.

The reason assigned for this kidnapping of the human race, so peculiar to the elfin people, is said to be, that they were under a necessity of paying to the infernal regions a yearly tribute out of their population, which they were willing to defray by delivering up to the prince of these regions the children of the human race, rather than their own. From this it must be inferred, that they have offspring among themselves, as it is said by some authorities, and particularly by Mr. Kirke, the minister of Aberfoyle. He indeed adds, that, after a certain length of life, these spirits are subject to the universal lot of mortality,—a position, however, which has been controverted, and is scarcely reconcilable to that which holds them amenable to pay a tax to hell, which infers existence as eternal as the fire which is not quenched. The opinions on the subject of the fairy people here expressed, are such as are entertained in the Highlands, and some remote quarters of the Lowlands, of Scotland. We know, from the lively and entertaining legends published by Mr. Crofton Croker—which, though in most cases told with the wit of the editor and the humour of his country, contain points of curious antiquarian information—that the opinions of the Irish are conformable to the account we have given of the general creed of the Celtic nations respecting elves. If the Irish elves are anywise distinguished from those of Britain, it seems to be by their disposition to divide into factions, and fight among themselves—a pugnacity characteristic of the Green Isle. The Welsh fairies, according to John Lewis, barrister-at-law, agree in the same general attributes with those of Ireland and Britain. We must not omit the creed of the Manxmen, since we find, from the ingenious researches of Mr. Waldron, that the Isle of Man, beyond other places in Britain, was a peculiar depository of the fairy traditions, which, on the island being conquered by the Norse, became in all probability checkered with those of Scandinavia, from a source peculiar and more direct than that by which they reached Scotland or Ireland.

Such as it was, the popular system of the Celts easily received the northern admixture of Drows and Duergar, which gave the belief, perhaps, a darker colouring than originally belonged to the British Fairy land. It was from the same source also, in all probability, that additional legends were obtained, of a gigantic and malignant female, the Hecate of this mythology, who rode on the storm, and marshalled the rambling host of wanderers under her grim banner. This hag (in all respects the reverse of the Mab or Titania of the Celtic creed) was called Nicneven, in that latter system which blended the faith of the Celts and of the Goths on this subject. The great Scottish poet Dunbar has made a spirited description of this Hecate riding at the head of witches and good neighbours, (fairies, namely,) sorceresses and elves, indifferently, upon the ghostly eve of All-Hallow Mass.† In Italy we hear of the hags arraying themselves under the orders of Diana, (in her triple character of Hecate, doubtless,) and Herodias, who were the joint leaders of their choir. But we return to the more simple fairy belief, as entertained by the Celts before they were conquered by the Saxons.

Of these early times we can know little; but it is singular to remark what light the traditions of Scotland throw upon the poetry of the Britons of Cumberland, then called Reged. Merlin Wyllt, or the wild, is mentioned by both; and that renowned wizard, the son of an elf, or fairy, with King Arthur, the dubious champion of Britain at that early period, were both said by tradition to have been abstracted by the fairies, and to have vanished, without having suffered death, just at the time when it was supposed, that the magic of the wizard, and the celebrated sword of the monarch, which had done so much to preserve British independence, could no longer avert the impending ruin. It may be conjectured that there was a desire on the part of Arthur, or his surviving champions, to conceal his having received a mortal wound in the fatal battle of Camlan; and to that we owe the wild and beautiful incident so finely versified by Bishop Percy, in which, in token of his renouncing in future the use of arms, the monarch sends his attendant, sole surviver of the field, to throw his sword, Excalibar, into the lake hard by. Twice eluding the request, the esquire at last complied, and threw the far-famed weapon into the lonely meer. A hand and arm arose from the water and caught Excalibar by the hilt, flourished it thrice, and then sank into the lake.‡ The astonished messenger returned to his master to tell him of the marvels he had seen, but he only saw a boat at a distance push from the land, and heard shrieks of females in agony:—

> "And whether the King was there or no:
> He never knew, he never colde,
> For never since that doleful day
> Was British Arthur seen on molde."

The circumstances attending the disappearance of Merlin would probably be found as imaginative as those of Arthur's removal, but they cannot be recovered; and, what is singular enough, circumstances which originally belonged to the history of this famous bard, said to be the son of the Demon himself, have been transferred to a later poet, and surely

* Sadducismus Triumphatus, by Joseph Glanville. Edinburgh, 1700, p. 131.

† See Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedy.

‡ See Percy's Relics of Ancient English Poetry.

one of scarce inferior name, Thomas of Erceldoune. The legend was supposed to be only preserved among the inhabitants of his native valleys, but a copy as old as the reign of Henry VII. has been recovered. The story is interesting and beautifully told, and, as one of the oldest fairy legends, may well be quoted in this place.

Thomas of Erceldoune, in Lauderdale, called the Rhymer, on account of his producing a poetical romance on the subject of Tristrem and Yseult, which is curious as the earliest specimen of English verse known to exist, flourished in the reign of Alexander II. of Scotland. Like other men of talent of the period, Thomas was suspected of magic. He was said also to have the gift of prophecy, which was accounted for in the following peculiar manner, referring entirely to the Elfin superstition. As True Thomas (we give him the epithet by anticipation) lay on Huntley bank, a place on the descent of the Eildon hills, which raise their triple crest above the celebrated monastery of Melrose, he saw a lady so extremely beautiful that he imagined it must be the Virgin Mary herself. Her appointments, however, were those rather of an Amazon or goddess of the woods. Her steed was of the highest beauty and spirit, and at his mane hung thirty silver bells and nine, which made music to the wind as she paced along: her saddle was of *royal bone*, (ivory,) laid over with *orfeverie*, *i. e.* goldsmith's work: her stirrups, her dress, all corresponded with her extreme beauty and the magnificence of her array. The fair huntress had her bow in hand, and her arrows at her belt. She led three greyhounds in a leash, and three raches, or hounds of scent, followed her closely. She rejected and disclaimed the homage which Thomas desired to pay to her; so that, passing from one extremity to the other, Thomas became as bold as he had at first been humble. The lady warns him that he must become her slave, if he should prosecute his suit towards her in the manner he proposes. Before their interview terminates, the appearance of the beautiful lady is changed into that of the most hideous hag in existence; one side is blighted and wasted, as if by palsy; one eye drops from her head; her colour, as clear as the virgin silver, is now of a dun leaden hue. A witch from the spital or almshouse would have been a goddess in comparison to the late beautiful huntress. Hideous as she was, Thomas's irregular desires had placed him under the control of this hag, and when she bade him take leave of sun, and of the leaf that grew on tree, he felt himself under the necessity of obeying her. A cavern received them, in which, following his frightful guide, he for three days travelled in darkness, sometimes hearing the booming of a distant ocean, sometimes walking through rivers of blood, which crossed their subterranean path. At length, they emerged into daylight, in a most beautiful orchard. Thomas, almost fainting for want of food, stretches out his hand towards the goodly fruit which hangs around him, but is forbidden by his conductress, who informs him these are the fatal apples which were the cause of the fall of man. He perceives also that his guide had no sooner entered this mysterious ground, and breathed its magic air, than she was revived in beauty, equipage, and splendour, as fair or fairer than he had first seen her on the mountain. She then commands him to lay his head upon her knee, and proceeds to explain to him the character of the country. "Yonder right-hand path," she says, "conveys the spirits of the bless'd to paradise; yon downward and well-worn way leads sinful souls to the place of everlasting punishment; the third road, by yonder dark brake, conducts to the milder place of pain, from which prayer and mass may release offenders. But see you yet a fourth road, sweeping along the plain to yonder splendid castle? yonder is the road to Elfland, to which we are now bound. The lord of the castle is king of the country, and I am his queen. But, Thomas, I would rather be drawn with wild horses, than he should know what hath passed between you and me. Therefore, when we enter yonder castle, observe strict silence, and answer no question that is asked at you, and I will account for your silence by saying I took your speech when I brought you from middle earth."

Having thus instructed her lover, they journeyed on to the castle, and entering by the kitchen, found themselves in the midst of such a festive scene as might become the mansion of a great feudal lord or prince. Thirty carcasses of deer were lying on the massive kitchen board, under the hands of numerous cooks, who toiled to cut them up and dress them, while the gigantic greyhounds which had taken the spoil lay lapping the blood, and enjoying the sight of the slain game. They came next to the royal hall, where the king received his loving consort without censure or suspicion. Knights and ladies, dancing by threes, (reels, perhaps,) occupied the floor of the hall, and Thomas, the fatigues of his journey from the Eildon hills forgotten, went forward and joined in the revelry. After a period, however, which seemed to him a very short one, the queen spoke with him apart, and bade him prepare to return to his own country. "Now," said the queen, "how long think you that you have been here?"—"Certes, fair lady," answered Thomas, "not above these seven days."—"You are deceived," answered the queen, "you have been seven *years* in this castle; and it is full time you were gone. Know, Thomas, that the fiend of hell will come to this castle to-morrow to demand his tribute, and so handsome a man as you will attract his eye. For all the world would I not suffer you to be betrayed to such a fate; therefore up, and let us be going." These terrible news reconciled Thomas to his departure from Elfin land, and the queen was not long in placing him upon Huntly bank, where the birds were singing. She took a tender leave of him, and to ensure his reputation, bestowed on him the tongue which *could not lie*. Thomas in vain objected to this inconvenient and involuntary adhesion to veracity, which would make him, as he thought, unfit for church or for market, for king's court or for lady's bower. But all his remonstrances were disregarded by the lady, and Thomas the Rhymer, whenever the discourse turned on the future, gained the credit of a prophet whether he would or not; for he could say nothing but what was sure to come to pass. It is plain, that had Thomas been a legislator instead of a poet, we have here the story of Numa and Egeria.

Thomas remained several years in his own tower near Erceldoune, and enjoyed the fame of his predictions, several of which are current among the country people to this day. At length, as the prophet was entertaining the Earl of March in his dwelling, a cry of astonishment arose in the village, on the appearance of a hart and hind,* which left the forest, and, contrary to their shy nature, came quietly onward, traversing the village towards the dwelling of Thomas. The prophet instantly rose from the board; and, acknowledging the prodigy as the summons of his fate, he accompanied the hart and hind into the forest, and though occasionally seen by individuals to whom he has chosen to show himself, has never again mixed familiarly with mankind.

Thomas of Erceldoune, during his retirement, has been supposed, from time to time, to be levying forces to take the field in some crisis of his country's fate. The story has often been told, of a daring horse-jockey having sold a black horse to a man of venerable and antique appearance, who appointed the remarkable hillock upon Eildon hills, called the Lucken hare, as the place where, at twelve o'clock at night, he should receive the price. He came, his money was paid in ancient coin, and he was invited by his customer to view his residence. The trader in horses followed his guide in the deepest astonishment through several long ranges of stalls, in each of which a horse stood motionless, while an armed warrior lay equally still at the charger's feet. "All these men," said the wizard, in a whisper,

* This last circumstance seems imitated from a passage in the Life of Merlin, by Jeffrey of Monmouth. See Ellis's Ancient Romances, vol. i. p. 73.

"will awaken at the battle of Sheriffmoor." At the extremity of this extraordinary depôt hung a sword and a horn, which the prophet pointed out to the horse dealer as containing the means of dissolving the spell. The man in confusion took the horn, and attempted to wind it. The horses instantly started in their stalls, stamped, and shook their bridles, the men arose and clashed their armour, and the mortal, terrified at the tumult he had excited, dropped the horn from his hand. A voice like that of a giant, louder even than the tumult around, pronounced these words:—

"Wo to the coward that ever he was born,
That did not draw the sword before he blew the horn!"

A whirlwind expelled the horse-dealer from the cavern, the entrance to which he could never again find. A moral might be perhaps extracted from the legend,—namely, that it is best to be armed against danger before bidding it defiance. But it is a circumstance worth notice, that although this edition of the tale is limited to the year 1715, by the very mention of the Sheriffmoor, yet a similar story appears to have been current during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, which is given by Reginald Scott. The narrative is edifying, as peculiarly illustrative of the mode of marring a curious tale in telling it, which was one of the virtues professed by Caius when he aired himself to King Lear. Reginald Scott, incredulous on the subject of witchcraft, seems to have given some weight to the belief of those who thought that the spirits of famous men do, after death, take up some particular habitations near cities, towns, and countries, and act as tutelary and guardian spirits to the places which they loved while in the flesh.

"But more particularly to illustrate this conjecture," says he, "I could name a person who hath lately appeared thrice since his decease, at least some ghostly being or other that calls itself by the name of such a person, who was dead above a hundred years ago, and was, in his lifetime, accounted as a prophet or predictor, by the assistance of sublunary spirits; and now, at his appearance, did also give strange predictions respecting famine and plenty, war and bloodshed, and the end of the world." By the information of the person that had communication with him, the last of his appearances was in the following manner. "I had been," said he, "to sell a horse at the next market town, but not attaining my price, as I returned home, by the way I met this man, who began to be familiar with me, asking what news, and how affairs moved through the country? I answered as I thought fit; withal I told him of my horse, whom he began to cheapen, and proceeded with me so far that the price was agreed upon. So he turned back with me, and told me that if I would go along with him, I should receive my money. On our way we went, I upon my horse, and he upon another milk-white beast. After much travel, I asked him where he dwelt, and what his name was? He told me that his dwelling was a mile off at a place called *Farran*, of which place I had never heard, though I knew all the country round about.* He also told me that he himself was that person of the family of Learmonths,† so much spoken of as a prophet. At which I began to be somewhat fearful, perceiving we were on a road which I never had been on before, which increased my fear and amazement more. Well! on we went till he brought me under ground, I knew not how, into the presence of a beautiful woman, who paid the money without a word speaking. He conducted me out again through a large and long entry, where I saw above six hundred men in armour laid prostrate on the ground, as if asleep. At last I found myself in the open field, by the help of the moonlight, in the very place where I first met him, and made a shift to get home by three in the morning. But the money I had received was just double of what I esteemed it when the woman paid me, of which, at this instant, I have several pieces to show, consisting of ninepennies, thirteen-pence-halfpennies,"‡ &c.

It is a great pity that this horse-dealer, having specimens of the fairy coin, of a quality more permanent than usual, had not favoured us with an account of an impress so valuable to medallists. It is not the less edifying, as we are deprived of the more picturesque parts of the story, to learn that Thomas's payment was as faithful as his prophecies. The beautiful lady who bore the purse must have been undoubtedly the Fairy Queen, whose affection, though like that of his own heroine Ysculf, we cannot term it altogether laudable, seems yet to have borne a faithful and firm character.

I have dwelt at some length on the story of Thomas the Rhymer, as the oldest tradition of the kind which has reached us in detail, and as pretending to show the fate of the first Scottish poet, whose existence, and its date, are established both by history and records; and who, if we consider him as writing in the Anglo-Norman language, was certainly one among the earliest of its versifiers. But the legend is still more curious, from its being the first, and most distinguished instance, of a man alleged to have obtained supernatural knowledge by means of the fairies.

Whence or how this singular community derived their more common popular name, we may say has not as yet been very clearly established. It is the opinion of the learned, that the Persian word Peri, expressing an unearthly being, of a species very similar, will afford the best derivation, if we suppose it to have reached Europe through the medium of the Arabians, in whose alphabet the letter P does not exist, so that they pronounce the word Feri instead of Peri. Still there is something uncertain in this etymology. We hesitate to ascribe, either to the Persians or the Arabians, the distinguishing name of an ideal commonwealth, the notion of which they certainly did not contribute to us. Some are, therefore, tempted to suppose, that the elves may have obtained their most frequent name from their being, *par excellence*, a *fair* or *comely* people, a quality which they affected on all occasions; while the superstition of the Scottish was likely enough to give them a name which might propitiate the vanity for which they deemed the race remarkable; just as, in other instances, they called the fays "men of peace," "good neighbours," and by other titles of the like import. It must be owned, at the same time, that the words *fay* and *fairy* may have been mere adoptions of the French *fee* and *feerie*, though these terms, on the other side of the channel, have reference to a class of spirits corresponding, not to our fairies, but with the far different Fata of the Italians. But this is a question which we willingly leave for the decision of better etymologists than ourselves.

LETTER V.

Those who dealt in Fortune-telling, Mystical Cures by Charms, and the like, often claimed an Intercourse with Fairy Land—Hudbart or Hudikin—Pitcairn's Scottish Criminal Trials—Story of Bessie Dunlop and her Adviser—Her Practice of Medicine—and of Discovery of Theft—Account of her Familiar, Thome Reid—Trial of Alison Pearson—Account of her Familiar, William Sympson—Trial of the Lady Fowlis, and of Hector Munro, her step-son—Extraordinary Species of Charm used by the latter—Confession of John Stewart, a Juggler, of his Intercourse with the Fairies—Trial and Confession of Isobel Gowdie—Use of Elf-arrow Heads—Parish of Aberfoyle—Mr. Kirke, the Minister of Aberfoyle's Work on Fairy Superstitions—He is himself taken to Fairyland—Dr. Grahame's interesting Work, and his Information on Fairy Superstitions—Story of a Female in East Lothian carried off by the Fairies—Another Instance from Pennant.

To return to Thomas the Rhymer, with an account of whose legend I concluded the last letter, it would seem, that the example which it afforded

* In this the author is in the same ignorance as his namesake Reginald, though having at least as many opportunities of information.

† In popular tradition, the name of Thomas the Rhymer was always averred to be Learmonth, though he neither uses it himself, nor is described by his son other than Le Rymour. The Learmonths of Dairsie, in Fife, claimed descent from the prophet.

‡ Discourse of Devils and Spirits appended to the Discovery of Witchcraft, by Reginald Scott, Esq., book iii. chap. ii. § 18.

of obtaining the gift of prescience, and other supernatural powers, by means of the fairy people, became the common apology of those who attempted to cure diseases, to tell fortunes, to revenge injuries, or to engage in traffic with the invisible world, for the purpose of satisfying their own wishes, curiosity, or revenge, or those of others. Those who practised the petty arts of deception in such mystic cases, being naturally desirous to screen their own impostures, were willing to be supposed to derive from the fairies, or from mortals transported to fairy land, the power necessary to effect the displays of art which they pretended to exhibit. A confession of direct communication and league with Satan, though the accused were too frequently compelled by torture to admit and avow such horrors, might, the poor wretches hoped, be avoided, by the avowal of a less disgusting intercourse with sublunary spirits, a race which might be described by negatives, being neither angels, devils, nor the souls of deceased men; nor would it, they might flatter themselves, be considered as any criminal alliance, that they held communion with a race not properly hostile to man, and willing, on certain conditions, to be useful and friendly to him. Such an intercourse was certainly far short of the witch's renouncing her salvation, delivering herself personally to the devil, and at once ensuring condemnation in this world, together with the like doom in the next.

Accordingly, the credulous, who, in search of health, knowledge, greatness, or moved by any of the numberless causes for which men seek to look into futurity, were anxious to obtain superhuman assistance, as well as the numbers who had it in view to dupe such willing clients, became, both cheated and cheaters, alike anxious to establish the possibility of a harmless process of research into futurity, for laudable or at least innocent objects, as healing diseases, and the like; in short, of the existence of white magic, as it was called, in opposition to that black art exclusively and directly derived from intercourse with Satan. Some endeavoured to predict a man's fortune in marriage, or his success in life, by the aspect of the stars; others pretended to possess spells, by which they could reduce and compel an elementary spirit to enter within a stone, a looking-glass, or some other local place of abode, and confine her there by the power of an especial charm, conjuring her to abide and answer the questions of her master. Of these we shall afterward say something; but the species of evasion now under our investigation is that of the fanatics or impostors, who pretended to draw information from the equivocal spirits called fairies; and the number of instances before us is so great as induces us to believe, that the pretence of communicating with Elfland, and not with the actual demon, was the manner in which the persons accused of witchcraft most frequently endeavoured to excuse themselves, or at least to alleviate the charges brought against them of practising sorcery. But the Scottish law did not acquit those who accomplished even praiseworthy actions, such as remarkable cures by mysterious remedies; and the proprietor of a patent medicine, who should in those days have attested his having wrought such miracles as we see sometimes advertised, might perhaps have forfeited his life before he established the reputation of his drop, elixir, or pill.

Sometimes the soothsayers, who pretended to act on this information from sublunary spirits, soared to higher matters than the practice of physic, and interfered in the fate of nations. When James the First was murdered at Perth, in 1437, a Highland woman prophesied the course and purpose of the conspiracy, and had she been listened to, it might have been disconcerted. Being asked her source of knowledge, she answered, *Hudhart* had told her; which might either be the same with Hudikin, a Dutch spirit, somewhat similar to Friar Rush, or Robin Goodfellow,* or with the red-capped demon so powerful in the case of Lord Soulis, and other wizards, to whom the Scots assigned rather more serious influence.

The most special account which I have found of the intercourse between fairy land and a female professing to have have some influence in that court, combined with a strong desire to be useful to the distressed of both sexes, occurs in the early part of a work to which I have been exceedingly obliged in the present and other publications.† The details of the evidence, which consists chiefly of the unfortunate woman's own confession, are more full than usual, and comprehend some curious particulars. To spare technical repetitions, I must endeavour to select the principal facts in evidence, in detail, so far as they bear upon the present subject.

On the 8th November, 1576, Elizabeth or Bessie Dunlop spouse to Andro Jak, in Lyne, in the Barony of Dairy, Ayrshire, was accused of sorcery and witchcraft, and abuse of the people. Her answers to the interrogatories of the judges or prosecutors ran thus. It being required of her, by what art she could tell of lost goods, or prophesy the event of illness? She replied, that of herself she had no knowledge or science of such matters, but that when questions were asked at her concerning such matters, she was in the habit of applying to one Thome Reid, who died at the battle of Pinkie (10th September, 1547) as he himself affirmed, and who resolved her any questions which she asked at him. This person she described as a respectable, elderly-looking man, gray-bearded, and wearing a gray coat, with Lombard sleeves, of the auld fashion. A pair of gray breeches and white stockings gartered above the knee, a black bonnet on his head, close behind and plain before, with silken laces drawn through the lips thereof, and a white wand in his hand, completed the description of what we may suppose a respectable-looking man of the province and period. Being demanded concerning her first interview with this mysterious Thome Reid, she gave rather an affecting account of the disasters with which she was then afflicted, and a sense of which perhaps aided to conjure up the imaginary counsellor. She was walking between her own house and the yard of Monkcastle, driving her cows to the common pasture, and making heavy moan with herself, weeping bitterly for her cow that was dead, her husband and child that was sick of the land-ill, (some contagious sickness of the time,) while she herself was in a very infirm state, having lately borne a child. On this occasion, she met Thome Reid for the first time, who saluted her courteously, which she returned. "Sancta Maria, Bessie!" said the apparition; "why must thou make such dole and weeping for any earthly thing?"—"Have I not reason for great sorrow," said she, "since our property is going to destruction, my husband is on the point of death, my baby will not live, and I am myself at a weak point? Have I not cause to have a sore heart?"—"Bessie," answered the spirit, "thou hast displeased God in asking something that thou should not, and I counsel you to amend your fault. I tell thee, thy child shall die ere thou get home; thy two sheep shall also die, but thy husband shall recover, and be as well and feir as ever he was." The good woman was something comforted to hear that her husband was to be spared in such her general calamity, but was rather alarmed to see her ghostly counsellor pass from her, and disappear through a hole in the garden wall, seemingly too narrow to admit of any living person passing through it. Another time he met her at the Thorn of Dawmstarnik, and showed his ultimate purpose, by offering her plenty of every thing if she would but deny Christendom, and the

* "Hudkin is a very familiar devil, who will do nobody hurt, except he receive injury; but he cannot abide that, nor yet be mocked. He talketh with men friendly, sometimes visibly, sometimes invisibly. There go as many tales upon this Hudkin in some parts of Germany, as there did in England on Robin Goodfellow."—*Discourses concerning Devils*, annexed to *The Discovery of Witchcraft*, by REGINALD SCOTT, book i. chap. xxi.

† The curious collection of Trials, from the Criminal Records of Scotland, now in the course of publication, by Robert Pitcairn, Esq., affords so singular a picture of the manners and habits of our ancestors, while yet a semi-barbarous people, that it is equally worth the attention of the historian, the antiquary, the philosopher, and the poet.

faith she took at the font stone. She answered, that rather than do that she would be torn at horses heels, but that she would be conformable to his advice in less matters. He parted with her in some displeasure. Shortly afterward he appeared in her own house, about noon, which was at the time occupied by her husband and three tailors. But neither Andro Jak nor the three tailors were sensible of the presence of the phantom warrior who was slain at Pinkie; so that without attracting their observation, he led out the goodwife to the end of the house near the kiln. Here he showed her a company of eight women and four men. The women were busked in their plaids, and very seemly. The strangers saluted her, and said, "Welcome, Bessie; wilt thou go with us?" But Bessie was silent, as Thome Reid had previously recommended. After this she saw their lips move, but did not understand what they said; and in a short time they removed from thence, with a hideous ugly howling sound, like that of a hurricane. Thome Reid then acquainted her that these were the good wights (fairies) dwelling in the court of Elfland, who came to invite her to go thither with them. Bessie answered, that before she went that road, it would require some consideration. Thome answered, "Seest thou not me both meat worth, clothes worth, and well enough in person?" and engage she should be easier than ever she was. But, she replied, she dwelt with her husband and children, and would not leave them; to which Thome Reid replied, in very ill-humour, that if such were her sentiments, she would get little good of him.

Although they thus disagreed on the principal object of Thome Reid's visits, Bessie Dunlop affirmed he continued to come to her frequently, and assist her with his counsel; and that if any one consulted her about the ailments of human beings or of cattle, or the recovery of things lost or stolen, she was, by the advice of Thome Reid, always able to answer the querists. She was also taught by her (literally ghostly) adviser, how to watch the operation of the ointments he gave her, and to presage from them the recovery or death of the patient. She said that Thome gave her herbs with his own hand, with which she cured John Jack's bairn and Wilson's of the Townhead. She also was helpful to a waiting-woman of the young Lady Stanlie, daughter of the Lady Johnstone, whose disease, according to the opinion of the infallible Thome Reid, was "a cauld blood that came about her heart," and frequently caused her to swoon away. For this Thome mixed a remedy as generous as the Balm of Gilead itself. It was composed of the most potent ale, concocted with spices and a little white sugar, to be drunk every morning before taking food. For these prescriptions, Bessie Dunlop's fee was a peck of meal and some cheese. The young woman recovered. But the poor old Lady Kilbowie could get no help for her leg, which had been crooked for years; for Thome Reid said the marrow of the limb was perished, and the blood benumbed, so that she would never recover, and if she sought farther assistance, it would be the worse for her. These opinions indicate common sense and prudence at least, whether we consider them as originating with the *umquhile* Thome Reid, or with the culprit whom he patronised. The judgments given in the case of stolen goods were also well chosen; for though they seldom led to recovering the property, they generally alleged such satisfactory reasons for its not being found, as effectually to cover the credit of the prophetess. Thus Hugh Scott's cloak could not be returned, because the thieves had gained time to make it into a kirtle. James Jamieson and James Baird would, by her advice, have recovered their ploughrons which had been stolen, had it not been the will of fate that William Dougal, sheriff's officer, one of the parties searching for them, should accept a bribe of three pounds not to find them. In short, although she lost a lace which Thome Reid gave her out of his own hand, which, tied round women in childbirth, had the power of helping their delivery, Bessie Dunlop's profession of a wise woman seems to have flourished indifferently well, till it drew the evil eye of the law upon her.

More minutely pressed upon the subject of her familiar, she said she had never known him while among the living, but was aware that the person so calling himself was one who had, in his lifetime, actually been known in middle earth as Thome Reid, officer to the Laird of Blair, and who died at Pinkie. Of this she was made certain, because he sent her on errands to his son, who had succeeded in his office, and to others, his relatives, whom he named, and commanded them to amend certain trespasses which he had done while alive, furnishing her with sure tokens by which they should know that it was he who had sent her. One of these errands was somewhat remarkable. She was to remind a neighbour of some particular which she was to recall to his memory by the token, that Thome Reid and he had set out together to go to the battle which took place on the Black Saturday; that the person to whom the message was sent, was inclined rather to move in a different direction, but that Thome Reid heartened him to pursue his journey, and brought him to the Kirk of Dalry, where he bought a parcel of figs, and made a present of them to his companion, tying them in his handkerchief; after which they kept company till they came to the field upon the fatal Black Saturday, as the battle of Pinkie was long called.

Of Thome's other habits, she said that he always behaved with the strictest propriety, only that he pressed her to go to Elfland with him, and took hold of her apron as if to pull her along. Again, she said she had seen him in public places, both in the church-yard at Dalry, and on the street of Edinburgh, where he walked about among other people, and handled goods that were exposed to sale without attracting any notice. She herself did not then speak to him; for it was his command that, upon such occasions, she should never address him, unless he spoke first to her. In his theological opinions, Mr. Reid appeared to lean to the Church of Rome, which, indeed, was most indulgent to the fairy folk. He said that the *new law*, i. e. the Reformation, was not good, and that the old faith should return again, but not exactly as it had been before. Being questioned why this visionary sage attached himself to her more than to others, the accused person replied, that when she was confined in childbirth of one of her boys, a stout woman came into her hut, and sat down on a bench by her bed, like a mere earthly gossip; that she demanded a drink, and was accommodated accordingly; and thereafter told the invalid that the child should die, but that her husband, who was then ailing, should recover. This visit seems to have been previous to her meeting Thome Reid near Monkcastle garden, for that worthy explained to her that her stout visitant was Queen of Fairies, and that he had since attended her by the express command of that lady, his queen and mistress. This reminds us of the extreme doting attachment which the Queen of the Fairies is represented to have taken for Dapper in the Alchymist. Thome Reid attended her, it would seem, on being summoned thrice, and appeared to her very often within four years. He often requested her to go with him on his return to fairyland, and when she refused, he shook his head, and said she would repent it.

If the delicacy of the reader's imagination be a little hurt at imagining the elegant Titania in the disguise of a *stout* woman, a heavy burden for a clumsy bench, drinking what Christopher Sly would have called very sufficient small-beer with a peasant's wife, the following description of the fairy host may come more near the idea he has formed of that invisible company. Bessie Dunlop declared, that as she went to tether her nag by the side of Restalrig Loch, (Lochend, near the eastern port of Edinburgh,) she heard a tremendous sound of a body of riders rushing past her, with such a noise as if heaven and earth would come together. That the sound swept past her, and seemed to rush into the lake with a hideous rumbling noise. All this while

she saw nothing; but Thome Reid showed her that the noise was occasioned by the wights who were performing one of their cavalcades upon earth.

The intervention of Thome Reid, as a partner in her trade of petty sorcery, did not avail poor Bessie Dunlop, although his affection to her was apparently entirely Platonic,—the greatest familiarity on which he ventured was taking hold of her gown, as he pressed her to go with him to Elfland. Neither did it avail her, that the petty sorcery which she practised was directed to venial or even beneficial purposes. The sad words on the margin of the record, "Convict and burned," sufficiently express the tragic conclusion of a curious tale.

Alison Pearson, in Byrehill, was, 28th May, 1588, tried for invocation of the spirits of the Devil, specially in the vision of one Mr. William Sympson, her cousin, and her mother's brother's son, who, she affirmed, was a great scholar and doctor of medicine, dealing with charms, and abusing the ignorant people. Against this poor woman, her own confession, as in the case of Bessie Dunlop, was the principal evidence.

As Bessie Dunlop had Thome Reid, Alison Pearson had also a familiar in the court of Elfland. This was her relative William Sympson aforesaid, born in Stirling, whose father was king's smith in that town. William had been taken away, she said, by a man of Egypt, (a Gipsy,) who carried him to Egypt along with him. That he remained there twelve years, and that his father died in the mean time, for opening a priest's book, and looking upon it. She declared that she had renewed her acquaintance with her kinsman, so soon as he returned. She farther confessed, that one day, as she passed through Grange Muir, she lay down, in a fit of sickness, and that a green man came to her, and said, if she would be faithful, he might do her good. In reply, she charged him, in the name of God, and by the law he lived upon, if he came for her soul's good, to tell his errand. On this the green man departed. But he afterward appeared to her, with many men and women with him; and, against her will, she was obliged to pass with them farther than she could tell, with piping, mirth, and good cheer; also that she accompanied them into Lothian, where she saw puncheons of wine, with tasses or drinking cups. She declared, that when she told of these things, she was sorely tormented, and received a blow that took away the power of her left side, and left on it an ugly mark, which had no feeling. She also confessed that she had seen, before sunrise, the Good Neighbours make their salves with pans and fires. Sometimes, she said, they came in such fearful forms as frightened her very much. At other times they spoke her fair, and promised her that she should never want, if faithful; but if she told of them and their doings, they threatened to martyr her. She also boasted of her favour with the Queen of Elfland, and the good friends she had at that court, notwithstanding that she was sometimes in disgrace there, and had not seen the queen for seven years. She said, William Sympson is with the fairies, and that he lets her know when they are coming; and that he taught her what remedies to use, and how to apply them. She declared that when a whirlwind blew, the fairies were commonly there, and that her cousin Sympson confessed that every year the tithe of them were taken away to hell. The celebrated Patrick Adamson, an excellent divine, and accomplished scholar, created by James VI. Archbishop of St. Andrews, swallowed the prescriptions of this poor hypochondriac, with good faith and will, eating a stewed fowl, and drinking out at two draughts a quart of claret, medicated with the drugs she recommended. According to the belief of the time, this Alison Pearson transferred the bishop's indisposition from himself to a white palfrey, which died in consequence. There is a very severe libel on him for this and other things unbecoming his order, with which he was charged, and from which we learn that Lethington and Buccleuch were seen by Dame Pearson in the Fairyland.* This poor woman's kinsman, Sympson, did not give better shelter to her than Thome Reid had done to her predecessor. The margin of the court book again bears the melancholy and brief record, "*Convicta et combusta.*"

The two poor women last mentioned are the more to be pitied, as, whether enthusiasts or impostors, they practised their supposed art exclusively for the advantage of mankind. The following extraordinary detail involves persons of far higher quality, and who sought to familiars for more baneful purposes.

Katharine Munro, Lady Fowlis, by birth Katharine Ross of Balnagowan, of high rank, both by her own family and that of her husband, who was the fifteenth Baron of Fowlis, and chief of the warlike clan of Munro, had a step-mother's quarrel with Robert Munro, eldest son of her husband, which she gratified by forming a scheme for compassing his death by unlawful arts. Her proposed advantage in this was, that the widow of Robert, when he was thus removed, should marry with her brother George Ross of Balnagowan; and for this purpose, her sister-in law, the present Lady Balnagowan, was also to be removed. Lady Fowlis, if the endictment had a syllable of truth, carried on her practices with the least possible disguise. She assembled persons of the lowest order, stamped with an infamous celebrity as witches; and besides making pictures or models in clay, by which they hoped to bewitch Robert Munro and Lady Balnagowan, they brewed, upon one occasion, poison so strong, that a page tasting of it immediately took sickness. Another earthen jar, (Scottice, *pig*,) of the same deleterious liquor, was prepared by the Lady Fowlis, and sent with her own nurse for the purpose of administering it to Robert Munro. The messenger having stumbled in the dark, broke the jar, and a rank grass grew on the spot where it fell, which sheep and cattle abhorred to touch; but the nurse, having less sense than the brute beasts, and tasting of the liquor which had been spilled, presently died. What is more to our present purpose, Lady Fowlis made use of the artillery of Elfland, in order to destroy her step-son and sister-in-law. Laskie Loncart, one of the assistant hags, produced two of what the common people call elf-arrow-heads, being, in fact, the points of flint used for arming the ends of arrow shafts in the most ancient times, but accounted by the superstitious the weapons by which the fairies were wont to destroy both man and beast. The pictures of the intended victims were then set up at the north end of the apartment, and Christian Ross Malcolmson, an assistant hag, shot two shafts at the image of Lady Balnagowan, and three against the picture of Robert Munro, by which shots they were broken, and Lady Fowlis commanded new figures to be modelled. Many similar acts of witchcraft, and of preparing poisons, were alleged against Lady Fowlis.

Her son-in-law, Hector Munro, one of his step-mother's prosecutors, was, for reasons of his own, active in a similar conspiracy against the life of his own brother. The rites that he practised were of an uncouth, barbarous, and unusual nature. Hector being taken ill, consulted on his case some of the witches or soothsayers to whom this family appears to have been partial. The answer was unanimous, that he must die unless the principal man of his blood should suffer death in his stead. It was agreed that the vicarious substitute for Hector must mean George Munro, brother to him by the half-blood (the son of the Katharine, Lady Fowlis, before commemorated.) Hector sent at least seven messengers for this young man, refusing to receive any of his other friends, till he saw the substitute whom he destined to take his place in the grave. When George at length arrived, Hector, by advice of a notorious witch, called Marion MacIngarach, and of his own foster mother, Christian Neil Dalyell, received him with peculiar coldness and restraint. He did not speak for the space of an hour, till his brother broke silence, and asked "How he did?"

* See Scottish Poems, edited by John G. Dalzell. p. xii.

Hector replied, "That he was the better George had come to visit him," and relapsed into silence, which seemed singular when compared with the anxiety he had displayed to see his brother; but it was, it seems, a necessary part of the spell. After midnight, the sorceress Marion MacIngarach, the chief priestess, or Nicneven, of the company, went forth with her accomplices, carrying spades with them. They then proceeded to dig a grave, not far from the sea side, upon a piece of land, which formed the boundary between two proprietors. The grave was made as nearly as possible to the size of their patient, Hector Munro, the earth dug out of the grave being laid aside for the time. After ascertaining that the operation of the charm on George Munro, the destined victim, should be suspended for a time, to avoid suspicion, the conspirators proceeded to work their spell in a singular, impressive, and, I believe, unique manner. The time being January, 1588, the patient, Hector Munro, was borne forth in a pair of blankets, accompanied by all who were intrusted with the secret, who were warned to be strictly silent, till the chief sorceress should have received her information from the angel whom they served. Hector Munro was carried to his grave, and laid therein, the earth being filled in on him, and the grave secured with stakes, as at a real funeral. Marion MacIngarach, the Hecate of the night, then sat down by the grave, while Christian Neil Dalyell, the foster mother, ran the breadth of about nine ridges distant, leading a boy in her hand, and, coming again to the grave where Hector Munro was interred alive, demanded of the witch which victim she would choose, who replied, that she chose Hector to live, and George to die in his stead. This form of incantation was thrice repeated ere Mr. Hector was removed from his chilling bed in a January grave, and carried home, all remaining mute as before. The consequence of a process, which seems ill-adapted to produce the former effect, was, that Hector Munro recovered, and after the intervention of twelve months, George Munro, his brother, died. Hector took the principal witch into high favour, made her keeper of his sheep, and evaded, it is said, to present her to trial, when charged at Aberdeen to produce her. Though one or two inferior persons suffered death on account of the sorceries practised in the house of Fowlis, the Lady Katharine, and her step-son Hector, had both the unusual good fortune to be found not guilty. Mr. Pitcairn remarks, that the juries being composed of subordinate persons, not suitable to the rank or family of the person tried, has all the appearance of having been packed on purpose for acquittal. It might also, in some interval of good sense, creep into the heads of Hector Munro's assize, that the enchantment being performed in January, 1588, and the deceased being only taken ill of his fatal disease in April, 1590, the distance between the events might seem too great to admit the former being regarded as the cause of the latter.*

Another instance of the skill of a sorcerer being traced to the instructions of the elves, is found in the confession of John Stewart, called a vagabond, but professing skill in palmestrie and jugglerie, and accused of having assisted Margaret Barclay or Dein, to sink or cast away a vessel belonging to her own good-brother. It being demanded of him by what means he professed himself to have knowledge of things to come, the said John confessed, that, the space of twenty-six years ago, he being travelling on All-Hallow-even night, between the towns of Monygoif (so spelled) and Clary, in Galway, he met with the King of the Fairies and his company, and that the King of the Fairies gave him a stroke with a white rod over the forehead, which took from him the power of speech and the use of one eye, which he wanted for the space of three years. He declared, that the use of speech and eyesight was restored to him by the King of Fairies and his company, on an Hallow-e'en night, at the town of Dublin, in Ireland, and that since that time, he had joined these people every Saturday at seven o'clock, and remained with them all the night; also that they met every Hallow-tide, sometimes on Lanark Hill, (Tintock, perhaps,) sometimes on Kilmaur's Hill, and that he was then taught by them. He pointed out the spot of his forehead, on which, he said, the King of the Fairies struck him with a white rod, whereupon, the prisoner being blindfolded, they pricked the spot with a large pin, whereof he expressed no sense or feeling. He made the usual declaration, that he had seen many persons at the Court of Fairy, whose names he rehearsed particularly, and declared that all such persons as are taken away by sudden death go with the King of Elfland. With this man's evidence we have at present no more to do, though we may revert to the execrable proceedings which then took place against this miserable juggler and the poor women who were accused of the same crime. At present it is quoted as another instance of a fortune-teller referring to Elfland as the source of his knowledge.

At Auldearne, a parish and burgh of Barony, in the county of Nairne, the epidemic terror of witches seems to have gone very far. The confession of a woman called Isobel Gowdie, of date April, 1662, implicates, as usual, the Court of Fairy, and blends the operations of witchcraft with the facilities afforded by the fairies. These need be the less insisted upon in this place, as the arch fiend, and not the elves, had the immediate agency in the abominations which she narrates. Yet she had been, she said, in the Dounie Hills, and got meat there from the Queen of Fairies, more than she could eat. She added, that the Queen is bravely clothed in white linen, and in white and brown cloth,—that the King of Fairy is a brave man; and there were elf-bulls roaring and *skoilling* at the entrance of their palace which frightened her much. On another occasion this frank penitent confesses her presence at a rendezvous of witches, Lammas, 1659, where, after they had rambled through the country in different shapes, of cats, hares, and the like, eating, drinking, and wasting the goods of their neighbours, into whose houses they could penetrate, they at length came to the Dounie Hills, where the mountain opened to receive them, and they entered a fair big room, as bright as day. At the entrance ramped and roared the large fairy bulls, which always alarmed Isobel Gowdie. These animals are probably the water bulls, famous both in Scottish and Irish tradition, which are not supposed to be themselves altogether *canny*, or safe to have concern with. In their caverns the fairies manufactured those elf-arrow-heads, with which the witches and they wrought so much evil. The elves and the arch-fiend laboured jointly at this task, the former forming and sharpening the dart from the rough flint, and the latter perfecting and finishing, or as it is called, *dighting* it. Then came the sport of the meeting. The witches bestrode either corn straws, bean-stalks, or rushes, and calling "Horse and Hattock in the Devil's name!" which is the Elfin signal for mounting, they flew wherever they listed. If the little whirlwind which accompanies their transportation passed any mortal, who neglected to bless himself, all such fell under the witches' power, and they acquired the right of shooting at him. The penitent prisoner gives the names of many whom she and her sisters had so slain, the death for which she was most sorry being that of William Brown, in the Milntown of Mains. A shaft was also aimed at the Reverend Harrie Forbes, a minister who was present at the examination of Isobel, the confessing party. The arrow fell short, and the witch would have taken aim again, but her master forbade her, saying the reverend gentleman's life was not subject to their power. To this strange and very particular confession, we shall have occasion to recur, when witchcraft is the more immediate subject. What is above narrated, marks the manner in which the belief in that crime was blended with the fairy superstition.

To proceed to more modern instances of persons supposed to have fallen under the power of the fairy race, we must not forget the Rev. Robert Kirke

* Pitcairn's Trials, vol. i. p. 191, 201.

minister of the Gospel, the first translator of the Psalms into Gaelic verse. He was, in the end of the seventeenth century, successively minister of the Highland parishes of Balquidder and Aberfoyle, lying in the most romantic district of Perthshire, and within the Highland line. These beautiful and wild regions, comprehending so many lakes, rocks, sequestered valleys, and dim copsewoods, are not even yet quite abandoned by the fairies, who have resolutely maintained secure footing in a region so well suited for their residence. Indeed, so much was this the case formerly, that Mr. Kirke, while in his latter charge of Aberfoyle, found materials for collecting and compiling his Essay on the "Subterranean and for the most part Invisible People, heretofore going under the name of Elves, Fawnes, and Fairies, or the like."* In this discourse, the author, "with undoubting mind," describes the fairy race as a sort of astral spirits, of a kind between humanity and angels—says that they have children, nurses, marriages, deaths, and burials, like mortals in appearance; that, in some respect, they represent mortal men, and that individual apparitions, or double-men, are found among them, corresponding with mortals existing on earth. Mr. Kirke accuses them of stealing the milk from the cows, and of carrying away what is more material, the women in pregnancy, and new-born children from their nurses. The remedy is easy in both cases. The milk cannot be stolen, if the mouth of the calf, before he is permitted to suck, be rubbed with a certain balsam, very easily come by; and the woman in travail is safe, if a piece of cold iron is put into the bed. Mr. Kirke accounts for this, by informing us, that the great northern mines of iron, lying adjacent to the place of eternal punishment, have a savour odious to these "fascinating creatures." They have, says the reverend author, what one would not expect, many light, toyish books, (novels and plays, doubtless,) others on Rosycrucian subjects, and of an abstruse mystical character; but they have no Bibles, or works of devotion. The essayist fails not to mention the elf-arrow-heads, which have something of the subtlety of thunderbolts, and can mortally wound the vital parts, without breaking the skin. These wounds, he says, he has himself observed in beasts, and felt the fatal lacerations which he could not see.

It was by no means to be supposed that the elves, so jealous and irritable a race as to be incensed against those who spoke of them under their proper names, should be less than mortally offended at the temerity of the reverend author, who had pried so deeply into their mysteries, for the purpose of giving them to the public. Although, therefore, the learned divine's monument, with his name duly inscribed, is to be seen at the east end of the churchyard at Aberfoyle, yet those acquainted with his real history do not believe that he enjoys the natural repose of the tomb. His successor, the Rev. Dr. Grahame, has informed us of the general belief, that as Mr. Kirke was walking one evening in his night-gown upon a *Dun-shi*, or fairy mount, in the vicinity of the manse or parsonage, behold! he sunk down in what seemed to be a fit of apoplexy, which the unenlightened took for death, while the more understanding knew it to be a swoon produced by the supernatural influence of the people whose precincts he had violated. After the ceremony of a seeming funeral, the form of the Rev. Robert Kirke appeared to a relation, and commanded him to go to Grahame of Duchray, ancestor of the present General Grahame Stirling. "Say to Duchray, who is my cousin as well as your own, that I am not dead, but a captive in Fairy Land, and only one chance remains for my liberation. When the posthumous child, of which my wife has been delivered since my disappearance, shall be brought to baptism, I will appear in the room, when, if Duchray shall throw over my head the knife or dirk which he holds in his hand, I may be restored to society; but if this opportunity is neglected, I am lost for ever." Duchray was apprized of what was to be done. The ceremony took place, and the apparition of Mr. Kirke was visibly seen, while they were seated at table; but Grahame of Duchray, in his astonishment, failed to perform the ceremony enjoined, and it is to be feared that Mr. Kirke still "drees his weird in fairy-land," the Elfin state declaring to him, as the Ocean to poor Falconer, who perished at sea, after having written his popular poem of the Shipwreck,—

"Thou hast proclaimed our power—be thou our prey!"

Upon this subject the reader may consult a very entertaining little volume, called "Sketches of Perthshire,"† by the Rev. Dr. Grahame of Aberfoyle. The terrible visitation of fairy vengeance which has lighted upon Mr. Kirke has not intimidated his successor, an excellent man, and good antiquary, from affording us some curious information on fairy superstition. He tells us that these capricious elves are chiefly dangerous on a Friday, when, as the day of the Crucifixion, evil spirits have most power, and mentions their displeasure at any one who assumes their accustomed livery of green, a colour fatal to several families in Scotland, to the whole race of the gallant Grahames in particular; insomuch, that we have heard that in battle a Grahame is generally shot through the green check of his plaid; moreover, that a veteran sportsman of the name, having come by a bad fall, he thought it sufficient to account for it, that he had a piece of green whip-cord to complete the lash of his hunting-whip. I remember, also, that my late amiable friend, James Grahame, author of "The Sabbath," would not break through this ancient prejudice of his clan, but had his library table covered with blue or black cloth, rather than use the fated colour commonly employed on such occasions.

To return from the Perthshire fairies, I may quote a story of a nature somewhat similar to that of Miss Robert Kirkie. The life of the excellent person who told it was, for the benefit of her friends and the poor protracted to an unusual duration; so I conceive that this adventure, which took place in her childhood, might happen before the middle of the last century. She was residing with some relations, near the small seaport town of North Berwick, when the place and its vicinity were alarmed by the following story:—

An industrious man, a weaver, in the little town, was married to a beautiful woman, who, after bearing two or three children, was so unfortunate as to die during the birth of a fourth child. The infant was saved, but the mother had expired in convulsions; and as she was much disfigured after death, it became an opinion among her gossips, that, from some neglect of those who ought to have watched the sick woman, she must have been carried off by the elves, and this ghastly corpse substituted in the place of the body. The widower paid little attention to these rumours, and, after bitterly lamenting his wife for a year of mourning, began to think on the prudence of forming a new marriage, which, to a poor artisan with so young a family, and without the assistance of a housewife, was almost a matter of necessity. He readily found a neighbour with whose good looks he was satisfied, while her character for temper seemed to warrant her good usage of his children. He proposed himself and was accepted, and carried the names of the parties to the clergyman (called, I believe, Mr. Matthew Reid) for the due proclamation of bans. As the man had really loved his late partner, it is likely that this proposed decisive alteration of his condition brought back many reflections concerning the period of their union, and with these recalled the extraordinary rumours which were afloat at the time of her decease, so that the whole forced upon him the following lively dream. As he lay in his bed, awake as he thought, he beheld, at the ghostly hour of midnight, the figure of a female dressed in white, who entered his house, stood by the side of his bed, and appeared to him the very likeness of his late wife. He conjured her to

* The title continues,—"Among the Low Country Scotch, as they are described by those who have the second sight, and now, do occasion farther inquiry, collected and compared by a circumspect inquirer residing among the Scottish Irish (*i. e.* the Gael, or Highlanders) in Scotland." It was printed with the author's name in 1691, and re-printed, Edinburgh, 1815, for Longman and Co.

† Edinburgh, 1812.

speak, and with astonishment heard her say, like the minister of Aberfoyle, that she was not dead, but the unwilling captive of the Good Neighbours. Like Mr. Kirke, too, she told him, that if all the love which he once had for her was not entirely gone, an opportunity still remained of recovering her, or *winning her back*, as it was usually termed, from the comfortless realms of Elfland. She charged him, on a certain day of the ensuing week, that he should convene the most respectable housekeepers in the town, with the clergyman at their head, and should disinter the coffin in which she was supposed to have been buried. "The clergyman is to recite certain prayers, upon which," said the apparition, "I will start from the coffin, and fly with great speed round the church, and you must have the fleetest runner of the parish (naming a man famed for swiftness) to pursue me, and such a one, the smith, renowned for his strength, to hold me fast, after I am overtaken; and in that case I shall, by the prayers of the church, and the efforts of my loving husband and neighbours, again recover my station in human society." In the morning, the poor widower was distressed with the recollection of his dream, but ashamed and puzzled, took no measures in consequence. A second night, as is not very surprising, the visitation was again repeated. On the third night she appeared with a sorrowful and displeased countenance, upbraided him with want of love and affection, and conjured him, for the last time, to attend to her instructions, which, if he now neglected, she would never have power to visit earth or communicate with him again. In order to convince him there was no delusion, he "saw in his dream" that she took up the nursling at whose birth she had died, and gave it suck; she spilled also a drop or two of her milk on the poor man's bed-clothes, as if to assure him of the reality of the vision.

The next morning the terrified widower carried a statement of his perplexity to Mr. Matthew Reid, the clergyman. This reverend person, besides being an excellent divine in other respects, was at the same time a man of sagacity, who understood the human passions. He did not attempt to combat the reality of the vision which had thrown his parishioner into this tribulation, but he contended it could be only an illusion of the devil. He explained to the widower, that no created being could have the right or power to imprison or detain the soul of a Christian—conjured him not to believe that his wife was otherwise disposed of than according to God's pleasure—assured him that Protestant doctrine utterly denies the existence of any middle state in the world to come—and explained to him that he, as a clergyman of the Church of Scotland, neither could nor dared authorize opening graves, or using the intervention of prayer to sanction rites of a suspicious character. The poor man, confounded and perplexed by various feelings, asked his pastor what he should do. "I will give you my best advice," said the clergyman. "Get your new bride's consent to be married to-morrow, or to-day, if you can; I will take it on me to dispense with the rest of the bans, or proclaim them three times in one day. You will have a new wife, and if you think of the former, it will be only as of one from whom death has separated you, and for whom you may have thoughts of affection and sorrow, but as a saint in Heaven, and not as a prisoner in Elfland." The advice was taken, and the perplexed widower had no more visitations from his former spouse.

An instance, perhaps the latest which has been made public, of communication with the Restless People—(a more proper epithet than that of *Daione Shi*, or Men of Peace, as they are called in Gaelic) came under Pennant's notice, so late as during that observant traveller's tour in 1769. Being perhaps the latest news from the invisible commonwealth, we give the tourist's own words.

"A poor visionary who had been working in his cabbage garden, (in Breadalbane,) imagined that he was raised suddenly up into the air, and conveyed over a wall into an adjacent corn-field; that he found himself surrounded by a crowd of men and women, many of whom he knew to have been dead for some years, and who appeared to him skimming over the tops of the unbending corn, and mingling together like bees going to hive; that they spoke an unknown language, and with a hollow sound; that they very roughly pushed him to an fro, but on his uttering the name of God, all vanished but a female sprite, who, seizing him by the shoulder, obliged him to promise an assignation, at that very hour that day seven-night; that he then found his hair was all tied in double knots, (well-known by the name of elf-locks,) and that he had almost lost his speech; that he kept his word with the spectre, whom he soon saw floating through the air towards him; that he spoke to her, but she told him she was at that time in too much haste to attend to him, but bid him go away, and no harm should befall him, and so the affair rested when I left the country. But it is incredible the mischief of these *ægri somnia* did in the neighbourhood. The friends and neighbours of the deceased, whom the old dreamer had named, were in the utmost anxiety at finding them in such bad company in the other world; the almost extinct belief of the old idle tales began to gain ground, and the good minister will have many a weary discourse and exhortation before he can eradicate the absurd ideas this idle story has revived."*

It is scarcely necessary to add, that this comparatively recent tale is just the counterpart of the story of Bessie Dunlop, Alison Pearson, and of the Irish butler, who was so nearly carried off, all of whom found in Elfland some friend formerly of middle earth, who attached themselves to the child of humanity, and who endeavoured to protect a fellow-mortal against their less philanthropic companions.

These instances may tend to show how the fairy superstition, which, in its general sense of worshipping the *Dii Campestres*, was much the older of the two, came to bear upon, and have connexion with, that horrid belief in witchcraft, which cost so many innocent persons, and crazy impostors, their lives, for the supposed commission of impossible crimes. In the next chapter, I propose to trace how the general disbelief in the fairy creed began to take place, and gradually brought into discredit the supposed fears of witchcraft, which afforded pretext for such cruel practical consequences.

LETTER VI.

Immediate effects of Christianity on Articles of Popular Superstition—Chaucer's Account of the Roman Catholic Priests banishing the Fairies—Bishop Corbett imputes the same Effect to the Reformation—His Verses on that Subject—His *Iter* Septentrionale—Robin Goodfellow, and other Superstitions mentioned by Reginald Scott—Character of the English Fairies—The Tradition had become obsolete in that Author's Time—That of Witches remained in Vigour—But impugned by various Authors after the Reformation, as Wierus, Naudæus, Scott, and others—Demonology defended by Bodinus, Remigius, &c.—Their mutual Abuse of each other—Imperfection of Physical Science at this Period, and the Predominance of Mysticism in that Department.

Although the influence of the Christian religion was not introduced to the nations of Europe with such radiance as to dispel at once those clouds of superstition which continued to observe the understanding of hasty and ill-instructed converts, there can be no doubt that its immediate operation went to modify the erroneous and extravagant articles of credulity, which lingered behind the old Pagan faith, and which gave way before it in proportion as its light became more pure and refined from the devices of men.

The poet Chaucer, indeed, pays the Church of Rome, with its monks and preaching friars, the compliment of having, at an early period, expelled from the land all spirits of an inferior and less holy character. The verses are curious as well as picturesque, and may go some length to establish the existence of doubts concerning the general belief in fairies among the well instructed in the time of Edward III.

* Pennant's Tour in Scotland vol. i. p. 114.

The fairies of whom the bard of Woodstock talks, are, it will be observed, the ancient Celtic breed, and he seems to refer for the authorities of his tale to Bretagne, or Armorica, a genuine Celtic colony.

> "In old time of the King Arteur,
> Of which that Bretons speken great honeur,
> All was this land fulfilled of faerie;
> The Elf queen, with her joly company,
> Danced full oft in many a grene mead.
> This was the old opinion, as I rede—
> I speake of many hundred years ago,
> But now can no man see no elves mo.
> For now the great charity and prayers
> Of limitours,* and other holy freres,
> That searchen every land and every stream,
> As thick as motes in the sunne beam,
> Blessing halls, chambers, kitchenes, and bowres,
> Cities and burghes, castles high, and towres,
> Thropes and barnes, sheep-pens and dairies,
> This maketh that there ben no fairies.
> For there as wont to walken was an elf,
> There walketh now the limitour himself,
> In under nightes and in morwenings,
> And seith his matins and his holy things,
> As he goeth in his limitacion.
> Women may now go safely up and doun;
> In every bush, and under every tree,
> There is no other incubus than he,
> And he no will don them no dishonour."†

When we see the opinion which Chaucer has expressed of the regular clergy of his time, in some of his other tales, we are tempted to suspect some mixture of irony in the compliment, which ascribes the exile of the fairies, with which the land was "fulfilled," in King Arthur's time, to the warmth and zeal of the devotion of the limitary friars. Individual instances of skepticism there might exist among scholars, but a more modern poet, with a vein of humour not unworthy of Geoffrey himself, has with greater probability delayed the final banishment of the fairies from England, that is, from popular faith, till the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and has represented their expulsion as a consequence of the change of religion. Two or three verses of this lively satire may be very well worth the reader's notice, who must, at the same time, be informed, that the author, Dr. Corbett, was nothing less than the Bishop of Oxford and Norwich, in the beginning of the 17th century. The poem is named, "A proper new Ballad, entitled, the Fairies' Farewell, to be sung or whistled to the tune of the Meadow Brow, by the learned; by the unlearned, to the tune of Fortune."—

> "Farewell, rewards and fairies,
> Good housewives now may say,
> For now foul sluts in dairies
> Do fare as well as they;
> And though they sweep their hearths no less
> Than maids were wont to do,
> Yet who of late for cleanliness,
> Finds sixpence in her shoe?
>
> "Lament, lament, old abbeys,
> The fairies' last command;
> They did but change priests' babies,
> But some have changed your land;
> And all your children sprung from hence
> Are now grown Puritans,
> Who live as changelings ever since
> For love of your domains.
>
> "At morning and at evening both,
> You merry were and glad,
> So little care of sleep and sloth
> These pretty ladies had.
> When Tom came home from labour
> Or Cis to milking rose,
> Then merrily, merrily, went their tabour,
> And merrily went their toes.
>
> "Witness those rings and roundelays
> Of theirs, which yet remain,
> Were footed in Queen Mary's days,
> On many a grassy plain;
> But since of late Elizabeth,
> And later, James came in,
> They never danced on any heath
> As when the time hath bin.
>
> "By which we note, the fairies
> Were of the old profession,
> Their songs were Ave Maries,
> Their dances were procession.
> But now, alas! they all are dead,
> Or gone beyond the seas;
> Or further for religion fled,
> Or else they take their ease."

The remaining part of the poem is dedicated to the praise and glory of old William Chourne, of Staffordshire, who remained a true and staunch evidence in behalf of the departed elves, and kept, much it would seem to the amusement of the witty bishop, an inexhaustible record of their pranks and feats, whence the concluding verse.

> "To William all give audience
> And pray ye for his noddle,
> For all the fairies' evidence,
> Were lost if that were addle."‡

This William Chourne appears to have attended Dr. Corbett's party on the *iter septentrionale*, "two of which were, and two desired to be, doctors;" but whether William was guide, friend, or domestic, seems uncertain. The travellers loose themselves in the mazes of Chorley Forest, on their way to Bosworth, and their route becomes so confused, that they return on their steps, and labour

> "As in a conjurer's circle—William found
> A mean for our deliverance,—'Turn your cloaks,
> Quoth he, 'for Puck is busy in these oaks;
> If ever you at Bosworth would be found,
> Then turn your cloaks, for this is fairy ground.'
> But ere this witchcraft was perfum'd, we meet
> A very man who had no cloven feet.
> Though William, still of little faith, has doubt,
> 'Tis Robin, or some sprite that walks about.
> 'Strike him,' quoth he, 'and it will turn to ass—
> Cross yourselves thrice and strike it.'—'Strike that dose,'
> Thought I, 'for sure this massy forester,
> In strokes will prove the better conjurer.'
> But 'twas a gentle keeper, one that knew
> Humanity and manners, where they grew;
> And rode along so far, till he could say,
> 'Foo, yonder Bosworth stands, and this your way.'"§

In this passage, the Bishop plainly shows the fairies maintained their influence in William's imagination, since the courteous keeper was mistaken by their associate champion for Puck or Robin Goodfellow. The spells resorted to, to get rid of his supposed delusions, are alternately that of turning the cloak—(recommended, in visions of the second sight, or similar illusions, as a means of obtaining a certainty concerning the being which is before imperfectly seen)‖—and that of exorcising the spirit with a cudgel; which last, Corbett prudently thinks, ought not to be resorted to, unless under an absolute conviction that the exorcist is the stronger party. Chaucer, therefore, could not be serious in averring that the fairy superstitions were obsolete in his day, since they were found current three centuries afterward.

It is not the less certain, that, as knowledge and religion became more widely and brightly displayed over any country, the superstitious fancies of the people sunk gradually in esteem and influence; and in the time of Queen Elizabeth, the unceasing labour of many and popular preachers, who declaimed against the "splendid miracles" of the Church of Rome, produced also its natural effect upon the other stock of superstitions. "Certainly," said Reginald Scott, talking of times before his own, "some one knave in a white sheet hath cozened and abused many thousands, especially when Robin Goodfellow kept such a coil in the country. In our childhood, our mother's maids have so terrified us with an ugly devil having horns on his head, fire in his mouth, and a tail at his breech; eyes like a basin, fangs like a dog, claws like a bear, a skin like a negro, and a voice roaring like a lion, whereby we start and are afraid when we hear one cry, Boh! and they have so frayd us with bull-beggars, spirits, witches, urchins, elves, hags, fairies, satyrs, Pans, fauns, sylvans, Kitt-with-the-candlestick, tritons, centaurs, dwarfs, giants, imps, calcars, conjurers, nymphs, changelings, incubus, Robin Goodfellow, the spoorn, the man-in-the-oak, the hellwain, the firedrake, the puckle,

* Friars limited to beg within a certain district.
† Wife of Bath's Tale.

‡ Corbett's Poems, edited by Octavius Gilchrist, p. 212.
§ Corbett's poems, p. 191.
‖ A common instance is, that of a person haunted with a resemblance, whose face he cannot see. If he turn his cloak, or plaid, he will obtain the full sight which he desires, and may probably find it to be his own fetch, or wraith, or double ganger.

'om Thomb, Hobgoblin, Tom-Tumbler, Boneless, nd such other bugbears, that we are afraid of our wn shadows, insomuch that some never fear the Devil but on a dark night; and then a pelled sheep is perilous beast, and many times is taken for our father's soul, specially in a churchyard, where a right hardy man heretofore durst not to have passed by night but his hair would stand upright. Well, thanks be to God, this wretched and cowardly infidelity, since the preaching of the Gospel, is in part forgotten, and doubtless the rest of these illusions will, in a short time, by God's grace, be detected, and vanish away."*

It would require a better demonologist than I am, to explain the various obsolete superstitions which Reginald Scott has introduced as articles of the old English faith, into the preceding passage. I might indeed say, the Phuca is a Celtic superstition, from which the word Pook, or Puckle, was doubtless derived; and I might conjecture, that the man-in-the-oak was the same with the Earl-König of the Germans; and that the hellwain were a kind of wandering spirits, the descendants of a champion named Hellequin, who are introduced into the romance of Richard sans Peur. But most antiquaries will be at fault concerning the spoorn, Kitt-with-the-candlestick, Boneless, and some others. The catalogue, however, serves to show what progress the English have made in two centuries, in forgetting the very names of objects which had been the sources of terror to their ancestors of the Elizabethan age.

Before leaving the subject of fairy superstition in England, we may remark, that it was of a more playful and gentle, less wild and necromantic character, than that received among the sister people. The amusements of the southern fairies were light and sportive; their resentments were satisfied with pinching or scratching the objects of their displeasure; their peculiar sense of cleanliness rewarded the housewives with the silver token in the shoe; their nicety was extreme concerning any coarseness or negligence which could offend their delicacy; and I cannot discern, except, perhaps, from the insinuations of some scrupulous divines, that they were vassals to, or in close alliance with, the infernals, as there is too much reason to believe was the case with their North British sisterhood.† The common nursery story cannot be forgotten, how, shortly after the death of what is called a nice tidy housewife, the Elfin band were shocked to see that a person of different character, with whom the widower had filled his deserted arms, instead of the nicely arranged little loaf of the whitest bread, and a basin of sweet cream, duly placed for their refreshment by the deceased, had substituted a brown loaf and a cobb of herrings. Incensed at such a coarse regale, the elves dragged the peccant housewife out of bed, and pulled her down the wooden stairs by the heels, repeating at the same time, in scorn of her churlish hospitality,

> "Brown bread and herring cobb!
> Thy fat sides shall have many a bob!"

But beyond such playful malice they had no desire to extend their resentment:

The constant attendant upon the English fairy court was the celebrated Puck, or Robin Goodfellow; who, to the elves, acted in some measure as the jester, or clown of the company,—(a character then to be found in the establishment of every person of quality,)—or to use a more modern comparison, resembled the Pierrot of the pantomime. His jests were of the most simple, and at the same time the broadest comic character—to mislead a clown on his path homeward, to disguise himself like a stool, in order to induce an old gossip to commit the egregious mistake of sitting down on the floor, when she expected to repose on a chair, were his special enjoyments. If he condescended to do some work for the sleeping family, in which he had some resemblance to the Scottish household spirit called a Brownie, the selfish Puck was far from practising this labour on the disinterested principle of the northern goblin, who, if raiment or food was left in his way, and for his use, departed from the family in displeasure. Robin Goodfellow, on the contrary, must have both his food and his rest, as Milton informs us, amid his other notices of country superstitions, in the poem of l'Allegro. And it is to be noticed, that he represents these tales of the fairies, told round the cottage hearth, as of a cheerful rather than a serious cast; which illustrates what I have said concerning the milder character of the southern superstitions, as compared with those of the same class in Scotland—the stories of which are for the most part of a frightful, and not seldom of a disgustful quality.

Poor Robin, however, between whom and King Oberon Shakspeare contrives to keep a degree of distinct subordination, which for a moment deceives us by its appearance of reality, notwithstanding his turn for wit and humour, had been obscured by oblivion even in the days of Queen Bess. We have already seen, in a passage quoted from Reignald Scott, that the belief was fallen into abeyance; that which follows from the same author, affirms more positively that Robin's date was over.

"Know you this, by-the-way, that heretofore Robin Goodfellow and Hobgoblin were as terrible, and also as credible, to the people, as hags and witches be now; and, in time to come, a witch will be as much derided and condemned, and as clearly perceived, as the illusion and knavery of Robin Goodfellow, upon whom there have gone as many and as credible tales as witchcraft, saving that it hath not pleased the translators of the Bible to call spirits by the name of Robin Goodfellow, as they have diviners, soothsayers, poisoners, and cozeners, by the name of witches."‡ In the same tone Reginald Scott addresses the reader in the preface—"To make a solemn suit to you that are partial readers to set aside partiality, to take in good part my writings, and with indifferent eyes to look upon my book, were labour lost and time ill employed; for I should no more prevail herein, than if a hundred years since I should have entreated your predecessors to believe that Robin Goodfellow, that great and ancient bull-beggar, had been but a cozening merchant, and no devil indeed. But Robin Goodfellow ceaseth now to be much feared, and Popery is sufficiently discovered; nevertheless, witches' charms and conjurers' cozenage are yet effectual." This passage seems clearly to prove that the belief in Robin Goodfellow and his fairy companions was now out of date, while that as to witchcraft, as was afterward but too well shown, kept its ground against argument and controversy, and survived "to shed more blood."

We are then to take leave of this fascinating article of the popular creed, having in it so much of interest to the imagination, that we almost envy the credulity of those who, in the gentle moonlight of a summer night in England, amid the tangled glades of a deep forest, or the turfy swell of her romantic commons, could fancy they saw the fairies tracing their sportive ring. But it is in vain to regret illusions which, however engaging, must of necessity yield their place before the increase of knowledge, like shadows at the advance of morn. These superstitions have already served their best and most useful purpose, having been embalmed in the poetry of Milton and of Shakspeare, as well as writers only inferior to these great names. Of Spenser we must say nothing, because in his Faery Queen, the title is the only circumstance which connects his splendid allegory with the popular superstition, and, as he uses it, means nothing more than an Utopia, or nameless country.

With the fairy popular creed fell, doubtless, many

* Reginald Scott's Discovery of Witchcraft, book vii. chap. 15.

† Dr. Jackson, in his Treatise on Unbelief, opines for the severer opinion. "Thus are the Fayries, from difference of events ascribed to them, divided into good and bad, when as it is but one and the same malignant fiend, that meddles in both; seeking sometimes to be feared, otherwhiles to be loued as God, for the bodily harmes or good turnes supposed to be in his power."—*Jackson on Unbelief*, p. 178, edit. 1625.

‡ Reginald Scott's Discovery of Witchcraft, book vii. chap. 2.

subordinate articles of credulity in England; but the belief in witches kept its ground. It was rooted in the minds of the common people, as well by the easy solution it afforded of much which they found otherwise hard to explain, as in reverence to the Holy Scriptures, in which the word *witch* being used in several places, conveyed to those who did not trouble themselves about the nicety of the translation from the Eastern tongues, the inference that the same species of witches were meant as those against whom modern legislation had, in most European nations, directed the punishment of death. These two circumstances furnished the numerous believers in witchcraft with arguments in divinity and law which they conceived irrefragable. They might say to the theologist, Will you not believe in witches? the Scriptures aver their existence;—to the jurisconsult, Will you dispute the existence of a crime, against which our own statute-book and the code of almost all civilized countries have attested, by laws upon which hundreds and thousands have been convicted, many, or even most of whom have, by their judicial confessions, acknowledged their guilt and the justice of their punishment? It is a strange skepticism, they might add, which rejects the evidence of Scripture, of human legislation, and of the accused persons themselves.

Notwithstanding these specious reasons, the sixteenth and seventeeth centuries were periods when the revival of learning, the invention of printing, the fearless investigations of the reformers into subjects thought formerly too sacred for consideration of any save the clergy, had introduced a system of doubt, inquiry, disregard of authority, when unsupported by argument, and unhesitating exercise of the private judgment, on subjects which had occupied the bulls of popes, and decrees of councils. In short, the spirit of the age was little disposed to spare error, however venerable, or countenance imposture, however sanctioned by length of time and universal acquiescence. Learned writers arose in different countries to challenge the very existence of this imaginary crime, to rescue the reputation of the great men whose knowledge, superior to that of their age, had caused them to be suspected of magic, and to put a stop to the horrid superstition whose victims were the aged, ignorant, and defenceless, and which could only be compared to that which sent victims of old through the fire to Moloch.

The courageous interposition of those philosophers who opposed science and experience to the prejudices of superstition and ignorance, and in doing so, incurred much misrepresentation, and perhaps no little ill-will, in the cause of truth and humanity, claims for them some distinction in a work on Demonology. The pursuers of exact science to its coy retreats were sure to be the first to discover, that the most remarkable phenomena in nature are regulated by certain fixed laws, and cannot rationally be referred to supernatural agency, the sufficing cause to which superstition attributes all that is beyond her own narrow power of explanation. Each advance in natural knowledge teaches us that it is the pleasure of the Creator to govern the world by the laws which he has imposed, and which are not in our times interrupted or suspended.

The learned Wier, or Wierus, was a man of great research in physical science, and studied under the celebrated Cornelius Agrippa, against whom the charge of sorcery was repeatedly alleged by Paulus Jovius, and other authors, while he suffered on the other hand from the persecution of the inquisitors of the church, whose accusation against this celebrated man was, that he denied the existence of spirits, a charge very inconsistent with that of sorcery, which consists in corresponding with them. Wierus, after taking his degrees as a doctor of medicine, became physician to the Duke of Cleves, at whose court he practised for thirty years, with the highest reputation. This learned man, disregarding the scandal which, by so doing, he was likely to bring upon himself, was one of the first who attacked the vulgar belief, and boldly assailed, both by serious arguments and by ridicule, the vulgar credulity on the subject of wizards and witches.

Gabriel Naudé, or Naudæus, as he termed himself, was a perfect scholar and man of letters, busied during his whole life with assembling books together, and enjoying the office of librarian to several persons of high rank, among others, to Queen Christina of Sweden. He was, besides, a beneficed clergyman, leading a most unblemished life, and so temperate, as never to taste any liquor stronger than water; yet did he not escape the scandal which is usually flung by their prejudiced contemporaries upon those disputants whom it is found more easy to defame than to answer. He wrote an interesting work, entitled, "Apologie pour les Grands Hommes Accusés de Magie;" and as he exhibited a good deal of vivacity of talent, and an earnestness in pleading his cause, which did not always spare some of the superstitions of Rome herself, he was charged by his contemporaries as guilty of heresy and skepticism, when justice could only accuse him of an incautious eagerness to make good his argument.

Among persons who, upon this subject, purged their eyes with rue and euphrasie, besides the Rev. Dr. Harsnet, and many others, (who wrote rather on special cases of Demonology than on the general question,) Reginald Scott ought to be distinguished. Webster assures us, that he was a "person of competent learning, pious, and of a good family." He seems to have been a zealous Protestant, and much of his book, as well as that of Harsnet, is designed to throw upon the Papists in particular those tricks, in which, by confederacy and imposture, the popular ideas concerning witchcraft, possession, and other supernatural fancies, were maintained and kept in exercise; but he also writes on the general question with some force and talent, considering that his subject is incapable of being reduced into a regular form, and is of a nature particularly seductive to an excursive talent. He appears to have studied legerdemain for the purpose of showing how much that is apparently unaccountable can nevertheless be performed without the intervention of supernatural assistance, even when it is impossible to persuade the vulgar that the Devil has not been consulted on the occasion. Scott also had intercourse with some of the celebrated fortune-tellers, or Philomaths, of the time; one of whom he brings forward to declare the vanity of the science which he himself had once professed.

To defend the popular belief of witchcraft, there arose a number of advocates, of whom Bodin, and some others, neither wanted knowledge nor powers of reasoning. They pressed the incredulous party with the charge that they denied the existence of a crime against which the law had denounced a capital punishment. As that law was understood to emanate from James himself, who was reigning monarch during the hottest part of the controversy, the English authors who defended the opposite side were obliged to intrench themselves under an evasion, to avoid maintaining an argument unpalatable to a degree to those in power, and which might perchance have proved unsafe to those who used it. With a certain degree of sophistry, they answered, that they did not doubt the possibility of witches, but only demurred to what is their nature, and how they came to be such—according to the scholastic jargon, that the question in respect to witches, was not *de existentia*, but only *de modo existendi*.

By resorting to so subtle an argument, those who impugned the popular belief were obliged, with some inconsistency, to grant that witchcraft had existed, and might exist, only insisting that it was a species of witchcraft consisting of they knew not what, but certainly of something different from that which legislators, judges, and juries, had hitherto considered the statute as designed to repress.

In the mean time, (the rather that the debate was on a subject particularly difficult of comprehension,) the debating parties grew warm, and began to call names. Bodin, a lively Frenchman of an irritable habit, explained the zeal of Wierus to protect the tribe of sorcerers from punishment, by stating, that

he himself was a conjurer, and the scholar of Cornelius Agrippa, and might therefore well desire to save the lives of those accused of the same league with Satan. Hence they threw on their antagonists the offensive names of witch-patrons and witch-advocates, as if it were impossible for any to hold the opinion of Naudæus, Wierus, Scott, &c., without patronising the Devil and the witches against their brethren of mortality. Assailed by such heavy charges, the philosophers themselves lost patience, and retorted abuse in their turn, calling Bodin, Del rio, and others who used their arguments, witch advocates, and the like, as the affirming and defending the existence of the crime seemed to increase the number of witches, and assuredly augmented the list of executions. But, for a certain time, the preponderance of the argument lay on the side of the Demonologists, and we may briefly observe the causes which gave their opinions, for a period, greater influence than their opponents, on the public mind.

It is first to be observed, that Wierus, for what reason cannot well be conjectured, except to show the extent of his cabalistical knowledge, had introduced into his work against witchcraft the whole Stenographia of Trithemius, which he had copied from the original in the library of Cornelius Agrippa; and which, suspicious from the place where he found it, and from the long catalogue of fiends which it contained, with the charms for raising and for binding them to the service of mortals, was considered by Bodin as containing proof that Wierus himself was a sorcerer; not one of the wisest, certainly, since he thus unnecessarily placed at the disposal of any who might buy the book, the whole secrets which formed his stock in trade.

Secondly, we may notice, that, from the state of physical science at the period when Van Helmont, Paracelsus, and others began to penetrate into its recesses, it was an unknown, obscure, and ill-defined region, and did not permit those who laboured in it to give that precise and accurate account of their discoveries, which the progress of reasoning experimentally, and from analysis, has enabled the late discoverers to do with success. Natural magic, a phrase used to express those phenomena which could be produced by a knowledge of the properties of matter, had so much in it that was apparently uncombined and uncertain, that the art of chymistry was accounted mystical, and an opinion prevailed, that the results now known to be the consequence of laws of matter, could not be traced through their various combinations, even by those who knew the effects themselves. Physical science, in a word, was cumbered by a number of fanciful and incorrect opinions, chiefly of a mystical character. If, for instance, it was observed that a flag and a fern never grew near each other, the circumstance was imputed to some antipathy between these vegetables; nor was it for some time resolved by the natural rule, that the flag has its nourishment in marshy ground, whereas the fern loves a deep dryish soil. The attributes of the divining-rod were fully credited; the discovery of the philosopher's stone was daily hoped for; and electricity, magnetism, and other remarkable and misconceived phenomena, were appealed to as proof of the reasonableness of their expectations. Until such phenomena were traced to their sources, imaginary and often mystical causes were assigned to them, for the same reason that, in the wilds of a partially discovered country, according to the satirist,

> "Geographers on pathless downs
> Place elephants for want of towns."

This substitution of mystical fancies for experimental reasoning, gave, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, a doubtful and twilight appearance to the various branches of physical philosophy. The learned and sensible Dr. Webster, for instance, writing in detection of supposed witchcraft, assumes, as a string of undeniable facts, opinions which our more experienced age would reject as frivolous fancies; "for example, the effects of healing by the weapon-salve, the sympathetic powder, the curing of various diseases by apprehensions, amulets, or by transplantation." All of which undoubted wonders he accuses the age of desiring to throw on the Devil's back—an unnecessary load, certainly, since such things do not exist, and it is therefore in vain to seek to account for them. It followed, that while the opposers of the ordinary theory might have struck the deepest blows at the witch-hypothesis by an appeal to common sense, they were themselves hampered by articles of philosophical belief, which, they must have been sensible, contained nearly as deep draughts upon human credulity as were made by the Demonologists, against whose doctrine they protested. This error had a doubly bad effect, both as degrading the immediate department in which it occurred, and as affording a protection for falsehood in other branches of science. The champions who, in their own province, were obliged by the imperfect knowledge of the times, to admit much that was mystical and inexplicable—those who opined, with Bacon, that warts could be cured by sympathy—who thought with Napier, that hidden treasures could be discovered by the mathematics—who salved the weapon instead of the wound, and detected murders as well as springs of water by the divining-rod, could not consistently use, to confute the believers in witches, an argument turning on the impossible or the incredible.

Such were the obstacles arising from the vanity of philosophers, and the imperfection of their science, which suspended the strength of their appeal to reason and common sense against the condemning of wretches to a cruel death, on account of crimes which the nature of things rendered in modern times totally impossible. We cannot doubt that they suffered considerably in the contest, which was carried on with much anger and malevolence; but the good seed which they had sown remained uncorrupted in the soil, to bear fruit so soon as the circumstances should be altered which at first impeded its growth. In the next letter I shall take a view of the causes which helped to remove these impediments—in addition, it must always be remembered, to the general increase of knowledge and improvement of experimental philosophy.

LETTER VII.

Penal Laws unpopular when rigidly exercised—Prosecution of Witches placed in the Hand of Special Commissioners, *ad inquirendum*—Prosecution for Witchcraft not frequent in the elder Period of the Roman Empire—Nor in the Middle Ages—Some Cases took place, however—The Maid of Orleans—The Duchess of Gloucester—Richard the Third's Charge against the Relations of the Queen-Dowager—But Prosecutions against Sorcerers became more common in the End of the fourteenth Century—Usually united with the Charge of Heresy—Monstrelet's Account of the Persecution against the Waldenses, under Pretext of Witchcraft—Florimond's Testimony concerning the Increase of Witches in his own Time—Bull of Pope Innocent VIII.—Various Prosecutions in foreign Countries under the severe Law—Prosecutions in Labourt, by the Inquisitor De Lancre and his Colleague—Lycanthropy—Witches in Spain—In Sweden—And particularly those apprehended at Mohra.

Penal laws, like those of the middle ages, denounced against witchcraft, may be at first hailed with unanimous acquiescence and approbation; but are uniformly found to disgust and offend, at least the more sensible part of the public, when the punishments become frequent, and are relentlessly inflicted. Those against treason are no exception. Each reflecting government will do well to shorten that melancholy reign of terror, which, perhaps, must necessarily follow on the discovery of a plot, or the defeat of an insurrection. They ought not, either in humanity or policy, to wait till the voice of the nation calls to them, as Mecænas to Augustus, "*Surge tandem, carnifex!*"

It is accordingly remarkable, in different countries, how often, at some particular period of their history, there occurred an epidemic terror of witches, which, as fear is always cruel and credulous, glutted the public with seas of innocent blood—and how uniformly men loathed the gore, after having swallowed it, and by a reaction natural to the human mind.

desired in prudence to take away or restrict those laws, which had been the source of carnage, in order that their posterity might neither have the will nor the means to enter into similar excesses.

A short review of foreign countries before we come to notice the British islands and their colonies, will prove the truth of this statement. In Catholic countries on the continent, the various kingdoms adopted readily that part of the civil law already mentioned, which denounces sorcerers and witches as rebels to God, and authors of sedition in the empire. But being considered as obnoxious equally to the canon and civil law, Commissions of Inquisition were especially empowered to weed out of the land the witches and those who had intercourse with familiar spirits, or in any other respect fell under the ban of the Church, as well as the heretics who promulgated or adhered to false doctrine. Special warrants were thus granted from time to time in behalf of such inquisitors, authorizing them to visit those provinces of Germany, France, or Italy, where any report concerning witches or sorcery had alarmed the public mind; and those commissioners, proud of the trust reposed in them, thought it becoming to use the utmost exertions on their part that the subtlety of the examinations, and the severity of the tortures they inflicted, might wring the truth out of all suspected persons, until they rendered the province in which they exercised their jurisdiction a desert from which the inhabitants fled. It would be impossible to give credit to the extent of this delusion, had not some of the inquisitors themselves been reporters of their own judicial exploits: the same hand which subscribed the sentence has recorded the execution.

In the earlier period of the Church of Rome, witchcraft is frequently alluded to, and a capital punishment assigned to those who were supposed to have accomplished by sorcery the death of others, or to have attempted, by false prophecies, or otherwise, under pretext of consulting with the spiritual world, to make innovation in the state. But no general denunciation against witchcraft itself, as a league with the enemy of man, or desertion of the Deity, and a crime *sui generis*, appears to have been so acted upon, until the later period of the sixteenth century, when the Papal system had attained its highest pitch of power and of corruption. The influence of the churchmen was, in early times, secure, and they rather endeavoured, by the fabrication of false miracles, to prolong the blind veneration of the people, than to vex others, and weary themselves, by secret investigations into dubious and mystical trespasses, in which, probably, the higher and better instructed members of the clerical order put as little faith at that time, as they do now. Did there remain a mineral fountain, respected for the cures which it had wrought, a huge oak-tree, or venerated mount, which beauty of situation had recommended to traditional respect, the fathers of the Roman Church were in policy reluctant to abandon such impressive spots, or to represent them as exclusively the rendezvous of witches, or of evil spirits. On the contrary, by assigning the virtues of the spring, or the beauty of the tree, to the guardianship of some saint, they acquired, as it were, for the defence of their own doctrine, a frontier fortress which they wrested from the enemy, and which it was at least needless to dismantle, if it could be conveniently garrisoned and defended. Thus, the Church secured possession of many beautiful pieces of scenery, as Mr. Whitefield is said to have grudged to the Devil the monopoly of all the fine tunes.

It is true, that this policy was not uniformly observed. The story of the celebrated Jeanne d'Arc, called the Maid of Orleans, preserves the memory of such a custom, which was in that case turned to the prejudice of the poor woman who observed it.

It is well known, that this unfortunate female fell into the hands of the English, after having, by her courage and enthusiasm, manifested on many important occasions, revived the drooping courage of the French, and inspired them with the hope of once more freeing their country. The English vulgar regarded her as a sorceress—the French as an inspired heroine; while the wise on both sides considered her as neither the one nor the other, but a tool used by the celebrated Dunois, to play the part which he assigned her. The Duke of Bedford, when the ill-starred Jeanne fell into his hands, took away her life, in order to stigmatize her memory with sorcery, and to destroy the reputation she had acquired among the French. The mean recurrence to such a charge against such a person had no more success than it deserved, although Jeanne was condemned, both by the Parliament of Bourdeaux and the University of Paris. Her indictment accused her of having frequented an ancient oak-tree, and a fountain arising under it, called the Fated or Fairy Oak of Bourlemont. Here she was stated to have repaired, during the hours of divine service, dancing, skipping, and making gestures, around the tree and fountain, and hanging on the branches, chaplets, and garlands of flowers, gathered for the purpose, reviving, doubtless, the obsolete idolatry which in ancient times had been rendered on the same spot to the *Genius Loci*. The charmed sword and blessed banner, which she had represented as signs of her celestial mission, were, in this hostile charge against her, described as enchanted implements, designed by the fiends and fairies whom she worshipped, to accomplish her temporary success. The death of the innocent, high-minded, and perhaps amiable enthusiast was not, we are sorry to say, a sacrifice to a superstitious fear of witchcraft, but a cruel instance of wicked policy, mingled with national jealousy and hatred.

To the same cause, about the same period, we may impute the trial of the Duchess of Gloucester, wife of the good Duke Humphrey, accused of consulting witches concerning the mode of compassing the death of her husband's nephew, Henry VI. The Duchess was condemned to do penance, and thereafter banished to the Isle of Man, while several of her accomplices died in prison, or were executed. But in this instance, also, the alleged witchcraft was only the ostensible cause of a procedure which had its real source in the deep hatred between the Duke of Gloucester and Cardinal Beaufort, his half-brother. The same pretext was used by Richard III., when he brought the charge of sorcery against the Queen-Dowager, Jane Shore, and the queen's kinsmen; and yet again was, by that unscrupulous prince, directed against Morton, afterward Archbishop of Canterbury, and other adherents of the Earl of Richmond. The accusation, in both cases, was only chosen as a charge easily made, and difficult to be eluded or repelled.

But, in the mean while, as the accusation of witchcraft thus afforded to tyranny, or policy, the ready means of assailing persons whom it might not have been possible to convict of any other crime, the aspersion itself was gradually considered with increase of terror, as spreading wider and becoming more contagious. So early as the year 1398, the University of Paris, in laying down rules for the judicial prosecuting of witches, express their regret that the crime was growing more frequent than in any former age. The more severe inquiries and frequent punishments, by which the judges endeavoured to check the progress of this impious practice, seem to have increased the disease;—as, indeed, it has been always remarked, that those morbid affections of mind which depend on the imagination are sure to become more common, in proportion as public attention is fastened on stories connected with their display.

In the same century, schisms, arising from different causes, greatly alarmed the Church of Rome. The universal spirit of inquiry which was now afloat, taking a different direction in different countries, had, in almost all of them, stirred up a skeptical dissatisfaction with the dogmas of the Church,—such views being rendered more creditable to the poorer classes through the corruption of manners among the clergy, too many of whom wealth and ease had caused to neglect that course of morality

which best recommends religious doctrine. In almost every nation in Europe, there lurked, in the crowded cities, or wild solitude of the country, sects who agreed chiefly in their animosity to the supremacy of Rome, and their desire to cast off her domination. The Waldenses and Albigenses were parties existing in great numbers through the south of France. Romanists became extremely desirous to combine the doctrine of the heretics with witchcraft, which, according to their account, abounded especially where the Protestants were most numerous; and the bitterness increasing, they scrupled not to throw the charge of sorcery, as a matter of course, upon those who dissented from the Catholic standard of faith. The Jesuit Delrio alleges several reasons for the affinity which he considers as existing between the Protestant and the sorcerer; he accuses the former of embracing the opinion of Wierus, and other defenders of the Devil, (as he calls all who oppose his own opinions concerning witchcraft,)—thus fortifying the kingdom of Satan against that of the Church.*

A remarkable passage in Monstrelet puts in a clear view the point aimed at by the Catholics in thus confusing and blending the doctrines of heresy and the practice of witchcraft, and how a meeting of inoffensive Protestants could be cunningly identified with a Sabbath of hags and fiends.

"In this year, [1459,] in the town of Arras, and county of *Artois*, arose, through a terrible and melancholy chance, an opinion called, I know not why, the Religion of *Vaudoisie*. This sect consisted, it is said, of certain persons, both men and women, who, under cloud of night, by the power of the Devil, repaired to some solitary spot, amid woods and deserts, where the Devil appeared before them in a human form, save that his visage is never perfectly visible to them,—read to the assembly a book of his ordinances, informing them how he would be obeyed,—distributed a very little money, and a plentiful meal, which was concluded by a scene of general profligacy,—after which, each one of the party was conveyed home to her or his own habitation.

"On accusations of access to such acts of madness," continues Monstrelet, "several creditable persons of the town of Arras were seized and imprisoned, along with some foolish women and persons of little consequence. These were so horribly tortured, that some of them admitted the truth of the whole accusations, and said, besides, that they had seen and recognised in their nocturnal assembly, many persons of rank, prelates, seigneurs, and governors of bailliages and cities, being such names as the examinators had suggested to the persons examined, while they constrained them by torture to impeach the persons to whom they belonged. Several of those who had been thus informed against were arrested, thrown into prison, and tortured for so long a time, that they also were obliged to confess what was charged against them. After this, those of mean condition were executed and inhumanly burned, while the richer and more powerful of the accused ransomed themselves by sums of money, to avoid the punishment and the shame attending it. Many even of those also confessed being persuaded to take that course by the interrogators, who promised them indemnity for life and fortune. Some there were, of a truth, who suffered, with marvellous patience and constancy, the torments inflicted on them, and would confess nothing imputed to their charge; but they, too, had to give large sums to the judges, who exacted that such of them as, notwithstanding their mishandling, were still able to move, should banish themselves from that part of the country." Monstrelet winds up this shocking narrative by informing us, "that it ought not to be concealed, that the whole accusation was a stratagem of wicked men for their own covetous purposes, and in order, by these false accusations and forced confessions, to destroy the life, fame, and fortune of wealthy persons."

Delrio himself confesses that Franciscus Balduinus gives an account of the pretended punishment, but real persecution, of these Waldenses, in similar terms with Monstrelet, whose suspicions are distinctly spoken out, and adds, that the Parliament of Paris, having heard the affair by appeal, had declared the sentence illegal, and the judges iniquitous, by an arrêt, dated 20th May, 1491. The Jesuit Delrio quotes the passage, but adheres with lingering reluctance, to the truth of the accusation.—"The Waldenses (of whom the Albigenses are a species) were," he says, "never free from the most wretched excess of fascination;" and finally, though he allows the conduct of the judges to have been most odious, he cannot prevail on himself to acquit the parties charged, by such interested accusers, with horrors, which should hardly have been found proved even upon the most distinct evidence. He appeals on this occasion to Florimond's work on Antichrist. The introduction of that work deserves to be quoted, as strongly illustrative of the condition to which the country was reduced, and calculated to make an impression the very reverse probably of that which the writer would have desired.

"All those who have afforded us some signs of the approach of Antichrist, agree that the increase of sorcery and witchcraft is to distinguish the melancholy period of his advent; and was ever age so afflicted with them as ours? The seats destined for criminals before our judicatories are blackened with persons accused of this guilt. There are not judges enough to try them. Our dungeons are gorged with them. No day passes that we do not render our tribunals bloody by the dooms which we pronounce, or in which we do not return to our homes discountenanced and terrified at the horrible contents of the confessions which it has been our duty to hear. And the Devil is counted so good a master, that we cannot commit so great a number of his slaves to the flames, but what there shall arise from their ashes a number sufficient to supply their place."†

This last statement, by which it appears that the most active and unsparing inquisition was taking place, corresponds with the historical notices of repeated persecutions upon this dreadful charge of sorcery. A bull of Pope Innocent the VIII. rang the tocsin against this formidable crime, and set forth in the most dismal colours the guilt, while it stimulated the inquisitors to the unsparing discharge of their duty, in searching out and punishing the guilty. "It is come to our ears," says the bull, "that numbers of both sexes do not avoid to have intercourse with the infernal fiends, and that by their sorceries they afflict both man and beast; that they blight the marriage-bed, destroy the births of women, and the increase of cattle; they blast the corn on the ground, the grapes of the vineyard, the fruits of the trees, the grass, and herbs of the field." For which reasons, the inquisitors were armed with the apostolic power, and called upon to "convict, imprison, and punish," and so forth.

Dreadful were the consequences of this bull all over the continent, especially in Italy, Germany, and France.‡ About 1485, Cumanus burned as witches, forty-one poor women in one year, in the county of Burlia. In the ensuing years, he continued the prosecution with such unremitting zeal, that many fled from the country.

Alciatus states, that an inquisitor, about the same period, burned a hundred sorcerers in Piedmont, and persevered in his inquiries till human patience was exhausted, and the people arose and drove him out of the country, after which the jurisdiction was deferred to the archbishop. That prelate consulted Alciatus himself, who had just then obtained his doctor's degree in civil law, to which he was afterward an honour. A number of unfortunate wretches were brought for judgment, fitter, according to the civilian's opinion, for a course of hellebore, than for the stake. Some were accused of having dishonoured the crucifix, and denied their salvation; others of having absconded to keep the Devil's Sabbath, in-

* Delrio, de Magia. See the Preface.

† Florimond concerning the Antichrist, cap 7, n. 5, quoted by Delrio, de Magia, p. 820.

‡ Dr. Hutchinson quotes H. Institor, 105, 161.

spite of bolts and bars; others of having merely joined in the choral dances around the witches' tree of rendezvous. Several of their husbands and relatives swore that they were in bed and asleep during these pretended excursions. Alciatus recommended gentle and temperate measures; and the minds of the country became at length composed.*

In 1488, the country four leagues around Constance was laid waste by lightning and tempest, and two women being, by fair means or foul, made to confess themselves guilty as the cause of the devastation, suffered death.

About 1515, five hundred persons were executed at Geneva, under the character of "Protestant witches;" from which we may suppose many suffered for heresy. Forty-eight witches were burned at Ravensburgh within four years, as Hutchinson reports, on the authority of Mengho, the author of the "Malleus Maleficarum." In Lorraine, the learned inquisitor Remigius boasts that he put to death nine hundred people in fifteen years. As many were banished from that country; so that whole towns were on the point of becoming desolate. In 1524, a thousand persons were put to death in one year at Como, in Italy, and about one hundred every year after for several years.†

In the beginning of the next century, the persecution of witches broke out in France with a fury which was hardly conceivable, and multitudes were burned amid that gay and lively people. Some notion of the extreme prejudice of their judges may be drawn from the words of one of the inquisitors themselves, Pierre de Lancre, royal counsellor in the Parliament of Bourdeaux, with whom the President Espaignel was joined in a commission to inquire into certain acts of sorcery, reported to have been committed in Labourt and its neighbourhood, at the foot of the Pyrenees, about the month of May, 1619. A few extracts from the preface will best evince the state of mind in which he proceeded to the discharge of his commission.

His story assumes the form of a narrative of a direct war between Satan on the one side, and the Royal Commissioners on the other, "because," says Counsellor de Lancre, with self-complaisance, "nothing is so calculated to strike terror into the Fiend and his dominions, as a commission with such plenary powers."

At first, Satan endeavoured to supply his vassals who were brought before the judges with strength to support the examinations, so that if, by intermission of the torture, the wretches should fall into a doze, they declared, when they were recalled from it to the question, that the profound stupor, "had something of Paradise in it,—being gilded," said the judge, "with the immediate presence of the Devil;" though in all probability, it rather derived its charms from the natural comparison between the insensibility of exhaustion, and the previous agony of acute torture. The judges took care that the Fiend seldom obtained any advantage in the matter, by refusing their victims, in most cases, any interval of rest or sleep. Satan then proceeded, in the way of direct defiance, to stop the mouth of the accused openly, and by mere force, with something like a visible obstruction in their throat. Notwithstanding this, to put the Devil to shame, some of the accused found means, in spite of him, to confess and be hanged, or rather burned. The Fiend lost much credit by his failure on this occasion. Before the formidable commissioners arrived, he had held his *cour plénière* before the gates of Bourdeaux, and in the square of the palace of Galienne, whereas he was now insulted publicly by his own vassals, and in the midst of his festival of the Sabbath, the children and relations of the witches, who had suffered, not sticking to say to him, "Out upon you! your promise was, that our mothers who were prisoners should not die; and look how you have kept your word with us! They have been burned, and are a heap of ashes." To appease this mutiny, Satan had two evasions. He produced illusory fires, and encouraged the mutinous to walk through them, assuring them that the judicial pile was as frigid and inoffensive as those which he exhibited to them. Again, taking his refuge in lies, of which he is well known to be the father, he stoutly affirmed that their parents, who seemed to have suffered, were safe in a foreign country, and that if their children would call on them they would receive an answer. They made the invocation accordingly, and Satan answered each of them in a tone which resembled the voice of the lamented parent, almost as successfully as Monsieur Alexandre could have done.

Proceeding to a yet more close attack, the commissioners, on the eve of one of the Fiend's Sabbaths, placed the gibbet on which they executed their victims just on the spot where Satan's gilded chair was usually stationed. The Devil was much offended at such an affront, and yet had so little power in the matter, that he could only express his resentment by threats, that he would hang Messieurs D'Amon and D'Urtubbe, gentlemen who had solicited and promoted the issuing of the commission, and would also burn the commissioners themselves in their own fire. We regret to say, that Satan was unable to execute either of these laudable resolutions. Ashamed of his excuses, he abandoned for three or four sittings his attendance on the Sabbaths, sending as his representative an imp of subordinate account, and in whom no one reposed confidence. When he took courage again to face his parliament, the arch-fiend covered his defection by assuring them that he had been engaged in a lawsuit with the Deity, which he had gained with costs, and that six-score of infant children were to be delivered up to him in name of damages, and the witches were directed to procure such victims accordingly. After this grand fiction, he confined himself to the petty vengeance of impeding the access of confessors to the condemned, which was the more easy, as few of them could speak the Basque language. I have no time to detail the ingenious method by which the learned Counsellor de Lancre explains why the district of Labourt should be particularly exposed to the pest of sorcery. The chief reason seems to be, that it is a mountainous, a sterile, and a border country, where the men are all fishers, and the women smoke tobacco, and wear short petticoats.

To a person who, in this presumptuous, trifling, and conceited spirit, has composed a quarto volume, full of the greatest absurdities and grossest obscenities ever impressed on paper, it was the pleasure of the most Christian monarch to consign the most absolute power which could be exercised on these poor people; and he might with as much prudence have turned a ravenous wolf upon an undefended flock, of whom the animal was the natural enemy, as they were his natural prey. The priest, as well as the ignorant peasant, fell under the suspicion of this fell commission; and De Lancre writes with much complacency, that the accused were brought to trial to the number of forty in one day,—with what chance of escape, when the judges were blinded with prejudice, and could only hear the evidence and the defence through the medium of an interpreter, the understanding of the reader may easily anticipate.

Among other gross transgressions of the most ordinary rules, it may be remarked, that the accused, in what their judges called confessions, contradicted each other at every turn respecting the description of the Domdaniel in which they pretended to have been assembled, and the fiend who presided there. All spoke to a sort of gilded throne; but some saw a hideous wild he-goat seated there—some a man disfigured and twisted, as suffering torture—some, with better taste, beheld a huge indistinct form, resembling one of those mutilated trunks of trees found in ancient forests. But De Lancre was no "Daniel come to judgment," and the discrepance of evidence, which saved the life and fame of Susannah, made no impression in favour of the sorcerers of Labourt.

Instances occur in De Lancre's book of the trial and condemnation of persons accused of the crime of *lycanthropy*, a superstition which was chiefly cur-

* Alciat. Parerg. Juris, lib. viii. chap. 22.
† Bart. de Spina, de Strigilibus.

rent in France, but was known in other countries, and is the subject of great debate between Wier, Naudé, Scott, on the one hand, and their demonological adversaries on the other. The idea, said the same party, was, that a human being had the power, by sorcery, of transforming himself into the shape of a wolf, and in that capacity, being seized with a species of fury, he rushed out, and made havoc among the flocks, slaying and wasting, like the animal whom he represented, far more than he could devour. The more incredulous reasoners would not allow of a real transformation, whether with or without the enchanted hide of a wolf, which in some cases was supposed to aid the metamorphosis, and contended that lycanthropy only subsisted as a woful species of disease, a melancholy state of mind, broken with occasional fits of insanity, in which the patient imagined that he committed the ravages of which he was accused. Such a person, a mere youth, was tried at Besançon, who gave himself out for a servant, or yeoman pricker, of the Lord of the Forest, so he called his superior, who was judged to be the Devil. He was, by his master's power, transformed into the likeness, and performed the usual functions, of a wolf, and was attended in his course by one larger, which he supposed the Lord of the Forest himself. These wolves, he said, ravaged the flocks, and throttled the dogs which stood in their defence. If either had not seen the other, he howled, after the manner of the animal, to call his comrade to his share of the prey; if he did not come upon this signal, he proceeded to bury it the best way he could.

Such was the general persecution under Messrs. Espaignol and De Lancre. Many similar scenes occurred in France, till the edict of Louis XIV. discharging all future prosecutions for witchcraft, after which the crime itself was heard of no more.*

While the spirit of superstition was working such horrors in France, it was not, we may believe, more idle in other countries of Europe. In Spain particularly, long the residence of the Moors, a people putting deep faith in all the day-dreams of witchcraft, good and evil genii, spells, and talismans, the ardent and devotional temper of the old Christians dictated a severe research after sorcerers, as well as heretics, and relapsed Jews or Mahometans. In former times, during the subsistence of the Moorish kingdoms in Spain, a school was supposed to be kept open in Toboso, for the study, it is said, of magic, but more likely of chymistry, algebra, and other sciences, which, altogether mistaken by the ignorant and vulgar, and imperfectly understood even by those who studied them, were supposed to be allied to necromancy, or at least to natural magic. It was, of course, the business of the inquisition to purify whatever such pursuits had left of suspicious Catholicism, and their labours cost as much blood on accusations of witchcraft and magic, as for heresy and relapse.

Even the colder nations of Europe were subject to the same epidemic terror for witchcraft, and a specimen of it was exhibited in the sober and rational country of Sweden about the middle of last century, an account of which, being translated into English by a respectable clergyman, Doctor Horneck, excited general surprise how a whole people could be imposed upon to the degree of shedding much blood, and committing great cruelty and injustice, on account of the idle falsehoods propagated by a crew of lying children, who, in this case, were both actors and witnesses.

The melancholy truth, that "the human heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked," is by nothing proved so strongly as by the imperfect sense displayed by children of the sanctity of moral truth. Both the gentleman and the mass of the people, as they advance in years, learn to despise and avoid falsehood; the former out of pride, and from a remaining feeling derived from the days of chivalry, that the character of a liar is a deadly stain on their honour; the other, from some general reflection upon the necessity of preserving a character for integrity in the course of life, and a sense of the truth of the common adage, that "honesty is the best policy." But these are acquired habits of thinking. The child has no natural love of truth, as is experienced by all who have the least acquaintance with early youth. If they are charged with a fault, while they can hardly speak, the first words they stammer forth are a falsehood to excuse it. Nor is this all: the temptation of attracting attention, the pleasure of enjoying importance, the desire to escape from an unpleasing task, or accomplish a holyday, will at any time overcome the sentiment of truth, so weak is it within them. Hence thieves and housebreakers, from a surprisingly early period, find means of rendering children useful in their mystery: nor are such acolytes found to evade justice with less dexterity than the more advanced rogues. Where a number of them are concerned in the same mischief, there is something resembling virtue in the fidelity with which the common secret is preserved. Children, under the usual age of their being admitted to give evidence, were necessarily often examined in witch trials; and it is terrible to see how often the little impostors, from spite, or in mere gayety of spirit, have, by their art and perseverance, made shipwreck of men's lives. But it would be hard to discover a case, which, supported exclusively by the evidence of children, (the confessions under torture excepted,) and obviously existing only in the young witnesses' own imagination, has been attended with such serious consequences, or given cause to so extensive and fatal a delusion, as that which occurred in Sweden.

The scene was the Swedish village of Mohra, in the province of Elfland, which district had probably its name from some remnant of ancient superstition. The delusion had come to a great height ere it reached the ears of government, when, as was the general procedure, royal commissioners were sent down, men well fitted for the duty intrusted to them; that is, with ears open to receive the incredibilities with which they were to be crammed, and hearts hardened against every degree of compassion to the accused. The complaints of the common people, backed by some persons of better condition, were, that a number of persons, renowned as witches, had drawn several hundred children of all classes under the Devil's authority. They demanded, therefore, the punishment of these agents of hell, reminding the judges, that the province had been clear of witches since the burning of some on a former occasion. The accused were numerous, so many as threescore and ten witches and sorcerers being seized in the village of Mohra; three-and-twenty confessed their crimes, and were sent to Faluna, where most of them were executed. Fifteen of the children were also led to death. Six-and-thirty of those who were young were forced to run the gauntlet, as it is called, and were, besides, lashed weekly at the church doors for a whole year. Twenty of the youngest were condemned to the same discipline for three days only.

The process seems to have consisted in confronting the children with the witches, and hearing the extraordinary story which the former insisted upon maintaining. The children, to the number of three hundred, were found more or less perfect in a tale as full of impossible absurdities as ever was told round a nursery fire. Their confession ran thus:

They were taught by the witches to go to a cross way, and with certain ceremonies to invoke the Devil by the name of Antecessor, begging him to carry them off to Blockula, meaning, perhaps, the Brockenberg, in the Hartz forest, a mountain infamous for being the common scene of witches' meetings, and to which Goethe represents the spirit Mephistopheles as conducting his pupil Faustus. The Devil courteously appeared at the call of the children, in various forms, but chiefly as a mad Merry-Andrew, with a gray coat, red and blue stockings, a red beard, a high-crowned hat, with linen of various colours wrapped round it, and garters of peculiar length. He set each child on some beast of his providing, and

* The reader may sup full on such wild horrors in the *Causes Celebres*.

anointed them with a certain unguent composed of the scrapings of altars, and the filings of church-clocks. There is here a discrepance of evidence which, in another court, would have cast the whole. Most of the children considered their journey to be corporeal and actual. Some supposed, however, that their strength, or spirit, only travelled with the fiend, and that their body remained behind. Very few adopted this last hypothesis, though the parents unanimously bore witness, that the bodies of the children remained in bed, and could not be awakened out of a deep sleep, though they shook them for the purpose of awakening them. So strong was, nevertheless, the belief of nurses and mothers in their actual transportation, that a sensible clergyman, mentioned in the preface, who had resolved he would watch his son the whole night, and see what hag or fiend would take him from his arms, had the utmost difficulty, notwithstanding, in convincing his mother that the child had not been transported to Blockula, during the very night he held him in his embrace.

The learned translator candidly allows, "out of so great a multitude as were accused, condemned, and executed, there might be some who suffered unjustly, and owed their death more to the malice of their enemies than to their skill in the black art, I will readily admit. Nor will I deny," he continues, "but that when the news of these transactions and accounts, how the children bewitched fell into fits and strange unusual postures, spread abroad in the kingdom, some fearful and credulous people, if they saw their children any way disordered, might think they were bewitched, or ready to be carried away by imps."* The learned gentleman here stops short in a train of reasoning, which, followed out, would have deprived the world of the benefit of his translation. For, if it was possible that some of these unfortunate persons fell a sacrifice to the malice of their neighbours, or the prejudices of witnesses, as he seems ready to grant, is it not more reasonable to believe, that the whole of the accused were convicted on similar grounds, than to allow, as truth, the slightest part of the gross and vulgar impossibilities upon which alone their execution can be justified?

The Blockula, which was the object of their journey, was a house having a fine gate painted with divers colours, with a paddock, in which they turned the beasts to graze which had brought them to such scenes of revelry. If human beings had been employed, they were left slumbering against the wall of the house. The plan of the Devil's palace consisted of one large banqueting apartment, and several withdrawing-rooms. Their food was homely enough, being broth made of coleworts and bacon, with bread and butter, and milk and cheese. The same acts of wickedness and profligacy were committed at Blockula which are usually supposed to take place upon the Devil's Sabbath elsewhere; but there was this particular, that the witches had son's and daughters by the fiends, who were married together, and produced an offspring of toads and serpents.

These confessions being delivered before the accused witches, they at first stoutly denied them; at last some of them burst into tears, and acquiesced in the horrors imputed to them. They said, the practice of carrying off children had been enlarged very lately, (which shows the whole rumours to have arisen recently;) and the despairing wretches confirmed what the children said, with many other extravagant circumstances, as the mode of elongating a goat's back by means of a spit, on which we care not to be particular. It is worth mentioning, that the Devil, desirous of enjoying his own reputation among his subjects, pretended at one time to be dead, and was much lamented at Blockula—but he soon revived again.

Some attempts these witches had made to harm individuals on middle earth, but with little success. One old sorceress, indeed, attempted to strike a nail, given her by the Devil for that purpose, into the head of the minister of Elfland; but as the scull was of unusual solidity, the reverend gentleman only felt a headache from her efforts. They could not be persuaded to exhibit any of their tricks before the commissioners, excusing themselves by alleging that their witchcraft had left them, and that the Devil had amused them with the vision of a burning pit, having a hand thrust out of it.

The total number who lost their lives on this singular occasion, was fourscore and four persons, including fifteen children; and at this expense of blood was extinguished a flame that arose as suddenly, burned as fiercely, and decayed as rapidly, as any portent of the kind within the annals of superstition. The commissioners returned to court with the high approbation of all concerned—prayers were ordered through the churches weekly, that Heaven would be pleased to restrain the powers of the Devil, and deliver the poor creatures who hitherto had groaned under it, as well as the innocent children, who were carried off by hundreds at once.

If we could ever learn the true explanation of this story, we should probably find that the cry was led by some clever mischievous boy, who wished to apologize to his parents for lying an hour longer in the morning, by alleging he had been at Blockula on the preceding night; and that the desire to be as much distinguished as their comrade, had stimulated the bolder and more acute of his companions to the like falsehoods; while those of weaker minds assented, either from fear of punishment, or the force of dreaming over at night the horrors which were dinned into their ears all day. Those who were ingenuous, as it was termed, in their confessions, received praise and encouragement; and those who denied, or were silent, and, as it was considered, impenitent, were sure to bear the harder share of the punishment which was addressed to all. It is worth while also to observe, that the smarter children began to improve their evidence, and add touches to the general picture of Blockula. "Some of the children talked much of a white angel, which used to forbid them what the Devil bid them do, and told them that these doings should not last long.—And, they added, this better being would place himself sometimes at the door between the witches and the children, and when they came to Blockula, he pulled the children back, but the witches went in."

This additional evidence speaks for itself, and shows the whole tale to be the fiction of the children's imagination, which some of them wished to improve upon. The reader may consult, "An Account of what happened in the Kingdom of Sweden in the years 1669 and 1670, and afterward translated out of High Dutch into English, by Dr. Antony Horneck," attached to Glanville's "Sadducismus Triumphatus." The translator refers to the evidence of Baron Sparr, ambassador from the court of Sweden to the court of England, in 1672; and that of Baron Lyonberg, envoy extraordinary of the same power, both of whom attest the confession and execution of the witches. The King of Sweden himself answered the express inquiries of the Duke of Holstein with marked reserve. "His judges and commissioners," he said, "had caused divers men, women, and children to be burned and executed, on such pregnant evidence as was brought before them. But whether the actions confessed, and proved against them, were real, or only the effects of strong imagination, he was not as yet able to determine;"—a sufficient reason, perhaps, why punishment should have been at least deferred by the interposition of the royal authority.

We must now turn our eyes to Britain, in which our knowledge as to such events is necessarily more extensive, and where it is in a high degree more interesting to our present purpose.

* Translator's Preface to Horneck's "Account of what happened in the Kingdom of Sweden." See Appendix to Glanville's work.

LETTER VIII.

The Effects of the Witch Superstition are to be traced in the Laws of a Kingdom—Usually punished in England as a Crime connected with Politics—Attempt at Murder for Witchcraft not in

itself capital—Trials of Persons of Rank for Witchcraft, connected with State Crimes—Statutes of Henry VIII.—How Witchcraft was regarded by the three leading Sects of Religion in the Sixteenth Century; first, by the Catholics; second, by the Calvinists; third, by the Church of England and Lutherans—Impostures unwarily countenanced by individual Catholic Priests, and also by some Puritanic Clergymen—Statute of 1562, and some Cases upon it—Case of Dugdale—Case of the Witches of Warbois, and Execution of the Family of Samuel—That of Jane Wenham, in which some Church of England Clergymen insisted on the Prosecution—Hutchinson's Rebuke to them—James the First's Opinion of Witchcraft—His celebrated Statute, 1 Jac. I.—Canon passed by the Convocation against Possession—Case of Mr. Fairfax's Children—Lancashire Witches in 1613—Another Discovery in 1631—Webster's Account of the Manner in which the Imposture was managed—Superiority of the Calvinists is followed by a severe Prosecution of Witches—Executions in Suffolk, &c. to a dreadful Extent—Hopkins, the pretended Witchfinder, the Cause of these Cruelties—His brutal Practices—His Letter—Execution of Mr. Lowis—Hopkins punished—Restoration of Charles—Trial of Cove—of Dunny and Callender before Lord Hales—Royal Society and Progress of Knowledge—Somersetshire Witches—Opinions of the Populace—A Woman swim for Witchcraft at Oakly—Murder at Tring—Act against Witchcraft abolished, and the Belief in the Crime becomes forgotten—Witch Trials in New England—Dame Glover's Trial—Affliction of the Parvises, and frightful Increase of the Prosecutions—Suddenly put a stop to—The Penitence of those concerned in them.

Our account of Demonology in England must naturally, as in every other country, depend chiefly on the instances which history contains of the laws and prosecutions against witchcraft. Other superstitions arose and decayed, were dreaded or despised, without greater embarrassment, in the provinces in which they have a temporary currency, than that cowards and children go out more seldom at night, while the reports of ghosts and fairies are peculiarly current. But when the alarm of witchcraft arises, Superstition dips her hand in the blood of the persons accused, and records in the annals of jurisprudence their trials, and the causes alleged in vindication of their execution. Respecting other fantastic allegations, the proof is necessarily transient and doubtful, depending upon the inaccurate testimony of vague report and of doting tradition. But in cases of witchcraft, we have before us the recorded evidence upon which judge and jury acted, and can form an opinion with some degree of certainty of the grounds, real or fanciful, on which they acquitted or condemned. It is, therefore, in tracing this part of Demonology, with its accompanying circumstances, that we have the best chance of obtaining an accurate view of our subject.

The existence of witchcraft was, no doubt, received and credited in England, as in the countries on the Continent, and originally punished accordingly. But after the fourteenth century, the practices which fell under such a description were thought unworthy of any peculiar animadversion, unless they were connected with something which would have been of itself a capital crime, by whatever means it had been either essayed or accomplished. Thus, the supposed paction between a witch and the demon was perhaps deemed in itself to have terrors enough to prevent its becoming an ordinary crime, and was not, therefore, visited with any statutory penalty. But to attempt or execute bodily harm to others, through means of evil spirits, or, in a word, by the black art, was actionable at common law, as much as if the party accused had done the same harm with an arrow or pistol-shot. The destruction or abstraction of goods by the like instruments, supposing the charge proved, would, in like manner, be punishable. *A fortiori*, the consulting soothsayers, familiar spirits, or the like, and the obtaining and circulating pretended prophecies, to the unsettlement of the state, and the endangering of the king's title, is yet a higher degree of guilt. And it may be remarked, that the inquiry into the date of the king's life bears a close affinity with the desiring or compassing the death of the sovereign, which is the essence of high treason. Upon such charges, repeated trials took place in the courts of the English, and condemnations were pronounced, with sufficient justice, no doubt, where the connexion between the resort to sorcerers, and the design to perpetrate a felony, could be clearly proved. We would not, indeed, be disposed to go the length of so high an authority as Selden, who pronounces (in his *Table-talk*,) that if a man heartily believed that he could take the life of another by waving his hat three times, and crying Buzz! and should, under this fixed opinion, wave his hat and cry, Buzz! accordingly, he ought to be executed as a murderer. But a false prophecy of the king's death is not to be dealt with exactly on the usual principle; because, however idle in itself, the promulgation of such a prediction has, in times such as we are speaking of, a strong tendency to work its completion.

Many persons, and some of great celebrity, suffered for the charge of trafficking with witches, to the prejudice of those in authority. We have already mentioned the instance of the Duchess of Gloucester, in Henry the Sixth's reign, and that of the Queen Downger's kinsmen, in the Protectorate of Richard, afterward the Third. In 1521, he Duke of Buckingham was beheaded, owing much to his having listened to the predictions of one Friar Hopkins. In the same reign, the Maid of Kent, who had been esteemed a prophetess, was put to death as a cheat. She suffered with seven persons who had managed her fits for the support of the Catholic religion, and confessed her fraud upon the scaffold. About seven years after this, Lord Hungerford was beheaded for consulting certain soothsayers concerning the length of Henry the Eighth's life. But these cases rather relate to the purpose for which the sorcery was employed, than to the fact of using it.

Two remarkable statutes were passed in the year 1541; one against false prophecies, the other against the act of conjuration, witchcraft, and sorcery, and, at the same time, against breaking and destroying crosses. The former enactment was certainly made to ease the suspicious and wayward fears of the techy King Henry. The prohibition against witchcraft might be also dictated by the king's jealous doubts of hazard to the succession. The enactment against breaking crosses was obviously designed to check the ravages of the reformers, who, in England as well as elsewhere, desired to sweep away Popery, with the besom of destruction. This latter statute was abrogated in the first year of Edward VI., perhaps as placing an undue restraint on the zeal of good Protestants against idolatry.

At length, in 1562, a formal statute against sorcery, as penal in itself, was actually passed; but as the penalty was limited to the pillory for the first transgression, the legislature probably regarded those who might be brought to trial as impostors rather than wizards. There are instances of individuals tried and convicted as impostors and cheats, and who acknowledged themselves such before the court and people: but in their articles of visitation, the prelates directed inquiry to be made after those who should use enchantments, witchcraft, sorcery, or any like craft, *invented by the Devil*.

But it is here proper to make a pause, for the purpose of inquiring in what manner the religious disputes which occupied all Europe about this time influenced the proceedings of the rival sects in relation to Demonology.

The Papal church had long reigned by the proud and absolute humour which she had assumed, of maintaining every doctrine which her rulers had adopted in dark ages; but this pertinacity at length made her citadel too large to be defended at every point, by a garrison whom prudence would have required to abandon positions which had been taken in times of darkness, and were unsuited to the warfare of a more enlightened age. The sacred motto of the Vatican was, "*Vestigia nulla retrorsum*;" and this rendered it impossible to comply with the more wise and moderate of her own party, who would otherwise have desired to make liberal concessions to the Protestants, and thus prevent, in its commencement, a formidable schism in the Christian world.

To the system of Rome the Calvinists offered the most determined opposition, affecting, upon every occasion, and on all points, to observe an order of church-government, as well as of worship, expressly in the teeth of its enactments;—in a word, to be

a good Protestant, they held it almost essential to be, in all things, diametrically opposite to the Catholic form and faith. As the foundation of this sect was laid in republican states; as its clerical discipline was settled on a democratic basis; and as the countries which adopted that form of government were chiefly poor, the preachers, having lost the rank and opulence enjoyed by the Roman Church, were gradually thrown on the support of the people. Insensibly they became occupied with the ideas and tenets natural to the common people, which, if they have usually the merit of being honestly conceived and boldly expressed, are not the less often adopted with credulity and precipitation, and carried into effect with unhesitating harshness and severity.

Between these extremes the Churchmen of England endeavoured to steer a middle course, retaining a portion of the ritual and forms of Rome, as in themselves admirable, and at any rate too greatly venerated by the people, to be changed merely for opposition's sake. Their comparatively undilapidated revenue, the connexion of their system with the state, with views of ambition as ample as the station of a churchman ought to command, rendered them independent of the necessity of courting their flocks by any means save regular discharge of their duty; and the excellent provisions made for their education afforded them learning to confute ignorance, and enlighten prejudice.

Such being the general character of the three Churches, their belief in, and persecution of, such crimes as witchcraft and sorcery, were necessarily modelled upon the peculiar tenets which each system professed, and gave rise to various results in the countries where they were severally received.

The Church of Rome, as we have seen, was unwilling, in her period of undisputed power, to call in the secular arm to punish men for witchcraft, a crime which fell especially under ecclesiastical cognizance, and could, according to her belief, be subdued by the spiritual arm alone. The learned men at the head of the establishment might safely despise the attempt at those hidden arts as impossible; or, even if they were of a more credulous disposition, they might be unwilling to make laws by which their own inquiries in the mathematics, algebra, chymistry, and other pursuits, vulgarly supposed to approach the confines of magic art, might be inconveniently restricted. The more selfish part of the priesthood might think that a general belief in the existence of witches should be permitted to remain, as a source both of power and of revenue—that if there were no possessions, there could be no exorcism fees—and, in short, that a wholesome faith in all the absurdities of the vulgar creed, as to supernatural influences, was necessary to maintain the influence of Diana of Ephesus. They suffered spells to be manufactured, since every friar had the power of reversing them—they permitted poison to be distilled, because every convent had the antidote, which was disposed of to all who chose to demand it. It was not till the universal progress of heresy, in the end of the fifteenth century, that the bull of Pope Innocent VIII., already quoted, called to convict, imprison, and condemn the sorcerers, chiefly because it was the object to transfer the odium of these crimes to the Waldenses, and excite and direct the public hatred against the new sect, by confounding their doctrines with the influences of the Devil and his Fiends. The bull of Pope Innocent was afterward, in the year 1523, enforced by Adrian VI., with a new one, in which excommunication was directed against *sorcerers and heretics*.

While Rome thus positively declared herself against witches and sorcerers, the Calvinists, in whose numbers must be included the greater part of the English Puritans, who, though they had not finally severed from the communion of the Anglican Church, yet disapproved of her ritual and ceremonies, as retaining too much of the Papal stamp, ranked themselves, in accordance with their usual policy, in diametrical opposition to the doctrine of the Mother Church. They assumed in the opposite sense whatever Rome pretended to as a proof of her omnipotent authority. The exorcisms, forms, and rites by which good Catholics believed that incarnate fiends could be expelled, and evil spirits of every kind rebuked—these, like the holy water, the robes of the priest, and the sign of the cross, the Calvinists considered either with scorn and contempt, as the tools of deliberate quackery and imposture, or with horror and loathing, as the fit emblems and instruments of an idolatrous system.

Such of them as did not absolutely deny the supernatural powers of which the Romanists made boast, regarded the success of the exorcising priest to whatever extent they admitted it, as at best a casting out of devils by the power of Beelzebub, the King of the Devils. They saw also, and resented bitterly, the attempt to confound any dissent from the doctrines of Rome with the proneness to an encouragement of rites of sorcery. On the whole, the Calvinists, generally speaking, were, of all the contending sects, the most suspicious of sorcery, the most undoubting believers in its existence, and the most eager to follow it up with what they conceived to be the due punishment of the most fearful of crimes.

The leading divines of the Church of England were, without doubt, fundamentally as much opposed to the doctrines of Rome, as those who altogether disclaimed opinions and ceremonies, merely because she had entertained them. But their position in society tended strongly to keep them from adopting, on such subjects as we are now discussing, either the eager credulity of the vulgar mind, or the fanatic ferocity of their Calvinistic rivals. We have no purpose to discuss the matter in detail—enough has probably been said to show generally why the Romanist should have cried out a miracle, respecting an incident which the Anglican would have contemptuously termed an imposture; while the Calvinist, inspired with a darker zeal, and, above all, with the unceasing desire of open controversy with the Catholics, would have styled the same event an operation of the Devil.

It followed, that while the divines of the Church of England possessed the upper hand in the kingdom, witchcraft, though trials and even condemnations for that offence occasionally occurred, did not create that epidemic terror which the very suspicion of the offence carried with it elsewhere; so that Reginald Scott and others alleged, it was the vain pretences and empty forms of the Church of Rome, by the faith reposed in them, which had led to the belief of witchcraft or sorcery in general. Nor did prosecutions on account of such charges frequently involve a capital punishment, while learned judges were jealous of the imperfection of the evidence to support the charge, and entertained a strong and growing suspicion that legitimate grounds for such trials seldom actually existed. On the other hand, it usually happened, that wherever the Calvinist interest became predominant in Britain, a general persecution of sorcerers and witches seemed to take place of consequence. Fearing and hating sorcery more than other Protestants, connecting its ceremonies and usages with those of the detested Catholic Church, the Calvinists were more eager than other sects in searching after the traces of this crime, and, of course, unusually successful, as they might suppose, in making discoveries of guilt, and pursuing it to the expiation of the fagot. In a word, a principle already referred to by Dr. Francis Hutchinson, will be found to rule the tide and the reflux of such cases in the different churches. The numbers of witches, and their supposed dealings with Satan, will increase or decrease according as such doings are accounted probable or impossible. Under the former supposition, charges and convictions will be found augmented in a terrific degree. When the accusations are disbelieved, and dismissed as not worthy of attention, the crime becomes unfrequent, ceases to occupy the public mind, and affords little trouble to the judges.

The passing of Elizabeth's statute against witchcraft in 1562 does not seem to have been intended

to increase the number of trials, or cases of conviction at least; and the fact is, it did neither the one nor the other. Two children were tried in 1574 for counterfeiting possession, and stood in the pillory for impostors. Mildred Norrington, called the Maid of Westwell, furnished another instance of possession; but she also confessed her imposture, and publicly showed her fits and tricks of mimicry. The strong influence already possessed by the Puritans may probably be sufficient to account for the darker issue of certain cases, in which both juries and judges, in Elizabeth's time, must be admitted to have shown fearful severity.

These cases of possession were in some respects more snares to the priests of the Church of Rome, who, while they were too sagacious not to be aware that the pretended fits, contortions, strange sounds, and other extravagances, produced as evidence of the demon's influence on the possessed person, were nothing else than marks of imposture by some idle vagabond, were nevertheless often tempted to admit them as real, and take the credit of curing them. The period was once when the Catholic Church had much occasion to rally around her all the respect that remained to her in a schismatic and heretical kingdom; and when her fathers and doctors announced the existence of such a dreadful disease, and of the power of the church's prayers, relics, and ceremonies, to cure it, it was difficult for a priest, supposing him more tender of the interest of his order than that of truth, to avoid such a tempting opportunity as a supposed case of possession offered, for displaying the high privilege in which his profession made him a partaker, or to abstain from conniving at the imposture, in order to obtain for his church the credit of expelling the demon. It was hardly to be wondered at, if the ecclesiastic was sometimes induced to aid the fraud of which such motives forbade him to be the detecter. At this he might hesitate the less, as he was not obliged to adopt the suspected and degrading course of holding an immediate communication *in limine* with the impostor, since a hint or two, dropped in the supposed sufferer's presence, might give him the necessary information what was the most exact mode of performing his part, and if the patient was possessed by a devil of any acuteness or dexterity, he wanted no farther instruction how to play it. Such combinations were sometimes detected, and brought more discredit on the Church of Rome than was counterbalanced by any which might be more cunningly managed. On this subject, the reader may turn to Dr. Harsnett's celebrated book on Popish Impostures, wherein he gives the history of several notorious cases of detected fraud, in which Roman ecclesiastics had not hesitated to mingle themselves. That of Grace Sowerbutts, instructed by a Catholic priest to impeach her grandmother of witchcraft, was a very gross fraud.

Such cases were not, however, limited to the ecclesiastics of Rome. We have already stated, that, as extremes usually approach each other, the Dissenters, in their violent opposition to the Papists, adopted some of their ideas respecting demoniacs; and, we have now to add, that they also claimed, by the vehemence of prayer, and the authority of their own sacred commission, that power of expelling devils, which the Church of Rome pretended to exercise by rites, ceremonies, and relics. The memorable case of Richard Dugdale, called the Surrey Impostor, was one of the most remarkable which the Dissenters brought forward. This youth was supposed to have sold his soul to the Devil on condition of being made the best dancer in Lancashire, and during his possession played a number of fantastic tricks, not much different from those exhibited by expert posture-masters of the present day. This person threw himself into the hands of the Dissenters, who, in their eagerness, caught at an opportunity to relieve an afflicted person, whose case the regular clergy appeared to have neglected. They fixed a committee of their number, who weekly attended the supposed sufferer, and exercised themselves in appointed days of humiliation and fasting, during the course of a whole year. All respect for the demon seems to have abandoned the reverend gentlemen, after they had relieved guard in this manner for some little time, and they got so regardless of Satan, as to taunt him with the mode in which he executed his promise to teach his vassal dancing. The following specimen of raillery is worth commemoration:—"What, Satan! is this the dancing that Richard gave himself to thee for? &c. Canst thou dance no better? &c. Ransack the old records of all past times and places in thy memory: canst thou not there find out some better way of trampling? Pump thine invention dry: can not the universal seed-plot of subtle wiles and stratagems spring up one new method of cutting capers? Is this the top of skill and pride, to shuffle feet and brandish knees thus, and to trip like a doe, and skip like a squirrel? And wherein differ thy leapings from the hoppings of a frog, or the bouncings of a goat, or friskings of a dog, or gesticulations of a monkey? And cannot a palsy shake such a loose leg as that? Dost thou not twirl like a calf that hath the turn, and twitch up thy houghs just like a springhault tit?"* One might almost conceive the demon replying to this raillery in the words of Dr. Johnson, "This merriment of parsons is extremely offensive."

The Dissenters were probably too honest, however simple, to achieve a complete cure on Dugdale by an amicable understanding; so, after their year of vigil, they relinquished their task by degrees. Dugdale, weary of his illness, which now attracted little notice, attended a regular physician, and was cured of that part of his disease which was not affected, in a regular way, *par ordonnance du médecin*. But the reverend gentlemen who had taken his case in hand still assumed the credit of curing him, and if any thing could have induced them to sing *Te Deum*, it would have been this occasion. They said that the effect of their public prayers had been for a time suspended, until seconded by the continued earnestness of their private devotions!!

The ministers of the Church of England, though, from education, intercourse with the world, and other advantages, they were less prone to prejudice than those of other sects, are yet far from being entirely free of the charge of encouraging in particular instances the witch superstition. Even while Dr. Hutchinson pleads that the Church of England has the least to answer for in that matter, he is under the necessity of acknowledging, that some regular country clergymen so far shared the rooted prejudices of congregations, and of the government which established laws against it, as to be active in the persecution of the suspected, and even in countenancing the superstitious signs by which in that period the vulgar thought it possible to ascertain the existence of the afflictions by witchcraft, and obtain the knowledge of the perpetrator. A singular case is mentioned of three women, called the Witches of Warbois. Indeed, their story is a matter of solemn enough record; for Sir Samuel Cromwell, having received the sum of forty pounds as lord of the manor, out of the estate of the poor persons who suffered, turned it into a rent charge of forty shillings yearly, for the endowment of an annual lecture on the subject of witchcraft, to be preached by a doctor or bachelor of divinity of Queen's College, Cambridge. The accused, one Samuel and his wife, were old, and very poor persons, and their daughter a young woman. The daughter of a Mr. Throgmorton, seeing the poor old woman in a black knitted cap, at a time when she was not very well, took a whim that she had bewitched her, and was ever after exclaiming against her. The other children of this fanciful family caught up the same cry, and the eldest of them at last got up a vastly pretty drama, in which she herself furnished all the scenes, and played all the parts.

Such imaginary scenes, or *make-believe* stories, are the common amusement of lively children; and most readers may remember having had some Utopia of their own. But the nursery drama of Miss

* Hutchinson on Witchcraft, p. 162.

Throgmorton had a horrible conclusion. This young lady and her sisters were supposed to be haunted by nine spirits, despatched by the wicked Mother Samuel for that purpose. The sapient parents heard one part of the dialogue, when the children in their fits returned answers, as was supposed, to the spirits who afflicted them; and when the patients from time to time recovered, they furnished the counterpart by telling what the spirits had said to them. The names of the spirits were Pluck, Hardname, Catch, Blue, and three Smacks, who were cousins. Mrs. Joan Throgmorton, the eldest, (who, like other young women of her age, about fifteen, had some disease on her nerves, and whose fancy ran apparently on love and gallantry,) supposed that one of the Smacks was her lover, did battle for her with the less friendly spirits, and promised to protect her against Mother Samuel herself; and the following curious extract will show on what a footing of familiarity the damsel stood with her spiritual gallant; "'From whence come you, Mr. Smack?' says the afflicted young lady; 'and what news do you bring?' Smack, nothing abashed, informed her he came from fighting with Pluck: the weapons, great cowl-staves,—the scene, a ruinous bakehouse in Dame Samuel's yard. 'And who got the mastery, I pray you?' said the damsel. Smack answered, he had broken Pluck's head. 'I would,' said the damsel, 'he had broken your neck also.'—'Is that the thanks I am to have for my labour?' said the disappointed Smack. 'Look you for thanks at my hand?' said the distressed maiden. 'I would you were all hanged up against each other, with your dame for company, for you are all naught.'" On this repulse, exit Smack, and enter Pluck, Blue, and Catch, the first with his head broken, the other limping, and the third with his arm in a sling, all trophies of Smack's victory. They disappeared, after having threatened vengeance upon the conquering Smack. However, he soon afterward appeared with his laurels. He told her of his various conflicts. "'I wonder,' said Mrs. Joan, or Jane, 'that you are able to beat them; you are little, and they very big.'—'He cared not for that,' he replied; 'he would beat the best two of them, and his cousins Smacks would beat the other two.'" This most pitiful mirth, for such it certainly is, was mixed with tragedy enough. Miss Throgmorton and her sisters railed against Dame Samuel; and when Mr. Throgmorton brought her to his house by force, the little fiends longed to draw blood of her, scratch her, and torture her, as the witch-creed of that period recommended; yet the poor woman incurred deeper suspicion when she expressed a wish to leave a house where she was so coarsely treated, and lay under such odious suspicions.

It was in vain that this unhappy creature endeavoured to avert their resentment, by submitting to all the ill usage they chose to put upon her; in vain that she underwent, unresistingly, the worst usage at the hand of Lady Cromwell, her landlady, who, abusing her with the worst epithets, tore her cap from her head, clipped out some of her hair, and gave it to Mrs. Throgmorton, to burn it for a counter-charm. Nay, Mother Samuel's complaisance in the latter case only led to a new charge. It happened that the Lady Cromwell, on her return home, dreamed of her day's work, and especially of the old dame and her cat; and as her ladyship died in a *year and quarter* from that very day, it was sagaciously concluded that she must have fallen a victim to the witcheries of the terrible Dame Samuel. Mr. Throgmorton also compelled the old woman and her daughter to use expressions which put their lives in the power of these malignant children, who had carried on the farce so long that they could not well escape from their own web of deceit but by the death of these helpless creatures: for example, the prisoner, Dame Samuel, was induced to say to the supposed spirit, "As I am a witch, and a causer of Lady Cromwell's death, I charge thee to come out of the maiden." The girl lay still; and this was accounted a proof that the poor woman, who, only subdued and crushed by terror and tyranny, did as she was bidden, was a witch. One is ashamed of an English judge and jury, when it must be repeated, that the evidence of these enthusiastic and giddy-pated girls was deemed sufficient to the condemnation of three innocent persons. Goody Samuel, indeed, was at length worried into a confession of her guilt, by the various vexations which were practised on her. But her husband and daughter continued to maintain their innocence. The last showed a high spirit, and proud value for her character. She was advised by some, who pitied her youth, to gain at least a respite by pleading pregnancy; to which she answered disdainfully, "No, I will not be both held witch and strumpet!" The mother, to show her sanity of mind, and the real value of her confession, caught at the advice recommended to her daughter. As her years put such a plea out of the question, there was a laugh among the unfeeling audience, in which the poor old victim joined loudly and heartily. Some there were who thought it no joking matter, and were inclined to think they had a Joanna Southcote before them, and that the Devil must be the father. These unfortunate Samuels were condemned at Huntingdon, before Mr. Justice Fenner, 4th April, 1593. It was a singular case to be commemorated by an annual lecture, as provided by Sir Samuel Cromwell; for the purposes of Justice were never so perverted, nor her sword turned to a more flagrant murder.

We may here mention, though mainly for the sake of contrast, the much-disputed case of Jane Wenham, the witch of Walkerne, as she was termed; which was of a much later date. Some of the country clergy were carried away by the *landflood* of superstition in this instance also, and not only encouraged the charge, but gave their countenance to some of the ridiculous and indecent tricks resorted to as proofs of witchcraft by the lowest vulgar. But the good sense of the judge, seconded by that of other reflecting and sensible persons, saved the country from the ultimate disgrace attendant on too many of these unhallowed trials. The usual sort of evidence was brought against this poor woman, by pretences of bewitched persons vomiting fire; a trick very easy to those who chose to exhibit such a piece of jugglery, among such as rather desire to be taken in by it, than to detect the imposture. The witchfinder practised upon her the most vulgar and ridiculous tricks, or charms; and out of a perverted examination, they drew what they called a confession, though of a forced and mutilated character. Under such proof the jury brought her in guilty, and she was necessarily condemned to die. More fortunate however, than many persons placed in the like circumstances, Jane Wenham was tried before a sensible and philosophic judge, who could not understand that the life of an Englishwoman, however mean, should be taken away by a set of barbarous tricks and experiments, the efficacy of which depended on popular credulity. He reprieved the witch before he left the assize town. The rest of the history is equally a contrast to some we have told, and others we shall have to recount. A humane and high-spirited gentleman, Colonel Plummer of Gilston, putting at defiance popular calumny, placed the poor old woman in a small house near his own, and under his immediate protection. Here she lived and died, in honest and fair reputation, edifying her visiters by her accuracy and attention in repeating her devotions; and, removed from her brutal and malignant neighbours, never afterward gave the slightest cause of suspicion or offence till her dying day. As this was one of the last cases of conviction in England, Dr. Hutchinson has been led to dilate upon it with some strength of eloquence as well as argument.

He thus expostulates with some of the better class that were eager for the prosecution:—"1. What single fact of sorcery did this Jane Wenham do? What charm did she use, or what act of witchcraft could you prove upon her? Laws are against evil actions, that can be proved to be of the person's doing—What single fact that was against the statute could you fix upon her? I ask, 2. Did she so

much as speak an imprudent word, or do an immoral action, that you could put into the narrative of her case? When she was denied a few turnips, she laid them down very submissively—when she was called witch, and bitch, she only took the proper means for the vindication of her good name—when she saw this storm coming upon her, she lock'd herself in her own house, and tried to keep herself out of your cruel hands—When her door was broken open, and you gave way to that barbarous usage that she met with, she protested her innocence, fell upon her knees, and begg'd she might not go to jail, and, in her innocent simplicity, would have let you swim her; and at her tryal, she declar'd herself a clear woman. This was her behaviour; and what could any of us have done better, excepting in that case where she comply'd with you too much, and offered to let you swim her?

"3. When you used the meanest of paganish and popish superstitions—when you scratch'd, and mangled, and ran pins into her flesh, and used that ridiculous tryal of the bottle, &c.—whom did you consult—and from whom did you expect your answers? who was your father—and into whose hands did you put yourselves? and if the true sense of the statute had been turn'd upon you, which way would you have defended yourselves? 4. Durst you have used her in this manner if she had been rich; and doth not her poverty increase rather than lessen your guilt in what you did?

"And therefore, instead of closing your book with a *liberavimus animas nostras*, and reflecting upon the court, I ask you, 5. Whether you have not more reason to give God thanks that you met with a wise judge, and a sensible gentleman, who kept you from shedding innocent blood, and reviving the meanest and cruelest of all superstitions among us?"*

But although individuals of the English church might, on some occasions, be justly accused of falling into lamentable errors on a subject where error was so general, it was not a usual point of their professional character; and it must be admitted, that the most severe of the laws against witchcraft originated with a Scottish King of England; and that the only extensive persecution following that statute, occurred during the time of the Civil Wars, when the Calvinists obtained, for a short period, a predominating influence in the councils of Parliament.

James succeeded to Elizabeth amid the highest expectations on the part of his new people, who, besides their general satisfaction at coming once more under the rule of a king, were also proud of his supposed abilities and real knowledge of books and languages, and were naturally, though imprudently, disposed to gratify him by deferring to his judgment in matters wherein his studies were supposed to have rendered him a special proficient. Unfortunately, besides the more harmless freak of becoming a Prentice in the art of Poetry, by which words and numbers were the only sufferers, the monarch had composed a deep work upon Demonology, embracing, in their fullest extent, the most absurd and gross of the popular errors on this subject. He considered his crown and life as habitually aimed at by the sworn slaves of Satan. Several had been executed for an attempt to poison him by magical arts; and the turbulent Francis Stewart, Earl of Bothwell, whose repeated attempts on his person had long been James's terror, had begun his course of rebellion by a consultation with the weird sisters and soothsayers. Thus the king, who had proved with his pen the supposed sorcerers to be the direct enemies of the Deity, and who conceived he knew them from experience to be his own, who, moreover, had, upon much lighter occasions (as in the case of Vorstius) showed no hesitation at throwing his royal authority into the scale to aid his arguments, very naturally used his influence when it was at the highest, to extend and enforce the laws against a crime which he both hated and feared.

The English statute against witchcraft, passed in the very first year of that reign, is therefore of a most special nature, describing witchcraft by all the various modes and ceremonies in which, according to King James's fancy, that crime could be perpetrated; each of which was declared felony, without benefit of clergy.

This gave much wider scope to prosecution on the statute than had existed under the milder acts of Elizabeth. Men might now be punished for the practice of witchcraft, as itself a crime, without necessary reference to the ulterior objects of the perpetrator. It is remarkable, that in the same year, when the legislature rather adopted the passions and fears of the king, than expressed their own, by this fatal enactment, the Convocation of the Church evinced a very different spirit; for, seeing the ridicule brought on their sacred profession by forward and presumptuous men, in the attempt to relieve demoniacs from a disease which was commonly occasioned by natural causes, if not the mere creature of imposture, they passed a canon, establishing that no minister or ministers should in future attempt to expel any devil or devils, without the license of his bishop; thereby virtually putting a stop to a fertile source of knavery among the people, and disgraceful folly among the inferior churchmen.

The new statute of James does not, however, appear to have led at first to many prosecutions. One of the most remarkable was (*proh pudor!*) instigated by a gentleman, a scholar of classical taste, and a beautiful poet, being no other than Edward Fairfax, of Fayston, in Knaresborough Forest, the translator of Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered." In allusion to his credulity on such subjects, Collins has introduced the following elegant lines:

> "How have I sate while piped the pensive wind,
> To hear thy harp, by British Fairfax strung;
> Prevailing poet, whose undoubting mind
> Believed the magic wonders which he sung!"

Like Mr. Throgmorton in the Warboys case, Mr. Fairfax accused six of his neighbours of tormenting his children by fits of an extraordinary kind, by imps, and by appearing before the afflicted in their own shape during the crisis of these operations. The admitting this last circumstance to be a legitimate mode of proof, gave a most cruel advantage against the accused, for it could not, according to the ideas of the demonologists, be confuted even by the most distinct *alibi*. To a defence of that sort, it was replied, that the afflicted person did not see the actual witch, whose corporeal presence must indeed have been obvious to every one in the room as well as to the afflicted, but that the evidence of the sufferers related to the appearance of their *spectre*, or apparition; and this was accounted a sure sign of guilt in those whose forms were so manifested during the fits of the afflicted, and who were complained of and cried out upon by the victim. The obvious tendency of this doctrine, as to visionary or spectral evidence, as it was called, was to place the life and fame of the accused in the power of any hypochondriac patient or malignant impostor, who might either seem to see, or aver she saw, the *spectrum* of the accused old man or old woman, as if enjoying and urging on the afflictions which she complained of; and, strange to tell, the fatal sentence was to rest not upon the truth of the witnesses' eyes, but that of their imagination. It happened fortunately for Fairfax's memory, that the objects of his prosecution were persons of good character, and that the judge was a man of sense, and made so wise and skilful a charge to the jury, that they brought in a verdict of Not Guilty.

The celebrated case of "the Lancashire witches" (whose name was, and will be, long remembered, partly from Shadwell's play, but more from the ingenious and well-merited compliment to the beauty of the females of that province, which it was held to contain) followed soon after. Whether the first notice of this sorcery sprung from the idle head of a mischievous boy, is uncertain; but there is no doubt that it was speedily caught up and fostered for the purpose of gain. The original story ran thus:

These Lancaster trials were at two periods, the

* Hutchinson's Essay on Witchcraft, p. 1

one in 1613, before Sir James Altham and Sir Edward Bromley, Barons of Exchequer, when nineteen witches were tried at once at Lancaster, and another of the name of Preston, at York. The report against these people is drawn up by Thomas Potts. An obliging correspondent sent me a sight of a copy of this curious and rare book. The chief personage in the drama is Elizabeth Southam, a witch redoubted under the name of Dembdike, an account of whom may be seen in Mr. Roby's Antiquities of Lancaster, as well as a description of Maulkins' Tower, the witches' place of meeting. It appears that this remote country was full of Popish recusants, travelling priests, and so forth; and some of their spells are given, in which the holy names and things alluded to form a strange contrast with the purpose to which they were applied, as to secure a good brewing of ale or the like. The public imputed to the accused parties a long train of murders, conspiracies, charms, mischances, hellish and damnable practices, "apparent," says the editor, "on their own examinations and confessions," and to speak the truth, visible nowhere else. Mother Dembdike had the good luck to die before conviction. Among other tales, we have one of two *female* devils, called Fancy and Tib. It is remarkable that some of the unfortunate women endeavoured to transfer the guilt from themselves to others with whom they had old quarrels, which confessions were held good evidence against those who made them, and against the alleged accomplice also. Several of the unhappy women were found Not Guilty, to the great displeasure of the ignorant people of the county. Such was the first edition of the Lancashire witches. In that which follows, the accusation can be more clearly traced to the most villanous conspiracy.

About 1634, a boy called Edmund Robinson, whose father, a very poor man, dwelt in Pendle Forest, the scene of the alleged witching, declared, that while gathering *bullees* (wild plums, perhaps,) in one of the glades of the forest, he saw two greyhounds, which he imagined to belong to gentlemen in that neighbourhood. The boy reported that, seeing nobody following them, he proposed to have a course; but though a hare was started, the dogs refused to run. On this, young Robinson was about to punish them with a switch, when one Dame Dickenson, a neighbour's wife, started up instead of the one greyhound; a little boy instead of the other. The witness averred, that Mother Dickenson offered him money to conceal what he had seen, which he refused, saying, "Nay, thou art a witch." Apparently, she was determined he should have full evidence of the truth of what he said, for, like the Magician Queen in the Arabian Tales, she pulled out of her pocket a bridle, and shook, it over the head of the boy who had so lately represented the other greyhound. He was directly changed into a horse; Mother Dickenson mounted, and took Robinson before her. They then rode to a large house, or barn, called Hourstoun, into which Edmund Robinson entered with others. He there saw six or seven persons pulling at halters, from which, as they pulled them, meat ready dressed came flying in quantities, together with lumps of butter, porringers of milk, and whatever else might in the boy's fancy, complete a rustic feast. He declared, that while engaged in the charm, they made such ugly faces, and looked so fiendish, that he was frightened. There was more to the same purpose—as the boy's having seen one of these hags sitting half way up his father's chimney, and some such goodly matter. But it ended in near a score of persons being committed to prison; and the consequence was, that young Robinson was carried from church to church in the neighbourhood, that he might recognise the faces of any persons he had seen at the rendezvous of witches. Old Robinson, who had been an evidence against the former witches in 1613, went along with his son, and knew, doubtless, how to make his journey profitable; and his son probably took care to recognise none who might make a handsome consideration. "This boy," says Webster, "was brought into the Church of Kildwick, a parish Church, where I, being then curate there, was preaching at the time, to look about him, which made some little disturbance for the time." After prayers, Mr. Webster sought and found the boy, and two very unlikely persons, who, says he, "did conduct him and manage the business; I did desire some discourse with the boy in private, but that they utterly denied. In the presence of a great many people, I took the boy near me, and said, 'Good boy, tell me truly, and in earnest, didst thou hear and see such strange things of the motions of the witches, as many do report that thou didst relate, or did not some person teach thee to say such things of thyself?' But the two men did pluck the boy from me, and said he had been examined by two able justices of peace, and they never asked him such a question. To whom I replied, 'The persons accused had the more wrong.'" The boy afterward acknowledged, in his more advanced years, that he was instructed and suborned to swear these things against the accused persons, by his father and others, and was heard often to confess, that on the day when he pretended to see the said witches at the house, or barn, he was gathering plums in a neighbour's orchard.*

There was now approaching a time, when the law against witchcraft, sufficiently bloody in itself, was to be pushed to more violent extremities than the quiet skepticism of the Church of England clergy gave way to. The great Civil War had been preceded and anticipated by the fierce disputes of the ecclesiastical parties. The rash and ill-judged attempt to enforce upon the Scottish a compliance with the government and ceremonies of the High Church divines, and the severe prosecutions in the Star Chamber and Prerogative Courts, had given the Presbyterian system for a season a great degree of popularity in England; and as the king's party declined during the Civil War, and the state of church-government was altered, the influence of the Calvinistical divines increased. With much strict morality and pure practice of religion, it is to be regretted these were still marked by unhesitating belief in the existence of sorcery, and a keen desire to extend and enforce the legal penalties against it. Wier has considered the clergy of every sect as being too eager in this species of persecution: *Ad gravem hanc impietatem, connivent theologi Plerique omnes.* But it is not to be denied that the Presbyterian ecclesiastics, who, in Scotland, were often appointed by the Privy Council commissioners for the trial of witchcraft, evinced a very extraordinary degree of credulity in such cases, and that the temporary superiority of the same sect in England was marked by enormous cruelties of this kind. To this general error we must impute the misfortune, that good men, such as Calamy and Baxter, should have countenanced or defended such proceedings as those of the impudent and cruel wretch called Matthew Hopkins, who, in those unsettled times, when men did what seemed good in their own eyes, assumed the title of Witchfinder General, and travelling through the counties of Essex, Sussex, Norfolk, and Huntingdon, pretended to discover witches, superintending their examination by the most unheard-of tortures, and compelling forlorn and miserable wretches to admit and confess matters equally absurd and impossible; the issue of which was the forfeiture of their lives. Before examining these cases more minutely, I will quote Baxter's own words; for no one can have less desire to wrong a devout and conscientious man, such as that divine most unquestionably was, though borne aside on this occasion by prejudice and credulity.

"The hanging of a great number of witches in 1645 and 1646 is famously known. Mr. Calamy went along with the judges on the circuit, to hear their confessions, and see there was no fraud or wrong done them. I spoke with many understanding pious, learned, and credible persons, that lived in the counties, and some that went to them in the prisons, and heard their sad confessions. Among

* Webster on Witchcraft, edition 1677, p. 278.

the rest, an old *reading parson*, named Lowis, not far from Framlingham, was one that was hangod, who confessed that he had two imps, and that one of them was always putting him upon doing mischief; and he being near the sea, as he saw a ship under sail, it moved him to send it to sink the ship; and he consented, and saw the ship sink before them." Mr. Baxter passes on to another story of a mother, who gave her child an imp like a mole, and told her to keep it in a can near the fire, and she would never want; and more such stuff as nursery maids tell froward children to keep them quiet.

It is remarkable that, in this passage, Baxter names the Witchfinder General rather slightly, as "one Hopkins," and without doing him the justice due to one who had discovered more than one hundred witches, and brought them to confessions which that good man received as indubitable. Perhaps the learned divine was one of those who believed that the Witchfinder General had cheated the Devil out of a certain memorandum-book, in which Satan, for the benefit of his memory certainly, had entered all the witches' names in England, and that Hopkins availed himself of this record.*

It may be noticed, that times of misrule and violence seem to create individuals fitted to take advantage from them, and having a character suited to the seasons which raise them into notice and action; just as a blight on any tree or vegetable calls to life a peculiar insect to feed upon and enjoy the decay which it has produced. A monster like Hopkins could only have existed during the confusion of civil dissension. He was, perhaps, a native of Manningtree, in Essex; at any rate, he resided there in the year 1644, when an epidemic outcry of witchcraft arose in that town. Upon this occasion he had made himself busy, and affecting more zeal and knowledge than other men, learned his trade of a witchfinder, as he pretends, from experiment. He was afterward permitted to perform it as a legal profession, and moved from one place to another, with an assistant named Sterne, and a female. In his defence against an accusation of fleecing the country, he declares his regular charge was twenty shillings a town, including charges of living, and journeying thither and back again with his assistants. He also affirms, that he went nowhere unless called and invited. His principal mode of discovery was, to strip the accused persons naked, and thrust pins into various parts of their body, to discover the witch's mark, which was supposed to be inflicted by the Devil, as a sign of his sovereignty, and at which she was also said to suckle her imps. He also practised and stoutly defended the trial by swimming, when the suspected person was wrapped in a sheet, having the great toes and thumbs tied together, and so dragged through a pond or river. If she sank, it was received in favour of the accused; but if the body floated, (which must have occurred ten times for once, if it was placed with care on the surface of the water,) the accused was condemned, on the principle of King James, who, in treating of this mode of trial, lays down, that as witches have renounced their baptism, so it is just that the element through which the holy rite is enforced, should reject them; which is a figure of speech, and no argument. It was Hopkin's custom to keep the poor wretches waking, in order to prevent them from having encouragement from the Devil, and, doubtless, to put infirm, terrified overwatched persons in the next state to absolute madness; and, for the same purpose, they were dragged about by their keepers, till extreme weariness and the pain of blistered feet might form additional inducements to confession. Hopkins confesses these last practices of keeping the accused persons waking, and forcing them to walk, for the same purpose, had been originally used by him. But as his tract is a professed answer to charges of cruelty and oppression, he affirms that both practices were then disused, and that they had not of late been resorted to.

The boast of the English nation is a manly independence and common sense, which will not long permit the license of tyranny or oppression on the meanest and most obscure sufferers. Many clergymen and gentlemen made head against the practices of this cruel oppressor of the defenceless, and it required courage to do so, when such an unscrupulous villian had so much interest.

Mr. Gaul, a clergyman of Houghton in Huntingdonshire, had the courage to appear in print on the weaker side; and, Hopkins, in consequence, assumed the assurance to write to some functionaries of the place the following letter, which is an admirable medley of impudence, bullying, and cowardice:—

"My service to your worship presented.—I have this day received a letter to come to a town called Great Houghton, to search for evil disposed persons called witches, (though I hear your minister is far against us, through ignorance.) I intend to come, God willing, the sooner to hear his singular judgment in the behalf of such parties. I have known a minister in Suffolk, as much against this discovery in a pulpit, and forced to recant it by the Committee,† in the same place. I much marvel such evil men should have any (much more any of the clergy, who should daily speak terror to convince such offenders) stand up to take their parts against such as are complainants for the king, and sufferers themselves, with their families and estates. I intend to give your town a visit suddenly. I will come to Kimbolton this week; and it will be ten to one but I will come to your town first; but I would certainly know before, whether your town affords many sticklers for such cattle, or is willing to give and allow us good welcome and entertainment, as others where I have been, else I shall waive your shire (not as yet beginning in any part of it myself) and betake me to such places where I do and may punish (not only) without control, but with thanks and recompense. So I humbly take my leave, and rest your servant to be commanded,

"MATTHEW HOPKINS."

The sensible and courageous Mr. Gaul describes the tortures employed by this fellow as equal to any practised in the Inquisition. "Having taken the suspected witch, she is placed in the middle of a room, upon a stool or table, cross-legged, or in some other uneasy posture, to which, if she submits not, she is then bound with cords; there she is watched, and kept without meat or sleep for four-and-twenty hours, for they say, they shall within that time see her imp come and suck. A little hole is likewise made in the door for the imps to come in at; and lest they should come in some less discernible shape, they that watch are taught to be ever and and anon sweeping the room; and if they see any spiders or flies to kill them, and if they cannot kill them, they may be sure they are their imps."

If torture of this kind was applied to the Reverend Mr. Lewis, whose death is too slightly announced by Mr. Baxter, we can conceive him, or any man, to have indeed become so weary of his life as to acknowledge, that by means of his imps, he sunk a vessel, without any purpose of gratification to be procured to himself by such iniquity. But in another cause, a judge would have demanded some proof of the *corpus delicti*, some evidence of a vessel being lost at the period, whence coming and whither bound; in short, something to establish that the whole story was not the idle imagination of a man who might have been entirely deranged, and certainly was so at the time he made the admission. John Lewis was presented to the Vicarage of Brandiston, near Framlington in Suffolk, 6th of May, 1596, where he lived about fifty years, till executed as a wizard, on such evidence as we have seen. Not-

* This reproach is noticed in a very rare tract, which was bought at Mr. Lort's sale, by the celebrated collector, Mr. Bindley, and is now in the author's possession. Its full title is, "The Discovery of Witches, in Answer to several Queries lately delivered to the Judge of Assize for the County of Norfolk; and now published by Matthew Hopkins, Witchfinder, for the Benefit of the whole Kingdom. Printed for R. Royston, at the Angel, in Inn Lane, 1647."

† Of Parliament.

withstanding the story of his alleged confession, he defended himself courageously at his trial, and was probably condemned rather as a royalist and malignant, than for any other cause. He showed at the execution considerable energy, and to secure that the funeral service of the church should be said over his body, he read it aloud for himself while on the road to the gibbet.

We have seen that, in 1647, Hopkins' tone became lowered, and he began to disavow some of the cruelties he had formerly practised. About the same time, a miserable old woman had fallen into the cruel hands of this miscreant near Hoxne, a village in Suffolk, and had confessed all the usual enormities, after being without food or rest a sufficient time. Her imp, she said, was called Nan. A gentleman in the neighbourhood, whose widow survived to authenticate the story, was so indignant, that he went to the house, took the woman out of such inhuman hands, dismissed the witchfinders, and after due food and rest, the poor old woman could recollect nothing of the confession, but that she gave a favourite pullet the name of Nan. For this Dr. Hutchinson may be referred to, who quotes a letter from the relict of the humane gentleman.

In the year 1645, a commissioner of Parliament was sent down, comprehending two clergymen in esteem with the leading party, one of whom, Mr. Fairclough of Keller, preached before the rest on the subject of witchcraft; and after this appearance of inquiry, the inquisitions and executions went on as before. But the popular indignation was so strongly excited against Hopkins, that some gentlemen seized on him, and put him to his own favourite experiment of swimming, on which, as he happened to float, he stood convicted of witchcraft, and so the country was rid of him. Whether he was drowned outright or not, does not exactly appear, but he has had the honour to be commemorated by the author of Hudibras:—

> "Hath not this present parliament
> A letter to the Devil sent,
> Fully empowered to treat about
> Finding revolted witches out?
> And has he not within a year
> Hang'd threescore of them in one shire?
> Some only for not being drown'd
> And some for sitting above ground
> Whole days and nights upon their breeches,
> And feeling pain, were hang'd for witches.
> And some for putting knavish tricks
> Upon green geese or tawney chicks;
> Or pigs that suddenly deceased
> Of grief unnatural, as he guess'd,
> Who proved himself at length a witch,
> And made a rod for his own breech."*

The understanding reader will easily conceive, that this alteration of the current in favour of those who disapproved of witch-prosecutions, must have received encouragement from some quarter of weight and influence; yet it may sound strangely enough, that this spirit of lenity should have been the result of the peculiar principles of those sectarians of all denominations, classed in general as Independents, who, though they had originally courted the Presbyterians as the more numerous and prevailing party, had at length shaken themselves loose of that connexion, and finally combatted with and overcome them. The Independents were distinguished by the wildest license in their religious tenets, mixed with much that was nonsensical and mystical. They disowned even the title of a regular clergy, and allowed the preaching of any one who could draw together a congregation that would support him, or who was willing, without recompense, to minister to the spiritual necessities of his hearers. Although such laxity of discipline afforded scope to the wildest enthusiasm, and room for all possible varieties of doctrine, it had on the other hand, this inestimable recommendation, that it contributed to a degree of general toleration which was at that time unknown to any other Christian establishment. The very genius of a religion which admitted of the subdivision of sects *ad infinitum*, excluded a legal prosecution of any one of these for heresy or apostacy. If there had even existed a sect of Manicheans, who made it their practice to adore the Evil Principle, it may be doubted whether the other sectaries would have accounted them absolute outcasts from the pale of the church; and, fortunately, the same sentiment induced them to regard with horror the prosecutions against witchcraft. Thus the Independents, when under Cromwell they attained a supremacy over the Presbyterians, who to a certain point had been their allies, were disposed to counteract the violence of such proceedings under pretence of witchcraft, as had been driven forward by the wretched Hopkins, in Essex, Norfolk, and Suffolk, for three or four years previous to 1647.

The return of Charles II. to his crown and kingdom, served in some measure to restrain the general and wholesale manner in which the laws against witchcraft had been administered during the warmth of the civil war. The statute of the 1st of King James, nevertheless, yet subsisted; nor is it in the least likely, considering the character of the prince, that he, to save the lives of a few old men and women, would have run the risk of incurring the odium of encouraging or sparing a crime still held in horror by a great part of his subjects. The statute, however, was generally administered by wise and skilful judges, and the accused had such a chance of escape as the rigour of the absurd law permitted.

Nonsense, it is too obvious, remained in some cases predominant. In the year 1663, an old dame named Julian Coxe, was convicted chiefly on the evidence of a huntsman, who declared on his oath, that he laid his greyhounds on a hare, and, coming up to the spot where he saw them mouth her, there he found, on the other side of a bush, Julian Coxe lying panting and breathless, in such a manner as to convince him that she had been the creature which afforded him the course. The unhappy woman was executed on this evidence.

Two years afterward, (1664,) it is with regret we must quote the venerable and devout Sir Matthew Hale, as presiding at a trial, in consequence of which Amy Dunny and Rose Callender were hanged at Saint Edmondsbury. But no man, unless very peculiarly circumstanced, can extricate himself from the prejudices of his nation and age. The evidence against the accused was laid, 1st, on the effect of spells used by ignorant persons to counteract the supposed witchcraft; the use of which was, under the statute of James I., as criminal as the act of sorcery which such counter-charms were meant to neutralize. 2dly, The two old women, refused even the privilege of purchasing some herrings, having expressed themselves with angry impatience, a child of the herring-merchant fell ill in consequence. 3dly, A cart was driven against the miserable cottage of Amy Dunny. She scolded, of course; and shortly after the cart—(what a good driver will scarcely comprehend)—stuck fast in a gate where its wheels touched neither of the posts, and yet was moved easily forward on one of the posts (by which it was not impeded) being cut down. 4thly, One of the afflicted girls, being closely muffled, went suddenly into a fit upon being touched by one of the supposed witches. But, upon another trial, it was found that the person so blind-folded fell into the same rage at the touch of an unsuspected person. What perhaps sealed the fate of the accused, was the evidence of the celebrated Sir Thomas Brown, "that the fits were natural, but heightened by the power of the Devil co-operating with the malice of witches;"—a strange opinion, certainly, from the author of a treatise on Vulgar Errors!†

But the torch of science was now fairly lighted, and gleamed in more than one kingdom of the world, shooting its rays on every side, and catching at all means which were calculated to increase the illumination. The Royal Society, which had taken its rise at Oxford, from a private association, who met in Dr. Wilkin's chambers about the year 1658, was, the year after the Restoration, incorporated by royal charter, and began to publish their Transac-

* Hudibras, part ii. canto 3.

† See the account of Sir T. Browne, in "Lives of British Physicians," p. 60.

tions, and give a new and more rational character to the pursuits of philosophy.

In France, where the mere will of the government could accomplish greater changes, the consequence of an enlarged spirit of scientific discovery was, that a decisive stop was put to the witch-prosecutions, which had heretofore been as common in that kingdom as in England. About the year 1672, there was a general arrest of very many shepherds, and others, in Normandy, and the Parliament of Rouen prepared to proceed in the investigation with the usual severity. But an order, or *arrêt*, from the king (Louis XIV.) with advice of his council, commanding all these unfortunate persons to be set at liberty and protected, had the most salutary effects all over the kingdom. The French Academy of Sciences was also founded; and, in imitation, a society of learned Germans established a similar institution at Leipsic. Prejudices, however old, were overawed and controlled—much was accounted for on natural principles that had hitherto been imputed to spiritual agency—every thing seemed to promise, that farther access to the secrets of nature might be opened to those who should prosecute their studies experimentally and by analysis—and the mass of ancient opinions which overwhelmed the dark subject of which we treat, began to be derided and rejected by men of sense and education.

In many cases the prey was now snatched from the spoiler. A pragmatical justice of peace in Somersetshire commenced a course of inquiry after offenders against the statute of James I., and had he been allowed to proceed, Mr. Hunt might have gained a name as renowned for witch-finding as that of Mr. Hopkins; but his researches were stopped from higher authority—the lives of the poor people arrested (twelve in number) were saved, and the country remained at quiet, though the supposed witches were suffered to live. The examinations attest some curious particulars which may be found in *Sadducismus Triumphatus:* for, among the usual string of froward, fanciful, or, as they were called, afflicted children, brought forward to club their startings, starings, and screamings, there appeared also certain remarkable confessions of the accused, from which we learn that the Somerset Satan enlisted his witches, like a wily recruiting sergeant, with one shilling in hand, and twelve in promises; that when the party of wierd-sisters passed to the witch-meeting, they used the magic words, *Thout, tout, throughout, and about;* and that when they departed, they exclaimed, *Rentum, Tormentum!* We are farther informed, that his Infernal Highness, on his departure, leaves a smell, and that (in nursery-maid's phrase) not a pretty one, behind him. Concerning this fact we have a curious exposition by Mr. Glanville: "This," according to that respectable authority, "seems to imply the reality of the business, those ascititious particles which he held together in his sensible shape being loosened at his vanishing, and so offending the nostrils by their fleating and diffusing themselves in the open air."* How much we are bound to regret, that Mr. Justice Hunt's discovery "of this hellish kind of witches," in itself so clear and plain, and containing such valuable information, should have been smothered by meeting with opposition and discouragement from some then in authority!

Lord-Keeper Guilford was also a stifler of the proceedings against witches. Indeed, we may generally remark, during the latter part of the seventeenth century, that where the judges were men of education and courage, sharing in the information of the times, they were careful to check the precipitate ignorance and prejudice of the juries, by giving them a more precise idea of the indifferent value of confessions by the accused themselves, and of testimony derived from the pretended visions of those supposed to be bewitched. Where, on the contrary, judges shared with the vulgar in their ideas of such fascination, or were contented to leave the evidence with the jury, fearful to withstand the general cry too common on such occasions, a verdict of guilty often followed.

We are informed by Roger North, that a case of this kind happened at the assizes in Exeter, where his brother, the Lord Chief-Justice, did not interfere with the crown trials, and the other judge left for execution a poor old woman, condemned, as usual, on her own confession, and on the testimony of a neighbour, who deponed that he saw a cat jump into the accused person's cottage window at twilight, one evening, and that he verily believed the said cat to be the Devil; on which precious testimony the poor wretch was accordingly hanged. On another occasion, about the same time, the passions of the great and little vulgar were so much excited by the acquittal of an aged village dame whom the judge had taken some pains to rescue, that Sir John Long, a man of rank and fortune, came to the judge in the greatest perplexity, requesting that the hag might not be permitted to return to her miserable cottage on his estates, since all his tenants had, in that case, threatened to leave him. In compassion to a gentleman who apprehended ruin from a cause so whimsical, the dangerous old woman was appointed to be kept by the town where she was acquitted, at the rate of half a crown a-week paid by the parish to which she belonged. But, behold! in the period between the two assizes, Sir John Long and his farmers had mustered courage enough to petition that this witch should be sent back to them in all her terrors, because they could support her among them at a shilling a-week cheaper than they were obliged to pay to the town for her maintenance. In a subsequent trial before Lord Chief-Justice North himself, that judge detected one of those practices which, it is to be feared, were too common at the time, when witnesses found their advantage in feigning themselves bewitched. A woman, supposed to be the victim of the male sorcerer at the bar, vomited pins in quantities, and those straight, differing from the crooked pins usually produced at such times, and less easily concealed in the mouth. The judge, however, discovered, by cross-examining a candid witness, that in counterfeiting her fits of convulsion, the woman sunk her head on her breast, so as to take up with her lips the pins which she had placed ready in her stomacher. The man was acquitted, of course. A frightful old hag who was present, distinguished herself so much by her benedictions on the judge, that he asked the cause of the peculiar interest which she took in the acquittal. "Twenty years ago," said the poor woman, "they would have hanged me for a witch, but could not; and now, but for your lordship, they would have murdered my innocent son."†

Such scenes happened frequently on the assizes, while country gentlemen, like the excellent Sir Roger de Coverley, retained a private share in the terror with which their tenants, servants, and retainers regarded some old Moll White, who put the hounds at fault, and ravaged the fields with hail and hurricanes. Sir John Reresby, after an account of a poor woman tried for a witch at York, in 1686, and acquitted, as he thought, very properly, proceeds to tell us, that, notwithstanding, the sentinel upon the jail where she was confined, avowed, "that he saw a scroll of paper creep from under the prison-door, and then change itself first into a monkey, and then into a turkey, which the under-keeper confirmed. This," says Sir John, "I have heard from the mouth of both, and now leave it to be believed, or disbelieved, as the reader may be inclined."‡ We may see that Reresby, a statesman and a soldier, had not as yet "plucked the old woman out of his heart." Even Addison himself ventured no farther in his incredulity respecting this crime, than to contend, that although witchcraft might and did exist, there was no such thing as a modern instance competently proved.

As late as 1682, three unhappy women, named Susan Edwards, Mary Trembles, and Temperance Lloyd, were hanged at Exeter for witchcraft, and, as

* Glanville's Collection of Relations.

† Roger North's Life of Lord-Keeper Guilford.

‡ Memoirs of Sir John Reresby, p. 227.

usual, on their own confession. This is believed to be the last execution of the kind in England, under form of judicial sentence. But the ancient superstition, so interesting to vulgar credulity, like sediment clearing itself from water, sunk down in a deeper shade upon the ignorant and lowest classes of society in proportion as the higher regions were purified from its influence. The populace, including the ignorant of every class, were more enraged against witches, when their passions were once excited, in proportion to the lenity exercised towards the objects of their indignation by those who administered the laws. Several cases occurred in which the mob, impressed with a conviction of the guilt of some destitute old creatures, took the law into their own hands, and, proceeding upon such evidence as Hopkins would have had recourse to, at once, in their own apprehension, ascertained their criminality, and administered the deserved punishment.

The following instance of such illegal and inhuman proceedings occurred at Oakly, near Bedford, on the 12th July, 1707. There was one woman, upwards of 60 years of age, who, being under an imputation of witchcraft, was desirous to escape from so foul a suspicion, and to conciliate the good-will of her neighbours, by allowing them to duck her. The parish officers so far consented to their humane experiment as to promise the poor woman a guinea if she should clear herself by sinking. The unfortunate object was tied up in a wet sheet, her thumbs and great toes were bound together, her cap torn off, and all her apparel searched for pins; for there is an idea that a single pin spoils the operation of the charm. She was then dragged through the river Ouse by a rope tied round her middle. Unhappily for the poor woman, her body floated, though her head remained under water. The experiment was made three times with the same effect. The cry to hang or drown the witch then became general; and as she lay half dead on the bank, they loaded the wretch with reproaches, and hardly forbore blows. A single humane bystander took her part, and exposed himself to rough usage for doing so. Luckily, one of the mob themselves at length suggested the additional experiment of weighing the witch against the Church Bible. The friend of humanity caught at this means of escape, supporting the proposal by the staggering argument, that the Scripture, being the work of God himself, must outweigh necessarily all the operations or vassals of the Devil. The reasoning was received as conclusive, the more readily as it promised a new species of amusement. The woman was then weighed against a Church Bible of twelve pounds jockey weight, and as she was considerably preponderant, was dismissed with honour. But many of the mob counted her acquittal irregular, and would have had the poor dame drowned or hanged on the result of her ducking, as the more authentic species of trial.

At length, a similar piece of inhumanity, which had a very different conclusion, led to the final abolition of the statute of James I., as affording countenance for such brutal proceedings. An aged pauper, named Osborne, and his wife, who resided near Tring, in Staffordshire, fell under the suspicion of the mob on account of supposed witchcraft. The overseers of the poor, understanding that the rabble entertained a purpose of swimming these infirm creatures, which indeed they had expressed in a sort of proclamation, endeavoured to oppose their purpose by securing the unhappy couple in the vestry-room, which they barricaded. They were unable, however, to protect them in the manner they intended. The mob forced the door, seized the accused, and with ineffable brutality continued dragging the wretches through a pool of water till the woman lost her life. A brute in human form, who had superintended the murder, went among the spectators, and requested money for the sport he had shown them! The life of the other victim was with great difficulty saved. Three men were tried for their share in this inhuman action. Only one of them, named Colley, was condemned and hanged. When he came to execution, the rabble, instead of crowding round the gallows as usual, stood at a distance, and abused those who were putting to death, they said, an honest fellow for ridding the parish of an accursed witch. This abominable murder was committed 30th July, 1751.

The repetition of such horrors, the proneness of the people to so cruel and heart-searing a superstition, was traced by the legislature to its source, namely, the yet unabolished statute of James I. Accordingly, by the 9th George II. cap. 5, that odious law so long the object of horror to all ancient and poverty-stricken females in the kingdom, was abrogated, and all criminal procedure on the subject of sorcery or witchcraft discharged in future throughout Great Britain; reserving for such as should pretend to the skill of fortune-tellers, discoverers of stolen goods, or the like, the punishment of the correction house, as due to rogues and vagabonds. Since that period, witchcraft has been little heard of in England, and although the belief in its existence has, in remote places, survived the law that recognised the evidence of the crime, and assigned its punishment—yet such faith is gradually becoming forgotten since the rabble have been deprived of all pretext to awaken it by their own riotous proceedings. Some rare instances have occurred of attempts similar to that for which Colley suffered: and I observe one is preserved in that curious register of knowledge, Mr. Hone's Popular Amusements, from which it appears, that as late as the end of last century this brutality was practised, though happily without loss of life.

The Irish statute against witchcraft still exists, as it would seem. Nothing occurred in that kingdom which recommended its being formally annulled; but it is considered as obsolete, and should so wild a thing be attempted in the present day, no procedure, it is certain, would now be permitted to lie upon it.

If any thing were wanted to confirm the general proposition, that the epidemic terror of witchcraft increases and becomes general in proportion to the increase of prosecutions against witches, it would be sufficient to quote certain extraordinary occurrences in New-England. Only a brief account can be here given of the dreadful hallucination under which the colonists of that province were for a time deluded and oppressed by a strange contagious terror, and how suddenly and singularly it was cured, even by its own excess; but it is too strong evidence of the imaginary character of this hideous disorder, to be altogether suppressed.

New-England, as is well known, was peopled mainly by emigrants who had been disgusted with the government of Charles I. in church and state, previous to the great Civil War. Many of the more wealthy settlers were Presbyterians and Calvinists; others, fewer in number, and less influential from their fortune, were Quakers, Anabaptists, or members of the other sects, who were included under the general name of Independents. The Calvinists brought with them the same zeal for religion and strict morality which every where distinguished them. Unfortunately, they were not wise according to their zeal, but entertained a proneness to believe in supernatural and direct personal intercourse between the Devil and his vassals—an error to which, as we have endeavoured to show, their brethren in Europe had, from the beginning, been peculiarly subject. In a country imperfectly cultivated, and where the partially improved spots were imbosomed in inaccessible forests, inhabited by numerous tribes of savages, it was natural that a disposition to superstition should rather gain than lose ground, and that to other dangers and horrors with which they were surrounded, the colonists should have added fears of the Devil, not merely as the Evil Principle tempting human nature to sin, and thus endangering our salvation, but as combined with sorcerers and witches to inflict death and torture upon children and others.

The first case which I observe, was that of four children of a person called John Goodwin, a mason. The eldest, a girl, had quarrelled with the laundress of the family about some linen which was missing. The mother of the laundress, an ignorant, testy, and choleric old Irishwoman, scolded the accuser; and

shortly after, the elder Goodwin, her sister, and two brothers were seized with such strange diseases, that all their neighbours concluded they were bewitched. They conducted themselves as those supposed to suffer under maladies created by such influence were accustomed to do. They stiffened their necks so hard at one time that the joints could not be moved; at another time their necks were so flexible and supple, that it seemed the bone was dissolved. They had violent convulsions, in which their jaws snapped with the force of a spring-trap set for vermin. Their limbs were curiously contorted, and to those who had a taste for the marvellous, seemed entirely dislocated and displaced. Amid these distortions, they cried out against the poor old woman, whose name was Glover, alleging that she was in presence with them, adding to their torments. The miserable Irish-woman, who hardly could speak the English language, repeated her Pater Noster and Ave Maria like a good Catholic; but there were some words which she had forgotten. She was therefore supposed to be unable to pronounce the whole consistently and correctly—and condemned and executed accordingly.

But the children of Goodwin found the trade they were engaged in to be too profitable to be laid aside, and the eldest, in particular, continued all the external signs of witchcraft and possession. Some of these were excellently calculated to flatter the self-opinion and prejudices of the Calvinist ministers, by whom she was attended, and accordingly bear in their very front the character of studied and voluntary imposture. The young woman, acting, as was supposed, under the influence of the Devil, read a Quaker treatise with ease and apparent satisfaction;—but a book written against the poor inoffensive Friends, the Devil would not allow his victim to touch. She could look on a Church of England Prayer-book, and read the portions of Scripture which it contains, without difficulty or impediment;—but the spirit which possessed her threw her into fits if she attempted to read the same Scriptures from the Bible, as if the awe which it is supposed the fiends entertain for Holy Writ, depended, not on the meaning of the words, but the arrangement of the page, and the type in which they were printed. This singular species of flattery was designed to captivate the clergyman through his professional opinions;—others were more strictly personal. The afflicted damsel seems to have been somewhat of the humour of the Inamorato of Messrs. Smack, Pluck, Catch, and Company, and had, like her, merry as well as melancholy fits. She often imagined that her attendant spirits brought her a handsome pony to ride off with them to their rendezvous. On such occasions she made a spring upwards, as if to mount her horse, and then, still seated on her chair, mimicked with dexterity and agility the motions of the animal pacing, trotting, and galloping, like a child on the nurse's knee; but when she cantered in this manner up stairs, she affected inability to enter the clergyman's study, and when she was pulled into it by force, used to become quite well, and stand up as a rational being. "Reasons were given for this," says the simple minister, "that seem more kind than true." Shortly after this, she appears to have treated the poor divine with a species of sweetness and attention, which gave him greater embarrassment than her former violence. She used to break in upon him at his studies to importune him to come down stairs, and thus advantaged doubtless the kingdom of Satan by the interruption of his pursuits. At length, the Goodwins were, or appeared to be, cured. But the example had been given and caught, and the blood of poor Dame Glover, which had been the introduction to this tale of a hobby-horse, was to be the forerunner of new atrocities, and fearfully more general follies.

This scene opened by the illness of two girls, a daughter and niece of Mr. Parvis, the minister of Salem, who fell under an affliction similar to that of the Goodwins. Their mouths were stopped, their throats choked, their limbs racked, thorns were stuck into their flesh, and pins were ejected from their stomachs. An Indian and his wife, servants of the family, endeavouring, by some spell of their own, to discover by whom the fatal charm had been imposed on their master's children, drew themselves under suspicion, and were hanged. The judges and juries persevered, encouraged by the discovery of these poor Indians' guilt, and hoping they might thus expel from the colony the authors of such practices. They acted, says Mather, the historian, under a conscientious wish to do justly; but the cases of witchcraft and possession increased as if they were transmitted by contagion, and the same sort of spectral evidence being received which had occasioned the condemnation of the Indian woman Titu, became generally fatal. The afflicted persons failed not to see the spectres, as they were termed, of the persons by whom they were tormented. Against this species of evidence no *alibi* could be offered, because it was admitted, as we have said elsewhere, that the real persons of the accused were not there present; and every thing rested upon the assumption that the afflicted persons were telling the truth, since their evidence could not be redargued. These spectres were generally represented as offering their victims a book, on signing which they would be freed from their torments. Sometimes the Devil appeared in person, and added his own eloquence to move the afflicted persons to consent.

At first, as seems natural enough, the poor and miserable alone were involved; but presently, when such evidence was admitted as incontrovertible, the afflicted began to see the spectral appearances of persons of higher condition, and of irreproachable lives, some of whom were arrested, some made their escape, while several were executed. The more that suffered, the greater became the number of afflicted persons, and the wider and the more numerous were the denunciations against supposed witches. The accused were of all ages. A child of five years old was indicted by some of the afflicted, who imagined they saw this juvenile wizard active in tormenting them, and appealed to the mark of little teeth on their bodies, where they stated it had bitten them. A poor dog was also hanged, as having been alleged to be busy in this infernal persecution. These gross insults on common reason occasioned a revulsion in public feeling, but not till many lives had been sacrificed. By this means nineteen men and women were executed, besides a stout-hearted man, named Cory, who refused to plead, and was accordingly pressed to death, according to the old law. On this horrible occasion, a circumstance took place disgusting to humanity, which must yet be told, to show how superstition can steel the heart of a man against the misery of his fellow-creature. The dying man, in the mortal agony, thrust out his tongue, which the Sheriff crammed with his cane back again into his mouth. Eight persons were condemned, besides those who had actually suffered; and no less than two hundred were in prison and under examination.

Men began then to ask, whether the Devil might not artfully deceive the afflicted into the accusation of good and innocent persons, by presenting witches and fiends in the resemblance of blameless persons, as engaged in the tormenting of their diseased countryfolk. This argument was by no means inconsistent with the belief in witchcraft, and was the more readily listened to on that account. Besides, men found that no rank or condition could save them from the danger of this horrible accusation, if they continued to encourage the witnesses in such an unlimited course as had hitherto been granted to them. Influenced by these reflections, the settlers awoke as from a dream, and the voice of the public, which had so lately demanded vengeance on all who were suspected of sorcery, began now, on the other hand, to lament the effusion of blood, under the strong suspicion that part of it at least had been innocently and unjustly sacrificed. In Mather's own language, which we use as that of a man deeply convinced of the reality of the crime, "experience showed that the more were apprehended, the more were still afflicted by Satan, and the number of

confessions increasing, did but increase the number of the accused, and the execution of some made way to the apprehension of others. For still the afflicted complained of being tormented by new objects, as the former were removed, so that some of those that were concerned grew amazed at the number and condition of those that were accused, and feared that Satan, by his wiles, had inwrapped innocent persons under the imputation of that crime; and at last, as was evidently seen, there must be a stop put, or the generation of the kingdom of God would fall under condemnation."*

The prosecutions were, therefore, suddenly stopped, the prisoners dismissed, the condemned pardoned, and even those who had confessed, the number of whom was very extraordinary, were pardoned among others; and the author we have just quoted thus records the result:—"When this prosecution ceased, the Lord so chained up Satan, that the afflicted grew presently well. The accused were generally quiet, and for five years there was no such molestation among us."

To this it may be added, that the congregation of Salem compelled Mr. Parvis, in whose family the disturbance had begun, and who, they alleged, was the person by whom it was most fiercely driven on in the commencement, to leave his settlement among them. Such of the accused as had confessed the acts of witchcraft imputed to them, generally denied and retracted their confessions, asserting them to have been made under fear of torture, influence of persuasion, or other circumstances exclusive of their free will. Several of the judges and jurors concerned in the sentence of those who were executed, published their penitence for their rashness in convicting these unfortunate persons; and one of the judges, a man of the most importance in the colony, observed, during the rest of his life, the anniversary of the first execution as a day of solemn fast and humiliation for his own share in the transaction. Even the barbarous Indians were struck with wonder at the infatuation of the English colonists on this occasion, and drew disadvantageous comparisons between them and the French, among whom, as they remarked, "the Great Spirit sends no witches."

The system of witchcraft, as believed in Scotland, must next claim our attention, as it is different in some respects from that of England, and subsisted to a later period, and was prosecuted with much more severity.

LETTER IX.

Scottish Trials—Earl of Mar—Lady Glammis—William Barton—Witches of Auldearne—Their Rites and Charms—Their Transformation into Hares—Satan's Severity towards them—Their Crimes—Sir George Mackenzie's Opinion of Witchcraft—Instances of Confessions made by the Accused, in Despair, and to avoid future Annoyance and Persecution—Examination by Pricking—The Mode of judicial Procedure against Witches, and Nature of the Evidence admissible, opened a Door to Accusers, and left the Accused no Chance of Escape—The Superstition of the Scottish Clergy in King James VI.'s Time led them, like their Sovereign, to encourage Witch-Prosecutions—Case of Bessie Graham—Supposed Conspiracy to Shipwreck James in his Voyage to Denmark—Meetings of the Witches, and Rites performed to accomplish their Purpose—Trial of Margaret Barclay in 1619—Case of Major Weir—Sir John Clerk among the first who declined acting as Commissioner on the Trial of a Witch—Paisley and Pittenweem Witches—A Prosecution in Caithness prevented by the Interference of the King's Advocate in 1719—The last Sentence of Death for Witchcraft pronounced in Scotland in 1722—Remains of the Witch Superstition—Case of supposed Witchcraft, related from the Author's own Knowledge, which took place so late as 1800.

For many years the Scottish nation had been remarkable for a credulous belief in witchcraft and repeated examples were supplied by the annals of sanguinary executions on this sad accusation. Our acquaintance with the slender foundation on which Boetius and Buchanan reared the early part of their histories, may greatly incline us to doubt whether a king named Duffus ever reigned in Scotland, and still more whether he died by the agency of a gang of witches, who inflicted torments upon an image made in his name, for the sake of compassing his death. In the tale of Macbeth, which is another early instance of Demonology in Scottish history, the weird-sisters, who were the original prophetesses, appeared to the usurper in a dream, and are described as *vates*, or sibyls, rather than as witches, though Shakspeare has stamped the latter character indelibly upon them.

One of the earliest real cases of importance founded upon witchcraft, was, like those of the Duchess of Gloucester, and others in the sister country, mingled with an accusation of a political nature, which, rather than the sorcery, brought the culprits to their fate. The Earl of Mar, brother of James III. of Scotland, fell under the King's suspicion, for consulting with witches and sorcerers how to shorten the king's days. On such a charge, very inexplicitly stated, the unhappy Mar was bled to death in his own lodgings, without either trial or conviction; immediately after which catastrophe, twelve women of obscure rank, and three or four wizards, or warlocks as they were termed, were burned at Edinburgh, to give a colour to the Earl's guilt.

In the year 1537, a noble matron fell a victim to a similar charge. This was Janet Douglas, Lady Glammis, who, with her son, her second husband, and several others, stood accused of attempting James's life by poison, with a view to the restoration of the Douglas family, of which Lady Glammis's brother, the Earl of Angus, was the head. She died much pitied by the people, who seem to have thought the articles against her forged for the purpose of taking her life; her kindred, and very name, being so obnoxious to the king.

Previous to this lady's execution there would appear to have been but few prosecuted to death under score of witchcraft, although the want of the judiciary records of that period leaves us in uncertainty. But, in the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries, when such charges grew general over Europe, cases of the kind occurred very often in Scotland, and, as we have already noticed, were sometimes of a peculiar character. There is, indeed, a certain monotony in most tales of this kind. The vassals are usually induced to sell themselves at a small price to the Author of Ill, who, having commonly to do with women, drives a very hard bargain. On the contrary, when he was pleased to enact the female on a similar occasion, he brought his gallant, one William Barton, a fortune of no less than fifteen pounds; which, even supposing it to have been the Scottish denomination of coin, was a very liberal endowment, compared with his niggardly conduct towards the fair sex on such an occasion. Neither did he pass false coin on this occasion, but, on the contrary, generously gave Barton merk, to keep the fifteen pounds whole. In observing on Satan's conduct in this matter, Master George Sinclair observes, that it is fortunate the Enemy is but seldom permitted to bribe so high, (ten 15*d.* Scots,) for were this the case, he might lead few men or women capable of resisting his munificence. I look upon this as one of the most severe reflections on our forefathers' poverty which is extant.

In many of the Scottish witches' trials, as to the description of Satan's Domdaniel, and the Sabbath which he there celebrates, the northern superstition agrees with that of England. But some of the confessions depart from the monotony of repetition, and add some more fanciful circumstances than occur in the general case. Isobel Gowdie's confession, already mentioned, is extremely minute, and some part of it at least may be quoted, as there are other passages not very edifying. The witches of Auldearne, according to this penitent, were so numerous, that they were told off into squads, or *covines*,

* Mather's Magnalia, book vi. chap. lxxxii. The zealous author however, regrets the general jail-delivery on the score of sorcery, and thinks, had the times been calm, the case might have required a farther investigation, and that, on the whole, the matter was ended too abruptly. But, the temper of the times considered, he admits candidly, that it is better to act moderately in matters capital, and to let the guilty escape, than run the risk of destroying the innocent.

as they were termed, to each of which were appointed two officers. One of these was called the Maiden of the Covine, and was usually, like Tam O'Shanter's Nannie, a girl of personal attractions, whom Satan placed beside himself, and treated with a particular attention, which greatly provoked the spite of the old hags, who felt themselves insulted by the preference.* When assembled, they dug up graves, and possessed themselves of the carcasses, (of unchristened infants in particular,) those joints and members they used in their magic unguents and salves. When they desired to secure for their own use the crop of some neighbour, they made a pretence of ploughing it with a yoke of paddocks. These foul creatures draw the plough, which was wield by the Devil himself. The plough harness and reams were made of quicken grass, the sock and coulter were made out of a riglen's horn, and the covine attended on the operation, praying the Devil to transfer to them the fruit of the ground so traversed, and leave the proprietors nothing but thistles and briers. The witches' sports, with their elfin archery, I have already noticed, (page 45.) They entered the house of the Earl of Murray himself, and such other mansions as were not fenced against them by vigil and prayer, and feasted on the provisions they found there.

As these witches were the countrywomen of the weird sisters in Macbeth, the reader may be desirous to hear some of their spells, and of the poetry by which they were accompanied and enforced. They used to hash the flesh of an unchristened child, mixed with that of dogs and sheep, and place it in the house of those whom they devoted to destruction in body or goods, saying, or singing,—

> "We put this infill this hame,
> In our Lord the Devil's name;
> The first hands that handle thee,
> Burn'd and scalded may they be?
>
> We will destroy houses and hald,
> With the sheep and nolt into the fauld;
> And little sall come to the fore,
> Of all the rest of the little store!"

Metamorphoses were, according to Isobel, very common among them, and the forms of crows, cats, hares, and other animals, were on such occasions assumed. In the hare shape Isobel herself had a sad adventure. She had been sent by the Devil to Muldearne, in that favourite disguise, with some message to her neighbours, but had the misfortune to meet Peter Papley of Kilhill's servants going to labour, having his hounds with them. The hounds pursung on the disguised witch, "And I," says Isobel, "run a very long time, and being hard pressed, was forced to take to my own house, the door being open, and there took refuge behind a chest." But the hounds came in, and took the other side of the chest, so that Isobel only escaped by getting into another house and gaining time to say the disenchanting rhyme:—

> "Hare, hare, God send thee care!
> I am in a hare's likeness now;
> But I shall be woman even now—
> Hare, hare, God send thee care!"

Such accidents, she said, were not uncommon, and the witches were sometimes bitten by the dogs, which the marks remained after their restoration to human shape. But none had been killed on such occasions.

The ceremonial of the Sabbath meetings was very strict. The foul fiend was very rigid in exacting the most ceremonious attention from his votaries, and the title of Lord when addressed by them. Sometimes, however, the weird sisters, when whispering among themselves, irreverently spoke of their sovereign by the name of Black John; upon such occasions, the fiend rushed on them like a schoolmaster who surprises his pupils in dalliet, and beat and buffeted them without mercy or discretion, saying, "I ken weel enough what ye are saying of me." Then might be seen the various tempers of those whom he commanded. Alexander Elder in Earlseat, often fell under his lord's displeasure for neglect of duty, and being weak and simple, could never defend himself save with tears, cries, and entreaties for mercy; but some of the women, according to Isobel Gowdie's confession, had more of the spirit which animated the old dame of Kellyburn Braes. Margaret Wilson in Auldearne would "defend herself finely," and make her hands save her head, after the old Scottish manner. Bessie Wilson could also speak very crustily with her tongue, and "belled the cat" with the Devil stoutly. The others chiefly took refuge in crying "pity! mercy!" and such like, while Satan kept beating them with wool cards, and other sharp scourges, without attending to their entreaties or complaints. There were attendant devils and imps, who served the witches. They were usually distinguished by their liveries, which were sad-dun, grass-green, sea-green, and yellow. The witches were taught to call these imps by names, some of which might belong to humanity, while others had a diabolical sound. These were Robert the Jakis, Saunders the Red Reaver, Thomas the Feary, Swein, an old Scandinavian Dnerg probably; the Roaring Lion, Thief of Hell, Wait-upon-Herself, MacKeeler, Robert the Rule, Hendrie Craig, and Rorie. These names odd and uncouth enough, are better imagined at least than those which Hopkins contrived for the imps which he discovered—such as Pywacket, Peck-in-the-Crown, Sack-and-Sugar, News, Vinegar-Tom, and Grizell Greedigut, the broad vulgarity of which epithets shows what a flat imagination he brought to support his impudent fictions.

The Devil, who commanded the fair sisterhood, being fond of mimicking the forms of the Christian church, used to rebaptize the witches with their blood, and in his own great name. The proud stomached Margaret Wilson, who scorned to take a blow unrepaid, even from Satan himself, was called Pickle-nearest-the-Wind; her compeer, Bessie Wilson, was Throw-the-Cornyard; Elspet Nishe's was Bessie Bald; Bessie Hay's nickname was, Able-and-Stout, and Jane Mairten, the Maiden of the Covine, was called Ower-the-Dike-with-it.

Isobel took upon herself, and imputed to her sisters, as already mentioned, the death of sundry persons shot with elf-arrows, because they had omitted to bless themselves as the aerial flight of the hags swept pass them.† She had herself the temerity to shoot at the Laird of Park as he was riding through a ford, but missed him, through the influence of the running stream perhaps, for which she thanks God in her confession; and adds, that at the time, she received a great cuff from Bessie Hay for her awkwardness. They devoted the male children of this gentleman (of the well-known family of Gordon of Park, I presume) to wasting illness, by the following lines, placing at the same time in the fire figures composed of clay mixed with paste, to represent the object:—

> "We put this water among this meal,
> For long dwining‡ and ill heal;
> We put it into the fire,
> To burn them up stook and stour.§
> That they be burned with our will,
> Like any stikkle‖ in a kiln."

Such was the singular confession of Isobel Gowdie, made voluntarily, it would seem, and without compulsion of any kind, judicially authenticated by the subscription of the notary, clergymen, and gentlemen present; adhered to after their separate *diets*, as they are called, of examination, and containing no variety or contradiction in its details. Whatever might be her state of mind in other respects, she seems to have been perfectly conscious of the perilous consequence of her disclosures to her own person. "I do not deserve," says she, "to be seated

* This word Covine seems to signify a subdivision, or squad. The tree near the front of an ancient castle was called the *Covine tree*, probably because the Lord received his company there:

> "He is Lord of the hunting horn,
> And King of the Covine tree;
> He's well loed's in the western waters,
> But best of his ain minnie."

† See p. 28. ‡ Pining.
§ We should read, perhaps, "limb and lire."
‖ Stubble.

here at ease and unharmed, but rather to be stretched on an iron rack: nor can my crimes be atoned for were I to be drawn asunder by wild horses."

It only remains to suppose, that this wretched creature was under the dominion of some peculiar species of lunacy, to which a full perusal of her confession might perhaps guide a medical person of judgment and experience. Her case is interesting, as throwing upon the rites and ceremonies of the Scottish witches a light which we seek in vain elsewhere.

Other unfortunate persons were betrayed to their own reproof by other means than the derangement of mind, which seems to have operated on Isobel Gowdie. Some, as we have seen, endeavoured to escape from the charge of witchcraft, by admitting an intercourse with the fairy people; an excuse which was never admitted as relevant. Others were subjected to cruel tortures, by which our ancestors thought the guilty might be brought to confession, but which far more frequently compelled the innocent to bear evidence against themselves. On this subject the celebrated Sir George Mackenzie, "that noble wit of Scotland," as he is termed by Dryden, has some most judicious reflections, which we shall endeavour to abstract, as the result of the experience of one, who, in his capacity of Lord Advocate, had often occasion to conduct witch-trials, and who, not doubting the existence of the crime, was of opinion, that, on account of its very horror, it required the clearest and most strict probation.

He first insists on the great improbability of the Fiend, without riches to bestow, and avowedly subjected to a higher power, being able to enlist such numbers of recruits, and the little advantage which he himself would gain by doing so. But, 2dly, says Mackenzie, "the persons ordinarily accused of this crime, are poor ignorant men, or else women, who understand not the nature of what they are accused of; and many mistake their own fears and apprehensions for witchcraft, of which I shall give two instances. One, of a poor weaver, who, after he had confessed witchcraft, being asked how he saw the devil, made answer, 'Like flies dancing about the candle.' Another, of a woman, who asked seriously when she was accused, if a woman might be a witch and not know it? And it is dangerous that persons, of all others the most simple, should be tried for a crime of all others the most mysterious. 3dly, These poor creatures, when they are defamed, become so confounded with fear, and the close prison in which they are kept, and so starved for want of meat and drink, either of which wants is enough to disarm the strongest reason, that hardly wiser and more serious people than they would escape distraction; and when men are confounded with fear and apprehension, they will imagine things the most ridiculous and absurd,"—of which instances are given. 4thly, "Most of these poor creatures are tortured by their keepers, who, being persuaded they do God good service, think it their duty to vex and torment poor prisoners delivered up to them, as rebels to heaven and enemies to men; and I know," (continues Sir George,) "*ex certissima scientia*, that most of all that ever were taken were tormented in this manner, and this usage was the ground of all their confession; and albeit the poor miscreants cannot prove this usage, the actors being the only witnesses, yet the judge should be jealous of it, as that which did at first elicit the confession, and for fear of which they dare not retract it." 5thly, This learned author gives us an instance, how these unfortunate creatures might be reduced to confession, by the very infamy which the accusation cast upon them, and which was sure to follow, condemning them for life to a state of necessity, misery, and suspicion, such as any person of reputation would willingly exchange for a short death, however painful.

"I went when I was a Justice-deput to examine some women who had confessed judicially, and one of them, who was a silly creature, told me under secresie, that she had not confessed because she was guilty, but being a poor creature who wrought for her meat, and being defamed for a witch, she knew she would starve, for no person thereafter would either give her meat or lodging, and that all men would beat her and hound dogs at her, and that therefore she desired to be out of the world; whereupon she wept most bitterly, and upon her knees called God to witness to what she said. Another told me, that she was afraid the devil would challenge a right to her, after she was said to be his servant, and would haunt her, as the minister said, when he was desiring her to confess, and therefore she desired to die. And really ministers are oftimes indiscreet in their zeal to have poor creatures to confess in this; and I recommend to judges, that the wisest ministers should be sent to them, and those who are sent should be cautious in this particular."*

As a corollary to this affecting story, I may quote the case of a woman in Lauder jail, who lay there with other females on a charge of witchcraft. Her companions in prison were adjudged to die, and she too had, by a confession as full as theirs, given herself up as guilty. She, therefore, sent for the minister of the town, and entreated to be put to death with the others who had been appointed to suffer upon the next Monday. The clergyman, however, as well as others, had adopted a strong persuasion that this confession was made up in the pride of her heart, for the destruction of her own life, and had no foundation in truth. We give the result of the minister's words:

"Therefore much pains was taken on her, by ministers and others, on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday morning, that she might recile from that confession, which was suspected to be but a temptation of the Devil, to destroy both her soul and body; yea, it was charged home upon her by the ministers, that there was just ground of jealousy that her confession was not sincere, and she was charged before the Lord to declare the truth, and not to take her blood upon her own head. Yet she stiffly adhered to what she had said, and cried always to be put away with the rest. Whereupon, on Monday morning, being called before the judges, and confessing before them what she had said, she was found guilty, and condemned to die with the rest that same day. Being carried forth to the place of execution, she remained silent during the first, second, and third prayer, and then perceiving that there remained no more, but to rise and go to the stake, she lifted up her body, and with a loud voice cried out, 'Now, all you that see me this day, know that I am now to die as a witch by my own confession, and I free all men, especially the ministers and magistrates, of the guilt of my blood. I take it wholly upon myself—my blood be upon my own head; and as I must make answer to the God of heaven presently, I declare I am as free of witchcraft as any child; but being delated by a malicious woman, and put in prison under the name of a witch, disowned by my husband and friends, and seeing no ground of hope of my coming out of prison, or ever coming in credit again, through the temptation of the devil I made up that confession, on purpose to destroy my own life, being weary of it, and choosing rather to die than live;'—and so died. Which lamentable story, as it did then astonish all the spectators, none of which could restrain themselves from tears; so it may be to all a demonstration of Satan's subtlety, whose design is still to destroy all, partly by tempting many to presumption, and some others to despair. These things to be of truth, are attested by an eye and ear-witness who is yet alive, a faithful minister of the gospel."† It is strange the inference does not seem to have been deduced, that as one woman, out of very despair, renounced her own life, the same might have been the case in many other instances, wherein the confessions of the accused constituted the principal, if not sole, evidence of the guilt.

One celebrated mode of detecting witches, and torturing them at the same time to draw forth confession, was, by running pins into their body, on pretence of discovering the devil's stigma, or mark

* Mackenzie's Criminal Law, p. 45.

† Sinclair's Satan's Invisible World Discovered, p. 43.

which was said to be inflicted by him upon all his vassals, and to be insensible to pain. This species of search, the practice of the infamous Hopkins, was in Scotland reduced to a trade; and the young witch-finder was allowed to torture the accused party, as if in exercise of a lawful calling, although Sir George Mackenzie stigmatizes it as a horrid imposture. I observe in the Collections of Mr. Pitcairn, that, at the trial of Janet Peaston of Dalkeith, the magistrates and ministers of that market town caused John Kincaid of Tranent, the common pricker, to exercise his craft upon her, "who found two marks of what he called the devil's making, and which appeared indeed to be so, for she could not feel the pin when it was put into either of the said marks, nor did they (the marks) bleed when they were taken out again; and when she was asked where she thought the pins were put in, she pointed to a part of her body distant from the real place. They were pins of three inches in length."

Besides the fact, that the persons of old people especially sometimes contain spots void of sensibility, there is also room to believe that the professed prickers used a pin, the point, or lower part of which was, on being pressed down, sheathed in the upper, which was hollow for the purpose, and that which appeared to enter the body did not pierce it at all. But, were it worth while to dwell on a subject so ridiculous, we might recollect that in so terrible an agony of shame that is likely to convulse a human being under such a trial, and such personal insults, the blood is apt to return to the heart, and a slight wound, as with a pin, may be inflicted, without being followed by blood. In the latter end of the seventeenth century, this childish, indecent, and brutal practice, began to be called by its right name. Fountainhall has recorded, that in 1678, the Privy Council received the complaint of a poor woman, who had been abused by a country magistrate, and one of those impostors called prickers. They expressed high displeasure against the presumption of the parties complained against, and treated the pricker as a common cheat.*

From this and other instances, it appears that the predominance of the superstition of witchcraft, and the proneness to persecute those accused of such practices in Scotland, were increased by the too great readiness of subordinate judges to interfere in matters which were, in fact, beyond their jurisdiction. The Supreme Court of Justiciary was that in which the cause properly and exclusively ought to have been tried. But, in practice, each inferior judge in the country, the pettiest bailie in the most trifling burgh, the smallest and most ignorant baron of a rude territory, took it on him to arrest, imprison, and examine, in which examinations, as we have already seen, the accused suffered the grossest injustice. The copies of these examinations, made up of extorted confessions, or the evidence of inhabile witnesses, were all that were transmitted to the Privy Council, who were to direct the future mode of procedure. Thus no creature was secure against the malice or folly of some defamatory accusation, if there was a timid or superstitious judge, though of the meanest denomination, to be found within the district.

But, secondly, it was the course of the Privy Council to appoint commissions of the gentlemen of the country, and particularly of the clergymen, though not likely from their education to be freed from general prejudice, and peculiarly liable to be affected by the clamour of the neighbourhood against the delinquent. Now, as it is well known that such a commission could not be granted in a case of murder in the county where the crime was charged, there seems no good reason why the trial of witches, so liable to excite the passions, should not have been uniformly tried by a court whose rank and condition secured them from the suspicion of partiality. But our ancestors arranged it otherwise, and it was the consequence that such commissioners very seldom, by acquitting the persons brought before them, lost an opportunity of destroying a witch.

* Fountainhall's Decisions, vol. i. p. 16.

Neither must it be forgotten, that the proof led in support of the prosecution was of a kind very unusual in jurisprudence. The lawyers admitted as evidence what they called *damnum minatum, et malum secutum*—some mischief, that is to say, following close upon a threat, or wish of revenge, uttered by the supposed witch, which, though it might be attributed to the most natural course of events, was supposed necessarily to be in consequence of the menaces of the accused.

Sometimes this vague species of evidence was still more loosely adduced, and allegations of danger threatened, and mischief ensuing, were admitted, though the menaces had not come from the accused party herself. On the 10th June, 1661, as John Stewart, one of a party of stout burghers of Dalkeith, appointed to guard an old woman, called Christian Wilson, from that town to Niddrie, was cleaning his gun, he was slyly questioned by Janet Cocke, another confessing witch, who probably saw his courage was not entirely constant, "What would you think if the Devil raise a whirlwind, and take her from you on the road to-morrow?" Sure enough, on their journey to Niddrie, the party were actually assailed by a sudden gust of wind (not a very uncommon event in that climate) which scarce permitted the valiant guard to keep their feet, while the miserable prisoner was blown into a pool of water, and with difficulty raised again. There is some ground to hope that this extraordinary evidence was not admitted upon the trial.

There is a story told of an old wizard, whose real name was Alexander Hunter, though he was more generally known by the nickname of Hatteraick, which it had pleased the devil to confer upon him. This man had for some time adopted the credit of being a conjurer, and curing the diseases of man and beast, by spells and charms. One summer's day, on a green hill-side, the devil appeared to him in the shape of a grave "Medicimer," addressing him thus, roundly,—"Sandie, you have too long followed my trade without acknowledging me for a master. You must now enlist with me and become my servant, and I will teach you your trade better." Hatteraick consented to the proposal, and we shall let the Rev. Mr. George Sinclair tell the rest of the tale.

"After this, he grew very famous through the country for his charming and curing of diseases in men and beasts, and turned a vagrant fellow like a jockie,† gaining meal, and flesh, and money by his charms, such was the ignorance of many at that time. Whatever house he came to, none durst refuse Hatteraick an alms, rather for his ill than his good. One day he came to the yait (gate) of Samuelston, when some friends after dinner were going to horse. A young gentleman, brother to the lady, seeing him, switched him about the ears, saying,—'You warlock carle, what have you to do here?' Whereupon the fellow goes away grumbling, and was overheard to say, 'You shall dear buy this, ere it be long.' This was *damnum minatum*. The young gentleman conveyed his friends a far way off, and came home that way again, where he supped. After supper, taking his horse and crossing Tyne water to go home, he rides through a shady piece of a haugh, commonly called Allers, and the evening being somewhat dark, he met with some persons there that begat a dreadful consternation in him, which for the most part he would never reveal. This was *malum secutum*. When he came home, the servants observed terror and fear in his countenance. The next day he became distracted, and was bound for several days. His sister, the Lady Samuelston, hearing of it, was heard say, 'Surely that knave Hatteraick is the cause of his trouble; call for him in all haste.' When he had come to her, 'Sandie,' says she, 'what is this you have done to my brother William?'—'I told him,' says he, 'I should make him repent of his striking me at the yait, lately.' She, giving the rogue fair words, and promising him his pocketful of meal, with beef and cheese, persuaded the fellow to cure him again. He undertook the business; 'but I must first,' says

† Or Scottish wandering beggar.

he, 'have one of his sarks,' (shirts,) which was soon gotten. What pranks he played with it cannot be known; but within a short while the gentleman recovered his health. When Hatteraick came to receive his wages, he told the lady, 'Your brother William shall quickly go off the country, but shall never return.' She, knowing the fellow's prophecies to hold true, caused the brother to make a disposition to her of all his patrimony, to the defrauding of his younger brother, George. After that this warlock had abused the country for a long time, he was at last apprehended at Dunbar, and brought into Edinburgh, and burnt upon the Castlehill."*

Now, if Hatteraick was really put to death on such evidence, it is worth while to consider what was its real amount. A hot-tempered swaggering young gentleman horsewhips a beggar of ill fame for loitering about the gate of his sister's house. The beggar grumbles, as any man would. The young man, riding in the night, and probably in liquor, through a dark shady place, is frightened by he would not, and probably could not, tell what, and has a fever-fit. His sister employs the wizard to take off the spell according to his profession; and here is *damnum minatum, et malum secutum*, and all legal cause for burning a man to ashes! The vagrant Hatteraick probably knew something of the wild young man which might soon oblige him to leave the country; and the selfish Lady Samuelston, learning the probability of his departure, committed a fraud which ought to have rendered her evidence inadmissible.

Besides these particular disadvantages, to which the parties accused of this crime in Scotland were necessarily exposed, both in relation to the judicature by which they were tried, and the evidence upon which they were convicted, their situation was rendered intolerable by the detestation in which they were held by all ranks. The gentry hated them, because the diseases and death of their relations and children were often imputed to them; the grossly superstitious vulgar abhorred them with still more perfect dread and loathing. And among those natural feelings, others of a less pardonable description found means to shelter themselves. In one case, we are informed by Mackenzie, a poor girl was to die for witchcraft, of whom the real crime was, that she had attracted too great a share, in the lady's opinion, of the attention of the laird.

Having thus given some reasons why the prosecutions for witchcraft in Scotland were so numerous and fatal, we return to the general history of the trials recorded from the reign of James V. to the union of the kingdoms. Through the reign of Queen Mary these trials for sorcery became numerous, and the crime was subjected to heavier punishment by the 73d act of her 9th Parliament. But when James VI. approached to years of discretion, the extreme anxiety which he displayed to penetrate more deeply into mysteries which others had regarded as a very millstone of obscurity, drew still larger attention to the subject. The sovereign had exhausted his talents of investigation on the subject of witchcraft, and credit was given to all who acted in defence of the opinions of the reigning prince. This natural tendency to comply with the opinions of the sovereign, was much augmented by the disposition of the Kirk to the same sentiments. We have already said that these venerable persons entertained, with good faith, the general erroneous belief respecting witchcraft,—regarding it indeed as a crime which affected their own order more nearly than others in the state, since, especially called to the service of heaven, they were peculiarly bound to oppose the incursions of Satan. The works which remain behind them show, among better things, an unhesitating belief in what were called by them "special providences;" and this was equalled, at least, by their credulity as to the actual interference of evil spirits in the affairs of this world. They applied these principles of belief to the meanest causes. A horse falling lame was a snare of the Devil, to keep the good clergyman from preaching; the arrival of a skilful farrier was accounted a special providence, to defeat the purpose of Satan. This was, doubtless, in a general sense, true, since nothing can happen without the foreknowledge and will of Heaven; but we are authorized to believe that the period of supernatural interference has long passed away, and that the great Creator is content to execute his purposes by the operation of those laws which influence the general course of nature. Our ancient Scottish divines thought otherwise. Surrounded, as they conceived themselves, by the snares and temptations of hell, and relying on the aid of Heaven, they entered into war with the kingdom of Satan, as the crusaders of old invaded the land of Palestine, with the same confidence in the justice of their cause, and similar indifference concerning the feelings of those whom they accounted the enemies of God and man. We have already seen that even the conviction that a woman was innocent of the crime of witchcraft did not induce a worthy clergyman to use any effort to withdraw her from the stake; and in the same collection,† there occur some observable passages of God's providence to a godly minister, in giving him "full clearness" concerning Bessie Grahame, suspected of witchcraft. The whole detail is a curious illustration of the spirit of credulity which well-disposed men brought with them to such investigations, and how easily the gravest doubts were removed, rather than a witch should be left undetected.

Bessie Grahame had been committed, it would seem, under suspicions of no great weight, since the minister, after various conferences, found her defence so successful, that he actually pitied her hard usage, and wished for her delivery from prison, especially as he doubted whether a civil court would send her to an assize, or whether an assize would be disposed to convict her. While the minister was in this doubt, a fellow named Begg was employed as a skilful pricker; by whose authority it is not said, he thrust a great brass pin up to the head in a wart on the woman's back, which he affirmed to be the Devil's mark. A commission was granted for trial; but still the chief gentlemen in the county refused to act, and the clergyman's own doubts were far from being removed. This put the worthy man upon a solemn prayer to God, "that if he would find out a way for giving the minister full clearness of her guilt, he would acknowledge it as a singular favour and mercy." This, according to his idea, was accomplished in the following manner, which he regarded as an answer to his prayer. One evening the clergyman, with Alexander Simpson, the kirk-officer, and his own servant, had visited Bessie in her cell, to urge her to confession, but in vain. As they stood on the stair head behind the door, they heard the prisoner, whom they had left alone in her place of confinement, discoursing with another person, who used a low and ghostly tone, which the minister instantly recognised as the Foul Fiend's voice. But for this discovery, we should have been of opinion that Bessie Grahame talked to herself, as melancholy and despairing wretches are in the habit of doing. But as Alexander Simpson pretended to understand the sense of what was said within the cell, and the minister himself was pretty sure he heard two voices at the same time, he regarded the overhearing this conversation as the answer of the Deity to his petition—and thenceforth was troubled with no doubts either as to the reasonableness and propriety of his prayer, or the guilt of Bessie Grahame, though she died obstinate, and would not confess; nay, made a most decent and Christian end, acquitting her judges and jury of her blood, in respect of the strong delusion under which they laboured.

Although the ministers, whose opinions were but too strongly, on this head, in correspondence with the prevailing superstitions of the people, nourished, in the early system of church government, a considerable desire to secure their own immunities and privileges as a national church, which failed not at

* Sinclair's Satan's Invisible World Discovered, p. 98.

† Satan's Invisible World, by Mr. George Sinclair. The author was Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Glasgow and afterward minister of Eastwood, in Renfrewshire.

fast to be brought into contact with the king's prerogative; yet, in the earlier part of his reign, James, when freed from the influence of such a favourite as the profligate Stuart, Earl of Arran, was, in his personal qualities, rather acceptable to the clergy of his kingdom and period. At his departing from Scotland, on his romantic expedition to bring home a consort from Denmark, he very politically recommended to the clergy to contribute all that lay in their power to assist the civil magistrates, and preserve the public peace of the kingdom. The king, after his return, acknowledged, with many thanks, the care which the clergy had bestowed in this particular. Nor were they slack in assuming the merit to themselves, for they often reminded him, in their future discords, that his kingdom had never been so quiet as during his voyage to Denmark, when the clergy were, in a great measure, intrusted with the charge of the public government.

During the halcyon period of union between kirk and king, their hearty agreement on the subject of witchcraft failed not to heat the fires against the persons suspected of such iniquity. The clergy considered that the Roman Catholics, their principal enemies, were equally devoted to the Devil, the mass, and the witches, which, in their opinion, were mutually associated together, and natural allies in the great cause of mischief. On the other hand, the pedantic sovereign having exercised his learning and ingenuity in the Demonologia, considered the execution of every witch who was burned, as a necessary conclusion of his own royal syllogisms. The juries were also afraid of the consequences of acquittal to themselves, being liable to suffer under an assize of error, should they be thought to have been unjustly merciful; and as the witches tried were personally as insignificant as the charge itself was odious, there was no restraint whatever upon those in whose hands their fate lay, and there seldom wanted some such confession as we have often mentioned, or such evidence as that collected by the minister who overheard the dialogue between the witch and her master, to salve their consciences, and reconcile them to bring in a verdict of Guilty.

The execution of witches became, for these reasons, very common in Scotland, where the king seemed in some measure to have made himself a party in the cause, and the clergy esteemed themselves such from the very nature of their profession. But the general spite of Satan and his adherents was supposed to be especially directed against James, on account of his match with Anne of Denmark—the union of a Protestant princess with a Protestant prince, the King of Scotland, and heir of England, being, it could not be doubted, an event which struck the whole kingdom of darkness with alarm. James was self-gratified by the unusual spirit which he had displayed on his voyage in quest of his bride, and well disposed to fancy that he had performed it in positive opposition, not only to the indirect policy of Elizabeth, but to the malevolent purpose of hell itself. His fleet had been tempest-tossed, and he very naturally believed that the Prince of the power of the air had been personally active on the occasion.

The principal person implicated in these heretical and treasonable undertakings, was one Agnes Simpson, or Sampson, called the Wise Wife of Keith, and described by Archbishop Spottiswood, not as one of the base or ignorant class of ordinary witches, but a grave matron, composed and deliberate in her answers, which were all to some purpose. This grave dame, from the terms of her endictment, seems to have been a kind of white witch, affecting to cure diseases by words and charms, a dangerous profession considering the times in which she lived. Neither did she always keep the right and sheltered side of the law in such delicate operations. One article of her endictment proves this, and at the same time establishes, that the Wise Woman of Keith knew how to turn her profession to account: for, being consulted in the illness of Isobel Hamilton, she gave her opinion, that nothing could amend her unless the Devil was raised; and the sick woman's husband startling at the proposal, and being indifferent perhaps about the issue, would not bestow the necessary expenses, whereupon the Wise Wife refused to raise the Devil, and the patient died. This woman was principally engaged in an extensive conspiracy to destroy the fleet of the queen by raising a tempest; and to take the king's life by anointing his linen with poisonous materials, and by constructing figures of clay, to be wasted and tormented after the usual fashion of necromancy.

Among her associates was an unhappy lady of much higher degree. This was Dame Euphane Mac-Calzean, the widow of a Senator of the College of Justice, and a person infinitely above the rank of the obscure witches with whom she was joined in her crime. Mr. Pitcairn supposes, that this connexion may have risen from her devotion to the Catholic faith, and her friendship for the Earl of Bothwell.

The third person in this singular league of sorcerers was Doctor John Fian, otherwise Cunninghame, who was schoolmaster at Tranent, and enjoyed much hazardous reputation as a warlock. This man was made the hero of the whole tale of necromancy, in an account of it published at London, and entitled, "News from Scotland," which has been lately reprinted by the Roxburghe Club. It is remarkable that the Scottish witchcrafts were not thought sufficiently horrible by the editor of this fact, without adding to them the story of a filter being applied to a cow's hair instead of that of the young woman for whom it was designed, and telling how the animal came lowing after the sorcerer to his school-room door, like a second Pasiphaë, the original of which charm occurs in the story of Apuleius.*

Besides these persons, there was one Barbara Napier, alias Douglas, a person of some rank; Geillis Duncan, a very active witch, and about thirty other poor creatures of the lowest condition,—among the rest, and doorkeeper to the conclave, a silly old ploughman, called as his nickname Graymeal, who was cuffed by the Devil for saying simply, "God bless the king!"

When the monarch of Scotland sprung this strong covey of his favourite game, they afforded the Privy Council and him sport for the greatest part of the remaining winter. He attended on the examinations himself, and by one means or other, they were indifferently well dressed to his palate.

Agnes Sampson, the grave matron before mentioned, after being an hour tortured by the twisting of a cord around her head, according to the custom of the Bucaniers, confessed that she had consulted with one Richard Grahame concerning the probable length of the king's life, and the means of shortening it. But Satan, to whom they at length resorted for advice, told them in French respecting King James, *Il est un homme de Dieu.* The poor woman also acknowledged that she had held a meeting with those of her sisterhood, who had charmed a cat by certain spells, having four joints of men knit to its feet, which they threw into the sea to excite a tempest. Another frolic they had, when, like the weird sisters in Macbeth, they embarked in sieves with much mirth and jollity, the Fiend rolling himself before them upon the waves, dimly seen, and resembling a huge haystack in size and appearance. They went on board of a foreign ship richly laden with wines, where, invisible to the crew, they feasted till the sport grew tiresome, and then Satan sunk the vessel and all on board.

Fian, or Cunninghame, was also visited by the sharpest tortures, ordinary and extraordinary. The nails were torn from his fingers with smith's pincers; pins were driven into the places which the nails usually defended; his knees were crushed in *the boots*, his finger-bones were splintered in the pilniewinks. At length his constancy, hitherto sustained, as the bystanders supposed, by the help of the Devil, was fairly overcome, and he gave an account of a great witch-meeting at North Berwick, where they paced round the church *withershinne*

* *Lucii Apuleii, Metamorphoses*, lib. iii.

that is, in reverse of the motion of the sun. Fian then blew into the lock of the church-door, whereupon the bolts gave way, the unhallowed crew entered, and their master the Devil appeared to his servants in the shape of a black man occupying the pulpit. He was saluted with an "Hail, Master!" but the company were dissatisfied with his not having brought a picture of the king, repeatedly promised, which was to place his majesty at the mercy of this infernal crew. The Devil was particularly upbraided on this subject by divers respectable-looking females,—no question, Euphane MacCalzean, Barbara Napier, Agnes Sampson, and some other amateur witch above those of the ordinary profession. The Devil, on this memorable occasion, forgot himself, and called Fian by his own name, instead of the demoniacal *sobriquet* of Rob the Rowar, which had been assigned to him as Master of the Rows, or Rolls. This was considered as bad taste, and the rule is still observed at every rendezvous of forgers, smugglers, or the like, where it is accounted very indifferent manners to name an individual by his own name, in case of affording ground of evidence which may upon a day of trial be brought against him. Satan, something disconcerted, concluded the evening with a divertisement and a dance after his own manner. The former consisted in disinterring a new buried corpse, and dividing it in fragments among the company, and the ball was maintained by well-nigh two hundred persons, who danced a ring dance, singing this chant—

"Cummer, gang ye before; Cummer, gang ye.
Gif ye will not gang before, Cummers, let me."

After this choral exhibition, the music seems to have been rather imperfect, the number of dancers considered. Geillis Duncan was the only instrumental performer, and she played on a Jew's harp, called in Scotland a *trump*. Dr. Fian, muffled, led the ring, and was highly honoured, generally acting as clerk or recorder, as above mentioned.

King James was deeply interested in those mysterious meetings, and took great delight to be present at the examinations of the accused. He sent for Geillis Duncan, and caused her to play before him the same tune to which Satan and his companions led the brawl in North Berwick churchyard.* His ears were gratified in another way, for at this meeting it was said the witches demanded of the Devil why he did bear such enmity against the king? who returned the flattering answer, that the king was the greatest enemy whom he had in the world. Almost all these poor wretches were executed, nor did Euphane MacCalzean's station in life save her from the common doom, which was strangling to death, and burning to ashes thereafter. The majority of the jury which tried Babara Napier, having acquitted her of attendance at the North Berwick meeting, were themselves threatened with a trial for wilful error upon an assize, and could only escape from severe censure and punishment by pleading Guilty, and submitting themselves to the king's pleasure. This rigorous and iniquitous conduct shows a sufficient reason why there should be so few acquittals from a charge of witchcraft, where the juries were so much at the mercy of the crown.

It would be disgusting to follow the numerous cases in which the same uniform credulity, the same extorted confessions, the same prejudiced and exaggerated evidence, concluded in the same tragedy at the stake and the pile. The alterations and trenching which lately took place for the purpose of improving the Castlehill of Edinburgh, displayed the ashes of the numbers who had perished in this manner, of whom a large proportion must have been executed between 1590, when the great discovery was made concerning Euphane MacCalzean and the Wise Wife of Keith, and their accomplices, and the union of the crowns.

Nor did King James's removal to England soften this horrible persecution. In Sir Thomas Hamilton's Minutes of Proceedings in the Privy Council, there occurs a singular entry, evincing plainly that the Earl of Mar and others of James's Council were becoming fully sensible of the desperate iniquity and inhumanity of these proceedings. I have modernized the spelling, that this appalling record may be legible to all my readers.

"1608, December 1. The Earl of Mar declared to the Council, that some women were taken in Broughton as witches, and being put to an assize, and convicted, albeit they persevered constant in their denial to the end, yet they were burned quick, [*alive*,] after such a cruel manner, that some of them died in despair, renouncing and blaspheming [God;] and others, half burned, brake out of the fire,† and were cast quick in it again, till they were burned to the death."

This singular document shows, that even in the reign of James, so soon as his own august person was removed from Edinburgh, his dutiful Privy Council began to think that they had supped full with horrors, and were satiated with the excess of cruelty, which dashed half-consumed wretches back into the flames from which they were striving to escape.

But the picture, however much it may have been disgusting and terrifying to the Council at the time, and though the intention of the entry upon the records was obviously for the purpose of preventing such horrid cruelties in future, had no lasting effect on the course of justice, as the severities against witches were most unhappily still considered necessary. Through the whole of the sixteenth and the greater part of the seventeenth century, little abatement in the persecution of this metaphysical crime of witchcraft can be traced in the kingdom. Even while the Independents held the reins of government, Cromwell himself, and his major-generals and substitutes were obliged to please the common people of Scotland by abandoning the victims accused of witchcraft to the power of the law, though the journals of the time express the horror and disgust with which the English sectarians beheld a practice so inconsistent with their own humane principle of universal toleration.

Instead of plunging into a history of these events, which, generally speaking, are in detail as monotonous as they are melancholy, it may amuse the reader to confine the narrative to a single trial, having in the course of it some peculiar and romantic events. It is the tale of a sailor's wife, more tragic in its event than that of the chesnut-muncher in Macbeth.‡

Margaret Barclay, wife of Archibald Dein, burgess of Irvine, had been slandered by her sister-in-law, Janet Lyal, the spouse of John Dein, brother of Archibald, and by John Dein himself, as guilty of some act of theft. Upon this provocation Margaret Barclay raised an action of slander before the church court, which prosecution, after some procedure, the kirk-session discharged, by directing a reconciliation between the parties. Nevertheless, although the two women shook hands before the court, yet the said Margaret Barclay declared that she gave her hand only in obedience to the kirk-session, but that she still retained her hatred and ill-will against John Dein and his wife Janet Lyal. About this time the bark of John Dein was about to sail for France, and Andrew Train, or Tran, Provost of the burgh of Irvine, who was an owner of the vessel, went with him to superintend the commercial part of the voyage. Two other merchants of some consequence went in the same vessel, with a sufficient number of mariners. Margaret Barclay, the revengeful person already mentioned, was heard to imprecate curses upon the provost's argosy, praying to God that sea nor salt-wa-

* The music of this witch tune is unhappily lost. But that of another, believed to have been popular on such occasions is preserved:—

The silly bit chicken, gar cast her a pickle
And she will grow mickle,
And she will do good.

† I am obliged to the kindness of Mr. Pitcairn for this singular extract.—The southern reader must be informed, that the jurisdiction or regality of Broughton embraced Holyrood, Canongate, Leith, and other suburban parts of Edinburgh, and bore the same relation to that city as the borough of Southwark to London.

‡ A copy of the record of the trial which took place in Ayrshire was sent to me by a friend, who withheld his name, so that I can only thank him in this general acknowledgment.

ter might never bear the ship, and that *partans* (crabs) might eat the crew at the bottom of the sea.

When, under these auspices, the ship was absent on her voyage, a vagabond fellow, named John Stewart, pretending to have knowledge of jugglery, and to possess the power of a spaeman, came to the residence of Tran, the provost, and dropped explicit hints that the ship was lost, and that the good woman of the house was a widow. The sad truth was afterward learned on more certain information. Two of the seamen, after a space of doubt and anxiety, arrived with the melancholy tidings that the bark, of which John Dein was skipper, and Provost Tran part owner, had been wrecked on the coast of England, near Padstow, when all on board had been lost, except the two sailors who brought the notice. Suspicion of sorcery, in those days easily awakened, was fixed on Margaret Barclay, who had imprecated curses on the ship; and on John Stewart, the juggler, who had seemed to know of the evil fate of the voyage before he could have become acquainted with it by natural means.

Stewart, who was first apprehended, acknowledged that Margaret Barclay, the other suspected person, had applied to him to teach her some magic arts, "in order that she might get gear, kyes milk, love of man, her heart's desire on such persons as had done her wrong, and, finally, that she might obtain the fruit of sea and land." Stewart declared that he denied to Margaret that he possessed the said arts himself, or had the power of communicating them. So far was well; but, true or false, he added a string of circumstances, whether voluntarily declared or extracted by torture, which tended to fix the cause of the loss of the bark on Margaret Barclay. He had come, he said, to this woman's house in Irvine, shortly after the ship set sail from harbour. He went to Margaret's house by night, and found her engaged, with other two women, in making clay figures; one of the figures was made handsome, with fair hair, supposed to represent Provost Tran. They then proceeded to mould a figure of a ship in clay, and during this labour the Devil appeared to the company in the shape of a handsome black lap-dog, such as ladies use to keep.* He added, that the whole party left the house together, and went into an empty wasthouse nearer the seaport, which house he pointed out to the city magistrates. From this house they went to the seaside, followed by the black lap-dog aforesaid, and cast in the figures of clay representing the ship and the men; after which the sea raged, roared, and became red like the juice of madder in a dier's caldron.

This confession having been extorted from the unfortunate juggler, the female acquaintances of Margaret Barclay were next convened, that he might point out her associates in forming the charm, when he pitched upon a woman called Isobel Insh, or Taylor, who resolutely denied having ever seen him before. She was imprisoned, however, in the belfry of the church. An addition to the evidence against the poor old woman Insh was then procured from her own daughter, Margaret Tailzeour, *a child of eight years old*, who lived as servant with Margaret Barclay, the person principally accused. This child, who was keeper of a baby belonging to Margaret Barclay, either from terror, or the innate love of falsehood, which we have observed as proper to childhood, declared, that she was present when the fatal models of clay were formed, and that in plunging them in the sea, Margaret Barclay her mistress, and her mother Isobel Insh, were assisted by another woman, and a girl of fourteen years old, who dwelt at the town-head. Legally considered, the evidence of this child was contradictory, and inconsistent with the confession of the juggler, for it assigned other particulars and *dramatis personæ* in many respects different. But all was accounted sufficiently regular, especially since the girl failed not to swear to the presence of the black dog, to whose appearance she also added the additional terrors of that of a black man. The dog also, according to her account, emitted flashes from its jaws and nostrils, to illuminate the witches during the performance of the spell. The child maintained this story even to her mother's face, only alleging that Isobel Insh remained behind in the wasthouse, and was not present when the images were put into the sea. For her own countenance and presence on the occasion, and to ensure her secrecy, her mistress promised her a pair of new shoes.

John Stewart, being re-examined, and confronted with the child, was easily compelled to allow that the "little smatchet" was there, and to give that marvellous account of his correspondence with Elfland, which we have noticed elsewhere.

The conspiracy thus far, as they conceived, disclosed, the magistrates and ministers wrought hard with Isobel Insh, to prevail upon her to tell the truth; and she at length acknowledged her presence at the time when the models of the ship and mariners were destroyed, but endeavoured so to modify her declaration as to deny all personal accession to the guilt. This poor creature almost admitted the supernatural powers imputed to her, promising Bailie Dunlop, (also a mariner,) by whom she was imprisoned, that if he would dismiss her, he should never make a bad voyage, but have success in all his dealings by sea and land. She was finally brought to promise, that she would fully confess the whole that she knew of the affair on the morrow.

But finding herself in so hard a strait, the unfortunate woman made use of the darkness to attempt an escape. With this view she got out by a back window of the belfry, although, says the report, there were "iron bolts, locks, and fetters on her;" and attained the roof of the church, where, loosing her footing, she sustained a severe fall, and was greatly bruised. Being apprehended, Bailie Dunlop again urged her to confess; but the poor woman was determined to appeal to a more merciful tribunal, and maintained her innocence to the last minute of her life, denying all that she had formerly admitted, and dying five days after her fall from the roof of the church. The inhabitants of Irvine attributed her death to poison.

The scene began to thicken, for a commission was granted for the trial of the two remaining persons accused, namely, Stewart the juggler, and Margaret Barclay. The day of trial being arrived, the following singular events took place, which we give as stated in the record:—

"My Lord and Earl of Eglintoune (who dwells within the space of one mile to the said burgh) having come to the said burgh at the earnest request of the said Justices, for giving to them of his lordship's countenance, concurrence, and assistance, in trying of the foresaid devilish practices, conform to the tenor of the foresaid commission, the said John Stewart, for his better preserving to the day of the assize, was put in a sure lockfast booth, where no manner of person might have access to him till the downsitting of the Justice Court, and for avoiding of putting violent hands on himself, he was very strictly guarded, and fettered by the arms, as use is. And upon that same day of the assize, about half an hour before the downsitting of the Justice Court, Mr. David Dickson, minister at Irvine, and Mr. George Dunbar, minister of Air, having gone to him, to exhort him to call on his God for mercy for his by-gone wicked and evil life, and that God would of his infinite mercy loose him out of the bonds of the devil, whom he had served these many years bygone, he acquiesced in their prayer and godly exhortation, and uttered these words: 'I am so straitly guarded, that it lies not in my power to get my hand to take off my bonnet, nor to get bread to my mouth.' And immediately after the departing of the two ministers from him, the juggler being sent for at the desire of my Lord of Eglintoune, to be confronted with a woman of the burgh of Air, called Janet Bous, who was apprehended by the magistrates of the burgh of Air for witchcraft, and sent to the burgh of Irvine purposely for that affair, he was found by the burgh officers who went about him, strangled and hanged by the cruik of the door, with a *tait* of hemp, or a string made of

* This may remind the reader of Cazotte's *Diable Amoureux*.

hemp, supposed to have been his garter, or string of his bonnet, not above the length of two span long, his knees not being from the ground half a span, and was brought out of the house, his life not being totally expelled. But, notwithstanding of whatsoever means used in the contrary for remeid of his life, he revived not, but so ended his life miserably, by the help of the Devil his master.

"And because there was then only in life the said Margaret Barclay, and that the persons summoned to pass upon her assize, and upon the assize of the juggler, who, by the help of the Devil his master, had put violent hands on himself, were all present within the said burgh; therefore, and for eschewing of the like in the person of the said Margaret, our sovereign lord's justices in that part, particularly above-named, constituted by commission, after solemn deliberation and advice of the said noble lord, whose concurrence and advice was chiefly required and taken in this matter, concluded with all possible diligence before the downsitting of the Justice Court, to put the said Margaret in torture; in respect the Devil, by God's permission, had made her associates, who were the lights of the cause, to be their own *burrioes* (slayers.) They used the torture underwritten as being most safe and gentle (as the said noble lord assured the said justices,) by putting of her two bare legs in a pair of stocks, and thereafter by onlaying of certain iron gauds (bars) severally, one by one, and then eiking and augmenting the weight by laying on more gauds, and in easing of her by offtaking of the iron gauds one or more as occasion offered, which iron gauds were but little short gauds, and broke not the skin of her legs, &c.

"After using of the which kind of *gentle torture*, the said Margaret began, according to the increase of the pain, to cry, and crave for God's cause to take off her shins the foresaid irons, and she should declare truly the whole matter. Which being removed, she began at her former denial: and being of new assayed in torture as of befoir, she then uttered these words: 'Take off, take off, and before God I shall show you the whole form!'

"And the said irons being of new, upon her faithfull promise, removed, she then desired my Lord of Eglintoune, the said four justices, and the said Mr. David Dickson, minister of the burgh, Mr. George Dunbar, minister of Ayr, and Mr. Mitchell Wallace, minister of Kilmarnock, and Mr. John Cunninghame, minister of Dalry, and Hugh Kennedy, provost of Ayr, to come by themselves, and to remove all others, and she should declare truly, as she should answer to God, the whole matter. Whose desire in that being fulfilled, she made her confession in this manner, but (*i. e.* without) any kind of demand, freely, without interrogation; God's name by earnest prayer being called upon for opening of her lips, and easing of her heart, that she, by rendering of the truth, might glorify and magnify his holy name, and disappoint the enemy of her salvation."—*Trial of Margaret Barclay, &c.*, 1618.

Margaret Barclay, who was a young and lively person, had hitherto conducted herself like a passionate and high-tempered woman innocently accused, and the only appearance of conviction obtained against her was, that she carried about her rowan-tree and coloured thread, to make, as she said, her cow give milk, when it began to fail. But the *gentle torture*—a strange junction of words—recommended as an anodyne by the good Lord Eglinton—the placing, namely, her legs in the stocks, and loading her bare shins with bars of iron, overcame her resolution; when, at her screams and declarations that she was willing to tell all, the weights were removed. She then told a story of destroying the ship of John Dein, affirming, that it was with the purpose of killing only her brother-in-law and Provost Tran, and saving the rest of the crew. She at the same time involved in the guilt Isobel Crawford. This poor woman was also apprehended, and, in great terror, confessed the imputed crime, reporting the principal blame on Margaret Barclay herself. The trial was then appointed to proceed, when Alexander Dean, the husband of Margaret Barclay, appeared in court with a lawyer to act in his wife's behalf. Apparently, the sight of her husband awakened some hope and desire of life, for when the prisoner was asked by the lawyer whether she wished to be defended, she answered, "As you please. But all I have confessed was in agony of torture; and, before God, all I have spoken is false and untrue." To which she pathetically added—"Ye have been too long in coming."

The jury, unmoved by these affecting circumstances, proceeded upon the principle that the confession of the accused could not be considered as made under the influence of torture, since the bars were not actually upon her limbs at the time it was delivered, although they were placed at her elbow ready to be again laid on her bare shins, if she was less explicit in her declaration than her auditors wished. On this nice distinction, they in one voice found Margaret Barclay guilty. It is singular that she should have again returned to her confession after sentence, and died affirming it;—the explanation of which, however, might be, either that she had really in her ignorance and folly tampered with some idle spells, or that an apparent penitence for her offence, however imaginary, was the only mode in which she could obtain any share of public sympathy at her death, or a portion of the prayers of the clergy and congregation, which, in her circumstances, she might be willing to purchase, even by confession of what all believed respecting her. It is remarkable, that she earnestly entreated the magistrates that no harm should be done to Isobel Crawford, the woman whom she had herself accused. This unfortunate young creature was strangled at the stake, and her body burned to ashes, having died with many expressions of religion and penitence.

It was one fatal consequence of these cruel persecutions, that one pile was usually lighted at the embers of another. Accordingly, in the present case, three victims having already perished by this accusation, the magistrates, incensed at the nature of the crime, so perilous as it seemed to men of a maritime life, and at a loss of several friends of their own, one of whom had been their principal magistrate, did not forbear to insist against Isobel Crawford, inculpated by Margaret Barclay's confession. A new commission was granted for her trial, and after the assistant minister of Irvine, Mr. David Dickson, had made earnest prayers to God for opening her obdurate and closed heart, she was subjected to the torture of iron bars laid upon her bare shins, her feet being in the stocks, as in the case of Margaret Barclay.

She endured this torture with incredible firmness, since she did "admirably, without any kind of din or exclamation, suffer about thirty stone of iron to be laid on her legs, never shrinking thereat in any sort, but remaining, as it were, steady." But in shifting the situation of the iron bars, and removing them to another part of her shins, her constancy gave way; she broke out into horrible cries (though not more than three bars were then actually on her person) of—"Tak aff—tak aff!" On being relieved from the torture, she made the usual confession of all that she was charged with, and of a connexion with the Devil which had subsisted for several years. Sentence was given against her accordingly. After this had been denounced, she openly denied all her former confessions, and died without any sign of repentance, offering repeated interruptions to the minister in his prayer, and absolutely refusing to pardon the executioner.

This tragedy happened in the year 1613, and recorded as it is very particularly, and at considerable length, forms the most detailed specimen I have met with, of a Scottish trial for witchcraft,—illustrating, in particular, how poor wretches, abandoned, as they conceived, by God and the world, deprived of all human sympathy, and exposed to personal tortures of an acute description, became disposed to throw away the lives that were rendered bitter to them, by a voluntary confession of guilt rather than struggle hopelessly against so many evils. Four persons here lost their lives merely because the

throwing some clay models into the sea, a fact told differently by the witnesses who spoke of it, corresponded with the season, for no day was fixed, in which a particular vessel was lost. It is scarce possible that, after reading such a story, a man of sense can listen for an instant to the evidence founded on confessions thus obtained, which has been almost the sole reason by which a few individuals, even in modern times, have endeavoured to justify a belief in the existence of witchcraft.

The result of the judicial examination of a criminal, when extorted by such means, is the most suspicious of all evidence, and even when voluntarily given, is scarce admissible without the corroboration of other testimony.

We might here take leave of our Scottish history of witchcraft, by barely mentioning that many hundreds, nay perhaps thousands, lost their lives during two centuries, on such charges and such evidence as proved the death of those persons in the trial of the Irvine witches. One case, however, is so much distinguished by fame among the numerous instances which occurred in Scottish history, that we are under the necessity of bestowing a few words upon those celebrated persons, Major Wier and his sister.

The case of this notorious wizard was remarkable chiefly from his being a man of some condition, (the son of a gentleman, and his mother a lady of family in Clydesdale,) which was seldom the case with those that fell under similar accusations. It was also remarkable in his case that he had been a Covenanter, and peculiarly attached to that cause. In the years of the Commonwealth, this man was trusted and employed by those who were then at the head of affairs, and was, in 1649, commander of the city-guard of Edinburgh, which procured him his title of Major. In this capacity he was understood, as was indeed implied in the duties of that officer at the period, to be very strict in executing severity upon such Royalists as fell under his military charge. It appears that the Major, with a maiden sister who had kept his house, was subject to fits of melancholic lunacy, an infirmity easily reconcilable with the formal pretences which he made to a high show of religious zeal. He was peculiar in his gift of prayer, and as was the custom of the period, was often called to exercise this talent by the bedside of sick persons, until it came to be observed, that, by some association, which it was more easy to conceive than to explain, he could not pray with the same warmth and fluency of expression, unless he had in his hand a stick of peculiar shape and appearance, which he generally walked with. It was noticed, in short, that when this stick was taken from him, his wit and talent appeared to forsake him. This Major Wier was seized by the magistrates on a strange whisper that became current respecting vile practices, which he seems to have admitted without either shame or contrition. The disgusting profligacies which he confessed, were of such a character, that it may be charitably hoped that most of them were the fruits of a depraved imagination, though he appears to have been in many respects a wicked and criminal hypocrite. When he had completed his confession, he avowed solemnly that he had not confessed the hundreth part of the crimes which he had committed. From this time he would answer no interrogatory, nor would he have recourse to prayer, arguing, that as he had no hope whatever of escaping Satan, there was no need of incensing him by vain efforts at repentance. His witchcraft seems to have been taken for granted on his own confession; as his indictment was chiefly founded on the same document, in which he alleged he had never seen the Devil, but any feeling he had of him was in the dark. He received sentence of death, which he suffered 12th April, 1670, at the Gallow-hill, between Leith and Edinburgh. He died so stupidly sullen and impenitent, as to justify the opinion that he was oppressed with a kind of melancholy frenzy, the consequence perhaps of remorse, but such as urged him not to repent, but to despair. It seems probable that he was burned alive. His sister, with whom he was supposed to have had an incestuous connexion, was condemned also to death, leaving a stronger and more explicit testimony of their mutual sins than could be extracted from the Major. She gave, as usual, some account of her connexion with the queen of the fairies, and acknowledged the assistance she received from that sovereign in spinning an unusual quantity of yarn. Of her brother, she said, that one day a friend called upon them at noonday with a fiery chariot, and invited them to visit a friend at Dalkeith, and that while there her brother received information of the event of the battle of Worcester. No one saw the style of their equipage except themselves. On the scaffold, this woman, determining, as she said, to die "with the greatest shame possible," was with difficulty prevented from throwing off her clothes before the people, and with scarce less trouble was she flung from the ladder by the executioner. Her last words were in the tone of the sect to which her brother had so long affected to belong: "Many," she said, "weep and lament for a poor old wretch like me; but, alas! few are weeping for a broken Covenant."

The Scottish prelatists, upon whom the Covenanters used to throw many aspersions respecting their receiving proof against shot from the Devil, and other infernal practices, rejoiced to have an opportunity, in their turn, to retort on their adversaries the charge of sorcery. Dr. Hickes, the author of "Thesaurus Septentrionalis," published on the subject of Major Weir, and the case of Mitchell, who fired at the Archbishop of St. Andrews, his book called "Ravaillac Redivivus," written with the unjust purpose of attaching to the religious sect to which the wizard and assassin belonged the charge of having fostered and encouraged the crimes they committed or attempted.

It is certain that no story of witchcraft or necromancy, so many of which occurred near and in Edinburgh, made such a lasting impression on the public mind, as that of Major Wier. The remains of the house in which he and his sister lived are still shown at the head of the Westbow, which has a peculiarly gloomy aspect, well suited for a necromancer. It was at different times a brazier's shop, and a magazine for lint, and in my younger days was employed for the latter use; but no family would inhabit the haunted walls as a residence; and bold was the urchin from the High-School who dared approach the gloomy ruin, at the risk of seeing the Major's enchanted staff parading through the old apartments, or hearing the hum of the necromantic wheel, which procured for his sister such a character as a spinner. At the time I am writing, this last fortress of superstitious renown is in the course of being destroyed, in order to the modern improvements now carrying on in a quarter long thought unimprovable.

As knowledge and learning began to increase, the gentlemen and clergy of Scotland became ashamed of the credulity of their ancestors, and witch trials, although not discontinued, more seldom disgrace our records of Criminal Jurisprudence.

Sir John Clerk, a scholar and an antiquary, the grandfather of the late celebrated John Clerk of Eldin, had the honour to be among the first to decline acting as a commissioner on the trial of a witch, to which he was appointed so early as 1678,* alleging, dryly, that he did not feel himself warlock (that is, conjurer) sufficient to be a judge upon such an inquisition. Allan Ramsay, his friend, and who must be supposed to speak the sense of his many respectable patrons, had delivered his opinion on the subject in the "Gentle Shepherd," where Mause's imaginary witchcraft constitutes the machinery of the poem.

Yet these dawnings of sense and humanity were obscured by the clouds of the ancient superstition on more than one distinguished occasion. In 1676 Sir George Maxwell of Pollock, apparently a man of melancholic and valetudinary habits, believed himself bewitched to death by six witches, one man and five women, who were hanged for the purpose

* See Fountainhall's Decisions, vol. i. p. 16.

of tormenting a clay image in his likeness. The chief evidence on the subject was a vagabond girl, pretending to be deaf and dumb. But as her imposture was afterward discovered, and herself punished, it is reasonably to be concluded that she had herself formed the picture or image of Sir George, and had hid it, where it was afterward found, in consequence of her own information. In the mean time, five of the accused were executed, and the sixth only escaped on account of extreme youth.

A still more remarkable case occurred at Paisley, in 1697, where a young girl, about eleven years of age, daughter of John Shaw of Bargarran, was the principal evidence. This unlucky damsel, beginning her practices out of a quarrel with a maid-servant, continued to imitate a case of possession so accurately, that no less than twenty persons were condemned upon her evidence, of whom five were executed, besides one John Reed, who hanged himself in prison, or, as was charitably said, was strangled by the Devil in person, lest he should make disclosures to the detriment of the service. But even those who believed in witchcraft were now beginning to open their eyes to the dangers in the present mode of prosecution. "I own," says the Rev. Mr. Bell, in his MS. Treatise on Witchcraft, "there has been much harm done to worthy and innocent persons in the common way of finding out witches, and in the means made use of for promoting the discovery of such wretches, and bringing them to justice; so that, oftentimes old age, poverty, features, and ill fame, with such like grounds not worthy to be represented to a magistrate, have yet moved many to suspect and defame their neighbours, to the unspeakable prejudice of Christian charity; a late instance whereof we had in the west, in the business of the sorceries exercised upon the Laird of Bargarran's daughter, anno 1697, a time when persons of more goodness and esteem than most of their calumniators were defamed for witches, and which was occasioned mostly by the forwardness and absurd credulity of diverse otherwise worthy ministers of the gospel and some topping professors in and about the city of Glasgow."*

Those who doubted of the sense of the law, or reasonableness of the practice, in such cases, began to take courage, and state their objections boldly. In the year 1704, a frightful instance of popular bigotry occurred at Pittenweem. A strolling vagabond who affected fits, laid an accusation of witchcraft against two women, who were accordingly seized on, and imprisoned with the usual severities. One of the unhappy creatures, Janet Cornfoot by name, escaped from prison, but was unhappily caught, and brought back to Pittenweem, where she fell into the hands of a ferocious mob, consisting of rude seamen and fishers. The magistrates made no attempts for her rescue, and the crowd exercised their brutal pleasure on the poor old woman, pelted her with stones, swung her suspended on a rope between a ship and the shore, and finally ended her miserable existence by throwing a door over her as she lay exhausted on the beach, and heaping stones upon it till she was pressed to death. As even the existing laws against witchcraft were transgressed by this brutal riot, a warm attack was made upon the magistrates and ministers of the town, by those who were shocked at a tragedy of such a horrible cast. There were answers published, in which the parties assailed were zealously defended. The superior authorities were expected to take up the affair, but it so happened, during the general distraction of the country concerning the Union, that the murder went without the investigation which a crime so horrid demanded. Still, however, it was something gained that the cruelty was exposed to the public. The voice of general opinion was now appealed to, and, in the long run, the sentiments which it advocates are commonly those of good sense and humanity.

The officers in the higher branches of the law dared now assert their official authority, and reserve for their own decision cases of supposed witchcraft, which the fear of public clamour had induced them formerly to leave in the hands of inferior judges, operated upon by all the prejudices of the country and the populace.

In 1718, the celebrated lawyer, Robert Dundas, of Arniston, then King's Advocate, wrote a severe letter of censure to the Sheriff-depute of Caithness, in the first place, as having neglected to communicate officially certain precognitions which he had led respecting some recent practices of witchcraft in his county. The Advocate reminded this local judge, that the duty of inferior magistrates, in such cases, was to advise with the King's Counsel, first, whether they should be made subject of a trial or not; and, if so, before what court, and in what manner, it should take place. He also called the magistrate's attention to a report, that he, the Sheriff-depute, intended to judge in the case himself; "a thing of too great difficulty to be tried without very deliberate advice, and beyond the jurisdiction of an inferior court." The Sheriff-depute sends, with his apology, the *precognition*† of the affair, which is one of the most nonsensical in this nonsensical department of the law. A certain carpenter, named William Montgomery, was so infested with cats, which, as his servant-maid reported, "spoke among themselves," that he fell in a rage upon a party of these animals which had assembled in his house at irregular hours, and between his Highland arms of knife, dirk, and broadsword, and his professional weapon of an axe, he made such a dispersion that they were quiet for the night. In consequence of his blows, two witches were said to have died. The case of a third, named Nin-Gilbert, was still more remarkable. Her leg being broken, the injured limb withered, pined, and finally fell off; on which the hag was enclosed in prison, where she also died: and the question which remained was, whether any process should be directed against persons whom, in her compelled confession, she had as usual, informed against. The Lord Advocate, as may be supposed, quashed all further procedure.

In 1720, an unlucky boy, the third son of James, Lord Torpichen, took it into his head, under instructions, it is said, from a knavish governor, to play the possessed and bewitched person, laying the cause of his distress on certain old witches in Calder, near to which village his father had his mansion. The women were imprisoned, and one or two of them died; but the crown counsel would not proceed to trial. The noble family also began to see through the cheat. The boy was sent to sea, and though he is said at one time to have been disposed to try his fits while on board, when the discipline of the navy proved too severe for his cunning, in process of time he became a good sailor, assisted gallantly in defence of the vessel against the pirates of Angria, and finally was drowned in a storm.

In the year 1722, a Sheriff-depute of Sutherland, Captain David Ross of Littledean, took it upon him, in flagrant violation of the then established rules of jurisdiction, to pronounce the last sentence of death for witchcraft which was ever passed in Scotland. The victim was an insane old woman, belonging to the parish of Loth, who had so little idea of her situation as to rejoice at the sight of the fire which was destined to consume her. She had a daughter lame both of hands and feet, a circumstance attributed to the witch's having been used to transform her into a pony, and get her shod by the Devil. It does not appear that any punishment was inflicted for this cruel abuse of the law on the person of a creature so helpless; but the son of the lame daughter, he himself distinguished by the same misfortune, was living so lately as to receive the charity of the present Marchioness of Stafford, Countess of Sutherland in her own right, to whom the poor of her extensive country are as well known as those of the higher order.

* Law's Memorials, edited by C. K. Sharpe, Esq., Prefatory Notice, p. 24.

† The *precognition* is the record of the preliminary evidence on which the public officers charged, in Scotland, with duties intrusted to a grand jury in England, incur the responsibility of sending an accused person to trial.

Since this deplorable action, there has been no judicial interference in Scotland on account of witchcraft, unless to prevent explosions of popular enmity against people suspected of such a crime, of which some instances could be produced. The remains of the superstition sometimes occur; there can be no doubt that the vulgar are still addicted to the custom of scoring above the breath* (as it is termed,) and other counter-spells, evincing that the belief in witchcraft is only asleep, and might in remote corners be awakened to deeds of blood. An instance or two may be quoted, chiefly as facts known to the author himself.

In a remote part of the Highlands, an ignorant and malignant woman seems really to have meditated the destruction of her neighbour's property, by placing in a cowhouse, or byre, as we call it, a pot of baked clay, containing locks of hair, parings of nails, and other trumpery. This precious spell was discovered, the design conjectured, and the witch would have been torn to pieces, had not a high-spirited and excellent lady in the neighbourhood gathered some of her people, (though these were not very fond of the service,) and by main force taken the unfortunate creature out of the hands of the populace. The formidable spell is now in my possession.

About two years since, as they were taking down the walls of a building formerly used as a feeding-house for cattle, in the town of Dalkeith, there was found below the threshold-stone the withered heart of some animal, stuck full of many scores of pins; —a counter-charm, according to tradition, against the operations of witchcraft on the cattle which are kept within. Among the almost innumerable droves of bullocks which come down every year from the Highlands for the south, there is scarce one but has a curious knot upon his tail, which is also a precaution, lest an evil eye, or an evil spell, may do the animal harm.

The last Scottish story with which I will trouble you, happened in or shortly after the year 1800, and the whole circumstances are well known to me. The dearth of the years in the end of the eighteenth, and beginning of this century, was inconvenient to all, but distressing to the poor. A solitary old woman, in a wild and lonely district, subsisted chiefly by rearing chickens, an operation requiring so much care and attention, that the gentry, and even the farmers' wives, often find it better to buy poultry at a certain age, than to undertake the trouble of bringing them up. As the old woman, in the present instance, fought her way through life better than her neighbours, envy stigmatized her as having some unlawful mode of increasing the gains of her little trade, and apparently she did not take much alarm at the accusation. But she felt, like others, the dearth of the years alluded to, and chiefly because the farmers were unwilling to sell grain in the very moderate quantities which she was able to purchase, and without which, her little stock of poultry must have been inevitably starved. In distress on this account, the dame went to a neighbouring farmer, a very good-natured, sensible, honest man, and requested him, as a favour, to sell her a peck of oats at any price. "Good neighbour," he said, "I am sorry to be obliged to refuse you, but my corn is measured out for Dalkeith market; my carts are loaded to set out, and to open these sacks again, and for so small a quantity, would cast my accounts loose, and create much trouble and disadvantage; I dare say you will get all you want at such a place, or such a place." On receiving this answer, the old woman's temper gave way. She scolded the wealthy farmer, and wished evil to his property, which was just setting off for the market. They parted, after some angry language on both sides; and sure enough, as the carts crossed the ford of the river beneath the farm-house, off came the wheel from one of them, and five or six sacks of corn were damaged by the water. The good farmer hardly knew what to think of this; there were the two circumstances deemed of old essential and sufficient to the crime of witchcraft—*Damnum minatum, et malum secutum.*—Scarce knowing what to believe, he hastened to consult the Sheriff of the county, as a friend rather than a magistrate, upon a case so extraordinary. The official person showed him that the laws against witchcraft were abrogated, and had little difficulty to bring him to regard the matter in its true light of an accident.

It is strange, but true, that the accused herself was not to be reconciled to the sheriff's doctrine so easily. He reminded her, that if she used her tongue with so much license, she must expose herself to suspicions, and that should coincidences happen to irritate her neighbours, she might suffer harm at a time when there was no one to protect her. He therefore requested her to be more cautious in her language for her own sake, professing, at the same time, his belief that her words and intentions were perfectly harmless, and that he had no apprehension of being hurt by her, let her wish her worst to him. She was rather more angry than pleased at the well-meaning sheriff's skepticism. "I would be laith to wish ony ill either to you or yours, sir," she said; "for I kenna how it is, but something aye comes after my words when I am ill-guided, and speak ower fast." In short, she was obstinate in claiming an influence over the destiny of others by words and wishes, which might have in other times conveyed her to the stake; for which her expressions, their consequences, and her disposition to insist upon their efficacy, would certainly of old have made her a fit victim. At present, the story is scarcely worth mentioning, but as it contains materials resembling those out of which many tragic incidents have arisen.

So low, in short, is now the belief in witchcraft, that, perhaps it is only received by those half-crazy individuals who feel a species of consequence derived from accidental coincidences, which, were they received by the community in general, would go near, as on former occasions, to cost the lives of those who make their boast of them. At least, one hypochondriac patient is known to the author, who believes himself the victim of a gang of witches, and ascribes his illness to their charms, so that he wants nothing but an indulgent judge to awake again the old ideas of sorcery.

* Drawing blood, that is, by two cuts in the form of a cross on the witch's forehead, confided in throughout all Scotland as the most powerful counter charm.

LETTER X.

Other mystic Arts independent of Witchcraft—Astrology—Its Influence during the 16th and 17th Centuries—Base Ignorance of those who practised it—Lilly's History of his Life and Times—Astrologer's Society—Dr. Lamb—Dr. Forman—Establishment of the Royal Society—Partridge—Connexion of Astrologers with elementary Spirits—Dr. Dun—Irish Superstition of the Banshie—Similar Superstition in the Highlands—Brownie—Ghosts—Belief of ancient Philosophers on that subject—Inquiry into the Respect due to such Tales in modern Times—Evidence of a Ghost against a Murderer—Ghost of Sir George Villiers—Story of Earl St. Vincent—of a British General Officer—of an Apparition in France—of the second Lord Lyttelton—of Bill Jones—of Jarvis Matcham—Trial of two Highlanders for the Murder of Sergeant Davis, discovered by a Ghost—Disturbances at Woodstock, Anno 1649—Imposture called the Stockwell Ghost—Similar Case in Scotland—Ghost appearing to an Exciseman—Story of a disturbed House discovered by the Firmness of the Proprietor—Apparition at Plymouth—A Club of Philosophers—Ghost Adventure of a Farmer—Trick upon a veteran Soldier—Ghost Stories recommended by the Skill of the Authors who compose them—Mrs. Veal's Ghost—Dunton's Apparition Evidence—Effect of appropriate Scenery to encourage a Tendency to Superstition—Differs at distant Periods of Life—Night at Glammis Castle about 1791—Visit to Dunvegan in 1814.

While the vulgar endeavoured to obtain a glance into the darkness of futurity by consulting the witch or fortune-teller, the great were supposed to have a royal path of their own, commanding a view from a loftier quarter of the same *terra incognita.* This was represented as accessible by several routes. Physiognomy, Chiromancy, and other fantastic arts of prediction, afforded each its mystical assistance and guidance. But the road most flattering to human vanity, while it was at the same time most seductive to human credulity, was that of Astrology.

the queen of mystic sciences, who flattered those who confided in her, that the planets and stars in their spheres figure forth and influence the fate of the creatures of mortality, and that a sage acquainted with her lore could predict, with some approach to certainty, the events of any man's career, his chance of success in life or in marriage, his advance in favour of the great, or answer any other horary questions, as they were termed, which he might be anxious to propound, provided always he could supply the exact moment of his birth. This, in the sixteenth, and greater part of the seventeenth centuries, was all that was necessary to enable the astrologer to erect a scheme of the position of the heavenly bodies, which should disclose the life of the interrogator, or Native, as he was called, with all its changes, past, present, and to come.

Imagination was dazzled by a prospect so splendid; and we find that, in the sixteenth century, the cultivation of this fantastic science was the serious object of men whose understandings and acquirements admit of no question. Bacon himself allowed the truth which might be found in a well-regulated astrology, making thus a distinction between the art as commonly practised, and the manner in which it might, as he conceived, be made a proper use of. But a grave or sober use of this science, if even Bacon could have taught such moderation, would not have suited the temper of those who, inflamed by hopes of temporal aggrandisement, pretended to understand and explain to others the language of the stars. Almost all the other paths of mystic knowledge led to poverty; even the alchymist, though talking loud and high of the endless treasures his art was to produce, lived from day to day, and from year to year, upon hopes as unsubstantial as the smoke of his furnace. But the pursuits of the astrologer were such as called for instant remuneration. He became rich by the eager hopes and fond credulity of those who consulted him, and that artist lived by duping others, instead of starving, like others, by duping himself. The wisest men have been cheated by the idea that some supernatural influence upheld and guided them; and from the time of Wallenstein to that of Buonaparte, ambition and success have placed confidence in the species of fatalism inspired by a belief of the influence of their own star. Such being the case, the science was little pursued by those who, faithful in their remarks and reports, must soon have discovered its delusive vanity through the splendour of its professions; and the place of such calm and disinterested pursuers of truth was occupied by a set of men, sometimes ingenious, always forward and assuming, whose knowledge was imposition, whose responses were, like the oracles of yore, grounded on the desire of deceit, and who, if sometimes they were elevated into rank and fortune, were more frequently found classed with rogues and vagabonds. This was the more apt to be the case, that a sufficient stock of impudence, and some knowledge by rote of the terms of art, were all the store of information necessary for establishing a conjurer. The natural consequence of the degraded character of the professors, was the degradation of the art itself. Lilly, who wrote the History of his own Life and Times, notices in that curious volume the most distinguished persons of his day, who made pretensions to astrology, and almost without exception describes them as profligate, worthless, sharking cheats, abandoned to vice, and imposing, by the grossest frauds, upon the silly fools who consulted them. From what we learn of his own history, Lilly himself, a low-born, ignorant man, with some gloomy shades of fanaticism in his temperament, was sufficiently fitted to dupe others, and perhaps cheated himself, merely by perusing, at an advanced period of life, some of the astrological tracts devised by men of less cunning, though perhaps more pretence to science, than he himself might boast. Yet the public still continued to swallow these gross impositions, though coming from such unworthy authority. The astrologers embraced different sides of the Civil War, and the king on one side, with the Parliamentary leaders on the other, were both equally curious to know, and eager to believe, what Lilly, Wharton, or Gadbury, had discovered from the heavens, touching the fortune of the strife. Lilly was a prudent person, contriving with some address to shift the sails of his prophetic bark, so as to suit the current of the time, and the gale of fortune. No person could better discover from various omens the course of Charles's misfortunes, so soon as they had come to pass. In the time of the Commonwealth, he foresaw the perpetual destruction of the monarchy, and in 1660, this did not prevent his foreseeing the restoration of King Charles II. He maintained some credit even among the better classes, for Aubrey and Ashmole both called themselves his friends, being persons extremely credulous doubtless respecting the mystic arts. Once a-year, too, the astrologers had a public dinner or feast, where the knaves were patronised by the company of such fools as claimed the title of Philomaths; that is, lovers of the mathematics, by which name were still distinguished those who encouraged the pursuit of mystical prescience, the most opposite possible to exact science. Elias Ashmole, the "most honourable Esquire" to whom Lilly's Life is dedicated, seldom failed to attend; nay, several men of sense and knowledge honoured this rendezvous. Congreve's picture of a man like Foresight, the dupe of Astrology and its sister arts, was then common in society. But the astrologers of the 17th century did not confine themselves to the stars. There was no province of fraud which they did not practice; they were scandalous as panders, and as quacks sold potions for the most unworthy purposes. For such reasons the common people detested the astrologers of the great, as cordially as they did the more vulgar witches of their own sphere.

Dr. Lamb, patronised by the Duke of Buckingham, who, like other overgrown favourites, was inclined to cherish astrology, was, in 1640, pulled to pieces in the city of London by the enraged populace, and his maid-servant, thirteen years afterward, hanged as a witch at Salisbury. In the villanous transaction of the poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury, in King James's time, much mention was made of the art and skill of Dr. Forman, another professor of the same sort with Lamb, who was consulted by the Countess of Essex on the best mode of conducting her guilty intrigue with the Earl of Somerset. He was dead before the affair broke out, which might otherwise have cost him the gibbet, as it did all others concerned, with the exception only of the principal parties, the atrocious authors of the crime. When the cause was tried, some little puppets were produced in court, which were viewed by one party with horror, as representing the most horrid spells. It was even said that the Devil was about to pull down the court-house on their being discovered. Others of the audience only saw in them the baby figures on which dressmakers then, as now, were accustomed to expose new fashions.

The erection of the Royal Society, dedicated to far different purposes than the pursuits of astrology, had a natural operation in bringing the latter into discredit; and although the credulity of the ignorant and uninformed continued to support some pretenders to that science, the name of Philomath assumed by these persons and their clients began to sink under ridicule and contempt. When Sir Richard Steele set up the paper called the Guardian, he chose, under the title of Nestor Ironside, to assume the character of an astrologer, and issued predictions accordingly, one of which, announcing the death of a person called Partridge, once a shoemaker, but at the time the conductor of an Astrological Almanack, led to a controversy, which was supported with great humour by Swift and other wags. I believe you will find that this, with Swift's Elegy on the same person, is one of the last occasions in which astrology has afforded even a jest to the good people of England.

This dishonoured science has some right to be

mentioned in a treatise on Demonology, because the earlier astrologers, though denying the use of all necromancy, that is, unlawful or black magic, pretended always to a correspondence with the various spirits of the elements, on the principles of the Rosicrucian philosophy. They affirmed they could bind to their service, and imprison in a ring, a mirror, or a stone, some fairy, sylph, or salamander, and compel it to appear when called, and render answers to such questions as the viewer should propose. It is remarkable that the sage himself did not pretend to see the spirit; but the task of viewer, or reader, was intrusted to a third party, a boy or girl usually under the years of puberty. Dr. Dee, an excellent mathematician, had a stone of this kind, and is said to have been imposed upon concerning the spirits attached to it, their actions and answers, by the report of one Kelly, who acted as his viewer. The unfortunate Dee was ruined by his associates both in fortune and reputation. His show-stone, or mirror, is still preserved, among other curiosities, in the British Museum. Some superstition of the same kind was introduced by the celebrated Count Cagliostro, during the course of the intrigue respecting the diamond necklace, in which the late Maria Antoinette was so unfortunately implicated.

Dismissing this general class of impostors, who are now seldom heard of, we come now briefly to mention some leading superstitions, once, perhaps, common to all the countries of Europe, but now restricted to those which continue to be inhabited by an undisturbed and native race. Of these, one of the most beautiful is the Irish fiction, which assigns to certain families of ancient descent and distinguished rank the privilege of a banshie, as she is called, or household fairy, whose office it is to appear, seemingly mourning while she announces the approaching death of some one of the destined race. The subject has been so lately and beautifully investigated and illustrated by Mr. Crofton Croker, and others, that I may dispense with being very particular regarding it. If I am rightly informed, the distinction of a banshie is only allowed to families of the pure Milesian stock, and is never ascribed to any descendant of the proudest Norman or boldest Saxon who followed the banner of Earl Strongbow, much less to adventurers of later date who have obtained settlements in the Green Isle.

Several families of the Highlands of Scotland anciently laid claim to the distinction of an attendant spirit, who performed the office of the Irish banshie. Among them, however, the functions of this attendant genius, whose form and appearance differed in different cases, were not limited to announcing the dissolution of those whose days were numbered. The Highlanders contrived to exact from them other points of service, sometimes as warding off dangers of battle; at others, as guarding and protecting the infant heir through the dangers of childhood; and sometimes as condescending to interfere even in the sports of the chieftain, and point out the fittest move to be made at chess, or the best card to be played at any other game. Among those spirits who have deigned to vouch their existence by appearance of late years, is that of an ancestor of the family of MacLean of Lochbuy. Before the death of any of his race, the phantom-chief gallops along the sea-beach, near to the castle, announcing the event by cries and lamentations. The spectre is said to have rode his rounds and uttered his death-cries within these few years, in consequence of which, the family and clan, though much shocked, were in no way surprised, to hear, by next accounts, that their gallant chief was dead at Lisbon, where he served under Lord Wellington.

Of a meaner origin and occupation was the Scottish Brownie—already mentioned, as somewhat resembling Robin Goodfellow in the frolicsome days of Old England. This spirit was easily banished, or, as it was styled, hired away, by the offer of clothes or food; but many of the simple inhabitants could little see the prudence of parting with such a useful domestic drudge, who served faithfully, without fee and reward, food or raiment. Neither was it at all times safe to reject Brownie's assistance. Thus, we are informed by Brand, that a young man in the Orkneys "used to brew, and sometimes read upon his Bible; to whom an old woman in the house said, that Brownie was displeased with that book he read upon, which, if he continued to do, they would get no more service of Brownie; but he being better instructed from that book, which was Brownie's eye-sore, and the object of his wrath, when he brewed, would not suffer any sacrifice to be given to Brownie: whereupon the first and second brewings were spoiled, and for no use; for though the wort wrought well, yet in a little time it left off working, and grew cold; but of the third broust, or brewing, he had ale very good, though he would not give any sacrifice to Brownie, with whom afterward they were no more troubled." Another story of the same kind is told of a lady in Uist, who refused, on religious grounds, the usual sacrifice to this domestic spirit. The first and second brewings failed, but the third succeeded; and thus, when Brownie lost the perquisite to which he had been so long accustomed, he abandoned the inhospitable house, where his services had so long been faithfully rendered. The last place in the south of Scotland supposed to have been honoured, or benefited, by the residence of a Brownie, was Bodsbeck, in Moffatdale, which has been the subject of an entertaining tale by Mr. James Hogg, the self-instructed genius of Ettrick Forest.

These particular superstitions, however, are too limited, and too much obliterated from recollection, to call for special discussion. The general faith in fairies has already undergone our consideration; but something remains to be said upon another species of superstition, so general, that it may be called proper to mankind in every climate; so deeply rooted also in human belief, that it is found to survive in states of society during which all other fictions of the same order are entirely dismissed from influence. Mr. Crabbe, with his usual felicity, has called the belief in ghosts "the last lingering fiction of the brain."

Nothing appears more simple at the first view of the subject, than that human memory should recall and bring back to the eye of the imagination, in perfect similitude, even the very form and features of a person with whom we have been long conversant, or which have been imprinted in our minds with indelible strength, by some striking circumstances touching our meeting in life. The son does not easily forget the aspect of an affectionate father; and, for reasons opposite, but equally powerful, the countenance of a murdered person is engraved upon the recollection of his slayer. A thousand additional circumstances, far too obvious to require recapitulation, render the supposed apparition of the dead the most ordinary spectral phenomenon which is ever believed to occur among the living. All that we have formerly said respecting supernatural appearances in general, applies with peculiar force to the belief of ghosts; for whether the cause of delusion exists in an excited imagination or a disordered organic system, it is in this way that it commonly exhibits itself. Hence Lucretius himself, the most absolute of skeptics, considers the existence of ghosts, and their frequent apparition, as facts so undeniable, that he endeavours to account for them at the expense of assenting to a class of phenomena very irreconcilable to his general system. As he will not allow of the existence of the human soul, and at the same time cannot venture to question the phenomena supposed to haunt the repositories of the dead, he is obliged to adopt the belief that the body consists of several coats like those of an onion, and that the outmost and thinnest, being detached by death, continues to wander near the place of sepulture, in the exact resemblance of the person while alive.

We have said there are many ghost stories which we do not feel at liberty to challenge as impostures, because we are confident that those who relate them on their own authority actually believe what they assert, and may have good reason for doing so,

though there is no real phantom after all. We are far, therefore, from averring that such tales are necessarily false. It is easy to suppose the visionary has been imposed upon by a lively dream, a waking revery, the excitation of a powerful imagination, or the misrepresentation of a diseased organ of sight; and, in one or other of these causes, to say nothing of a system of deception which may in many instances be probable, we apprehend a solution will be found for all cases of what are called real ghost stories.

In truth, the evidence with respect to such apparitions is very seldom accurately or distinctly questioned. A supernatural tale is, in most cases, received as an agreeable mode of amusing society, and he would be rather accounted a sturdy moralist than an entertaining companion, who should employ himself in assailing its credibility. It would indeed be a solecism in manners, something like that of impeaching the genuine value of the antiquities exhibited by a good-natured collector, for the gratification of his guests. This difficulty will appear greater, should a company have the rare good fortune to meet the person who himself witnessed the wonders which he tells; a well-bred or prudent man will, under such circumstances, abstain from using the rules of cross-examination practised in a court of justice; and if in any case he presumes to do so, he is in danger of receiving answers, even from the most candid and honourable persons, which are rather fitted to support the credit of the story which they stand committed to maintain, than to the pure service of unadorned truth. The narrator is asked, for example, some unimportant question with respect to the apparition; he answers it on the hasty suggestion of his own imagination, tinged as it is with belief of the general fact, and by doing so, often gives a feature of minute evidence which was before wanting, and this with perfect unconsciousness on his own part. It is a rare occurrence, indeed, to find an opportunity of dealing with an actual ghost-seer: such instances, however, I have certainly myself met with, and that in the case of able, wise, candid, and resolute persons, of whose veracity I had every reason to be confident. But in such instances, shades of mental aberration have afterward occurred, which sufficiently accounted for the supposed apparitions, and will incline me always to feel alarmed in behalf of the continued health of a friend, who should conceive himself to have witnessed such a visitation.

The nearest approximation which can be generally made to exact evidence in this case, is the word of some individual who has had the story, it may be, from the person to whom it has happened, but most likely from his family, or some friend of the family. Far more commonly, the narrator possesses no better means of knowledge than that of dwelling in the country where the thing happened, or being well acquainted with the outside of the mansion in the inside of which the ghost appeared.

In every point, the evidence of such a second-hand retailer of the mystic story must fall under the adjudged case in an English court. The judge stopped a witness who was about to give an account of the murder, upon trial, as it was narrated to him by the ghost of the murdered person. "Hold, sir," said his lordship; "the ghost is an excellent witness, and his evidence the best possible; but he cannot be heard by proxy in this court. Summon him hither, and I'll hear him in person; but your communication is mere hearsay, which my office compels me to reject." Yet it is upon the credit of one man, who pledges it upon that of three or four persons who have told it successively to each other, that we are often expected to believe an incident inconsistent with the laws of nature, however agreeable to our love of the wonderful and the horrible.

In estimating the truth or falsehood of such stories, it is evident we can derive no proofs from that period of society, when men affirmed boldly, and believed stoutly, all the wonders which could be coined or fancied. That such stories are believed and told by grave historians, only shows that the wisest men cannot rise in all things above the general ignorance of their age. Upon the evidence of such historians, we might as well believe the portents of ancient, or the miracles of modern, Rome. For example, we read in Clarendon, of the apparition of the ghost of Sir George Villiers to an ancient dependant. This is, no doubt, a story told by a grave author, at a time when such stories were believed by all the world; but does it follow that our reason must acquiesce in a statement so positively contradicted by the voice of Nature, through all her works? The miracle of raising a dead man was positively refused by our Saviour to the Jews, who demanded it as a proof of his mission; because they had already sufficient grounds of conviction, and, as they believed them not, it was irresistibly argued by the Divine Person whom they tempted, that neither would they believe if one arose from the dead. Shall we suppose that a miracle refused for the conversion of God's chosen people, was sent on a vain errand, to save the life of a profligate spendthrift? I lay aside, you observe, entirely, the not unreasonable supposition that Towers, or whatever was the ghost-seer's name, desirous to make an impression upon Buckingham, as an old servant of his house, might be tempted to give him his advice, of which we are not told the import, in the character of his father's spirit, and authenticate the tale by the mention of some token known to him as a former retainer of the family. The Duke was superstitious, and the ready dupe of astrologers and soothsayers. The manner in which he had provoked the fury of the people, must have warned every reflecting person of his approaching fate; and, the age considered, it was not unnatural that a faithful friend should take this mode of calling his attention to his perilous situation. Or, if we suppose that the incident was not a mere pretext to obtain access to the Duke's ear, the messenger may have been imposed upon by an idle dream—in a word, numberless conjectures might be formed for accounting for the event in a natural way, the most extravagant of which is more probable, than that the laws of nature were broken through in order to give a vain and fruitless warning to an ambitious minion.

It is the same with all those that are called accredited ghost stories usually told at the fireside. They want evidence. It is true, that the general wish to believe, rather than power of believing, has given some such stories a certain currency in society. I may mention, as one of the class of tales I mean, that of the late Earl St. Vincent, who watched with a friend, it is said, a whole night, in order to detect the cause of certain nocturnal disturbances which took place in a certain mansion. The house was under lease to Mrs. Rickets, his sister. The result of his lordship's vigil is said to have been, that he heard the noises, without being able to detect the causes, and insisted on his sister giving up the house. This is told as a real story, with a thousand different circumstances. But who has heard or seen an authentic account from Earl St. Vincent, or from his "companion of the watch," or from his lordship's sister? And as in any other case, such sure species of direct evidence would be necessary to prove the facts, it seems unreasonable to believe such a story on slighter terms. When the particulars are precisely fixed and known, it might be time to inquire whether Lord St. Vincent, amid the other eminent qualities of a first-rate seaman, might not be in some degree tinged with their tendency to superstition; and still farther, whether, having ascertained the existence of disturbances not immediately or easily detected, his lordship might not advise his sister rather to remove, than to remain in a house so haunted, though he might believe that poachers or smugglers were the worst ghosts by whom it was disturbed.

The story of two highly respectable officers in the British army, who are supposed to have seen the spectre of the brother of one of them in a hut, or barrack, in America, is also one of those accredited ghost tales, which attain a sort of brevet rank as true, from the mention of respectable names as the parties who witnessed the vision. But we are left without a glimpse when, how, and in what terms,

this story obtained its currency; as also by whom, and in what manner, it was first circulated; and among the numbers by whom it has been quoted, although all agree in the general event, scarcely two, even of those who pretend to the best information, tell the story in the same way.

Another such story, in which the name of a lady of condition is made use of as having seen an apparition in a country-seat in France, is so far better borne out than those I have mentioned, that I have seen a narrative of the circumstances, attested by the party principally concerned. That the house was disturbed seems to be certain, but the circumstances (though very remarkable) did not, in my mind, by any means exclude the probability that the disturbance and appearances were occasioned by the dexterous management of some mischievously disposed persons.

The remarkable circumstance of Thomas, the second Lord Lyttleton, prophesying his own death within a few minutes, upon the information of an apparition, has been always quoted as a true story. But of late it has been said and published, that the unfortunate nobleman had previously determined to take poison, and of course had it in his own power to ascertain the execution of the prediction. It was no doubt singular that a man, who meditated his exit from the world, should have chosen to play such a trick on his friends. But it is still more credible that a whimsical man should do so wild a thing, than that a messenger should be sent from the dead, to tell a libertine at what precise hour he should expire.

To this list, other stories of the same class might be added. But it is sufficient to show that such stories as these, having gained a certain degree of currency in the world, and bearing creditable names on their front, walk through society unchallenged, like bills through a bank, when they bear respectable endorsations, although, it may be, the signatures are forged after all. There is, indeed, an unwillingness very closely to examine such subjects, for the secret fund of superstition in every man's bosom, is gratified by believing them to be true, or at least induces him to abstain from challenging them as false. And no doubt it must happen that the transpiring of incidents, in which men have actually seen, or conceived that they saw, apparitions which were invisible to others, contributes to the increase of such stories,—which do accordingly sometimes meet us in a shape of veracity difficult to question.

The following story was narrated to me by my friend, Mr. William Clerk, chief clerk to the Jury Court, Edinburgh, when he first learned it, now nearly thirty years ago, from a passenger in the mail coach. With Mr. Clerk's consent, I gave the story at that time to poor Mat Lewis, who published it with a ghost-ballad which he adjusted on the same theme. From the minuteness of the original detail, however, the narrative is better calculated for prose than verse; and more especially, as the friend to whom it was originally communicated, is one of the most accurate, intelligent, and acute persons whom I have known in the course of my life, I am willing to preserve the precise story in this place.

It was about the eventful year 1800, when the Emperor Paul laid his ill-judged embargo on British trade, that my friend, Mr. William Clerk, on a journey to London, found himself in company, in the mail-coach, with a seafaring man of middle age and respectable appearance, who announced himself as master of a vessel in the Baltic trade, and a sufferer by the embargo. In the course of the desultory conversation which takes place on such occasions, the seaman observed, in compliance with a common superstition, "I wish we may have good luck on our journey—there is a magpie."—"And why should that be unlucky?" said my friend.—"I cannot tell you that," replied the sailor; "but all the world agrees that one magpie bodes bad luck—two are not so bad, but three are the Devil. I never saw three magpies but twice, and once I had near lost my vessel, and the second I fell from a horse, and was hurt." This conversation led Mr. Clerk to observe, that he supposed he believed also in ghosts, since he credited such auguries. "And if I do," said the sailor, "I may have my own reasons for doing so;" and he spoke this in a deep and serious manner, implying that he felt deeply what he was saying. On being further urged, he confessed that, if he could believe his own eyes, there was one ghost at least which he had seen repeatedly. He then told his story as I now relate it.

Our mariner had, in his youth, gone mate of a slave vessel from Liverpool, of which town he seemed to be a native. The captain of the vessel was a man of a variable temper, sometimes kind and courteous to his men, but subject to fits of humour, dislike, and passion, during which he was very violent, tyrannical, and cruel. He took a particular dislike at one sailor aboard, an elderly man, called Bill Jones, or some such name. He seldom spoke to this person without threats and abuse, which the old man, with the license which sailor's take in merchant vessels, was very apt to return. On one occasion, Bill Jones appeared slow in getting out on the yard to hand a sail. The captain, according to custom, abused the seaman as a lubberly rascal, who got fat by leaving his duty to other people. The man made a saucy answer, almost amounting to munity, on which, in a towering passion, the captain ran down to his cabin, and returned with a blunderbuss loaded with slugs, with which he took deliberate aim at the supposed mutineer, fired, and mortally wounded him. The man was handed down from the yard, and stretched on the deck, evidently dying. He fixed his eyes on the captain, and said, "Sir, you have done for me, but *I will never leave you*." The captain, in return, swore at him for a fat lubber, and said he would have him thrown into the slave-kettle, where they made food for the negroes, and see how much fat he had got. The man died; his body was actually thrown into the slave-kettle, and the narrator observed, with a *naïveté* which confirmed the extent of his own belief in the truth of what he told, "There was not much fat about him after all."

The captain told the crew they must keep absolute silence on the subject of what had passed; and as the mate was not willing to give an explicit and absolute promise, he ordered him to be confined below. After a day or two, he came to the mate, and demanded if he had an intention to deliver him up for trial when the vessel got home. The mate, who was tired of close confinement in that sultry climate, spoke his commander fair, and obtained his liberty. When he mingled among the crew once more, he found them impressed with the idea, not unnatural in their situation, that the ghost of the dead man appeared among them when they had a spell of duty, especially if a sail was to be handed, on which occasion the spectre was sure to be out upon the yard before any of the crew. The narrator had seen this apparition himself repeatedly—he believed the captain saw it also, but he took no notice of it for some time, and the crew, terrified at the violent temper of the man, durst not call his attention to it. Thus, they held on their course homeward, with great fear and anxiety.

At length, the captain invited the mate, who was now in a sort of favour, to go down to the cabin and take a glass of grog with him. In this interview, he assumed a very grave and anxious aspect. "I need not tell you, Jack," he said, "what sort of hand we have got on board with us. He told me he would never leave me, and he has kept his word. You only see him now and then, but he is always by my side, and never out of my sight. At this very moment I see him—I am determined to bear it no longer, and I have resolved to leave you."

The mate replied, that his leaving the vessel while out of the sight of any land was impossible. He advised, that if the captain apprehended any bad consequences from what had happened, he should run for the west of France or Ireland, and there go ashore, and leave him, the mate, to carry the vessel into Liverpool. The captain only shook his head gloomily, and reiterated his determination to leave the ship. At this moment, the mate was called to the deck for some purpose or other, and the instant

he got up the companion-ladder, he heard a splash in the water, and looking over the ship's side, saw that the captain had thrown himself into the sea from the quarter-gallery, and was running astern at the rate of six knots an hour. When just about to sink, he seemed to make a last exertion, sprung half out of the water, and clasped his hands towards the mate, calling, "By ——, Bill is with me now!" and then sunk to be seen no more.

After hearing this singular story, Mr. Clerk asked some questions about the captain, and whether his companion considered him as at all times rational. The sailor seemed struck with the question, and answered, after a moment's delay, that in general *he conversationed well enough.*

It would have been desirable to have been able to ascertain how far this extraordinary tale was founded on fact; but want of time, and other circumstances, prevented Mr. Clerk from learning the names and dates, that might, to a certain degree, have verified the events. Granting the murder to have taken place, and the tale to have been truly told, there was nothing more likely to arise among the ship's company than the belief in the apparition; as the captain was a man of a passionate and irritable disposition, it was nowise improbable that he, the victim of remorse, should participate in the horrible visions of those less concerned, especially as he was compelled to avoid communicating his sentiments with any one else; and the catastrophe would in such a case be but the natural consequence of that superstitious remorse which has conducted so many criminals to suicide or the gallows. If the fellow-traveller of Mr. Clerk be not allowed this degree of credit, he must at least be admitted to have displayed a singular talent for the composition of the horrible in fiction. The tale, properly detailed, might have made the fortune of a romancer.

I cannot forbear giving you, as congenial to this story, another instance of a guilt-formed phantom; which made considerable noise about twenty years ago or more. I am, I think, tolerably correct in the details, though I have lost the account of the trial. Jarvis Matcham—such, if I am not mistaken, was the name of my hero—was pay-sergeant in a regiment, where he was so highly esteemed as a steady and accurate man, that he was permitted opportunity to embezzle a considerable part of the money lodged in his hands for pay of soldiers, bounty of recruits, then a large sum, and other charges which fell within his duty. He was summoned to join his regiment from a town where he had been on the recruiting service, and this perhaps under some shade of suspicion. Matcham perceived discovery was at hand, and would have deserted, had it not been for the presence of a little drummer lad, who was the only one of his party appointed to attend him. In the desperation of his crime, he resolved to murder the poor boy, and avail himself of some balance of money to make his escape. He meditated this wickedness the more readily, that the drummer, he thought, had been put as a spy on him. He perpetrated his crime, and, changing his dress after the deed was done, made a long walk across the country to an inn on the Portsmouth road, where he halted, and went to bed, desiring to be called when the first Portsmouth coach came. The waiter summoned him accordingly; but long after remembered, that when he shook the guest by the shoulder, his first words as he awoke were, "My God! I did not kill him."

Matcham went to the seaport by the coach, and instantly entered as an able-bodied landsman or marine, I know not which. His sobriety and attention to duty gained him the same good opinion of the officers in his new service which he had enjoyed in the army. He was afloat for several years, and behaved remarkably well in some actions. At length, the vessel came into Plymouth, was paid off, and some of the crew, among whom was Jarvis Matcham, were dismissed as too old for service. He and another seaman resolved to walk to town, and took the route by Salisbury. It was when within two or three miles of this celebrated city that they were overtaken by a tempest so sudden, and accompanied with such vivid lightning, and thunder so dreadfully loud, that the obdurate conscience of the old sinner began to be awakened. He expressed more terror than seemed natural for one who was familiar with the war of elements, and began to look and talk so wildly, that his companion became aware that something more than usual was the matter. At length, Matcham complained to his companion that the stones rose from the road and flew after him. He desired the man to walk on the other side of the highway, to see if they would follow him when he was alone. The sailor complied, and Jarvis Matcham complained that the stones still flew after him, and did not pursue the other. "But what is worse," he added, coming up to his companion, and whispering, with a tone of mystery and fear, "who is that little drummer boy, and what business has he to follow us so closely?"—"I can see no one," answered the seaman, infected by the superstition of his associate. "What! not see that little boy with the bloody pantaloons?" exclaimed the secret murderer, so much to the terror of his comrade, that he conjured him, if he had any thing on his mind, to make a clear conscience as far as confession could do it. The criminal fetched a deep groan, and declared that he was unable longer to endure the life which he had led for years. He then confessed the murder of the drummer, and added, that as a considerable reward had been offered, he wished his comrade to deliver him up to the magistrates of Salisbury, as he would desire a shipmate to profit by his fate, which he was now convinced was inevitable. Having overcome his friend's objections to this mode of proceeding, Jarvis Matcham was surrendered to justice accordingly, and made a full confession of his guilt. But before the trial the love of life returned. The prisoner denied his confession, and pleaded Not Guilty. By this time, however, full evidence had been procured from other quarters. Witnesses appeared from his former regiment to prove his identity with the murderer and deserter, and the waiter remembered the ominous words which he had spoken when he awoke him to join the Portsmouth coach. Jarvis Matcham was found Guilty, and executed. When his last chance of life was over, he returned to his confession, and with his dying breath averred, and truly, as he thought, the truth of the vision on Salisbury plain. Similar stories might be produced, showing plainly that, under the direction of Heaven, the influence of superstitious fear may be the appointed means of bringing the criminal to repentance for his own sake, and to punishment for the advantage of society.

Cases of this kind are numerous, and easily imagined, so I shall dwell on them no further; but rather advert to at least an equally abundant class of ghost stories, in which the apparition is pleased not to torment the actual murderer, but proceeds in a very circuitous manner, acquainting some stranger or ignorant old woman with the particulars of his fate, who, though perhaps unacquainted with all the parties, is directed by the phantom to lay the facts before a magistrate. In this respect we must certainly allow that ghosts have, as we are informed by the facetious Captain Grose, forms and customs peculiar to themselves.

There would be no edification and little amusement in treating of clumsy deceptions of this kind, where the grossness of the imposture detects itself. But occasionally cases occur like the following, with respect to which it is more difficult, to use James Boswell's phrase, "to know what to think."

Upon the 10th of June, 1754, Duncan Terig, *alias* Clark, and Alexander Baid MacDonald, two Highlanders, were tried before the Court of Justiciary, Edinburgh, for the murder of Arthur Davis, sergeant in Guise's regiment, on the 28th of September, 1749. The accident happened not long after the civil war, the embers of which were still reeking, so there existed too many reasons on account of which an English soldier, straggling far from assistance, might be privately cut off by the inhabitants of those wilds. It appears that Sergeant Davis was amusing for

many without any certainty as to his fate. At length, an account of the murder appeared from the evidence of one Alexander MacPherson (a Highlander, speaking no language but Gaelic, and sworn by an interpreter,) who gave the following extraordinary account of his cause of knowledge:—He was, he said, in bed in his cottage, when an apparition came to his bedside, and commanded him to rise and follow him out of doors. Believing this visiter to be one Farquharson, a neighbour and friend, the witness did as he was bid; and when they were without the cottage, the appearance told the witness he was the ghost of Sergeant Davis, and requested him to go and bury his mortal remains, which lay concealed in a place he pointed out, in a moorland tract called the Hill of Christie. He desired him to take Farquharson with him as an assistant. Next day the witness went to the place specified, and there found the bones of a human body much decayed. The witness did not at that time bury the bones so found, in consequence of which negligence the sergeant's ghost again appeared to him, upbraiding him with his breach of promise. On this occasion, the witness asked the ghost who were the murderers, and received for answer that he had been slain by the prisoners at the bar. The witness, after this second visitation, called the assistance of Farquharson, and buried the body.

Farquharson was brought in evidence, to prove that the preceding witness, MacPherson, had called him to the burial of the bones, and told him the same story which he repeated in court. Isabel MacHardie, a person who slept in one of the beds which run along the wall in an ordinary Highland hut, declared, that upon the night when MacPherson said he saw the ghost, she saw a naked man enter the house, and go towards MacPherson's bed.

Yet, though the supernatural incident was thus fortified, and although there were other strong presumptions against the prisoners, the story of the apparition threw an air of ridicule on the whole evidence for the prosecution. It was followed up by the counsel for the prisoners asking, in the cross-examination of MacPherson, "What language did the ghost speak in?" The witness, who was himself ignorant of English, replied, "As good Gaelic as I ever heard in Lochaber."—"Pretty well for the ghost of an English sergeant," answered the counsel. The inference was rather smart and plausible than sound, for, the apparition of the ghost being admitted, we know too little of the other world to judge whether all languages may not be alike familiar to those who belong to it. It imposed, however, on the jury, who found the accused parties Not Guilty; although their counsel and solicitor, and most of the court, were satisfied of their having committed the murder. In this case, the interference of the ghost seems to have rather impeded the vengeance which it was doubtless the murdered sergeant's desire to obtain. Yet there may be various modes of explaining this mysterious story, of which the following conjecture may pass for one.

The reader may suppose that MacPherson was privy to the fact of the murder, perhaps as an accomplice, or otherwise; and may also suppose, that from motives of remorse for the action, or of enmity to those who had committed it, he entertained a wish to bring them to justice. But through the whole Highlands there is no character more detestable than that of an informer, or one who takes what is called Tascal-money, or reward for the discovery of crimes. To have informed against Terig and MacDonald might have cost MacPherson his life; and it is far from being impossible, that he had recourse to the story of the ghost, knowing well that his superstitious countrymen would pardon his communicating the commission intrusted to him by a being from the other world, although he might probably have been murdered, if his delation of the crime had been supposed voluntary. This explanation, in exact conformity with the sentiments of the Highlanders on such subjects, would reduce the whole story to a stroke of address on the part of the witness.

It is therefore of the last consequence, in considering the truth of stories of ghosts and apparitions, to consider the possibility of wilful deception, whether on the part of those who are agents in the supposed disturbances, or the author of the legend. We shall separately notice an instance or two of either kind.

The most celebrated instance in which human agency was used to copy the disturbances imputed to supernatural beings, refers to the ancient palace of Woodstock, when the Commissioners of the Long Parliament came down to dispark what had been lately a royal residence. The Commissioners arrived at Woodstock 13th October, 1649, determined to wipe away the memory of all that connected itself with the recollection of monarchy in England. But, in the course of their progress, they were encountered by obstacles which apparently came from the next world. Their bedchambers were infested with visits of a thing resembling a dog, but which came and passed as mere earthly dogs cannot do. Logs of wood, the remains of a very large tree called the King's Oak, which they had splintered into billets for burning, were tossed through the house; and the chairs displaced and shuffled about. While they were in bed, the feet of their couches were lifted higher than their heads, and then dropped with violence. Trenchers "without a wish" flew at their heads, of free will. Thunder and lightning came next, which were set down to the same cause. Spectres made their appearance, as they thought, in different shapes; and one of the party saw the apparition of a hoof, which kicked a candlestick and lighted candle into the middle of the room, and then politely scratched on the red snuff to extinguish it. Other and worse tricks were practised on the astonished Commissioners, who, considering that all the fiends of hell were let loose upon them, retreated from Woodstock without completing an errand which was, in their opinion, impeded by infernal powers, though the opposition offered was rather of a playful and malicious, than of a dangerous cast.

The whole matter was, after the Restoration, discovered to be the trick of one of their own party, who had attended the Commissioners as a clerk, under the name of Giles Sharp. This man, whose real name was Joseph Collins of Oxford, called *Funny Joe*, was a concealed loyalist, and well acquainted with the old mansion of Woodstock, where he had been brought up before the civil war. Being a bold, active, spirited man, Joe availed himself of his local knowledge of trap-doors and private passages, so as to favour the tricks which he played off upon his masters by aid of his fellow-domestics. The Commissioners' personal reliance on him made his task the more easy, and it was all along remarked, that trusty Giles Sharp saw the most extraordinary sights and visions among the whole party. The unearthly terrors experienced by the Commissioners are detailed with due gravity by Sinclair, and also, I think, by Dr. Plott. But although the detection, or explanation of the real history of the Woodstock demons, has also been published, and I have myself seen it, I have at this time forgotten whether it exists in a separate collection, or where it is to be looked for.

Similar disturbances have been often experienced, while it was the custom to believe in and dread such frolics of the invisible world, and under circumstances which induce us to wonder, both at the extreme trouble taken by the agents in these impostures, and the slight motives from which they have been induced to do much wanton mischief. Still greater is our modern surprise at the apparently simple means by which terror has been excited to so general an extent, that even the wisest and most prudent have not escaped its contagious influence.

On the first point, I am afraid there can be no better reason assigned than the conscious pride of superiority, which induces the human being in all cases to enjoy and practice every means of employing an influence over his fellow-mortals; to which we may safely add, that general love of tormenting.

as common to our race, as to that noble mimic of humanity, the monkey. To this is owing the delight with which every schoolboy anticipates the effects of throwing a stone into a glass shop; and to this we must also ascribe the otherwise unaccountable pleasure which individuals have taken in practising the tricksy pranks of a goblin, and filling a household, or neighbourhood, with anxiety and dismay, with little gratification to themselves besides the consciousness of dexterity if they remain undiscovered, and with the risk of loss of character, and punishment, should the imposture be found out.

In the year 1772, a train of transactions commencing upon Twelfth Day, threw the utmost consternation into the village of Stockwell, near London, and impressed upon some of its inhabitants the inevitable belief that they were produced by invisible agents. The plates, dishes, china, and glass-ware, and small moveables of every kind, contained in the house of Mrs. Golding, an elderly lady, seemed suddenly to become animated, shifted their places, flew through the room, and were broken to pieces. The particulars of this commotion were as curious, as the loss and damage occasioned in this extraordinary manner were alarming and intolerable. Amid this combustion, a young woman, Mrs. Golding's maid, named Anne Robinson, was walking backwards and forwards, nor could she be prevailed on to sit down for a moment, excepting while the family were at prayers, during which time no disturbance happened. This Anne Robinson had been but a few days in the old lady's service, and it was remarkable that she endured with great composure the extraordinary display which others beheld with terror, and cooly advised her mistress not to be alarmed or uneasy, as these things could not be helped. This excited an idea that she had some reason for being so composed, not inconsistent with a degree of connexion with what was going forward. The afflicted Mrs. Golding, as she might be well termed, considering such a commotion and demolition among her goods and chattels, invited neighbours to stay in her house, but they soon became unable to bear the sight of these supernatural proceedings, which went so far, that not above two cups and saucers remained out of a valuable set of china. She next abandoned her dwelling, and took refuge with a neighbour, but, finding his moveables were seized with the same sort of St. Vitus's dance, her landlord reluctantly refused to shelter any longer a woman who seemed to be persecuted by so strange a subject of vexation. Mrs. Golding's suspicions against Anne Robinson now gained ground, she dismissed her maid, and the hubbub among her moveables ceased at once and for ever.

This circumstance of itself indicates that Anne Robinson was the cause of these extraordinary disturbances, as has been since more completely ascertained by a Mr. Brayfield, who persuaded Anne, long after the events had happened, to make him her confidant. There was a love-story connected with the case, in which the only magic was the dexterity of Anne Robinson, and the simplicity of the spectators. She had fixed long horse hairs to some of the crockery, and placed wires under others, by which she could throw them down without touching them. Other things she dexterously threw about, which the spectators, who did not watch her motions, imputed to invisible agency. At times, when the family were absent, she loosened the hold of the strings by which the hams, bacon, and similar articles were suspended, so that they fell on the slightest motion. She employed some simple chymical secrets; and, delighted with the success of her pranks, pushed them farther than she at first intended. Such was the solution of the whole mystery, which, known by the name of the Stockwell ghost, terrified many well-meaning persons, and had been nearly as famous as that of Cock-lane, which may be hinted at as another imposture of the same kind. So many and wonderful are the appearances described, that, when I first met with the original publication, I was strongly impressed with the belief that the narrative was, like some of Swift's advertisements, a jocular experiment upon the credulity of the public. But it was certainly published *bonâ fide*, and Mr. Hone, on the authority of Mr. Brayfield, has since fully explained the wonder.*

Many such impositions have been detected, and many others have been successfully concealed; but to know what has been discovered in many instances, gives us the assurance of the ruling cause in all. I remember a scene of the kind attempted to be got up near Edinburgh, but detected at once by a sheriff's officer, a sort of persons whose habits of incredulity and suspicious observation render them very dangerous spectators on such occasions. The late excellent Mr. Walker, minister at Dunottar, in the Mearns, gave me a curious account of an imposture of this kind, practised by a young country girl, who was surprisingly quick at throwing stones, turf, and other missiles, with such dexterity, that it was for a long time impossible to ascertain her agency in the disturbances of which she was the sole cause.

The belief of the spectators that such scenes of disturbance arise from invisible beings, will appear less surprising, if we consider the common feats of jugglers, or professors of legerdemain, and recollect that it is only the frequent exhibition of such powers which reconciles us to them as matters of course, although they are wonders at which in our fathers' time, men would have cried out either sorcery or miracles. The spectator also, who has been himself duped, makes no very respectable appearance when convicted of his error; and thence, if too candid to add to the evidence of supernatural agency, is yet unwilling to stand convicted, by cross-examination, of having been imposed on, and unconsciously becomes disposed rather to colour more highly than the truth, than acquiesce in an explanation resting on his having been too hasty a believer. Very often, too, the detection depends upon the combination of certain circumstances, which, apprehended, necessarily explain the whole story.

For example, I once heard a sensible and intelligent friend in company, express himself convinced of the truth of a wonderful story told him by an intelligent and bold man, about an apparition. The scene lay in an ancient castle on the coast of Morven, or the Isle of Mull, where the ghost-seer chanced to be resident. He was given to understand by the family, when betaking himself to rest, that the chamber in which he slept was occasionally disquieted by supernatural appearances. Being at that time no believer in such stories, he attended little to this hint, until the witching hour of night, when he was awakened from a dead sleep by the pressure of a human hand on his body. He looked up at the figure of a tall Highlander in the antique and picturesque dress of his country, only that his brows were bound with a bloody bandage. Struck with sudden and extreme fear, he was willing to have sprung from bed, but the spectre stood before him in the bright moonlight, its one arm extended, so as to master him if he attempted to rise; the other hand held up in a warning and grave posture, as menacing the Lowlander if he should attempt to quit his recumbent posture. Thus he lay in mortal agony for more than an hour, after which it pleased the spectre of ancient days to leave him to more sound repose. So singular a story had on its side the usual number of votes from the company, till, upon cross-examination, it was explained that the principal person concerned was an excisemen; after which *eclaircissement*, the same explanation struck all present, viz., that the Highlanders of the mansion had chosen to detain the exciseman by the apparition of an ancient heroic ghost, in order to disguise from his vigilance the removal of certain modern enough spirits, which his duty might have called upon him to seize. Here a single circumstance explained the whole ghost story.

At other times it happens that the meanness and trifling nature of a cause not very obvious to observation, has occasioned it to be entirely overlooked, even on account of that very meanness, since no

* See Hone's Every-Day Book, p. 62.

one is willing to acknowledge that he has been alarmed by a cause of little consequence, and which he would be ashamed of mentioning. An incident of this sort happened to a gentleman of birth and distinction, who is well known in the political world, and was detected by the precision of his observation. Shortly after he succeeded to his estate and title, there was a rumour among his servants concerning a strange noise heard in the family-mansion at night, the cause of which they had found it impossible to trace. The gentleman resolved to watch himself, with a domestic who had grown old in the family, and who had begun to murmur strange things concerning the knocking having followed so close upon the death of his old master. They watched until the noise was heard, which they listened to with that strange uncertainty attending midnight sounds, which prevents the hearers from immediately tracing them to the spot where they arise, while the silence of the night generally occasions the imputing to them more than the due importance which they would receive, if mingled with the usual noises of daylight. At length the gentleman and his servant traced the sounds which they had repeatedly heard, to a small store-room, used as a place for keeping provisions of various kinds for the family, of which the old butler had the key. They entered this place, and remained there for some time, without hearing the noises which they had traced thither; at length the sound was heard, but much lower than it had formerly seemed to be, while acted upon at a distance by the imagination of the hearers. The cause was immediately discovered. A rat caught in an old-fashioned trap had occasioned this tumult, by its efforts to escape, in which it was able to raise the trap-door of its prison to a certain height, but was then obliged to drop it. The noise of the fall resounding through the house, had occasioned the disturbance which, but for the cool investigation of the proprietor, might easily have established an accredited ghost story. The circumstance was told me by the gentleman to whom it happened.

There are other occasions in which the ghost story is rendered credible by some remarkable combination of circumstances very unlikely to have happened, and which no one could have supposed, unless some particular fortune occasioned a discovery.

An apparition which took place at Plymouth is well known, but it has been differently related; and having some reason to think the following edition correct, it is an incident so much to my purpose, that you must pardon its insertion.

A club of persons connected with science and literature, was formed at the great sea-town we have named. During the summer months, the society met in a cave by the sea-shore; during those of autumn and winter, they convened within the premises of a tavern, but, for the sake of privacy, had their meetings in a summer-house situated in the garden, at a distance from the main building. Some of the members to whom the position of their own dwellings rendered this convenient, had a pass key to the garden-door, by which they could enter the garden and reach the summer-house without the publicity or trouble of passing through the open tavern. It was the rule of this club that its members presided alternately. On one occasion, in the winter, the president of the evening chanced to be very ill; indeed, was reported to be on his death-bed. The club met as usual, and, from a sentiment of respect, left vacant the chair which ought to have been occupied by him, if in his usual health; for the same reason, the conversation turned upon the absent gentleman's talents, and the loss expected to the society by his death. While they were upon this melancholy theme, the door suddenly opened, and the appearance of the president entered the room. He wore a white wrapper, a nightcap round his brow, the appearance of which was that of death itself. He stalked into the room with unusual gravity, took the vacant place of ceremony, lifted the empty glass which stood before him, bowed around, and put it to his lips; then replaced it on the table, and stalked out of the room as silent as he had entered it. The company remained deeply appalled; at length, after many observations on the strangeness of what they had seen, they resolved to despatch two of their number as ambassadors, to see how it fared with the president, who had thus strangely appeared among them. They went, and returned with the frightful intelligence, that the friend, after whom they had inquired, was that evening deceased.

The astonished party then resolved that they would remain absolutely silent respecting the wonderful sight which they had seen. Their habits were too philosophical to permit them to believe that they had actually seen the ghost of their deceased brother, and at the same time they were too wise men, to wish to confirm the superstition of the vulgar, by what might seem indubitable evidence of a ghost. The affair was therefore kept a strict secret, although, as usual, some dubious rumours of the tale found their way to the public. Several years afterward, an old woman, who had long filled the place of a sick-nurse, was taken very ill, and on her death-bed was attended by a medical member of the philosophical club. To him, with many expressions of regret, she acknowledged that she had long before attended Mr. ——, naming the president, whose appearance had surprised the club so strangely, and that she felt distress of conscience on account of the manner in which he died. She said, that as his malady was attended by light-headedness, she had been directed to keep a close watch upon him during his illness. Unhappily she slept, and during her sleep the patient had awakened, and left the apartment. When on her own waking, she found the bed empty and the patient gone, she forthwith hurried out of the house to seek him, and met him in the act of returning. She got him, she said, replaced in the bed, but it was only to die there. She added, to convince her hearer of the truth of what she said, that immediately after the poor gentleman expired, a deputation of two members from the club came to inquire after their president's health, and received for answer that he was already dead. This confession explained the whole matter. The delirious patient had very naturally taken the road to the club, from some recollections of his duty of the night. In approaching and retiring from the apartment, he had used one of the pass-keys already mentioned, which made his way shorter. On the other hand, the gentlemen sent to inquire after his health had reached his lodging by a more circuitous road; and thus there had been time for him to return to what proved his death-bed, long before they reached his chamber. The philosophical witnesses of this strange scene were now as anxious to spread the story as they had formerly been to conceal it, since it showed in what a remarkable manner men's eyes might turn traitors to them, and impress them with ideas far different from the truth.

Another occurrence of the same kind, although scarcely so striking in its circumstances, was yet one which, had it remained unexplained, might have passed as an indubitable instance of a supernatural apparition.

A Teviotdale farmer was riding from a fair, at which he had indulged himself with John Barleycorn, but not to that extent of defying goblins which it inspired into the gallant Tam O'Shanter. He was pondering with some anxiety upon the dangers of travelling alone on a solitary road, which passed the corner of a churchyard, now near at hand, when he saw before him, in the moonlight, a pale female form standing upon the very wall which surrounded the cemetery. The road was very narrow, with no opportunity of giving the apparent phantom what seamen call a wide birth. It was, however, the only path which led to the rider's home, who therefore resolved, at all risks, to pass the apparition. He accordingly approached, as slowly as possible, the spot where the spectre stood, while the figure remained, now perfectly still and silent, now brandishing its arms, and gibbering to the moon. When the farmer came close to the spot, he dashed in the spurs, and set the horse off upon a gallop; but the

spectre did not miss its opportunity. As he passed the corner where she was perched, she contrived to drop behind the horseman, and seize him round the waist; a manœuvre which greatly increased the speed of the horse, and the terror of the rider; for the hand of her who sat behind him, when pressed upon his, felt as cold as that of a corpse. At his own house at length he arrived, and bid the servants who came to attend him, "Tak aff the ghaist!" They took off accordingly a female in white, and the poor farmer himself was conveyed to bed, where he lay struggling for weeks with a strong nervous fever. The female was found to be a maniac, who had been left a widow very suddenly by an affectionate husband, and the nature and cause of her malady induced her, when she could make her escape, to wander to the churchyard, where she sometimes wildly wept over his grave, and sometimes standing on the corner of the churchyard wall, looked out, and mistook every stranger on horseback for the husband she had lost. If this woman, which was very possible, had dropped from the horse unobserved by him whom she had made her involuntary companion, it would have been very hard to have convinced the honest farmer that he had not actually performed part of his journey with a ghost behind him.

There is also a large class of stories of this sort, where various secrets of chymistry, of acoustics, ventriloquism, or other arts, have been either employed to dupe the spectators, or have tended to do so through mere accident and coincidence. Of these it is scarce necessary to quote instances; but the following may be told as a tale recounted by a foreign nobleman, known to me nearly thirty years ago, whose life, lost in the service of his sovereign, proved too short for his friends and his native land.

At a certain old castle on the confines of Hungary, the lord to whom it belonged had determined upon giving an entertainment worthy of his own rank, and of the magnificence of the antique mansion which he inhabited. The guests of course were numerous, and among them was a veteran officer of hussars, remarkable for his bravery. When the arrangements for the night were made, this officer was informed that there would be difficulty in accommodating the company in the castle, large as it was, unless some one would take the risk of sleeping in a room supposed to be haunted; and that as he was known to be above such prejudices, the apartment was, in the first place, proposed for his occupation, as the person least likely to suffer a bad night's rest from such a cause. The Major thankfully accepted the preference, and having shared the festivity of the evening, retired after midnight, having denounced vengeance against any one who should presume by any trick to disturb his repose; a threat which his habits would, it was supposed, render him sufficiently ready to execute. Somewhat contrary to the custom in these cases, the Major went to bed, having left his candle burning, and laid his trusty pistols carefully loaded on the table by his bedside.

He had not slept an hour when he was awakened by a solemn strain of music—he looked out. Three ladies, fantastically dressed in green, were seen in the lower end of the apartment, who sang a solemn requiem. The Major listened for some time with delight; at length he tired—"Ladies," he said, "this is very well, but somewhat monotonous—will you be so kind as to change the tune?" The ladies continued singing; he expostulated, but the music was not interrupted. The Major began to grow angry: "Ladies," he said, "I must consider this as a trick for the purpose of terrifying me, and as I regard it as an impertinence, I shall take a rough mode of stopping it." With that he began to handle his pistols. The ladies sang on. He then got seriously angry—"I will but wait five minutes," he said, "and then fire without hesitation." The song was uninterrupted—the five minutes were expired—"I still give you law, ladies," he said, "while I count twenty." This produced as little effect as his former threats. He counted one, two, three, accordingly; but on approaching the end of the number, and repeating more than once his determination to fire, the last numbers seventeen—eighteen—nineteen, were pronounced with considerable pauses between, and an assurance that the pistols were cocked. The ladies sung on. As he pronounced the word twenty he fired both pistols against the musical damsels;—but the ladies sung on! The Major was overcome by the unexpected inefficacy of his violence, and had an illness which lasted more than three weeks. The trick put upon him may be shortly described by the fact, that the female choristers were placed in an adjoining room, and that he only fired at their reflection thrown forward into that in which he slept by the effect of a concave mirror.

Other stories of the same kind are numerous and well known. The apparition of the Brocken mountain after having occasioned great admiration and some fear, is now ascertained by philosophers to be a gigantic reflection, which makes the traveller's shadow, represented upon the misty clouds, appear a colossal figure of almost immeasurable size. By a similar deception, men have been induced, in Westmoreland and other mountainous countries, to imagine they saw troops of horse and armies marching and countermarching, which were in fact only the reflection of horses pasturing upon an opposite height, or of the forms of peaceful travellers.

A very curious case of this kind was communicated to me by the son of the lady principally concerned, and tends to show out of what mean materials a venerable apparition may be sometimes formed. In youth, this lady resided with her father, a man of sense and resolution. Their house was situated in the principal street of a town of some size. The back part of the house ran at right angles to an Anabaptist chapel, divided from it by a small cabbage-garden. The young lady used sometimes to indulge the romantic love of solitude, by sitting in her own apartment in the evening till twilight, and even darkness was approaching. One evening while she was thus placed, she was surprised to see a gleamy figure, as of some aerial being hovering, as it were, against the arched window in the end of the Anabaptist chapel. Its head was surrounded by that halo which painters give to the Catholic saints; and, while the young lady's attention was fixed on an object so extraordinary, the figure bent gracefully towards her more than once, as if intimating a sense of her presence, and then disappeared. The seer of this striking vision descended to her family, so much discomposed as to call her father's attention. He obtained an account of the cause of her disturbance, and expressed his intention to watch in the apartment next night. He sat, accordingly, in his daughter's chamber, where she also attended him. Twilight came, and nothing appeared; but as the gray light faded into darkness, the same female figure was seen hovering on the window; the same shadowy form; the same pale light around the head; the same inclinations, as the evening before. "What do you think of this?" said the daughter to the astonished father.—"Any thing, my dear," said the father, "rather than allow that we look upon what is supernatural."—A strict research established a natural cause for the appearance on the window. It was the custom of an old woman, to whom the garden beneath was rented, to go out at night to gather cabbages. The lantern she carried in her hand threw up the refracted reflection of her form on the chapel window. As she stooped to gather her cabbages, the reflection appeared to bend forward; and that was the whole matter.

Another species of deception affecting the credit of such supernatural communications, arises from the dexterity and skill of the authors who have made it their business to present such stories in the shape most likely to attract belief. Defoe—whose power in rendering credible that which was in itself very much the reverse was so peculiarly distinguished—has not failed to show his superiority in this species of composition. A bookseller of his acquaintance had, in the trade phrase, rather overprinted an edi-

tion of Drelincourt on Death, and complained to Defoe of the loss which was likely to ensue. The experienced bookmaker, with the purpose of recommending the edition, advised his friend to prefix the celebrated narrative of Mrs. Veal's ghost, which he wrote for the occasion, with such an air of truth, that although, in fact, it does not afford a single title of evidence properly so called, it nevertheless was swallowed so eagerly by the people, that Drelincourt's work on Death, which the supposed spirit recommended to the perusal of her friend Mrs. Bargrave, instead of sleeping on the editor's shelf, moved off by thousands at once; the story, incredible in itself, and unsupported as it was by evidence or inquiry, was received as true, merely from the cunning of the narrator, and the addition of a number of adventitious circumstances, which no man alive could have conceived as having occurred to the mind of a person composing a fiction.

It did not require the talents of Defoe, though in that species of composition he must stand unrivalled, to fix the public attention on a ghost story. John Dunton, a man of scribbling celebrity at the time, succeeded to a great degree in imposing upon the public a tale which he calls the Apparition Evidence. The beginning of it at least, for it is of great length, has something in it a little new. At Mynehead, in Somersetshire, lived an ancient gentlewoman, named Mrs. Leckie, whose only son and daughter resided in family with her. The son traded to Ireland, and was supposed to be worth eight or ten thousand pounds. They had a child about five or six years old. This family was generally respected in Mynehead; and especially Mrs. Leckie, the old lady, was so pleasant in society, that her friends used to say to her, and to each other, that it was a thousand pities such an excellent, good-humoured gentlewoman must, from her age, be soon lost to her friends. To which Mrs. Leckie often made the somewhat startling reply: "For as much as you now seem to like me, I am afraid you will but little care to see or speak with me after my death, though I believe you may have that satisfaction." Die, however, she did, and after her funeral, was repeatedly seen in her personal likeness, at home and abroad, by night and by noon-day.

One story is told, of a doctor of physic walking into the fields, who in his return met with this spectre, whom he at first accosted civilly, and paid her the courtesy of handing her over a style; observing, however, that she did not move her lips in speaking, or her eyes in looking round, he became suspicious of the condition of his companion, and showed some desire to be rid of her society. Offended at this, the hag at next style planted herself upon it, and obstructed his passage. He got through at length with some difficulty, and not without a sound kick, and an admonition to pay more attention to the next aged gentlewoman whom he met. "But this," says John Dunton, "was a petty and inconsiderable prank to what she played in her son's house, and elsewhere. She would at noon-day appear upon the key of Mynehead, and cry, 'A boat, a boat, ho! a boat, a boat, ho!' If any boatmen or seamen were in sight and did not come, they were sure to be cast away; and if they did come, 'twas all one, they were cast away. It was equally dangerous to please and displease her. Her son had several ships sailing between Ireland and England; no sooner did they make land, and come in sight of England, but this ghost would appear in the same garb and likeness as when she was alive, and, standing at the mainmast, would blow with a whistle, and though it were never so great a calm, yet immediately there would arise a most dreadful storm, that would break, wreck, and drown the ship and goods, only the seamen would escape with their lives—the Devil had no permission from God to take them away. Yet at this rate, by her frequent apparitions and disturbances, she had made a poor merchant of her son, for his fair estate was all buried in the sea, and he that was once worth thousands was reduced to a very poor and low condition in the world; for whether the ship was his own or hired, or he had but goods on board it to the value of twenty shillings, this troublesome ghost would come as before, whistle in a calm at the mammast at noon-day, when they had descried land, and then ship and goods went all out of hand to wreck; insomuch that he could at last get no ships wherein to stow his goods, nor any mariner to sail in them; for, knowing what an uncomfortable, fatal, and losing voyage they should make of it, they did all decline his service. In her son's house she hath her constant haunts by day and night; but whether he did not, or would not own, if he did see her, he always professed he never saw her. Sometimes when in bed with his wife, she would cry out, 'Husband, look, there's your mother!' And when he would turn to the right side, then was she gone to the left; and when to the left side of the bed, then was she gone to the right: only one evening their only child, a girl of about five or six years old, lying in a truckle-bed under them, cries out, "O help me, father! help me, mother, for grandmother will choke me!' and before they could get to their child's assistance, she had murdered it; they finding the poor girl dead, her throat having been pinched by two fingers, which stopped her breath and strangled her. This was the sorest of all their afflictions; their estate is gone, and now their child is gone also; you may guess at their grief and great sorrow. One morning after the child's funeral, her husband being abroad, about eleven in the forenoon, Mrs. Leckie the younger goes up into her chamber to dress her head, and, as she was looking into the glass, she spies her mother-in-law, the old beldam, looking over her shoulder. This cast her into a great horror; but recollecting her affrighted spirits, and recovering the exercise of her reason, faith, and hope, having cast up a short and silent prayer to God, she turns about, and bespeaks her: 'In the name of God, mother, why do you trouble me?'—'Peace!' says the spectrum; 'I will do thee no hurt.'—'What will you have of me?' says the daughter," &c.* Dunton, the narrator, and probably the contriver of the story, proceeds to inform us, at length, of a commission which the wife of Mr. Leckie receives from the ghost to deliver to Atherton, Bishop of Waterford, a guilty and unfortunate man, who afterward died by the hands of the executioner; but that part of the subject is too disagreeable and tedious to enter upon.

So deep was the impression made by the story on the inhabitants of Mynehead, that it is said the tradition of Mrs. Leckie still remains in that port, and that mariners belonging to it often, amid tempestuous weather, conceive they hear the whistle-call of the implacable hag who was the source of so much mischief to her own family. However, already too desultory, and too long, it would become intolerably tedious were we to insist farther on the peculiar sort of genius by which stories of this kind may be imbedied and prolonged.

I may, however, add, that the charm of the tale depends much upon the age of the person to whom it is addressed; and that the vivacity of fancy which engages us in youth to pass over much that is absurd, in order to enjoy some single trait of imagination, dies within us when we obtain the age of manhood, and the sadder and graver regions which lie beyond it. I am the more conscious of this, because I have been myself, at two periods of my life, distant from each other, engaged in scenes favourable to that degree of superstitious awe which my countrymen expressively call being *eerie*.

On the first of these occasions, I was only nineteen or twenty years old, when I happened to pass a night in the magnificent old baronial castle of Glammis, the hereditary seat of the Earls of Strathmore. The hoary pile contains much in its appearance, and in the traditions connected with it, impressive to the imagination. It was the scene of the murder of a Scottish king of great antiquity; not, indeed, the gracious Duncan, with whom the name naturally associates itself, but Malcolm the Second. It contains also a curious monument of the peril of feudal times, being a secret chamber, the entrance of which, by the law or custom of the family, must only be

* Apparition Evidence.

known to three persons at once, viz. the Earl of Strathmore, his heir apparent, and any third person whom they may take into their confidence. The extreme antiquity of the building is vouched by the immense thickness of the walls, and the wild and straggling arrangement of the accommodation within doors. As the late Earl of Strathmore seldom resided in that ancient mansion, it was, when I was there, but half furnished, and that with moveables of great antiquity, which, with the pieces of chivalric armour hanging upon the walls, greatly contributed to the general effect of the whole. After a very hospitable reception from the late Peter Proctor, Esq., then seneschal of the castle, in Lord Strathmore's absence, I was conducted to my apartment in a distant corner of the building. I must own, that as I heard door after door shut, after my conductor had retired, I began to consider myself too far from the living, and somewhat too near the dead. We had passed through what is called "the King's room," a vaulted apartment, garnished with stags' antlers, and similar trophies of the chase, and said by tradition to be the spot of Malcolm's murder, and I had an idea of the vicinity of the castle chapel.

In spite of the truth of history, the whole night scene in Macbeth's castle rushed at once upon my mind, and struck my imagination more forcibly than even when I have seen its terrors represented by the late John Kemble and his inimitable sister. In a word, I experienced sensations, which, though not remarkable either for timidity or superstition, did not fail to effect me to the point of being disagreeable, while they were mingled at the same time with a strange and indescribable kind of pleasure, the recollection of which affords me gratification at this moment.

In the year 1814, accident placed me, then past middle life, in a situation somewhat similar to that which I have described.

I had been on a pleasure voyage with some friends around the north coast of Scotland, and in that course had arrived in the salt-water lake under the Castle of Dunvegan, whose turrets, situated upon a frowning rock, rise immediately above the waves of the loch. As most of the party, and I myself in particular, chanced to be well known to the Laird of Macleod, we were welcomed to the castle with Highland hospitality, and glad to find ourselves in polished society, after a cruise of some duration. The most modern part of the castle was founded in the days of James VI.; the more ancient is referred to a period "whose birth tradition notes not." Until the present Macleod connected by a drawbridge the site of the castle with the mainland of Skye, the access must have been extremely difficult. Indeed, so much greater was the regard paid to security than to convenience, that in former times the only access to the mansion arose through a vaulted cavern in a rock, up which a staircase ascended from the sea shore, like the buildings we read of in the romances of Mrs. Radcliffe.

Such a castle in the extremity of the Highlands was of course furnished with many a tale of tradition, and many a superstitious legend to fill occasional intervals in the music and song, as proper to the halls of Dunvegan as when Johnson commemorated them. We reviewed the arms and ancient valuables of this distinguished family—saw the dirk and broadsword of Rorie Mhor, and his horn, which would drench three chiefs of these degenerate days. The solemn drinking cup of the Kings of Man must not be forgotten, nor the fairy banner given to Macleod by the Queen of Fairies; that magic flag, which has been victorious in two pitched fields, and will still float in a third, the bloodiest and the last, when the Elfin Sovereign shall, after the fight is ended, recall her banner, and carry off the standard-bearer.

Amid such tales of ancient tradition, I had from Macleod and his lady the courteous offer of a haunted apartment of the castle, about which a stranger, I might be supposed interested. Accordingly, I took possession of it about the witching [illegible]. Except, perhaps, some tapestry hangings, and the extreme thickness of the walls, which argued antiquity, nothing could have been more comfortable than the interior of the apartment; but if you looked from the windows, the view was such as to correspond with the highest tone of superstition. A tumultuous blast, sometimes clear, sometimes [illegible] mist before it, swept along the troubled billows of the lake, which it occasionally concealed, and [illegible] disclosed. The waves rushed in wild disorder on the shore, and covered with foam the steep piles of rocks, which, rising from the sea in forms something resembling the human figure, have obtained the name of Macleod's Maidens, and in such a night, seemed no bad representatives of the Norwegian goddesses, called Choosers of the Slain, or Riders of the Storm. There was something of the dignity of danger in the scene; for on a platform beneath the windows lay an ancient battery of cannon, which had sometimes been used against privateers even of late years. The distant scene was a view of that part of the Quillan mountains which are called, from their form, Macleod's Dining-Tables. The voice of an angry cascade, termed the Nurse of Rorie Mhor, because that chief slept best in its vicinity, was heard from time to time mingling its notes with those of wind and wave. Such was the haunted room at Dunvegan, and as such, it well deserved a less sleepy inhabitant. In the language of Dr. Johnson, who has stamped his memory on this remote place, "I looked around me, and wondered that I was not more affected; but the mind is not at all times equally ready to be moved." In a word, it is necessary to confess, that, of all I heard or saw, the most engaging spectacle was the comfortable bed, in which I hoped to make amends for some rough nights on ship-board, and where I slept accordingly, without thinking of ghost or goblin, till I was called by my servant in the morning.

From this I am taught to infer, that tales of ghosts and demonology are out of date at forty years and upwards; that it is only in the morning of life that this feeling of superstition "comes o'er us like a summer cloud," affecting us with fear, which is solemn and awful rather than painful; and I am tempted to think, that if I were to write on the subject at all, it should have been during a period of life when I could have treated it with more interesting vivacity, and might have been at least amusing, if I could not be instructive. Even the present fashion of the world seems to be ill suited for studies of this fantastic nature; and the most ordinary mechanic has learning sufficient to laugh at the figments which in former times were believed by persons far advanced in the deepest knowledge of the age.

I cannot, however, in conscience, carry my opinion of my countrymen's good sense so far as to exculpate them entirely from the charge of credulity. Those who are disposed to look for them may, without much trouble, see such manifest signs, both of superstition and the disposition to believe in its doctrines, as may render it no useless occupation to compare the follies of our fathers with our own. The sailors have a proverb, that every man in his lifetime must eat a peck of impurity; and it seems yet more clear that every generation of the human race must swallow a certain measure of nonsense. There remains hope, however, that the grosser faults of our ancestors are now out of date; and that whatever follies the present race may be guilty of, the sense of humanity is too universally spread to permit them to think of tormenting wretches till they confess what is impossible, and then burning them for their pains.

END OF DEMONOLOGY AND WITCHCRAFT.

1966